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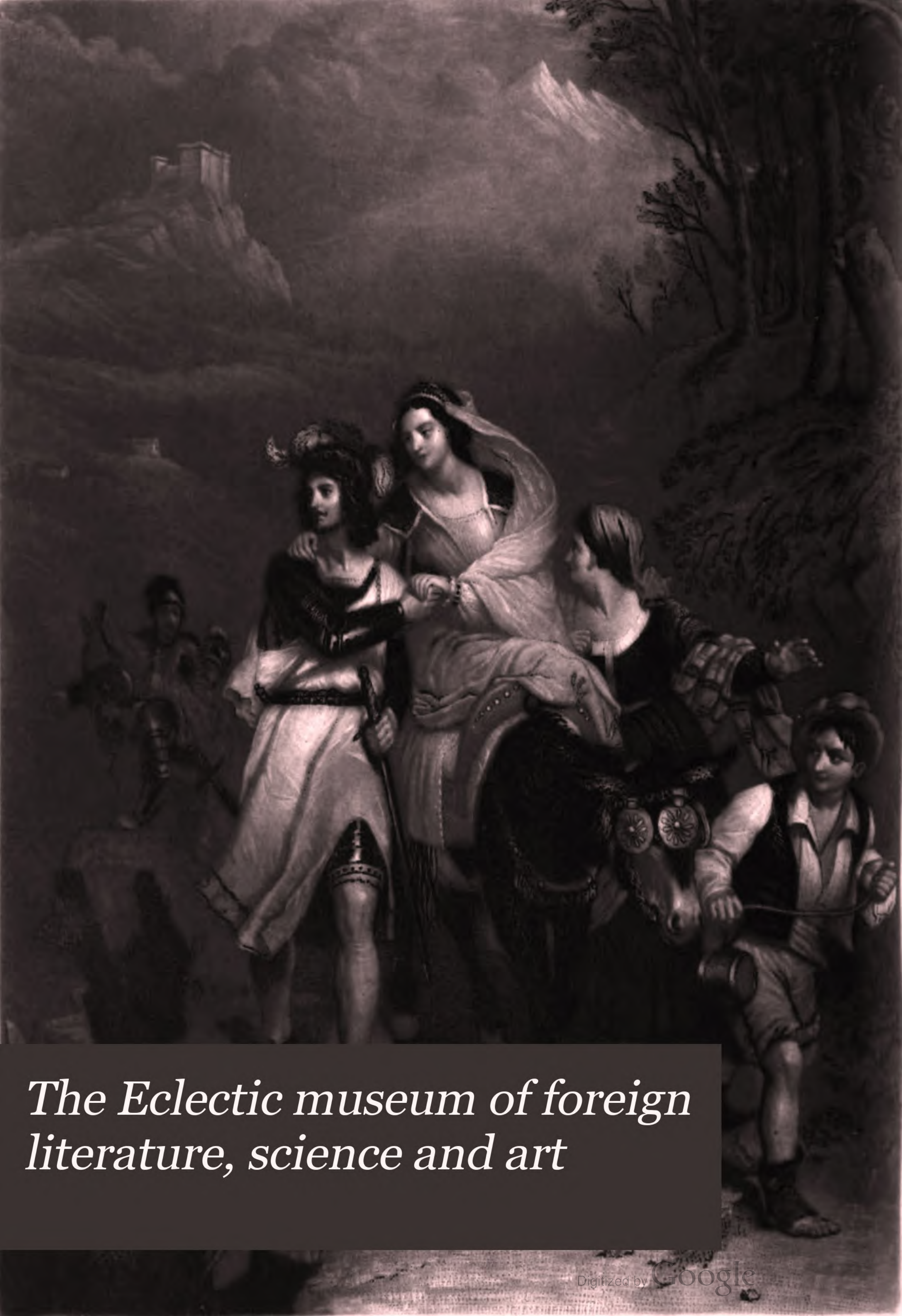

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THE

ECLECTIC MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1843.

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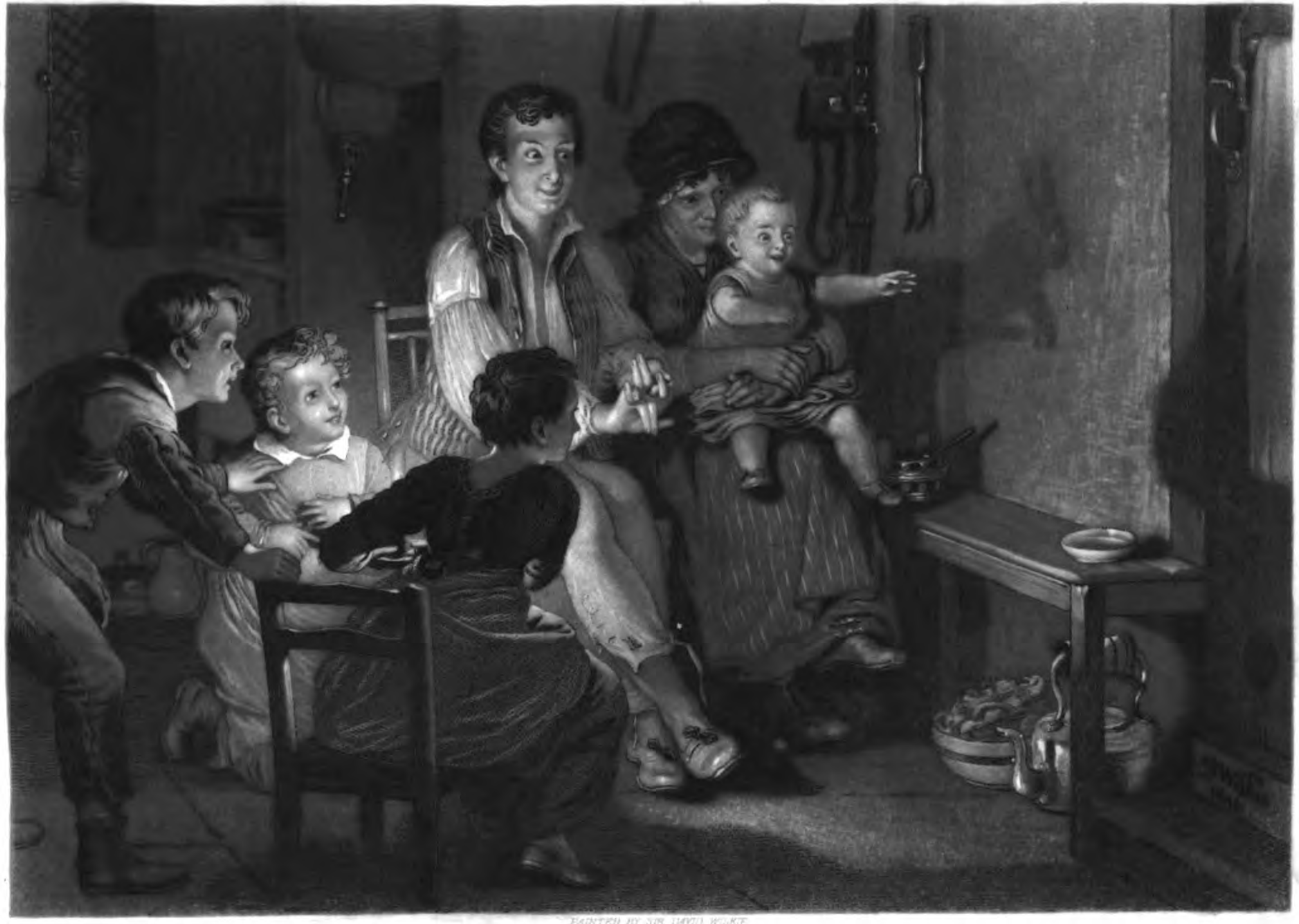

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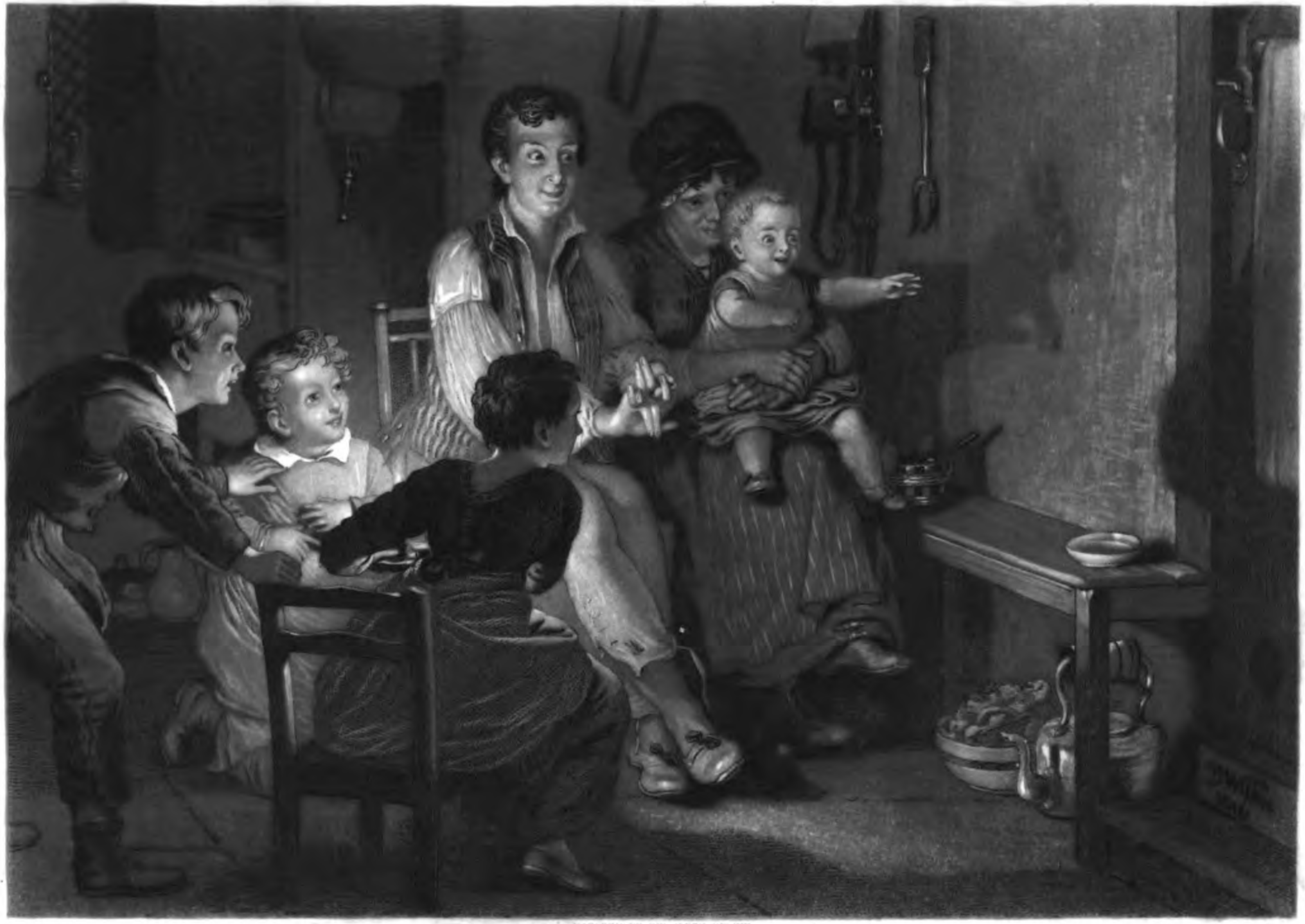

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THE

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SEPTEMBER, 1843.

For the Eclectic Museum.

THE PRESS AND THE AGE.

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

From the Vierteljahrs Schrift.

TRANSLATED BY F. A STRALE.

CONCLUDED, FROM PAGE 401 OF VOL. II.

If the estimate assigned in the preceding remarks, of the relation between the essentially different powers in man and the present transforming movement, is correct, then the present condition of art contrasted with that of science appears to be a necessary one. The march of the more open, susceptible, palpable, and arbitrary elements of soul, is so impetuous, that no concentration is allowed or attainable for its deeper, in their essence, more instinctive powers; no rest or breathing-time in which to consolidate themselves into a definite form, and constitute the spiritual index of the age. We behold the developments of art carried out of sight by the rush of scientific developments, the hot pursuit after knowledge, after discovery, after invention, the rational and useful appliance.

In the pressure of our restless desires to penetrate the entire labyrinth of the past, to measure and adjudge every production of the human mind, and place them as dressing-glasses before us, we have long since been shorn of that enviable ease and contentment with the present, in being and in thought, that self-satisfaction and consequent self-esteem, which rendered antiquity and the middle ages a poetical reality, and enabled them to seize with a vigorous grasp the salient points of their existence, in their manners, in their costume; and to embody the noblest ideas and most exalted feelings in monuments of art.

Even the usual conventional faith in our own actual refinement is no more to be found; that self-reliance from which might spring forth a fresh blooming season of the Arts in after-time; for we miss,—and truly thankful we feel that it is so,—we miss even a satisfied and settled self-complacency among the higher Aristocracy, whose taste in Architecture, Sculpture, Painting and Poetry, has with surprising universality, twisted itself into what we style the Rococo, which they affect to despise and yet imitate. The past affords us almost the only matter of reproach against Art, at least all higher art, and it becomes most strikingly apparent, how very much life to us has lost of its poetry, from the bitter criticism which we bestow on our own external appearance, a sort of æsthetical pity at our personal habiliments. Thus the nerve of modern historical painting and sculpture is severed and destroyed at the outset. Our conceptions in forming historical or ideal figures, in portraying the condition of our cotemporaries, never amount to any thing more than barren prosaic reality, or may be something humorous and caustic, or in the worst cases, something sentimental. We are unable to produce any thing more. Intimately connected with this is the fact, that we are just as unable to erect a house dedicated to our God, to our Rulers, to the Arts, or finally for our own use, where the genius of a past period does not stare out of the windows.

Along with the eagerness for historical and antiquarian studies, a desire has also been awakened, to purify life and art from the dregs and rubbish of much naughty stuff, descended from the last century, and this again has had a vivifying effect on historical research. A third auxiliary was added in the simultaneous and mighty stride of activity in trade. Industry now applied itself, as it had to Science, to the numberless branches of Art, and is at this hour endeavoring, with untiring efforts, to rescue the Spirit of History, as embodied in forms whether tasteful or only emblematical, to meet the ever-increasing and more refined wants of the multitude, by the splendor, beauty, and recherché character of its productions, that is, by their fashionable modishness, and to impart an artistical appearance to results obtained by an almost entirely mechanical process, through imitation and division of labor. Industry is incessantly conning and turning over the leaves of History's pattern-book; the silversmith and chaser, the brass or bronze-founder, the jeweller, the japanner, the cabinet-maker, the upholsterer, &c., are all incessantly hammering, casting, clipping, cutting, and filing, now in the antique, now in the gothic taste, rénaissance or rococo, as inspired by some invisible power. They consult their own interest best, when adding as little as possible of their own; but it is of no consequence in the eyes of the public, if in concocting some odd mixture of Grecian and old German models, they present them with some abortive monstrosity. Every day new fashions are invented, in which the luxuriousness of former ages, whether tasteful and spirited, or coarse and insipid, is imitated in the manufacture of more ingenious, more picturesque, and cheaper furniture and utensils. And these artisans take their hints and reasons for changing the mode and fashion of the hour, mostly from the same quarter with the tailor and the milliner, (Modiste.)

Through the rapid spread of exterior refinement among all classes of people, so strikingly apparent since the peace, and through the universal increase of ideal wants which seek to be gratified by cheap luxuries, Industry has received a general impulse, and has, to a considerable extent, been necessitated to call the fine arts more and more within her sphere of action. These circumstances have rendered Art herself popular, and have, by multiplying the markets and raising the demand, impelled her, on her part, to enter the many various paths of industry. The peculiarities of these reflect themselves on the Artist, and even he often joins the comprehensive class of Modernists (modearbeiter) who meet and gratify the urgent cravings of the great Public for the grandose and modish by airy productions calculated for effect, or else by clever imitations; and thus afford the superficially enlightened the opportunity to imagine themselves occupying the pinnacle of the refinement and taste of the age.

Art, which once, strictly limited within intellectual effort, was the leader and pabulum of the guilds, and gave form and expression to public sentiment in stone, metal and wood, in lines and colors, now descends on the one hand quite low into mere handicraft, and on the other, as the quintessence of learned and æsthetical culture, ranges upwards to the very summits of sumptuousness. She is divided into an artistical industry of manufacture, and a learned industry of design, which again often merge into the former. Learned industry, or design, is formed, however, if we so may speak, artificially, almost entirely on historical understanding and knowledge, close study of the times in which a definite exposition of the Beautiful attained distinguished perfection. Nearly all our present Architecture and Painting is the offspring of a transposition of the Artist into past ages, and into a forced attitude of contemplation and sympathy, striving to rekindle their spirit in his own imagination, or eclectically using their forms and models to adorn the fashion of the day in her whims and vacillations. Our painters paint after all conceivable manners, our architects build in every style, and we may behold in our exhibition-galleries, and in the new streets of rapidly growing and field-devouring cities, how every couple of years a new epidemic prevails for this or that particular form, the same as in the cut of our garments. But, when in a boasted historical painting, or in one of the newest dazzling edifices, there is nothing to remind us of any particular period or stage of the Art, the whole sinks too often into insignificance and amounts to nothing. The demon of the age, Knowledge, guides the hand of the Artist, and very bewitchingly in his way. Whatever of calculation, that is, mere intellectual precision—whatever of practice, of lugging in by the shoulders and grouping together any thing auxiliary from natural and recorded History, is to be found and often developed to perfection in details. Never have artists gone to work with better materials, never were seen more practised burins and brushes, never was the technical science more universal. Never did stone-masons and brick-layers work smarter, or trowel and build faster, or more ornamental; for every calculation, tables and the ready-reckoner are at hand; the old-fashioned crane has given place to the most effective levers and machinery; and thus it would be an easy matter, leaving money out of the question, to complete the dome of the Cologne cathedral: the thought, the design of that wonderful structure, is there, though born such a length of time ago, and the plan of the building is not yet destroyed.

We see, then, that the present Age lacks neither genius, materials, nor industry. On the contrary, the same power, which, by its main-spring, the Press, so materially has accelerated the energies of mankind in every direction, has also pushed artificial industry to gigantic proportions, and spread it widely throughout society. Only one thing is wanting, the very thing indispensable to characteristic developments from the hidden recesses of genius: a *fixed, permanent centre of feeling*, from which alone genuine creative Art can emanate, and on which it can fall back to recruit its strength; there is wanting the historically traced fountain-head of all true Art; there is wanting a common religious faith and its fruits; there is wanting a sense of the poetical import of the present life. Consequently, Genius, in its helplessness, in its eagerness to enwrap the spirit of the times in the most attractive forms, has surrendered and thrown itself into the arms of the monarch of the age, Science; led by this Mecænas, it discurses all History, and vents itself, with whimsical and fretful inconsistency, in that form and the other, and in none has it found that independent self-esteem and contentment, which would serve it as the key-stone to works of identity and character. Or, if it should already partly have discovered this key-stone, we are unable, in the confused exuberance and multitude of productions, to discern it. So much cried up as of vast importance, as a revelation in its kind—has so speedily been engulfed in the ever-rolling tide of novelties, and given place to new wonders, that the observer's eye becomes shy, and his judgment mistrustful.

Poetry, generally speaking, partakes of the fate of the plastic Arts. The great intellectual evolutions proceeding from the boundary between the present and the past century, have become the landmarks of a new epoch in polite literature in that of Germany and other countries. In this distinguished section of time, happened that equally rare conjunction of two of the most creative minds which history has known. Those comprehensive views, which then were opened in every department of human genius, were seized upon by them, each in his peculiar manner, with poetical fervor and acumen. It would appear, as if the new phases of the external and internal world received from them an instantaneous poetical impress, and by so doing, that all true poetic life and energy were forestalled, so as to allow a freer scope for the development of science. That period in our literature which so quickly ended with Schiller and Goethe, may be likened to a green-house plant bearing two glorious blossoms, one male, the other female. Both diffuse, with equally strong scent, but with very different odors, the spirit of that intellectual and moral change, through which mankind has been drawn from the surface into the very depths of creation; the spirit of speculativeness, of restless prying into the laws of human capabilities, and of nature, and of their mutual reaction. The seed dropping from this plant, was exceedingly rich, and brought forth a hundred-fold; but it carried within an organic amalgamation of the poetic element, which, in its very essence, is unchangeable in its loftiness, with that tendency to intellectual development which was roused to such extraordinary vigor; the achievements of knowledge preponderated greatly over the original and underived. In the general onward course of refinement, in the nervous and bustling activity infused into every branch of human industry, poetical aspirings also rose to an immeasurable height, and called into existence that luxuriant crop of literature, which pervades the beau-monde of the present day with exhalations, sometimes narcotic, sometimes actually offensive, but rarely with wholesome, invigorating odors.

The present tendency of letters was early and distinctly indicated by those æsthetical ideas and maxims which were broached by Goethe and Schiller, but chiefly formed aside from them, and which soon acquired authority. The great revolution spoken of in all the Sciences, in connection with its direct influence on our greatest poets, has with us very conspicuously called forth the new school of æsthetics and Poetry, which is termed the Romantic School.

Research in this new school, inspired by the sublime, took the path of historical development in Art and Poetry, which it is even now pursuing among us. Now, for the first time, since so many branches of science were in vigorous and mutual reaction, a profounder understanding of the poetic spirit of past ages and nations became practicable; now, for the first time, the true foundation of a comprehensive History of Arts and Literature could be laid with true creative enthusiasm. Could any thing be more suitable to the German character? And these beautiful structures progressed with astonishing rapidity. From this time we were brought in contact, in ever-livelier forms, with the spirit of antiquity and of the middle ages, the spirit of our own people and of their neighbors, as instamped of old on works of the pencil and of the pen, and it was principally the æsthetic, romantic schools, which, with elated zeal, led the fountains of all poetry from gray antiquity, and from the farthest East, by able translations, and spirited comments and criticisms, into the stream of our national literature. When we look back on the times of those men who were the pioneers in this new conquest, on Wieland, and Herder, and Voss, the progress seems indeed very great, and any one who does not know, or does not consider, that Poetry in its essence follows quite different laws from those of Science, cannot understand why it is that we feel ourselves to be but very indifferent poets, just in proportion as we gain higher attainments in science.

Efforts in Historical-æsthetic study, exercised a stimulating and life-giving influence on all the historical and moral Sciences; they were of the last importance in promoting general culture, in purifying the taste, and in acuminating the historical mind, so characteristic of our times. But real Knowledge and true Art, cannot, from their very nature, advance together, in the same direction and through the same species of mental industry; and thus it came to pass, that æsthetical literati, while enlarging more and more the avenues of poetry to the understanding and the heart, through *History*, unwittingly lent a hand to withdraw the very ground on which it (Poetry) should rest in its conceptions of the present, and in its consequent execution. Through the prolific efforts to invest one's self with the very poetical soul and genius of the most diversified nations, and to imitate their manner, our language became polished and pliant, poetical technicality more accomplished and widely diffused. The easier the mechanical business of poetry became, even through the general culture, the more the taste for it increased, and also the faculty of producing something in the form and complexion of the East and of the West, both the new and the old, or of distinguished living masters or historical standards, which at first sight looks like Poetry. In this manner, the vitiated principles of the Romantic tribe, with respect to the transcendant importance of form and the comparative insignificance as to the matter, obtained the most pernicious practical influence; and in a so much the higher degree, as the only true main ingredient, the actual living present, had become deteriorated. Every fruit and blossom of true original poetry which the world had yielded, had been enjoyed with æsthetical epicurism, and, through translation and paraphrase, injected into the literature of the day. It was then that the painful conviction first obtruded itself upon us, that with all our knowledge and command of style and rhythm, and, on that very account, we are not capable to produce any thing which comes up to the creation of times which were so much behind our own in æsthetical culture. Placed alongside the glories of so much departed excellence, our present life appears pitiful, dwarfish, and prosaic. Besides, there is, what after all is the main consideration, the moral and intellectual ferment into which the world has fallen in these our days, and which is working itself out for a re-casting of the whole system of education. But History shows, that Poetry, in its grandest strains, those which take hold of the actual outward life and being, in its Epic and Dramatic character, only adapts itself to periods of a higher, but now decaying state of culture. When, however, the work of expounding old and new Systems in Religion and Ethics, in Politics, and every social relation, is at its height, as at present, the soil in which epic and dramatic poetry might quickly and productively take root, is wanting, and in a time devoid of authorities, and where every thing in the visible and invisible world is subjected to doubt, and put to the question, the poetical vein does naturally and spontaneously flow into lyrics. These considerations explain, we think, the entire character of romantic poetry which has filled the first decade of the present century, as well as of the kind of literature, which now for a number of years has supplanted the romantic school.

In plying the rhyming trade, this school aimed at nothing less than a thorough poetical sifting and spiritualizing of all existing relations and circumstances. We know how little has been effected by this, or could in fact be effected. Their doctrines diverged fundamentally from a sound and available aspect of the present, leading direct into nonentical æsthetic speculation. Their successful endeavors to exalt the arts and poetry of all antecedent time, chiefly caused the living generation to regard their own existence as spiritless and prosaic, and not well knowing themselves what to make of the world, whose elements they had brought into discredit with their own and their cotemporaries' imagination, they invented an artificial, nebulous, and fantastic kind of world of their own, in which were huddled together pell-mell the thoughts and poetical forms of all ages, and caused them to jumble and play ad libitum in legends, tales, and allegories, in Utopian dramas and romances, which exhibited things toto cœlo different from the reality. The whole range of this kind of literature, where so much respectable talent wasted itself, tells better than any thing how the spirit of knowing (rather than of knowledge, properly so called) of research and appliance, characterizing our modern culture, has penetrated and pervades every thing, even where its results can be only disastrous. The intellectual process glares conspicuously through in all these romantic poetizings, in defiance of all their affected profundity and apparent feeling. And taken as a whole, what is this kind of poetry but a rule-and-compass literary-historical exercitium, often nauseating, silly, and pedantic—now and then successful to admiration; so grand and imposing that we are dazzled by it, and easily forget that the poetry of poetry is not poetry.

When romanticism, or the romantic school arose, and during its sway, fresh, scientific, and æsthetical thought was yet the monopoly of an intellectual aristocracy, the property of comparatively few. But it expanded, chiefly by means of these very romantic works, more and more among the masses, which are the most wrought upon by polite literature. The process was hastened on, in great measure, through the political and social excitement consequent on the revolution of July, (1830.) Since then, the universal custom or eagerness to pry into the innermost recesses of every thing new—to search and question the authority of every thing already existing—to remodel, to complete, and where resistance is offered, to demolish, has received fresh impulse. This restlessness has especially taken full possession of those excitable brains, (beweglichebeköpfe,) which, whether called or not, press for political power; and literature has, under the influence of the latest political events and movements throughout the world, as by a sudden roundabout face, changed its front, and taken a quite different disposition with regard to life and its realities. The fictitious nihilism of the romancers has veered around into a practical endeavor to seize the present poetically. Every one knows and acknowledges, how poorly this has succeeded and does succeed; and verily, it hardly ever can succeed, so long as the historical fever rages, which is so utterly repugnant to all our public and social relations, and to the higher flights of genuine poetry.

Young Germany's grand project of eliciting a quiet, fresh, and blooming literature out of her own real mother-soil, has produced just as little as the labors of the Romancers to spiritualize life in verse. A feeling of inability, of impotence to seize this impetuous age by the lug of the hair, has soured both these schools, if we so may call them, against reality, and both scampered away from it, but in opposite directions. Under the mountain-weight of foreign dominion and the subsequent quietism of restoration, Romanticism spontaneously surrendered her poetical faith in reality, disavowed it, and hugged Antiquity to her bosom. In the present pressure of practical tendencies, it happens just as naturally, that spirited literature, which perhaps is the shortest phrase we can use, presses even beyond this pressure, frowns on the slow proceedings of real life, and industriously builds poetical castles in the distant future. In Romanticism ideas of restoration played their ghostly pranks; a chilled and hollow existence must be warmed, exalted, ennobled, by placing before it the magic mirror of chivalry, knight-errantry, troubadours, and minstrels, coupled with a pious belief in better and more glorious times. Modern literature, on the contrary, is carried away by reform; the religious and moral paradoxes of the age, which we hear, can be reconciled, life can be purged from so much nonsense and impurity, only by an entire re-construction on an entirely new, never before existing plan. In this, the reasonableness and justice of hitherto existing fundamentals of society, religion, the judicial and social relation between the sexes, the code of morals and conventionals, will be critically put to the question, and undermined in poetical praxis. If æsthetical extravagance and an affected poetry were once styled "New poetical catholicism," they appear now intrinsically the same, in the shape of a new poetical heathenism. In the drama and in epics, we, in the one case, look back, in the other, forward, on Utopian wonders. This Janus-head of our new literature, has on either side a face, from which speaks in unmistakable traits the science-loving, speculative, analyzing, and designedly again combining spirit of the age. Hence, with all their external differences, the drama, romance, and novel of both schools, the romantic and the modern spirited literature, are so intimately connected. We find in both, everywhere the same command of language, mastery over form, smart ideas, historical acumen, bold figures, witty and tasteful weaving of historical art and literature into splendid arabesque work,—but what is most wanted is not there, poetry itself. And can it be otherwise? The age gives its tone to every mind per force; its atmosphere brings reflection and consciousness to the poetical workman, but in a manner, that instead of following the immediate poetical feeling inspired, and improve upon it, his feelings are captivated by his reflections, and carried along with them. And in this process the feelings and the materials become entangled in inextricable confusion. Add to this, that under a sense of inability to seize the present with firm and mastering hand, our natural desire of reforming the world, degenerates into a mania (Drange) wrathfully to destroy, what we are incompetent poetically to appropriate; and we have a satisfactory clue to the characteristic pathology of all our modern poetry, as well as to its famous frittered diffuseness, to the poignant grief of impotence, the proud remonstrances against the laws and maxims of society, and then to the unsubstantiality, and the confused caricaturing portrayal of epic and dramatic personages and figures. These, for the most part, are as little like real human beings, and as distorted and repulsive as are the actors of the romantics, though so often coming on the stage with mustache, imperial, kid-gloves, and Spanish cloak, just as these came on rattling in armor and steel, with hairy garments, torches, and minstrel's harps.

The present constitution of things, militating against true epic and dramatic conception, and the character of prevailing views of philosophy and of nature, co-operate to give preponderance and the highest praise to lyrics, and a class of lyrics, which by sinking into the depths of nature and of mind, by a drawing of these two worlds within each other, by pain in the midst of pleasure, and smiles from among tears, present a striking contrast to that honest, simple-hearted kind of lyric or Idyl, which sports so harmlessly with the feelings spontaneously awakened, and with the placid features of the face of outward nature. Say we now, that Poetry, through the deep commotions of society, through the moral schisms incident to late developments even, has had presented to her graver subjects, higher as well as more profound problems, and this in one of her principal veins, the purely æsthetical, we say indeed what is the truth.

But we should, on the other hand, bear in mind what Goethe, who looked upon the prevailing taste for lyric verse, as a sign of literary dilettanteism, said, as being that "which shuns every thing contemplative, which cannot paint the object, but only the feelings which it awakens, whose pathological (diseased) productions only exhibit the bent or aversion of the author, and which thinks to exalt Wit into poetry."

And truly, this kind of superficial smattering, this dilettanteism is lord-paramount of our literature. The higher the culture of the age, the easier its superficial attainment; it adheres spontaneously to any one who lends himself to the influence of that torrent of ideas which the press pours forth. Thus all the philosophical, historical, political or æsthetical ideas of the times, flow freely and unchecked into many thousand heads, and dash again from their narrow receptacles into the immense basin of letters. The spirit of the age argues, reasons, groans, and raves, in every writer, like the demon in those possessed, with this difference, that the phantasms of the latter take the form of extraneous personalities, while the former regards the common-place ideas which he propagates as productions of his own spiritual self. Imagining, as so many rhyming and scribbling people do, that they contribute something of original and sterling value, while flippantly delivering themselves of the hastily-absorbed and crude elements, they at the same time deceive themselves just as much with regard to the form. They have passively succeeded to the heritage of a rich and fully-developed poetical language, and believe themselves trading on their own capital, when only dissipating and squandering this heritage with revolting levity, yet often with much grace, on the barren soil of their writings. Hence that astonishing impudence, with which the flimsiest and most immature talent, considers itself some great and rising genius, and with the coolest arrogance confidentially announces itself as such to the Public;* hence those characteristic stereotype features so prevalent in certain departments of our literature: the most singular medley of keenness and stupid nonsense, smart skimmings of the profound, affected profundity in mere trifling superficialities, fitful dippings into the arcana of Science, which ever bring up the same, therefore nothing, elegant methods of irrationality, and a peculiar splendor of diction, of no intrinsic worth whatever.

We often hear numerous voices, enjoining upon writers of the present day, above all things, to observe moderation and curtailment, and thereby think that they contribute something to what is called the turning of literature, (Hebung.) There are advisers, even, who are fully minded, that it would be much for the better not to squander and waste so much power of mind in fruitless poetical efforts, to suffer the fields of poesy to lie fallow until more favorable times, and to labor more zealously to further the appropriate business of the age, Science. It is, however, perfectly plain, that moderation and resignation are preached up to individuals, and to the age, with just the same success as attends the preaching of the faith, where the disposition to receive it is wanting.

A bold theological criticism is hardly a greater stumbling-block of offence to the pious, than to many is the present state of polite literature and of æsthetical criticism, as presented in every-day productions, or in exhibitions of public institutions. Even the very persons who would provide our literature with a splendid modern wardrobe, made of entirely new materials, which indeed she must wear a while, before it can be made to fit comfortably and gracefully, even these do by no means pretend to say, that literature is in a flourishing condition. They modestly put forth their lucubrations as only very promising and pouting half-blown rose-buds; while the other sees in them nothing but the crisp and withered shoots of a premature summer-season of the mind, prematurely come to an end. We discover the principal cause, why our present poetry is so much feebler and less substantial than the plastic arts, in the great expansion and culture of language, and the consequent ease of forming a style without labor of thought. Plastic Art cannot ever again sink so very low, nor become so completely flattened to insipidity by inordinate spread and commonness, because it rests in its very nature on the basis of a handicraft, that is, on the skill acquired only by laborious effort and practice. But, when the breeder of poetry has no longer to wrestle with words and language, when they fall into his hand ready-made and pliant tools, when on every side it presses upon him forms and parcels of contents cut and dried for ready use—in such an era, certainly, Poetry must partly become stifled in its own exuberance, partly evaporate in ethereal nothingness.

Epic and dramatic literature, in general, are evidently much weaker, and with all their scientific training, much more vague in their aim and character, than is Historical Painting. The mental attunement of the age stands forth in its deepest and most striking traits in lyrics and in landscapes; whatever is genuine and significant in either, becomes in after-time better appreciated and more valued; we are disturbed at every moment of enjoyment, by the diffusive after-lyrics and the flat landscape, both copies from the composer, one from the true poet, the other from nature. Sketch-painting, (Genre-malerei,) the naïve, sentimental, humorous, droll, satirical dashes, from real life or from history, stands, as a whole, far above our boasted and boasting literature; all these sketches and tableaux are generally much more bearable and effective, when hung up on the wall by the refined public, than when lying as a cover on the table, enclosed by some many-colored medallion. Portraits remind one but too often, however involuntarily, of the personal, insidious, and defamatory criticism, which has invaded our literature. As for the rest, the mass of likenesses of unmeaning faces at our exhibitions, and the fulsome chatter of our journalists about insignificant writers and virtuosos, are two very prominent signs of the democratic tendencies of the present day. And this tendency or quality, is to us a circumstance which has much enhanced the baneful influences which we have indicated through the astonishing and prevailing increase of literary productions and literary enjoyments. The relations of polite literature to the reading world, have already been spoken of in these pages, as connected with our remarks thus far. We touch upon this subject here only in view of our ultimate object.

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* We beg to adduce an instance from real life, which will indicate a whole category of literary maladies pretty distinctly. The waiter at a Reading-club had manufactured an historical drama in iambic verse, and laid it before his Macænas, the President of the Club. On being asked by him why he had taken the pains to indite his performance in verse, the aspiring Poet answered in these very words: "I am sensible that I cannot command as fine thoughts as those of Schiller or of Goethe, and wished, therefore, to give some importance to the piece, by means of rhyme." How much rarer and more honorable is such a partial self-knowledge, than that implicit and impervious self-confidence which poetically removes mountains! The good man, too, provided his own reward, by not sending his historical drama in Iambics to the press.

We see the sentiment frequently advanced in cursory remarks on the history of German literature, as well as in works professedly devoted to the subject, that a state of exhaustion and sterility must necessarily succeed to the short and brilliant period through which German poetry has passed, and that fresh blossoms can be expected only in remote futurity after the lapse of a slow and gradual recruiting of strength, and a re-modelling of our own National character and habits. It may be so, or it may not; but is it not passing strange, that in making this estimate, Literature is often looked upon as a special identity, with its appropriate vitality, subject to alternate periods of vegetation ; but the masses, the soil in which she is rooted, the public, is thought to be some once-for-all established and permanent fixture, a quiescent substratum ?—It is forgotten, that it is and ever will be the public, the spirit of the multitude, which though so slightly tinctured by literature, yet, if not positively creating it, determines its scope and coloring, and lends it the customs, actions, and postures with which it may invest itself. Who will venture to specify what particular direction our German poetry would have taken, had the appearance of Goethe and Schiller not been followed by a radical change in the organization of society ?—But this is by no means the case.

In past centuries poetry had by degrees, and that chiefly through the agency of the press, become detached from the living national soil, divorced from the views and feelings of the people, and when commencing to be signalized as "polite literature," she had long been the exclusive badge and property of the higher classes, growing out of and congenial to the state of their intellectual culture. When German literary genius awoke, after an ignominious slumber of centuries, she found such a system already perfectly established, in her standard works. Like the poetry of England and of France, she almost entirely disowned the multitude, as by pre-concerted agreement ; she sang, played, and declaimed only for the gratification of ears polite, in strains which hearts fraught with artificial sensibility only could appreciate. The coterie of readers and authors, was nothing more than a committee of self-constituted delegates from the supreme intellectual census, most inadequately representing the people, though pitched in close proximity to the legitimate congress. The case is so no longer. The elements, in which the poet and author of the present day draws his circles around him, from whom he earns his bread and to whom he dedicates his productions, have become altogether different in their ingredients, aspects, and tastes.

Political revolutions and reforms have broken down the ancient landmarks of rank and cast. In utter variance with a former state of things, all or nearly all are perfectly equal in the eye of the law, all equally entitled to do and possess many things, or qualified thereto in the preliminaries. Since then also culture and refinement, whose main channels formerly flowed only through the higher walks of society, have tended downwards with impetuosity. Light in science and art penetrates the masses more and more. It is however inherent in human nature, that the man wrought upon by the progress of the age, not only appropriates to himself all that can be of practical benefit to him in his daily business, in his particular trade, but he wishes to grasp the whole circle of improvements, according to his capacity. He reaches out his hand, not only after what is serviceable in the world of mind, but also after the ornamental, the beautiful; not only after the bread, but after the wine of life also ; not to secure knowledge alone, but also art ; and scarcely has he learned scantily to assuage his mental cravings, before the luxury becomes to him a necessity. A half-educated person, who looks about him from his obscure station and seeks for light, is drawn by means of our Encyclopediæ and especially by the universality of matter spread out upon the columns of our newspapers, into the very midst of the premises of knowingness, (we will not say knowledge,) is soon hurried through these, and before he is aware he emerges on a wide æsthetical common, which he finds delectable indeed. He suspects not what danger he runs, in pursuing this course, of destroying instead of strengthening the marrow and jewel of his being ; and after having absorbed a certain quantity of poems, plays, novels, and reviews, he arrives quite naturally to the conclusion, that he can easily produce the like of these himself.

The reading public of our day, is a far more promiscuous company than formerly, and what can be more natural that that polite literature should spontaneously adapt itself in scope and matter to the proportions, character, and demands or necessities of the reading world? With the extension of the reading public, the sphere of those who not only receive bounty from the Muses, but who extort it, has been immensely enlarged. In like manner, and in the same sense as predicated of the plastic arts, the brotherhood of Belles-Lettres has become much vulgarized and drawn within the precincts of industry and handicraft, and the spirit of the age has erected its factories and workshops on the manor soil of poetry itself, in the shape of literary journals, magazines, and philological and translating institutes.

He who draws a comparison between the present condition of literature and its recent palmy days, who begins to meditate on its probable or possible development, and leaves out of sight this point of culmination, this essential difference between *then* and *now* in the annals of human culture, he, to use a homely phrase, reckons without his host. The sudden swell and consequent disarrangement of the intellectual masses, which are operated upon by the literature of the age, and which again reacts in the multiplying and increased vaporing emptiness of authors, is evidently the main source of the prevailing dilettanteism in literature, which in most of its departments knows far less its own mind and object, than the plastic arts do.

An ever increasing craving for instruction, is sated by an aimless, undue, miscellaneous reading; but through all this wilderness of words, the craving mind seizes direct on any thing like fact or narrative; the dress, the vehicle of conveyance, is of no consequence. With such a disposition, not merely the practical and relatively useful is absorbed, but also the ideal and fanciful. The fiction, the drift, and meaning, is then every thing. The majority of readers imagine, that the conceptions of the poet are as easily embodied in form and language, as a newspaper paragraph or a popular tale; that to design, to create, and to commit that which is designed and created to paper, is but one and the same operation, or that as long as a man is prolific and successful in inventing, it is of the smallest import how he acquits himself in the delivery. Hence it happens that ignorant, half-educated people evince much more veneration for the veriest mediocrity in the plastic arts, than for the most meritorious compositions, and know no other poetry than that which jingles in verse. In this they see and apprehend that skill has effected something, of which they are incapable, and which evidently can be acquired only by industry and practice; the labor bestowed and the wit expended strikes the eye in looking at verse; but in prose they see nothing but what they think themselves able to produce, if the thoughts and ideas were theirs, and as these go toll-free, they are not disposed to attach any great value to such ware. In the former case they overlook the matter on account of the vehicle, in the latter they forget the form for the sake of the matter, or, in this the form, and in that the matter, seem to them something as quite selon la règle.

Preoccupied by such notions, not only the rude hand of the serf, but even the delicate gloved and perfumed digits of the literary parvenû, grab into the conservatory of choice and elegant literature, to gather a nosegay suiting their taste. With views as these, reading is sedulously attended to, not only in the guard-house and the servants hall, but much oftener in the boudoir, since every body claims partnership with the beau-monde, who has his head furnished and done up by the peruquier. But so populous a beau-monde produces naturally authors innumerable. The bel-esprit-virus with which the world has become inoculated, breaks forth at a thousand points in the shape of poems, novels, romances, &c.; poetical vitality raised to an enormous pitch! Nothing can therefore be more natural than that very many entertaining the same ideas of poetry as to its matter and form, dash away at writing, with the same nonchalance as the others do at reading; knowledge of every kind is now-a-days in such a state of fluidity, all manner of instruction so wonderfully facilitated by the most effectual helps, the most ingeniously contrived literary funnels and injection pipes. The minds of youth are at once immersed in the immense vat of literature, and instead of being suffered to form themselves, are there operated upon according to circumstances; before they well know how, they find themselves to their great delight in full and undisturbed possession of the great tool of the poetical craft, language; and in a few years after the young lady has had her last exercise corrected by the gouvernante, she has with heroic grief hatched and put forth her first novel; and just about the same period, or when his little college-learning is about evaporating, the young gentleman feels himself called to be a poet or a critic. In the good old pedantic times, the man who desired to marshal forth his genius into the upper circles of society, if not a bona fide genius, that is, if he had not passed through the schools with some degree of personal and earnest application, which was the indispensable groundwork of all superior culture—we say, he must have made something of himself by study—he must have solidity; though perhaps not fashioned out of the finest and best materials, yet he had a sound and solid one, but it must be purged and gilded in the schools. But in these times of ours, people are very quickly and very thinly varnished over with the professional compound; they extemporize their poetical effusions, and we think indeed that the galvano-plastic mode of gilding was discovered earlier, and more for the benefit of poetasters, than for the beautifying of house-furniture and kitchen utensils. The most empty heads, the most shallow brains, plunged into the castalian fount, soon become coated over with a thin crust of base gold-wash, and incontinently pop aloft as matriculated and all promising sons of the muses. There is no lack, in these days, of very clever heads, but most all of them become very early infected with the æsthetic atmosphere of the age, and ad priori accustomed to over-rate themselves, to mistake the dominant idea of the day for originality, to eschew and contemn serious study and honest labor, and to plunge into a path on which no talent can eventually arrive at any thing, or produce any thing worth speaking of. But is it worth one's while, to encounter all the grievous ills to which, by the confessions of the best men in all ages, all true poetry, yea, every superior work, is destined ? It is more convenient to trifle about these ills. The art of making false jewelry in the cheapest and most plausible imitation of real gold-ornaments, has been carried to such perfection, that only the very smallest portion of gold trinkets have the credit of being solid and genuine, and consequently but very few wear such. In like manner, a technical routine cheaply got, and as it were thrown at one's head, produces a modern literature of plated and gilt hollow-ware, by which the multitude garnish their intellectual premises. Small demand there is for the massive, finely wrought, and chiseled article. Who, that works for a market, would think of taking the thankless pains of producing such ?

With many the desire to appropriate to themselves at least so much of æsthetic culture (once the exclusive property of certain classes,) as may be thought necessary in order to lay claim to some conventional distinction in society, is the cause of the increasing clamor for literary distinction. We may observe that this clamor and this desire extend just as far downwards and embraces as many classes, as does that modern attire which is fast crowding out the earlier national and grade-indicating costume; both are equally significant signs of a social conformation, where there are enough of gradations, heights, and depths in external as well as intellectual respects, but nowhere a definite demarcation, no legitimate guage and standard of pretensions. In this world people judge and estimate one another with wonderful instinctive accuracy. With one glance, the most ignorant servant-wench discovers not only the difference between the dress of the real and the would-be lady, even when stuff and cut are the same, but seizes upon much smaller discrepancies in the attire, though perfectly similar in make; the most common eye is difficult to deceive as to the standing and quality of persons, by a dress contradicting that quality. Much natural and acquired art, theoretically, and much impudence and cunning, practically, is requisite, to deceive the world successfully, and to maintain one's self by dint of talk, dress and deportment, in a sphere naturally far above one's deserts; but least of all do people suffer dust to be thrown into their eyes, by coarse luxury or modish foppery. But how much more vague and shifting is not the taste of the multitude in their intercourse with books, than in their intercourse with mankind—in an intercourse where all depends upon discerning the quality of the mind through the texture of the drapery. Here as many are imposed upon by polish, mannerism, and grimace, as there are few in the other case. One may without great effort or knowledge, pass for a nobleman in authorship, with a certain very numerous class of readers; for any one who can fantastically bedizen himself and grossly flatter the prevailing mania of the public, is there looked upon as a portentous apparition. There are, no doubt, people enough, who on paper easily distinguish the truly informed from the mere varnished pretender, but they form no longer a body, a censor morum; they are unequally scattered through the mass; their influence on the course and character of literature is in many respects much curtailed; and thus the voice and taste of the majority, who hold true learning so cheaply, prevail in most of the various departments of letters. That, while thus speaking, we in nowise are so foolish, to wish again for the "good old time" of privileged caste—that we do not anticipate the future glory of poetry from a revival of the old aristocracy of Savans, we need not, it is presumed, expressly state. The conclusion of these reflections will make it apparent, that we entertain quite different views of the future.

But it is not to be wondered at, that with the prevalence of such æsthetical habits, so many writers and readers lose sight more and more of the difference between literary solidity and mere tinsel, that the difference becomes more and more unnecessary. "*Ludentis speciem dabit et torquebitur.*" How many valiant in producing or criticising poetry, have not understood this saying, even if the literal meaning were plain! They may have heard of it, but do not believe, that a poetical fashionably popular work, whether great or small, must appear light and destined to oblivion. If it has been so easy for the author to indite, it must be a light matter, and the opposite of all ideas of true art, and if to be thrown aside into oblivion, it is certainly not worth preserving. As the French say of the drama: "Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante;" so we may say of a great portion of our belles-lettres; that which had better never been thought, is printed.

All systems of science, from chemistry to æsthetics, are crammed with strange, outlandish, and, for an unlearned tongue, often desperate words and phrases, mostly Greek. This still flourishing custom, of baptizing new objects and ideas by hellenistic and barbarian names, is at least excusable when used in a purely scientific connection, with reference to interchange of thought with antiquity; but stands in the absurdest disproportion with the growing flippancy and superficiality of the present humanistic school-education. One would suppose, that this thorny nomenclature would repel many authorlings and adepts in book-making, who never were burdened with much knowledge, and who forget nothing only because they have so little to be forgotten, from certain matters and things, just as rabbits and worms are kept aloof from the fruit-tree by haw-thorn hedges and ramparts of pitch. But the literary caterpillar finds everywhere his way to leaf and bark, and devours every thing, even to the knots and prickles, which he often re-delivers in the most grotesque shapes. Thus one in his travelling-sketches abandons himself to his "eligaic" mood, and speaks of the "triumvirate" of the creative arts, music and poetry; another complains, laughably enough, of the "hydrogene" elements of a certain literary association—this is printed; only he meant to say, "heterogene" elements; another promises in his prospectus of a new gazette a "Reblique" of the latest literature; evidently a learned transformation of revue or retrospect.

How far the general thirst for knowledge, the spirit of speculating and sifting prevails in poetry, as well as in every species of art, is especially apparent from the circumstance that literature is itself aware of her weakness, and of its cause. Literature storms bravely about herself, just as we grumble over our own citizen's dress. Through the labors of antiquarians, theatre-directors, and merchant-tailors, the costumes of past ages have become as familiar to us as their poetry, and we have arrived at a critical conviction, that at no time people dressed more shabbily and absurdly, at no time was poetry more shamefully misused than at the present. One would think that nothing would be more easily changed, more easily and entirely revolutionized on coming to an unbiassed resolution, than the diurnal modes of dress; but not so—in this department, too, next to nothing is invented—in this too we apply only scientific criticism, recur to the ways of our grandmothers, and patch them up, and particularly with regard to female costume, any variation depends chiefly on the fecundity of antiquarian talent. Our tailors and mantuamakers are as sterile in creative and progressive invention as our poets, and we can as little get rid of our clothes as of our literature. Thus the fate-abandoned field of tailoring proves most strikingly, first, that all developments in the same age, the highest as well as the lowest, necessarily proceed from the same root; and next, that the problem and characteristic of our time is not *invention*, but discovery. A presumptuous chasing after scientific discovery, finding out, and appliance, keeps down inventive and creative art, drawing it into the same unfruitful path, so that a self-confident activity and thoughtfulness pervade the arts; but not that sort of thoughtfulness and study which in the genuine work follows inspiration—a sort which must serve as substitute for inspiration.

We would indeed be led to entertain very serious apprehensions respecting the future destinies of literature, if we were to judge of the present character of poetical talent, from inferences drawn from our estimate of intellectual culture of earlier times, as exhibited in their standard works, did we not look beyond our day. Every one is aware that poetry, by being spread out before so many classes, with which it formerly hardly came in contact, has indeed become more common, but not, therefore, in a good sense, more popular; that among the nauseating trash which daily falls from the press, as well as in those of her offspring for which we have no need of blushing before posterity, we may search long and wearily to find any thing resembling a germ, a grain of fresh and genuine poetic nationality, (Volks-poesie.) But yet such germs and grains do already exist; we discern (as we think) the first faint auguries and beginnings of a development, in the progress of which the people gradually will become susceptible of poetic feeling, and once more the foundation be laid for creative art, not from above, from the gentry downwards, but from beneath, out of the heart and quarry of the nation. Such a blessing can never spring from mere bellelettreism and artificial dilettanteism; it seems rather to be hoped for from a certain tone among the people which has little affinity with literature. We allude to those marks of a revived nationality, which are traceable in the awakening of patriotic sentiments, and in an impulse towards free associations. It is of much significance to our nation and to our period, that this disposition reveals itself in its poetical tendency, by music; in the numerous musical and vocal societies, which, steadily spreading, embrace social unions of quite distinct classes. It is a matter of congratulation that the poetical electrometre has hitherto elicited so faint sparks of genuine original poetry; all healthy growth is remarkably slow. This remark leads us to the last idea, which we here wish to record.

Culture, in its universal sense, before the discovery of the art of printing, had an aspect widely differing from that which it subsequently assumed. We see education in the middle ages, notwithstanding the rigid separation of classes and ranks, far more uniform than now, when so many of these barriers of caste have been done away with. The gulf between the suzeraine and the vassal was more of a civil and external nature than an intellectual. The ideas of Deity, of the world, and of nature, were, if we so may speak, bounded and fixed pretty much within the same figure in the soul of the prince as in the soul of the galley-slave; whereas in the later relative positions of men who must pursue various paths through life, they have become much more diversified by occult and inward, intellectual qualities, than in civil and political respects, or outward condition. In former times, the leech, the adept, the astrologer, or the heretic, stood out isolated and in bold relief from the equally tempered mass, as the representatives and purveyors of learning. The spirit of investigation and acquisition was fettered, describing narrow circles around scattered and migratory centres; but art grew up in joyful luxuriance on the broad and deep soil of faith, and the artist was no virtuoso, no dilettante, who with unwonted strength of genius ushers something overwhelming into day; he was what Thomas Carlyle calls, a worker, who by his personifications gave tone and expression to the common feeling, and never delivered a text to which every soul had not a response and a commentary at hand.

This revival of art threw its last vibrations pretty far within the domains of the press, and in an age where, through the reformation, the might of that press had already been sensibly felt, art once more stood up in glorious strength. The paintings of the sixteeth century are the delicious fruit, and also the sere and yellow leaf of a rapidly consummating year of the universe. A new era commences from the hour in which the *idea* of printing became reality, and at the time, when the antiquarian no longer invoked his old books and parchments as Incunables; the genius or demon of a new cycle of the world, leaped out of his cradle accoutred in complete armor. From that hour, the fetters which had until then held nearly all, high and low, great and small, in the bondage of simplicity, begin to be loosened; differences and controversies in thinking and feeling come to be identified and expressed in words; the warfare between spirit and mind, the upper and lower powers, begins; the understanding quenches and conquers sentiment, and the watch-word of an ever increasing, rapid development, is knowledge. In this process, the ancient spiritual level of society was necessarily destroyed; here it rose into eminences, while there again it sank into declivities; the ideas and standards of individuals and of classes tallied less and less, distinct circles and platforms formed themselves separately, which took very unequal interest in the solution of the master-problem of the age, research, and were very unequally affected by its results. A spiritual aristocracy stood over against the mass of the people, as pioneers in the movement towards enlightening reason, which not only ruled them politically, but kept them morally muzzled. But the deeper the mind penetrated into nature and history, the more the horizon cleared up at those points, the darker and denser and more confused became the shadows resting on the intellectual world; the more divided, essentially differing, men became among themselves touching the most momentous questions and interests. Science bounded up to the clouds, but the church languished, and with her *that* art which springs from a common and paramount spirit. The foundations of this common paramount feeling were demolished, and thus art and poetry became the property and prerogative of the higher, knowing, enlightened classes, and the offspring and impress of their taste and spirit. The arts were no longer the common spiritual bread of life; they became seasoned dishes for refined palates, for those who know how to enjoy scientifically; but utterly insipid, indigestible, incomprehensible to those who brought nothing but nature's common unsophisticated appetite to the banquet.

While culture thus rapidly advanced toward the aristocratic pole of the social world, light, spurious as well as true, penetrated yet slowly the masses toward the democratical. This descending tendency of culture, has become wonderfully accelerated since the latest important changes in politics, in science, and in trade, and the conviction is forced upon this generation, that culture and education will assume an entirely new aspect. The press, that very instrument which yet in its imperfection, at the close of the middle ages, exploded the unity of feelings and ideas, appears now in its mature strength, to labor for the restoration of this very unity. It looks as if History were intent upon reconducting mankind by some spiral windings to the same point which they occupied half a thousand years ago; as if out of the present commotion, a middle age is to emerge on a more splendid and exalted scale; that is a state in which the entire people shall, in spiritual and moral respects, again form a phalanx more unbroken than ever; an age in which the common mind, in its nature essentially one and unchangeable, shall again find its equipoise in connection with the isolated aristocratic mind; in which, after a final momentary satisfying of the spirit of research and inquiry, of analysis and classification in the outward world, the creative spirit of the inner world shall again be emancipated; in which art shall fully perfect and ennoble that which science has so gloriously achieved during the last centuries, making it by a touch of her magic wand the legitimate spiritual capital of the people.

Such a view can give umbrage only when not rightly understood; it will, however, only be pointed out in this place. At another time we may take a nearer view from this point, of the present course of history.

Culture has evidently struck into another path, leading to quite a different goal from that which she seemed to follow fifty years ago, and many are the phenomena of our time which may be construed in consonance with our views. State, legislation, arranging and intercourse of classes, morals, customs, dress, in short, the whole social system as it at present exists, and in its present state of progress already indicate, on close observation, where the new movement has taken its beginning—where it betrays more affinity to a state of things as they existed before the discovery of the art of printing, than to that of the past century. In many respects present circumstances appear altogether the reverse of what they were in the middle ages; but in this complete transformation, the new is far nearer to the old than merely on the way to it. Whether reading and writing shall form the rule or the exception—whether very many do not think, because they read nothing or have read too much; whether men obey, because they *must*, and know no better, or whether the idea of a just government shall pervade the community; whether a certain category of the laws of nature, or a certain amount of authenticated facts, shall be known by the many or the few; whether every person shall be able to propel himself forty miles in the hour, or whether high and low must travel on foot or on horseback:—all this is of no consideration, when treating of the main-springs, of the stamina of social development; and every one, who is not an entire stranger in the history of the middle ages, is able to extend these parallelisms into every direction and department of life.

It must not be forgotten, that even the highest and most sublimated views of nature, as they strike ever deeper, have broken away from the materialism of mere ratiocination,* and manifest a leaning, a returning towards the mystical point d'appui of the middle ages. But one asks—what about religion—the church? Where is here a general soothing, satisfying, effectual remedy to be found—a reconciling of opposites discoverable? Our answer is: the depths of cavil and contradiction must become exhausted, as they now are pretty much for the first time, before a reconciliation can become imaginable, or before a reformation can begin. No one can as much as conjecture in what sense such a re-formation is to ensue, and consequently no one can determine whether it has already begun or not. But, at all events, at this point a vista opens upon us of an indeterminable duration of the present ferment. We do not even know in which season we are of the current year of the universal cycle; whether we are yet in the vernal season, or whether autumn is at hand. Sufficient for us, is the persuasion, that the world is not on the point of dissolution, but rushing onward to some grand transformation, or rather re-modelling, re-formation, and that the present sufferings and throes of humanity shall subside, her infirmities will be healed, to give place to other infirmities. Should, however, the procreative sap once ascend into the upper branches, evolving research and creative intellect, the common mind will again yield untainted, genuine blossom and fruit. Yet, while even now, imperceptibly to us, a new germ of the beautiful and of a true living nationality, is slowly developing from the heart of the people, that which poetry and art have produced by its unnatural and soulless alliance with science, may cause yet greater confusion, until those weeds shall be choked by the fresh and healthy vegetation. And we see, therefore, no cause in the world to despair, even if our social, literary, artistical, theatrical, and every other characteristic institution of the day, should appear to succeeding generations to be the same as the last scarcely departed century is to many a one among us, the good old time.

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* Verstandesaufklärung.

The Crossing of the Desert.—Extract of a letter dated Alexandria, June 20th, 1843:—"It gives me great pleasure, in taking a retrospect of the last 12 months, during which time I have crossed the entire of Egypt 13 times, and as far as Cairo no fewer than 29 times, to bear testimony to the amazing change that has been wrought in the system and means of transit. At that time the means and arrangements of the canal navigation were of the most wretched description, and amid inconveniences and scenes of the most repulsive nature passengers were obliged to spend 12 or 15 hours huddled together within a space not fit for the accommodation of half the number conveyed. Instead of two there are now five canal passage boats in use, and two steam tugs, besides 48 horses. This improvement has enormous advantages, but will be felt best by those who have travelled under both circumstances. On the Nile, instead of one there are four steamboats. The Desert, too, has lost most of its terrors. At the time to which I allude, and subsequently, I have seen and shared serious privations. But this has undergone a change. The wretched horses formerly in use have been replaced with efficient ones, their number increased from 80 to 250; a relay, instead of every 40 or 60 miles, now established at every station, say every 10 miles; the vans and harness refitted and repaired, the station-houses fitted up most comfortably, and an English male and female attendant at the centre and principal bungalow; all the dependents throughout the line better ordered and more civil, and none of that extortion which was practised at hotels and at every point where a possibility of it had heretofore existed; and there is now no cause sufficient to deter the most timid or delicate traveller, at any season of the year from crossing Egypt with perfect safety and comfort, and without the slightest risk of delay. For much of the improvement thus rapidly introduced into the overland route the public is indebted to his Highness the Pacha, who continues to afford every facility towards the complete development of a communication which is daily becoming more important both to England and India. It is understood that an arrangement is now in course of completion between the new Transit Company and the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, by which the means possessed by both parties in Egypt will be brought into united operation, and the efficiency of the transit permanently secured.

Premature Rise of the Nile.—A very remarkable anomaly has been observed this year in the periodical flux of the Nile. From time immemorial the first day of the rise of the Nile has ensued soon after the summer solstice, and at Cairo the phenomenon has usually taken place some time between the 1st and the 10th of July; this year, however, there was a rise of the river on the night of the 5th of May, consequently two months earlier than usual. This rise contined only four days, after which the water fell, and it still continues falling as it always does until the period of the summer solstice. History affords no example of so early a rise of the river, and only a few instances are recorded of a second rise taking place shortly after the first. One of these instances occurred in the reign of Cleopatra, and the other in the year 1737. —*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

Impost on Merchandise through Egypt.—The Pacha of Egypt has issued a proclamation establishing the transit duty of only half per cent. on the declared value of all merchandise *in transitu* between India and Europe, subject to very rational regulations. The duty must be paid at Alexandria for the merchandise landed at that port, and also for that landed at Suez. In case of fraud being manifest, either in the denomination or valuation of the merchandise, the Custom-house, after having proved the fraud by opening the packages, will charge a duty of ten per cent.—***Britannia.***

WORDSWORTH'S GREECE.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THIS very beautiful book is worthy of the name of Greece, and of another name now classical in England by a double claim, that of Wordsworth. As regards the pictorial, it delineates almost every thing—scenery, buildings, costume; and has besides numberless fanciful vignettes. There are upwards of three hundred and fifty engravings on wood, and twenty-eight on steel, all by such artists as Copley, Fielding, F. Creswick, D. Cox, Harvey, Paul Huet, Meissonier, Sargent, Daubigny, and Jacques. The descriptive paints Greece as it was, and again as it is; and with the hand of one who is master of his subject, thoroughly acquainted with the ancient and modern geography of the country, and an accomplished observer in all that relates to the arts. The historical portion, in like manner, exhibits the learning and judgment of the author. The traveller in Greece will find this, we are inclined to think, the very best book he could take with him—no other work contains, perhaps, so much matter in one fair octavo; and it has this further advantage, that whatever information Dr. Wordsworth gives us on subjects of this class, comes stamped with acknowledged authority. The classical student, albeit that he never makes a voyage except it be *autor de sa chambre*, will find in these pages most interesting and abundant information; and the poet, the architect, and the antiquarian may gather from them quite enough to repay a perusal.

One or two short extracts may give some idea of the manner and matter of the book.

The passage which follows leads to his description of Athens:—

> "To describe Athens, a man should be an Athenian, and speak the Athenian language. He should have long looked upon its soil with a feeling of almost religious reverence. He should have regarded it as ennobled by the deeds of illustrious men, and have recognized in them his own progenitors. The records of its early history should not be to him a silence; they should not have been the objects of laborious research, but should have been familiar to him from his infancy—have sprung up, as it were, spontaneously in his mind, and have grown with his growth. Nor should the period of its remote antiquity be to him a land of shadows—a platonic cave in which unsubstantial forms move before his eyes as if he were entranced in a dream. To him the language of its mythology should have been the voice of truth. The temples of Athens should not have been to him mere schools of art. He should not have considered them as existing, in order that he might examine their details, measure their heights, delineate their forms, copy their mouldings, and trace the vestiges of coloring still visible upon them. They should not have afforded materials merely for his compass or his pencil, but for his affections and for his religion.
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> "This, we gladly confess, is not our case. We commence our description of this city with avowing the fact, that it is impossible at this time to convey, or entertain an idea of Athens such as it appeared of old to the eyes of one of its inhabitants. But there is another point of view from which we love to contemplate it—one which supplies us with reflections of deeper interest, and raises in the heart sublimer emotions than could have been ever suggested in ancient days by the sight of Athens to an Athenian.
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> "We see Athens in ruins. On the central rock of its Acropolis exist the remains, in a mutilated state, of three temples—the temple of Victory, the Parthenon, and the Erectheum; of the Propylœa in the same place; at its western entrance, some walls and a few columns are still standing; of the theatre on the south side of the Acropolis, in which the dramas of Æschylos, Sophocles, and Euripides were represented, some stone steps remain. Not a vestige survives of the courts in which Demosthenes pleaded. There is no trace of the academic porches of Plato, or of the lyceum of Aristotle. The pœcile of the Stoics has vanished; only a few of the long walls which ran along the plain and united Athens with its harbors, are yet visible. Even nature herself appears to have undergone a change. The source of the fountain Callirrhoe has almost failed; the bed of the Illissus is nearly dry; the harbor of the Piræus is narrowed and made shallow by mud.
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> "But while this is so, while we are forcibly and mournfully reminded by this spectacle of the perishable nature of the most beautiful objects which the world has seen, while we read in the ruins of these temples of Athens, and in the total extinction of the religion to which they were dedicated, an apology in behalf of Christianity, and a refutation of paganism, more forcible and eloquent than any of those which were composed and presented to the Roman emperor by Aristides and Quadratus in this place, we are naturally led by it to contrast the permanence and vitality of the *spirit* and *intelligence* which produced these works, of which the vestiges either exist in a condition of ruinous decay, or have entirely disappeared, with the fragility of the *material* elements of which they are composed.
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> "Not at Athens alone are we to look for Athens. The epitaph—*Here is the heart: the spirit is everywhere*—may be applied to it. From the gates of the Acropolis, as from a mother city, issued intellectual colonies into every region of the world. These buildings now before us, ruined as they are at present, have served for two thousand years as models of the most admired fabrics in every civilized country of the world. Having perished here, they sur-

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* Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. By Christopher Wordsworth, D. D. Royal 8vo. London: W. S. Orr & Co.

vive there. They live in them as in their legitimate offspring. Thus the genius which conceived and executed these magnificent works, while the materials on which it labored are dissolved, has itself proved immortal. We, therefore, at the present time, having witnessed the fact, have more cogent reasons for admiring the consummate skill which created them, than were possessed by those who saw these structures in their original glory and beauty."—pp. 129, 130, 131.

These eloquent and able passages attest the scholarship of the author. He goes on to observe that it is not in the *material* productions of Athens that her spirit is still seen: it survives in the intellectual creations of her great minds; and the interest which they have given to the soil, invests it with new and strange charms for us of modern times. Dr. Wordsworth then enters into a minute account of the remarkable buildings of Athens—a subject on which no one in these times could venture to say much, who had not some confidence in his classical acquirements, and in his knowledge of the arts. Dr. Wordsworth is well known to be a sure guide in all these matters. His name alone might give character to the book, but it would fail to do it justice. It is so beautifully got up, that to be appreciated it must be seen.

The passage we have quoted may give our readers a very fair impression of the author's style ; but being only introductory to more detailed observations, it does not exhibit any thing of the fulness and variety of matter for which the work is very remarkable. We had pencilled some other passages for extracts. One giving the fable and the history of Theseus, another suggesting with much ingenuity and apparent truth, that the systems of education adopted at Athens and in Sparta—systems strongly contrasted in all points—arose from the physical forms of the two countries. The site of Sparta at a distance from the coast, secluded in a valley at the extremity of Greece, led to a system of self-dependence, abstinence, and denial, and to that principle of implicit obedience to the law, "so emphatically described," says Dr. Wordsworth, in the epitaph engraved upon the tomb of the Spartan heroes who fell at Thermopylæ—"Oh, stranger, go and tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here in obedience to their commands."

"At Athens," observes our author, "the maintenance of such a system of education would have been a physical impossibility." Her site, her soil, barren in corn, but rich in marble, the sea flowing before her, the islands, nurseries for a maritime population, her facilities for communicating with other countries—all led to a system of education of which the freest development of all her resources, of all the energies of her population, was the object and the result.

Travellers in Greece are usually struck with its Homeric aspect—with the resemblance of the localities to those described in the Iliad. Scenes of any note, and many but little known to fame, are given in the illustrations. The mountain-chain—the rich vale, made classic by its ruined temple—the headland and the isle, all form attractive pictures, being nearly all immortal by their names; and the attention of the reader is directed to almost every circumstance that can lend them interest.

There is one topic which we exceedingly regret that Dr. Wordsworth has not touched on, that is, a comparison of the Romaic with the ancient language of Greece. The resemblances are so constant, the identities so frequent, that a tolerable classic might make his way there with but little difficulty. A striking circumstance is, that the language appears to be the same throughout the country—that there are no longer those differences of dialect which were so remarkable in the ancient times. We regret that our learned author did not examine this subject, as we cannot often hope to have a traveller so well qualified to undertake it.

There are very considerable efforts now making for the civilization and advancement of Greece. A great deal doing in the way of schools by King Otho and his government; but these efforts attract hardly any notice in England, or in the principal countries of Europe. We may further observe, that in their contests with the Turks the Greeks exhibited traits of character and deeds of heroism quite worthy of their ancestry, and yet were they but little regarded by other nations, and are hardly remembered. It may be that our acquaintance with the story of ancient Greece is so early and so intimate, and leaves on our mind so many and such absorbing impressions, that we have no interest to spare for that kingdom now, save what is connected with the past. This we are disposed to think is, to a great extent, actually true, and it is a most singular result, consigning a fair country to the destiny that, do what she will, she can never revive—that the nations of Europe *will* think of her only through the past, and for ever hold

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

LORD STRAFFORD.

From the British Critic.

CONCLUDED.

Of a home cabinet so constructed, Strafford experienced the effects from the first, in the immense labor which he found necessary to get any of his propositions received. He had to fight time after time with them—for a Parliament—for Poyning's act—for his plantation schemes—for his revenue schemes—for his church schemes: he had no sooner made money, than he had to fight for the employment of it—he had to fight for appointments, for rewards, for punishments. Powerful noblemen—Lord Clanrickard (son of the old earl), Lord Wilmot, and others, appeal from him to the English council. Don't listen to him, writes up Strafford; you are encouraging disaffection in thousands, if you do—he is the head of a party.—But this is just the reason, in Charles's view, why I must.—Don't be afraid, says Strafford, I will take all the odium upon myself. Whenever persons appeal to you, tell them that you hold the deputy responsible, and send them back.—The absolute duty of a minister to take odium to any extent off his monarch's back, was a maxim constantly in Strafford's mouth; and happy was the deputy if he got his own way any how: but the fear which the king evinced of these aristocrats, the time that their appeals stood, and the half or favorable decision at last, vexed Strafford personally, and weakened him politically. The last scene of his Irish government was embittered by the triumph, after a long contest, of Lord Clanrickard over him in the English council.

A hard tussle in which he had engaged with Lord Cork, for the restoration of some church lands, he had to fight literally alone, against Lord Cork and the English cabinet. This nobleman had, through his relationship to the Cumberland family, considerable interest at court, and a sort of claim of connection upon Strafford himself, who made himself extremely obnoxious to his own relations by his unflinching disregard of the private tie. The Cumberland family took up the matter warmly, and Strafford had to endure all sorts of hard names, and to be called a persecutor of his kindred. But a man with such fixed public objects in view was not to be deterred. The recovery of church property was one thing he had positively determined on, the equal administration of justice was another. Without an able body of clergy, he said, it would be impossible to effect any reformation in religion or manners; and church property must be got back for that end. In Ireland there had indeed been hitherto one law for the rich, and another for the poor, and robbery and sacrilege had been winked at, when the offender could put a title to his name. He was resolved to put an end to this system, to uphold the sanctity and the spotlessness of royal justice, to show the great and noble that they were as amenable to the law as the meanest subjects, and comfort the hearts of the poor and defenceless classes by the spectacle of a righteous government, bent on extinguishing the insolence, oppression, and fraud of their petty tyrants. "I never had," he says of Lord Cork's case —"I never had so hard a part to play in all my life; but come what please God and the king, neither alliance, friendship, or other thing, shall be ever able to separate me from the service of God or my master, or persuade me to quench the flame in another man's house by taking the fire of his guilt into my bowels."

There were more galling trials: Charles had never been a minister, and did not know what a minister's feelings were. A low impudent Scotchman of the name of Barre penetrated into the royal presence, with an unsupported charge against Strafford, of peculation. Charles, either surprised by the sudden intrusion, or wishing to look impartial, actually listened—nay, gave him a special passport, under shelter of which the fellow oscillated between England and Ireland, collecting slanders against Strafford for communication to the court. "*And now, ant pleese your Majesty, ea werde mare anent your debuty in Yrland,* (Strafford had a trick of taking off the dialect of the Scotch: there was no love lost between them,) with other such botadoes stuffed with a mighty deal of untruths and follies amongst. Far be the insolency from me," he continues, "to measure out for my master with whom or what to speak; I more revere his wisdom, better understand myself. But to have such a broken pedlar, a man of no credit or parts, to be brought to the king, and countenanced by some that have cause to wish me well, howsoever I have reason to believe I shall not find it so, only to fill his majesty's ears with untruths concerning me, and that the whilst his foul mouth should not either be closed, or else publicly brought to justify what he informs; to have such a companion sent as comptrol and superintendent over me, I confess, as in regard to myself it moves me not much, yet as the king's deputy it grieves and disdains me exceedingly. Alas! if his majesty have any suspicion I am not to his service as I ought, let there be commissaries of honor and wisdom set upon me; let them publicly examine all I have done; let me be heard, and after covered with shame if I have deserved it. This is gracious, I accept it, magnify his majesty for his justice; but let not the deputy be profaned in my person, under the administration of such a petty fellow as this, unto whom, believe me, very few that know him will lend five pounds, being as needy in his fortune as shifting in his habitation."

The Cottington party, who contrived these insults, allowed Strafford no rest. Rumor, charge, malicious whisper, subtle innuendo, told upon his sensitive spirit. "These reports pinch me shrewdly," he says. He wrote up to Charles, and was told, "Do not buckle on your armor before it is wanted:" Charles did not understand his sensitiveness. He solicited one step in the peerage, as a proof that the king had not deserted him, and it was denied.

The sense of ingratitude always makes philosophers of us: first comes the sting, then the musing, speculating, moralizing sedative—the never mind—and, yes it must be so—and, ah! it is the way of the world!—the reducing of our wrongs from their personal and contingent to their universal archetypal form. Strafford had a strong vein of metaphysics, which soon sent him on the generalizing flight, far out of sight of Charles and the English council. "In good faith, George (to his cousin), all below are grown wondrous indifferent." The world, this visible system of things, was in a sense necessarily unjust; and ingratitude was the law of an imperfect state. But did he think with the poet that the Lady Astræa had long since gone to heaven? Not quite so. Under favor, he could still discern her: justice had not ceased to be, but in a loose disordered system could not act. Men might sometimes be just, could they but agree; but each had his own standard—one despised what another appreciated—and hopeless division produced "a certain uncertainty of rewards and punishments," crossing their destination, and coming to the wrong persons. Philosophizing Strafford—he realized the grievance and the discouragement—the ἐν δὲ μιῇ τιμῇ ἡμὲυ κακός ἡδὲ καὶ ἐσθλός—sad burden of many an heroic heart, from the time that savage Caucasus heard the grand laments of a Prometheus, and Achilles sounded his plaintive lyre over the Ægean, and the great Roman scorned, and Lear rhapsodized, and Hamlet mused—age after age the sad reproachful strain has floated vainly by, nor arrested for a moment this deaf material machine of things; and on and on will it sound more mournful and more grave, till rising on the gale it ends in the whirlwind's sharp ominous cry, and becomes the dirge of a collapsing and dissolving world. Philosophizing, moralizing Strafford—he went on drawing truths and lessons from Donne's anagrams and Vandyke's shadows, till his spiritual consoler stept in, with advice to "read that short book of Ecclesiasticus while these thoughts were upon him:" it would comfort him more than ever Donne's verses or Vandyke's colors.

But there were moments when all poetical consolations failed Strafford. The neglect of the home government made him feel acutely the desolateness of his position in Ireland—standing alone amidst conspirators and mortal foes. Sadness and distress of mind overcame him at times: "*The storm sets dark upon me: it is my daily bread to bear ill: all hate me, so inconsiderable a worm as I.*" He looked forward with melancholy relief to a resting-place in the grave, to which his dreadful bodily sicknesses as well directed him. A martyr all his life to disease and pain, he thought little of it; the gout only "made him think the more;" but an accumulation of disorders now, an intermitting pulse, faint sweats, the increasing tortures of his old complaint, combined with his internal distresses to drag him into the depths of an intense, exaggerated, we should say, an unreal humility in such a man, did we not take his situation into account. Isolation, however, is, beyond question, a humbling thing: let those think serenely of themselves whom a world embraces, who lie pillowed and cushioned upon soft affections, and tender regards, and the breath of admiring circles,—greatness in isolation feels itself after all but a wreck and a cast-off from the social system, wanderer forlorn, worldless fragmentary being, like the wild animal of the desert—gaunt solitary tenant of space and night. Yet from the gloom of despondency and self-annihilation broke forth like lightning the mind of the statesman in the brilliant scheme of finance, or the energetic blow which brought a rebellious aristocrat to the dust. The kingdom stood aghast at his proceedings; nobody understood so mysterious a compound; a report spread with rapidity through the court that the Lord Deputy was insane, and Lord Holland added, as a fact of his own knowledge, that he had once actually been confined in a madhouse. Strafford, in burning indignation, wrote and demanded an inquiry before the Star Chamber, which the slanderer, however, backed by his friends in the council, contrived to stave off upon technical grounds. In truth, he was a puzzle to his age: the hypochondriac and madman, as some would explain him, others would have a rank hypocrite and actor; his emotions mere pieces of statecraft and theatrical display, and even his last touching speech at his trial—it is the coldhearted sneer of the Scotch Baillie,—"as pathetic an oration *as ever comedian made upon the stage.*"

It was in the midst of these troubles, that, in the summer of 1636, Strafford crossed the Channel and presented himself before the King in council with an exposition of his whole administration from the beginning. Clear and straightforward statements, a style manly, eloquent, and imposing, and, above all, the presence of the man himself, produced their effect; Charles was really carried away; English courtiers, and even Irish foes, began to smile and look gracious, and Strafford to indulge in irony: "He had great professions from my lord keeper, and the duke, and the marquis, and the chamberlain, and from my Lord Cottington in the most transcendent way—my lady of Carlisle never used him with such respect; he had been very graciously used by the queen; my lord of Durham is my creature. Wilmot hath visited me, and, now he is able to do me no more mischief, makes great professions —I do him all civilities, wait upon him to his coach, in good faith wish him no hurt at all, *yet must the king have his land.* His lordship must answer my suit in the Exchequer Chamber,—send me that *Dedimus potestatem.*"

For one brief visit Strafford was the lion of the London world, stared and pointed at, and experiencing vast civility and attention from all classes, which, with an amusing mixture of simplicity and statecraft, he attributed wholly to his temporary favor with the King; adding, that though people were much mistaken in thinking him of such consideration with his majesty, he should not attempt to destroy an impression so serviceable to his administration. Sick of the scene, he hurried down the moment business was over to York, where a circle of his county friends met and smothered him with dinners and kindness for a week. He was not sorry of an escape to reflect affectionately upon such hearty demonstrations at the most solitary and retired of his country seats, Gauthorp, the old place of the Gascoignes, of chief justice celebrity. One short, very short interval of perfect repose penetrated deeply, and a mind satiated with care and business drank in the rich tranquillity of country solitude.—Lord, with what quietness in myself could I rest here in comparison of that noise and labor I met with elsewhere; but let that pass; I am not like to enjoy that blessed condition upon earth.—Strange as it may appear, retirement from the world, for the purpose of religious contemplation, call it a dream, a fancy, or what we will, was a prospect which, amidst all the excitements of government, dwelt involuntarily on his mind. The moment which launched him irrevocably into office, stilled even *his* throbbing heart and mounting pulse with awe, and the fatal plunge was succeeded by hollow misgivings.—A farewell now to all those quiet retirements wherein to contemplate things more divine and sacred than this world can afford, interrupted at every moment by the importunity of affairs.—He could not bear the thought of *dying* a politician. What hypocrisy, says the modern biographer, in so ingrained a statesman:—we think not so; the deepest water is both the most tempestuous and the most still, and capacities and tastes for great energy and great repose co-exist in heroic minds, and alternate mysteriously; so at least thought the poet, when he made his hero on the stirring scene of fight and glory think of Phthia—so sweet to imagine himself only three days' sail from his beloved Phthia — It was but a moment; from the shelter of his nook, Strafford heard the mighty roar summoning him to the strand, and he looked out upon a black boiling tide and flashing waves embattling the distant horizon. He embarked for Ireland, to enter on a more tremendous scene of exertion even than what he had passed through; a commanding mind came more every day into requisition; the fatal wheel moved with a still more awful velocity as it approached its goal;—and to the whirling medley of Irish politics was added the still more ominous and distracting charge of the Scotch war.

The great struggle between the Church of England and Puritanism, which had been so long preparing, was now beginning to break out. The Church, under Laud, after gradually collecting strength and assuming more and more of a determined attitude, at last resolved upon the aggressive and forcible step of fixing itself in Scotland; and the very home and hot bed of Puritanism suddenly found itself under a regular clergy and hierarchy, with a liturgy more catholic, and canons more stringent than the English. So determined a move on one side excited defiance on the other; the fierce puritan spirit boiled over at the sight of the surplice; a storm of hootings, and cries of Pope! Pope! Antichrist! stopped the first commencement of the Church ritual in the Cathedral of St. Giles; and the courageous and apostolic Bishop Forbes, for instantly confronting from the pulpit the raging multitude, and endeavoring to bring them to reason, nearly paid the penalty of his life. The omen of shrieking preaching women sounded a revolution at hand: Presbyterian Scotland rose *en masse;* the covenant was signed, and the armies of the Church and the Conventicle prepared for mortal conflict.

Such was the commencement of the great rebellion—an essentially religious war, which the English Church began. While her meek Waltons and Herberts were chanting in the retired vale, a great restless persevering mind at her head was pushing her supremacy upon court and nation. She felt the influence, and, awakened to a sense of her divine life and powers, would be enlarging her borders and not let the nation rest. To be sure the Puritans would have commenced the fight, if she had not; still it must be confessed that as matter of fact the Church was the aggressive party at this period: Laud's resolute determination to bring Scotland under her yoke, and any how by argument or by force conquer Presbyterianism, was the real origin, and his ecclesiastical journey to Scotland the first overt act of the war. If this be called persecution we cannot help it; the fact, whatever it be, must be confessed. No one questioned at that time of day the legitimacy of employing violence for the promotion of religion; persecution was the theory of the age, as it had been of ages preceding; minds of the most religious, the most devotional, the most saintly cast, persecuted; Catholics, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Independents, all persecuted; to force a belief upon others was a necessary corollary from the sincerity of your own; and only indifference could afford to be indulgent. Our Articles, as the offspring of the age, embrace the theory, and in giving express power to the civil sword in the province ecclesiastical as well as temporal, to punish the stubborn and evil-doer, schismatic as well as criminal, admit the principle of persecution as fully and clearly as ever the Church of Rome propounded it. Laud was compelled by every high feeling and sentiment of the ecclesiastic of that day, to propagate episcopacy if he could at the sword's point; and to make him as much a respecter of the rights of conscience *as they can*, and soften him down into an eighteenth century divine, as his biographers have done, is something like an improved version of Othello, which would make him kiss his wife instead of killing her, or a new edition of Hamlet which would make him marry Ophelia, and continue to ornament contentedly, instead of disturbing so sadly, as he did, the Danish court.

The first news of the outbreak wound up Strafford's energy and spirit to its height. It came suddenly when it did come, owing to Charles's habit, borrowed from his father, of keeping the affairs of the sister country separate, and confined to his council there; but a moment was enough to convince him that it was no little matter. "*Believe it, they fly high*," he said,—"a storm is beginning"—"for love of Christ let me know all." Indignation, contempt, judicial gravity, pious horror, alternated—The barbarous mutineers—the gallant gospellers—Rouse up all, contribute your last farthing, break shins in emulation, arm against these wicked sinful men. It is our sins that have brought the trial on us, let us not fly from it, now it is come. I do not think myself too good to die—*statutum est semel.*—When Charles talked of going to Edinburgh and conciliating, "it went as cold to his heart as lead."—Reconciliation, indeed, think not, dream not of it—fight you must—*till the Prayer-book, Episcopal jurisdiction, and the whole ecclesiastical system is received.*

Strafford's enthusiasm had always a close alliance with cabinet paper: the next moment found him bent intently over his Ordnance maps, and the speedy result was a decisive and complete plan of the war, which he transmitted to the home government. It singularly combined determination and caution. Berwick, Carlisle, Leith, and Dumbarton, occupied the four corners of southern Scotland: garrison and fortify these four corners, he said, and you have the Lowlands in your grasp, cut off from communication with the Highlands; Leith gives you the command of Edinburgh. When you have done this, and blockaded them by sea—wait. Do not give them the distinction of a battle; you have every thing to lose by defeat, they nothing; and you want time for yourselves—generals are not made in a day. "Watch, fast, starve them out of their madness into their right wits."

The general plan formed, he rushed with a keen scent into his favorite details; and what addition to make to the Irish army was the next step, inasmuch as an invasion from Scotland might be anticipated. The home government was stingy, and would not allow more than a certain expenditure; the ubiquity of horse made up for numbers, 400 were equal to at least 1500 foot, and had the advantage of fewer mouths to fill, and backs to cover; he decided on a body of 400 horse, a tabular prospectus of which —divided into cuirassiers and carbines, all the expenses calculated to the minutest items—pistol, head-piece, gorget, breast, back, short taces, sword, pay of captains, lieutenants, cornets, corporals, trumpets, respectively three shillings, two-and-twenty pence half-penny, eighteen pence, and twelve pence a day—to begin from Midsummer last if they passed muster by Martinmas next, with other important particulars, he sent up for the approval of the home government. The neat proposal took, the addition of the 400 horse was made, and Strafford having got his hand well in, went on enlarging enormously. The Irish army of 2000 foot, and 600 horse, which he had found ragged and naked, hungry as wolves, and pests to the country, had been long brought into thorough condition, but the present emergency might demand any day an increase, for which provision should be made. 10,000 stand of foot, 1000 stand of horse arms, and stores of gunpowder, under the superintendence of an able master gunner from the Low Countries were procured, and only waited for use; pikes were ready for any number more; and Strafford was before his departure at the head of an army of twenty thousand men.

A military spirit and talent which had hitherto worked under ground, or in a sphere of insignificance, was now elicited to the full; and the able general and the regimental officer were most happily combined. One little troop had hitherto supplied the main material for practice—the Lord-deputy's own cuirassiers: all the army came under occasional reviews, and had their field-days, but this little favorite troop of 100 horse by almost daily inspections had been brought into the highest finish and discipline. With amusing pride and self-complacency used Strafford to boast of his £6000 worth stock of armor, saddles and bridles, which formed the inexhaustible resources of his troop, the gratuitous purchase of their captain out of his private purse, where former deputies had on the contrary preferred pocketing the government allowance, and letting the men go bare. And with the self-congratulation of the officer was coupled the shrewd remark of the Lord-deputy, that he could at an hour's notice put himself at the head of a body guard which would enforce any order of council in any part of Ireland.

After the little *chef-d'œuvre* which had furnished all the advantage of the most extended experience, Strafford did not raise his army without attending to their discipline. Scattering his commands with firework briskness on all sides, he made the officers not only attend personally to the inspection of the troops, but actually learn the meanest exercises of the common soldiers. Even Lord Clifford, his lieutenant in the North of England, was told that he must learn how to use the pike, and that it was nonsense his thinking of being a general without it:—You must practise the pike, my lord, so much a day,—*I wish I was at your elbow.* Trust no eyes but your own—do nothing by *proxy*, was his maxim to officers; *proxy* was fatal to effectiveness, the very palsy of the public service, "which casts the soul of all action into a dead sleep." Officers who were above their work were very speedily sent adrift; and he battled vehemently with the home government for the appointments in his own army, and would not submit to their forcing mere men of family and interest upon him. Mr. Maxwell, son-in-law of Lord Kircudbright, a tyro, a fop, and covenanter, came with an appointment in his pocket from Secretary Windebanke,—the saucy gallant, the poor sneaking anabaptist, was kicked football-wise back again. And so bent was he on setting an officer-like example himself, that when he sent a reinforcement of horse to the royal army in England, unable to move from sickness and exhaustion, he was carried to the field of review day after day till their embarkation.

He was interrupted in his plans, as usual, by a wretched sidelong scheme of the home government, which threatened to take all the military resources he had collected out of his grasp. Ulster was the chief point to which his preparations were directed. The Scotch, who abounded there, and were the class in station and opulence, carried on constant communication with their kinsmen across the water; they were becoming daily more wild and unmanageable, and the province bordering on a hostile movement. Leslie, Bishop of Down, wielded the ecclesiastical sword with spirit in his diocese, and harassed them with censures. They resisted, rioted, and bearded the bishop in his own court; even the sheriffs refused to execute his writs. A letter from Leslie brought Strafford's pursuivants in a trice from Dublin, who corrected matters. The bishop's hands were effectually strengthened, and the Scotch throughout Ulster compelled, sore against the grain, to subscribe a formal declaration disavowing the covenant.

The Earl of Antrim, a nobleman of large family connections but broken fortunes in the northern corner in Ulster, had a hereditary feud with the house of Argyle, his opposite neighbor on the Scotch coast, and a long standing claim to a part of the insular domains of that house which was not yet settled. He took advantage of the present posture of affairs with respect to Scotland to assume the patriot, and solicited and obtained the king's leave to raise an army for the purpose of invading the opposite coast. Charles, judging from a distance, was not sorry to turn a domestic quarrel to public account, and anticipate by an offensive step a Scotch invasion of Ulster. But Strafford knew more of the earl's resources and intentions. It was ridiculous, he told the government, to expect that man who had only £6000 a year, and was to his certain knowledge £50,000 in debt, could furnish or maintain an army; the expenses would infallibly fall on the revenue; and if so, the King, if he chose to undertake the scheme, might as well have his own general to conduct his own army, as give it gratuitously to Lord Antrim. "Above all," he continued, "I am astonished at his lordship's purpose of putting these men under the command of Colonel Neale, understood to be in his heart and affections a traitor, bred no other, egg and bird, as they say. And I beseech you imagine what a comfortable prospect it would be for all us English here to see 6000 men armed with our own weapons, (ourselves by that means turned naked,) led by that colonel, under the command of Tyrone's grandchild, the son of old Randy Macdonnel in the same county, formerly the very heart and strength of those mighty long-lasting rebellions." This plain straightforward view of the matter made no impression however; Lord Antrim received his commission, summoned instantly the O'Neals, the O'Haras, the O'Lurgans, the Macgennises, the Mac Guiers, the Mac Mahons, the Mac Donnels—as many Oes and Macs, says Strafford, as would startle a whole council board—he flourished his baton and unfurled the banner of war before the assembly of his clansmen, and then the poor, weak, silly, helpless man, who had never looked an inch before him, came to ask Strafford's advice what to do. The unfortunate victim had brought his own nose to the grindstone, and it suffered a most merciless reiteration of rubs. Strafford, with refined cruelty, determined to enjoy himself thoroughly at the poor man's expense, and declared himself at the outset far too humble, too conscious of his own inability, to suppose that any advice of his would be of service.

> "Albeit, considering not only his reputation, but the weight of his Majesty's counsels, the lives of his subjects, and the good of his affairs might be all deeply concerned in this action, I should be bold to offer a few thoughts of my own, which might at hereafter (as should seem best to himself) by his wisdom be disposed and mastered for his own honor, and advantage of his majesty's service.
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> "I desired to know what provision of victual his lordship had thought of, which for so great a number would require a great sum of money?
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> "His lordship said he had not made any at all, in regard he conceived they should find sufficient in the enemy's country to sustain them; only his lordship proposed to transport over with him ten thousand live cows to furnish them with milk, which he affirmed had been his grandfather Tyrone's plan.
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> "I told his lordship that seemed to me a great adventure to put himself and friends upon: for in case, as was most likely, the Earl of Argyle should draw all the cattle and corn into places of strength, and lay the remainder waste, how would he in so bare a country feed either his men, his horses, or his cows? And then I besought him to foresee what a misery and dishonor it would be for him to engage his friends where they were not to fight but starve.
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> "To that his lordship replied, they should do well enough, feed their horses with leaves of trees and themselves with shamrocks.
>
> "To this I craved leave to inform his lordship, I had heard there were no trees in the isles; but if trees as yet no leaves: so no such pressing haste to transport his army, for that the season of the year would give him yet one or two months' time of consideration in that respect.
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> "We went on in the discourse—his lordship had at any rate but satisfied the proposition in part. I did therefore crave to know what provision of victual his lordship had given order for, during the time of those eight thousand foot, and three hundred horse, their abode *on this side?* Since that in all probability less than two months will not be spent in teaching his

soldiers the use of their arms, in shipping his men, his ammunition, his horses, his ten thousand live cows, and other their baggage: they were the whilst in a friend's country, all true and loyal subjects to his majesty; those he might not plunder in any wise. Then, if he had not victual to satisfy their hungry bellies, how were it possible to contain them either from mutiny or disbanding? Again, in case the wind should not serve, but that two or three months more run up before the arms or the shipping could be brought to transport him; or say by misaccident they should be cast away, what means had his lordship in store to pass that time, until he were supplied of those necessaries?

"To this was answered his lordship had not considered of that; nevertheless I humbly advised his lordship should not altogether lay it forth of mind, but cast up what victual at sixpence a day for eight thousand foot, or at one shilling and sixpence for three hundred horse, might come to for two or three months, and provide accordingly.

"Next I craved to know, when the men were brought together, what officers he had chosen to exercise, instruct, and lead them? I made bold also to question what proportion of powder, bullet and match, what ordnance, with all sorts of ammunition, and other necessary implements, what shovels, mattocks, spades, &c., &c. I desired to be informed whether he had thought of any plan of landing——"

And so on: Strafford dragged his victim through one torturing query after another; to each and to all his lordship had nothing to say—he had thought of nothing, had not an idea in his head as to any one particular that he had to do: and at the end of an interview conducted with the profoundest courtesy and respect on the interrogator's part, he stood before Strafford a miserable confessed simpleton. The result naturally was a very strong and decided desire—a determination on his lordship's side to be well quit of the whole undertaking; and with that view he dodged, and dodged, but his polite persecutor still confronted him. He would fain have got creditably off by dint of enormous and extortionate demands on the government magazines, which he knew could not possibly be met. Strafford resolved that the failure of the scheme should rest entirely with *him*, was ready, most complaisantly ready, to supply any thing. Antrim went on adding and adding, horses, arms, ammunition; the Irish magazines continued obstinately inexhaustible; and at last the truth came out, plain and acknowledged, which it had been Strafford's object to extract—his lordship had no money, and could not support an army; his only design was to make himself a general and all his relations officers at the government expense, and use the royal army to add some three or four Scotch isles to his own private estate. *Strafford saved his magazines;* but to have to spend such exertions in correcting the mistakes of the home government was hard; the interference of the latter was always an awkward interloper, a note out of time in his schemes.

Meantime affairs in England were proceeding miserably; and the royal army, of six thousand horse and six thousand foot, under Lords Arundel, Essex, and Holland, doing nothing. Strafford's plan of the war was adopted, but not an effort made to carry it out. Berwick and Carlisle remained without garrisons, Dumbarton with but a poor one; the Scotch gained confidence at the sight—Dumbarton fell; its fall knocked Strafford's complete scheme on the head; and then Berwick and Carlisle were at last garrisoned, the former, however, by Strafford's own Irish troops; he had to be designer and executor as well.

The first plan destroyed, another quickly followed to meet the change of circumstances. Keep fast hold of Berwick and Carlisle, he said; the Scotch when they invade will either pass them by, and have a foe at their back, or by taking them throw odium upon their cause in England. But you cannot afford to take the high quiet line; you are no longer the besiegers but the besieged, and must try a sally to recover your credit: march down your horse rapidly to Edinburgh, fire their cornfields before their eyes, and then back again, leaving them to fight it out with cleanness of teeth. Don't hazard a regular battle. The wretched answer to this stirring appeal was Lord Holland's disgraceful and inexplicable retreat from Dunce, and the rapid advance of the victorious Scotch army under General Leslie to the border. The pacification followed, which raised the credit of the Scotch in the eyes of their allies, France and Cardinal Richelieu, and brought their smooth tongues into play upon whole masses of undecided English politicians. A hollow peace ill concealed the dark working of the volcano below. A parliament met; the whole trick of the pacification was discovered, and the traitorous correspondence of the Scotch with Richelieu brought to light and proclaimed; the war began afresh; a new army marched to the north; and Strafford was sent for from Ireland to conduct it.

It was at the end of March, 1640, that Strafford received the summons which placed him at the head of the English army, and called him like the Roman victor to the crown before the axe. The cruel and ominous justice, which even the brute force of events compels to commanding intellect and character, lifted him up before his fall; and higher and higher rose the pallid black countenance, and rode in ghastly triumph on the summit of the fatal wave from which the next moment engulfed it in the abyss. His first act was to send away his children, the hardest trial he had yet passed. They had been his only consolation, his only recreation amidst the labors of office; and to watch with pleasure how Nan took after her mother, and Arabella took after Nan, and hear how prettily they talked French, was a great delight. And "Nan too, they tell me, danceth prettily." This little lady was a perfect little Strafford: while her father's mansion was rebuilding, she was exceedingly vexed when it rained one day; she could not be out of doors, to superintend the work, and except little Mistress Nan, just three years old, superintended, it could not go on for certain. Radcliffe knew what would please Strafford when he told him this trait of Mistress Nan. With prayers and blessings he sent them away to their grandmother Lady Clare, and prepared to obey the royal mandate.

The announcement found him in a state of utter weakness and exhaustion, which the paroxysm of a severe stomach disorder had left: just allowing himself time to make the necessary arrangements for carrying on the government in his absence, he hastened to embark. A litter conveyed him—a miserable helpless body, but a mind glowing with portentous energy and living fire, to the shore. The sea was tempestuous, and the captain declared it positively unsafe to set out: with feverish impatience he drove captain and sailors on board, and a stormy and hazardous voyage landed them at Chester. The motion of the sea was too much for so distempered a frame; at Chester the gout took hold of his other foot, and what with the shaking, under which his nerves still quivered, and the torture of the pain, a literal inability to endure motion compelled him to take one short rest: but long before he was in travelling condition he resumed his journey. Laud in alarm for his life procured a mandate from the king's own hand commanding him to stop at Chester, and nurse a health which was of vital consequence to the public cause. Strafford received it at Litchfield, and answered it from Coventry.—"Your Majesty's least thought is of more value than such an inconsiderable creature as I am, but of your abundant grace it is that you thus vouchsafe me far more than I deserve. By the help of a litter I am gotten thus far, and shall, by these short journies my weakness will I trust be able to bear, reach London by the beginning of next week."

From London he continued his journey, his head teeming with schemes for the approaching campaign, and receiving and writing despatches of all sorts. Berwick, and Carlisle, and Newcastle, the Scotch seas, the Clyde, and Dumbarton,—arms, ammunition and exchequer bills,—hypocritical covenanting commissioners, and insolent Yorkshire deputy lieutenants,—passed through and through the racked brains of the sufferer, as his litter conveyed him by slow stages to York. While on the road he sent spies to examine the state and numbers of the Scotch camp beyond the border, and the result of the intelligence was a command to Lord Conway, after a reproof for his indolence, immediately to meet the Scotch, who were advancing to Hexham, break down the bridge over the Tyne, and there oppose their passage. Before he had got through half-a-dozen lines or could explain further, a violent attack of the stone disabled him from writing, and with an abrupt—"Dear my lord, do something worthy of yourself,"—the despatch breaks off.

A wearisome toilsome journey at last brought him to the English camp, and then his mortification was complete: he arrived just to hear the first news of the fatal rout of Lord Conway at Newburn, and to witness an army in the worst state of degradation, helplessness and disorder. Spirit and hope were fled, and the royal cause was in the dust. Strafford, who could hardly sit on his saddle, went the rounds, and did what he could. The officers, however, were not accustomed to act under strict generals and knew not what discipline was: he reprimanded, assumed a high tone, called them to account, and told them their duty; they resented it, threatened and mutinied; the Scotch were advancing upon an army without strength or discipline, and Strafford felt himself compelled to retreat to York. Yet even in this lowest gloom, a revival under his auspices began to dawn, and give promise of a bright and glorious day. He had recommended a quick manœuvring line, and now followed it himself. An opportunity soon occurred: he despatched a party of horse under a favorite officer, to surprise the Scotch quarters; and a large body of the enemy were defeated, and their officers taken prisoners. The army plucked up courage, Strafford had shown his powers, his influence was on the rise, and a master mind would soon have been at home in its new sphere: he had an army of 20,000 men in Ireland ready to cross at the first notice. It seemed the beginning of a splendid career. Alas! it was his last, his expiring act. As if trembling at such success, Charles interposed, and Strafford was told to be still and do nothing.

There are not many situations in which great minds genuinely ask for our pity, but this is one—compulsory passiveness and impotency—when a man longs to act and cannot, when he would fain raise an arm and an outward influence chains up every sinew; when the air chokes his utterance, and the net catches his steps, and he is compelled to be a log—this dead lock and suffocation is a misery almost for tears. The treaty at Ripon was already begun; and the bare enumeration of the English commissioners, noblemen of the popular party, and two of Strafford's personal enemies, Lords Holland and Savile, stamped its character; it announced "Thorough" discarded and disaffection courted. Things were entirely taken out of Strafford's hands, and he asked leave to return to Ireland. He had good reason for asking. A fresh parliament was approaching, and the names of himself and Laud were written in characters of black upon its journal. With strange and most cruelly complimentary infatuation, Charles would not let him go. Poor Charles, he knew not yet the extent either of his weakness or his strength. Perplexed and indecisive whether to go forwards or backwards; afraid to touch the mighty spring that threatened his failing nerves, once touched to blow up all, yet wishing to have it near him, should he ever make up his mind and come to the point; he could not, amidst his distresses, part with the mock charm and palladium of a great minister from his side, or deny himself amidst a crowd of hollow counsellors the comforting sight of an honest man. He clung to him as a drowning man does to the too generous swimmer, who with arms fast locked and entwined can only bear his sinking burden to the bottom. Sad melancholy journey, which brought from York to London Charles and Strafford to that last deplorable scene, where a monarch abandoned his preserver to death! Chained captives of an unseen hostile triumph, in prophetic politician's eye, no fallen kings ever marched more downcast through gazing avenues to the capitol; and the saddened royalist's imagination saw nature drooping, and heard ominous birds and moaning winds as the mournful funeral line passed along.

The parliament of 1640 opened, and the crisis commenced: a group of resolute powerful heads in the lower house saw their game before them. Four men, Pym, Hampden, St. John, and Vane, led the opposition—formidable men, were it only from the force of their political animosity, now brought to a head. Now or never was the time for Pym to remember the fatal words on Greenwich pier; and of all men that lived he was not the one to forget them. Sturdy, experienced, and self-possessed, he was surpassed however by his brethren in talent, as he was an improvement on them in character. Profound subtle dissimulation marked Hampden and Vane. The former, of a modest slippery address, had a knack of approving his designs to other people under the disguise of their own suggestions to himself, which told remarkably in sapping the minds that came in contact with him. Vane, after a riotous gentleman commoner's career at Magdalen College, Oxford, which the good tutors of that society, we are told, were not able to check, as they have sometimes failed on similar occasions since; succeeded by a conversion or Genevan twist, which took him a dreaming enthusiast and busy body to New England, had ultimately reposed in the more secular character of a cool designing and a factious democrat at home; he had too a family grudge against Strafford. St. John combined the shrewd lawyer and the dark glooming puritan, and ever since one particular scene in which he had figured before the Star Chamber, had borne a mortal grudge to the Church.

At the nod of these sinister four, who occupied with magician scowl the upper region of political strife, moved an infuriated mob below, wild with fanaticism, and ripe for excesses. The church of St. Antholin, appropriated by government to the use of the Scotch commission, was filled with crowds, especially women, that swallowed with rapture the insipid extravagances of Alexander Henderson; even the windows outside were besieged, and the fortunate inside eat their dinners there—an atmosphere of suffocation, and the flaming Presbyterian harangues, heated the body and maddened the brain from morning to night. The contagion spread; two thousand Brownists rioted and tore up the benches in the consistory of St. Paul's as the Court of High Commission was sitting, and a raging mob, with cries for the archbishop's blood, attacked the palace at Lambeth. Burton, Prynne and Bastwick were brought up, to be the idols of adoring crowds. The wealthy London citizens, leavened with puritanism, and exasperated with some sharp contemptuous expressions of Strafford's, joined themselves to the cry. The merest ebullitions of irritation, the gibe and the joke, were gravely heightened into schemes of barbarism. Strafford had been heard to say on some occasion of disturbance, that the Londoners would never learn good behavior till some of the aldermen were hanged: and no matter now that he could appeal to a whole career in Ireland, notwithstanding its rigor and determination, unstained, absolutely unstained by blood, the speech was brought up—he declared, and we believe him, that he never remembered it; but it clove to the memory of Mr. Alderman Garroway—*Indeed, my lord, you did say so!* A more terrible opponent still, as Clarendon tells us, the whole Scottish nation, represented now by their commission in London, called for vengeance upon their "mortal foe;" and the influence of a subtle nation, coming into contact with all classes and acting in the very centre and thick of affairs, was felt everywhere: through every vein and artery of the nation penetrated the mercurial Scotch element, and rottenness marked its spread—untrue hearts blackened, and feeble ones turned to pallor. The commission were in deep communication with the leaders of the house, and two strong sets of heads cemented a plot which did full credit to its designers; death for Strafford, and the first step to accomplish it an immediate arrest. No more effective beginning could have been made than this beginning, middle, and end in one. "*Stone-dead hath no fellow,*" was the word, and the sharp scent of the blood-hound, with that deep cunning which is the inspiration of vile natures, led them instinctively the shortest way to work. Strafford at large, and acquiring personal influence, while a dilatory debating-house was preparing its charges, was destruction to the scheme. A word and a blow, and the blow first, was clearly the only policy; cage your man first, and get up your case afterwards. Once in *prison*, a blow was struck, a fact gained; Strafford the culprit was no longer the same Strafford to king or country that he had been; the spell of victory and power which hung around his person was gone, and antagonist force was *de facto* master.

Strafford came up to town late on Monday, rested on Tuesday, came to parliament on Wednesday, and that very night was in the Tower. The lower house closed their doors, and the speaker kept the keys till the debate was over, when Pym, attended by a number of members, went up to the upper house, and in a short speech accused, in the name of the commons of England, Thomas Earl of Strafford and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of high treason. The sudden step astounded the lords: word went to Strafford, who was just then closeted with the king; he returned instantly to the house, called loudly at the door for Maxwell (keeper of the black rod), to open, and with firm step and proudly darkened countenance, marched straight up to his place at the board head: a host of voices immediately forced him to the door again. The consultation over, he was called back and stood before the house: kneel, kneel, he was told—he knelt, and on his knees was delivered into the custody of the black rod, to be a prisoner till cleared of the commons' charges. He offered to speak, but was commanded to be gone without a word. The black rod bore off his great charge, and apparently felt his importance on the occasion. "In the outer room," says Baillie, "James Maxwell required him as a prisoner to give up his sword. When he had got it, he cried with a loud voice for his man to carry my lord lieutenant's sword. This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach, all gazing, no man capping to him before whom that morning the greatest of England would have stood discovered; all crying, 'What is the matter?' he said, 'a small matter, I warrant you.' They replied, 'Yes, indeed, high treason is a small matter.' Coming to the place where he expected his coach, it was not there; so he behoved to return that same way, through a world of gazing people. When at last he found his coach and was entering, James Maxwell told him, 'Your lordship is my prisoner, and must go in my coach.'"—This great step taken, the commons were all activity. Pursuivants despatched to Ireland and the North sounded the trumpet, and summoned all who had any complaint against the Lord-deputy and President to appear at the approaching trial. Strafford was busily employed with his counsel in the tower preparing his defence.

Four months passed, and the two sides met to encounter in the court of justice, before they tried their strength at Marston Moor and Worcester. On the 21st of March Westminster Hall, railed and platformed, and benched and scaffolded up to the roof, showed an ascending crowd of heads; judges, lawyers, peers of parliament, Scotch commissioners, aggrieved gentlemen from the North, incensed Irish lords; the look of strife, of curiosity, and here and there of affection and pity, turned in the excitement of the opening trial on the illustrious prisoner. From a high scaffold at the north end, an empty throne looked disconsolately over the scene, a chair for the Prince on one side of it, which he occupied during the proceedings. "Before it"—the accurate and characteristic account of an eye-witness shall continue the description—"lay a large woolsack, covered with green, for my Lord Steward, the Earl of Arundel. Beneath it lay two other sacks, for the lord keeper and the judges, with the rest of the chancery, all in their red robes. Beneath this, a little table for four or five clerks of the parliament, in their black gowns. Round about those some forms covered with green frieze, whereupon the earls and lords did sit in their red robes of the same fashion, lined with the same white ermine skin, as ye see the robes of our lords, when they ride to parliament; the lords, on their right sleeves, having two bars of white skins; the viscounts, two and a half; the earls, three; the Marquis of Winchester three and a half. England hath no more marquises, and he but a late upstart, a creature of Queen Elizabeth. Hamilton goes here but among the earls, and that a late one. Dukes they have none in parliament; York, Richmond, and Buckingham, are but boys; Lennox goes among the late earls. Behind the forms, where the lords sit, there is a bar covered with green. At the one end stands the committee of eight or ten gentlemen, appointed by the House of Commons to pursue. At the midst there is a little desk, where the prisoner Strafford stands and sits as he pleases, together with his keeper, Sir William Balfour, the lieutenant of the Tower. This is the order of the House below on the floor; the same that is used daily in the higher House. Upon the two sides of the House, east and west, there arose a stage of eleven ranks of forms, the highest almost touching the roof; every one of these forms went from the one end of the room to the other, and contained about forty men; the two highest were divided from the rest by a rail, and a rail at every end cut off some seats. The gentlemen of the lower House sat within the rails, others without. All the doors were kept very straightly with guards. We always behoved to be there a little after five in the morning. Lord Willoughby, Earl of Lindsey, Lord Chamberlain of England (Pembroke is chamberlain of the court), ordered the House with great difficulty. James Maxwell, black rod, was great usher; a number of other servants, gentlemen and knights, assisted. The House was full daily before seven; the lords, in their robes, were set about eight. The king was usually half an hour before them. He came not into his throne, for that would have marred the action; for it is the order of England, when the king appears, he speaks what he will, but no other speaks in his presence. At the back of the throne were two rooms on the two sides. In the one, Duke de Vanden, Duke de Valler, and other French nobles, sat; in the other, the king, queen, princes, Mary, the prince elector, and other court ladies. The tirlies, that made them to be secret, the king brake down with his own hands, so that they sat in the eyes of all; but little more regarded than if they had been absent, for the lords sat all covered. Those of the lower House, and all other, except the French noblemen, sat discovered when the lords came, not else. A number of ladies were in boxes above the rails, for which they paid much money."—Private persons of place and distinction were admitted to place among the Commons, one of whom was Baillie, principal of the university of Glasgow, and one of the commissioners from Scotland, from whose letters we borrow this description. By the force of a clear, strong mind, the intellectual Scotchman proceeds to describe, in spite of himself, in Strafford a fallen greatness, before which the noisy bustling scene sunk into vulgarity; and while his hatred of the champion of the church and king is as intense as ever, his intellect bows to the nobleness and grandeur of the man.

At eight o'clock the lieutenant and a guard brought up Strafford in a barge from the tower; the Lord Chamberlain and black rod met him at the door of the court. On his entrance he made a low courtesy, when he had proceeded a little way, a second, and on coming to his place, a third; he then kneeled, with his forehead upon his desk, rose quickly, saluted both sides of the court, and sat down; some few of the lords lifted their hats to him. Every day he was attired in the same deep suit of black. Four secretaries sat at a desk just behind him, whom he kept busily employed reading and writing, arranging and handing him his papers; and behind them his counsel, five or six able lawyers, who were not permitted to argue upon matters of fact, but only on points of law.

A day or two were occupied in preambles and general statements, and a declamatory speech from Pym gave a sketch of all the charges against Strafford, and endeavored to destroy all the merit of those parts of his administration which the accused could appeal to. He had paid £100,000 indeed of the royal debt, and left another £100,000 in the treasury, but all had been got by screwing parliaments; he had augmented the customs greatly, but he had done it solely for his own gain, and he had added a large property to the Church, but he had done it to please the archbishop of Canterbury, and at the expense of sundry noblemen's and gentlemen's private estates, from which, though it had originally belonged to the Church, he had no right to abstract it. Strafford, indeed, had done more for Ireland than all the deputies had done since the conquest, and much more than a hundred generations of Pyms would have done, had they reigned uninterruptedly there since the Flood; and he was bringing the country rapidly into a state of unexampled order and prosperity: but Pym did not care for that; Pym quite turned up his nose at that; Pym thought that did not signify at all—that made no difference at all with Pym. How much better would it have been for example, had Ireland had a sage and constitutional governor like Pym: she might have felt, to be sure, some inconveniences, a fallen revenue, a decayed commerce; she would have had, perhaps, no linen manufactures, no shipping, no agriculture; but then she would have had the pleasure of hearing Pym make constitutional speeches, and she would have heard the rhetoric of the mighty Pym expand for mortal interminable hours on the grand theme of the balance and adjustment of the three powers in the state.

The regular business of the court followed; twenty-eight charges of treason and maladministration were formally preferred against Strafford; every high proceeding and act of power, every harshness, and every case of grievance of the subject, noble and aristocratical, that they thought could tell upon the court; all the knots and rough spots and corners, that an administration of unparalleled activity had in the full swing and impetus of its course contracted, were brought up, singly and isolatedly enlarged upon, and exhibited in the very worst color. Strafford was asserted to have done every thing with a view to the most selfish ends, to establish his own tyranny, oppression, and extortion; and the very idea of a respectable *intention* in what he did, of any view to public good, mistaken, irregular, as they might think it, but still real, was not alluded to. Strafford had long before spoken his answer to such charges, and such interpretations. "*Where I found a crown, a church, and a people spoiled,*" he said, in defending himself before the English council, "*I could not imagine to redeem them from under the pressure with gracious smiles and gentle looks; it cost warmer water than so.*" He now suffered for his own zeal and industry, for the multiplicity and comprehensive range of his administration; had he done nothing, he would have had nothing to answer for; but his inquiring glance had been everywhere, his fingers had been meddling everywhere, he had thrown himself whole into the eddying mass of a disordered country's affairs; he had worked himself to death's door, and *therefore*, in the view of the worthy Pym and his associates, he was now helpless: that endless heap of papers, the charge and burden of four secretaries, proud memorial of the deputy, pain, weariness and perplexity of the prisoner and the arraigned, had done the work, and question after question and charge upon charge must settle him. The mere idea of course of subjecting, bit after bit of a whole course of government, in this way, to a kind of popular inquiry, contains in itself the strongest element of injustice: how can the context, the flow of events, and order of political nature, which makes one act bring on another, and hooks and cements all together,—how can the moment of action upon doubtful evidence, so often forced on a ruler, the subtle conjecture which justifies to self, the only practical mode of effecting an object under circumstances—circumstances, that wide idea, postures of affairs, groupings of facts, the look of things, all that common eyes simply see and no more, but to the artistical eye carry their unlocked intense meaning—how can all this be entered into and appreciated by a set of judges who come *ab extra*, and just see what is before their nose? Truly, any statesman, it signifies not who, has a hard battle before him, who in days of party strife comes to have his administration overhauled before what is called the tribunal of his country.

Strafford was as fully equal to this emergency as he had been to any before it, and played off his host of papers with all the self-possession and dexterity possible. No knowledge of what a thread his life hung by, ever unsteadied for a moment his thorough coolness and presence of mind; no unfair play, time after time, throughout the trial, put him the least out of temper: he let nothing pass without a struggle, he fought for a point of law or court practice stoutly, determinately,—when decided against him, the fine well-tempered spirit was passive again, took with a *nil admirari* what it could not help, and worked upon the bad ground, as if it were its own choice. A charge was made with every skillful exaggeration and embellishment; he simply asked time to get up his reply—it was refused; without "*sign of repining*,"—it is the unconsciously beautiful expression of Baillie—he turned round and conferred with his counsel. For a few minutes, a little nucleus of heads, amid the general turmoil, were seen in earnest consultation, eyes bent downwards, and hands shuffling and picking out papers: the defence arranged with that concentrated attention which no time and necessity inspire, Strafford was ready again, and faced the court. Great was the contrast of the rest of the scene; these pauses were the immediate signal for a regular noise and hubbub, and it was with laughing, chattering, walking about, eating and drinking, close to him and echoed from all sides, that the tall black figure of Strafford was seen "serious with his secretaries," and life and death were at work in his small isolated knot. The general behavior in court throughout was gross and vulgar in the extreme, and scandalized Baillie. There was a continual noise, movement, and confusion, of people leaving and returning, doors slamming, and enormous eating and drinking; bread and meat and confections were dispatched greedily; the bottle went round from mouth to mouth, and the assembled company manifested by the freest signs their enjoyment of the occasion. With ladies royal and noble present, the most disgusting and unrepeatable indecencies went on; about which we shall only remark, that whatever rank the scene in Westminster Hall may occupy in the patriot's eye as the foundation of our liberties, it is to be hoped he will not enforce it as a standard for our manners. The speeches of Strafford's accusers harmonized. Pym called him the wicked earl; Maynard and St. John went to the extremity of virulent coarseness; and Palmer, the only one who kept within bounds, though as effective as any of them, was cut by his party afterwards, simply because he had been decent. It is a physiological fact, that the yoke of impression once thrown off, the human animal despises and tramples upon the object of its awe; and the low rude scene of Strafford's trial reflects invertedly, through dishonor and contempt, the greatness of the fallen.

Viewing the whole affair as a popular exhibition and appeal to persons' warm, excited, and bitter feelings, the materials for producing an impression against Strafford were large and ample; for a trial in a court of justice, they were meagre, weak, and scanty, below contempt. It is a waste of criticism, in a legal point of view, to discuss charges which, let them have been ever so true, were simply absolutely insufficient for their judicial object, and did not approach to proving the crime which was alleged. The proceeding rested in fact throughout, though nominally on a legal ground, really upon a simple assumption, viz., that the view of the royal prerogative which Pym, Hampden, and a purely modern party took, was the true authoritative one; that Strafford, having acted against that, had violated the constitution; that the king, was the inference, being part of the constitution, suffered from its violation; that therefore Strafford, by maintaining the royal prerogative, had traitorously betrayed the king. Conjointly with this most efficacious and enormous assumption, the ridiculous and contemptible farce was indeed gone into, of attempting to prove that raising the impost on tobacco, and farming the customs on wool, and mixing brass alloy with silver fourpenny and sixpenny pieces, and the like, contributed to make up treason; and that sending four soldiers and a corporal to execute an order of council was constructive treason, and levying war upon the king; but a party view of the prerogative was the real fallacy which pleaded all the while; and that view was not supported by facts which were clear and determinate for the other side. Strafford had exerted more actively and strictly powers that had slept in feeble hands for some years, and that was all: he had done no more, in point of law, than other lord-deputies had done before him. He proved this —and he added, Even if it is not so, this is not treason; these acts may be what you please, misdemeanors, felonies, any thing, they are not treason; giving authority unto Robert Savil, serjeant-at-arms, is not treason; ousting Owen Oberman is not treason; ejecting Sir Cyprian Horsefield is not treason. Be the cases ever so atrocious, a hundred misdemeanors cannot make a felony, a hundred felonies cannot make treason. I have not committed treason, he said, and nobody could contradict him. The House of Lords, weak, miserable, vacillating body as they were, could not condemn a man on principles which would not require developing, to hang up any subject promiscuously for doing any thing or for doing nothing. It was necessary to go beyond his *acts*, his overt acts, and bring into court his *words*—words uttered in the secret service of the state, at the council, in the cabinet—words that were more like thoughts than words, as *legal facts* utterly shadowy and abortive, non-existences, not cognizable by law. The charge against the Earl of Strafford, it was alleged, "was of an extraordinary nature, being to make treason evident out of a complication of several ill acts, that he must be traced through many dark paths, and this precedent seditious discourse compared with that subsequent outrageous action, the circumstances of both which might be equally considerable with the matter itself, and be judged by the advices which he gave and the expressions which he uttered upon emergent occasions, as by his public actions." They had a better chance of finding something to their purpose here. Strafford had had strong views of the propriety,—in extraordinary emergencies, and to maintain a great principle which must otherwise fall, when matters could no longer go on quietly, and it was merely a question which side should first digress in order to prevent the other's rise,—of taking extraordinary steps upon the principle of *self-preservation*. He held the doctrine upon a manly theory, which did honor to the heroism of his nature, and which he expressed by the maxim, *Salus populi suprema lex*. A passage in the former part of this article explains the kind of liberty we mean. In that transition state of things there was in fact no precise limit as to what the king could do, and what he could not do; if he did what his predecessors did, he could do any thing; if he did what his successors have done, he could do nothing. Strafford knew something of the predecessors, but nothing at all of the successors.

To gain this all-important point, the Commons broke through all the rules of legal evidence, as they had violated all the positions of the criminal law. The Lords were petitioned, and out of weakness and timidity permitted the hitherto unheard-of license of compelling the witness of privy councillors as to the fact of expressions used at the council board,—a mean, underhand, and dastardly channel of evidence, which violated the solemn oath of secrecy which introduced the privy councillor to his office, and was replete with practical mischiefs. A variety of speeches were brought up—that he would make the king's little finger heavier than the loins of the law—that he would drive all the Scotch out of Ireland—that he would have some of the aldermen of London hanged—and others. He addressed himself with great tact to the legal weaknesses and flaws in the evidence, and literally allowed nothing to be fairly proved against him. One case after another was tried, and a determined push made for a legal conviction. At a council held after the last parliament, which had been dissolved for refusing supplies for the Scotch war, it was asserted that Strafford had instigated the king to bring over his Irish army and compel contributions. Whatever Strafford's opinion was as to the lawfulness of such a step, it was not probable that he should have expressed it so definitely at an English council board, with the composition of which he was sufficiently acquainted. Lord Traquaire retreated in court from his prior deposition before the Commons' committee, and could only remember that Strafford was for fighting the Scotch instantly, and not attending to their protestation. Lord Morton, the Duke of Northumberland, and the lord treasurer Juxon, asserted the same. Archbishop Usher had heard him *in Ireland* express the *general sentiment*, that a king might take such a step: Sir Robert King had heard Sir George Ratcliffe, Strafford's *friend*, say, that the king had 30,000 men, and £400,000 in his purse, and a sword at his side—if he should want money who should pity him. Sir Thomas Barrington had heard Sir George Wentworth, Strafford's *brother*, say, that the commonwealth was sick of peace, and never would be well till it was conquered again. The Earl of Bristol had heard Strafford say, *on some occasion or other*, that he would not have another parliament called, "because the danger admitted not of so slow a remedy." All this evidence was of course nothing to the point in proving the particular speech then before the court, and could do no more than produce an unfavorable impression; they could not get at Strafford *himself*. However, give up the matter we will not, resolved the indefatigable Commons—"if one council does not supply us with the speech, another shall!"

It had been one of those weak concessions of Charles to the popular party, which answered no purpose but that of confusion, to call Sir Harry Vane, father of the one above mentioned, to the post of Secretary about a year before. He was a mortal foe of Strafford's; and though so more on private than political grounds, had yet connection through his son with the popular side. Sir Harry Vane gave in evidence that, at a meeting of the Committee of State, the "*Cabinet* Council, as it was called," on "the king asking, since he failed of the assistance and supply he expected by subsidies, what course he should now take," the Earl of Strafford answered, "Sir, you have now done your duty, and your subjects have failed in theirs; and therefore you are absolved from the rules of government, and may supply yourself by extraordinary ways; you must prosecute the war vigorously; you have an army in Ireland with which you may reduce this kingdom." Sir Harry Vane remembered these words; but the Duke of Northumberland did not; he only remembered the expression about being absolved from the rules of government; the Marquis of Hamilton did not, the Lord Treasurer Juxon did not, Lord Cottington did not: Laud and Windebanke were not allowed to give evidence. The words, any how, were not treason; but, moreover, the law with respect to *evidence* for treason was clear and insurmountable; it required two witnesses, and here was but one. This was on the twelfth day of the trial.

Three more days passed in such persevering reiterated strokes on the one side, and parries on the other. On the sixteenth day of session, just as Strafford was about to commence his wind-up speech, up stood the Committee of Management with an ominous request to the Lords to be allowed to call in some fresh witness they had reserved expressly on the 23d Article, that of Vane's testimony. Strafford divined pretty well what they were at, and was even with them; he applied for the like permission himself on some articles. A long debate followed: the Lords adjourned, and returned with the answer, that if one side had the liberty, the other ought to have it as well. It was a plain simple piece of fairness that common decency required; nevertheless it was the first that had been shown, and it perfectly flabergasted the Commons. A storm ensued; the Court was in an uproar. Upon a self-evident point of honesty and common sense that it ought to have shamed a savage not to see, the Commons wrangled and fought like men in extremity: at last they consented to the decision, if Strafford would *name* his Articles on which he had additional witnesses to call up. They suspected he had none, and thought they had caught him in his feint; for to have named Articles where no fresh witnesses were in reality forthcoming, was a too hazardous game to play. Nevertheless, Strafford proceeded to name a first, a second, a third, a fourth; there were more coming, when the gathered wrath of the Commons burst like a thunder-cloud: they rose in a fury on both sides, and with the shout of "Withdraw! withdraw! withdraw!" got all to their feet, on with their hats, cocked their beavers in the King's sight. The Court was a scene of wild confusion; and the outbreak of malignant, of diabolical passion was so terrible, that if Strafford had not slipped away to his barge on the first beginning of it, he seemed literally in danger of being torn in pieces on the spot, and leaving the dark stain of his blood upon the pavement of Westminster Hall. Out rushed the Commons with the impetuosity of wild beasts and maniacs, leaving the King and Lords to take themselves off as they pleased, and proceeded to their House. And now "We have gone too far to retire," was the word: Here we are at home, and can do what we please; here we reign the great Commons of England, the new dynasty of force; we must do something if we are to establish ourselves; we must strike a blow; we must show the world what we are.—The bill of Strafford's attainder was resolved on. Strafford had foiled them, driven them out of Court, and that was their retaliation.

It now appeared what the purpose was of the suspicious request to the lords: viz., to bring legally home the words deposed to by Vane, by the addition of a second witness, or what they chose to call such, to the same words. Mr. Pym rose and explained, that being on a visit a few months before with the younger Sir Harry Vane, they two were mourning and sighing together on the sad condition of the kingdom, and the oppression of afflicted patriots; that Sir Harry Vane said he could show him a paper from which it would appear that still worse was in store—a certain note of his father's of what passed at a council meeting. The note seen, they thought a *copy* might some day be of use; but was such a proceeding allowable? Sir Harry Vane was delicate, Pym was patriotic. Sir Harry Vane's delicacy had yielded after a struggle to Pym's patriotism—he (Pym) had taken a copy, which he now laid before the House. The mysterious document ran—"What was now to be done, since parliament had refused supplies? L. Lt. Ir.—Absolved from rules of government, prosecute the war vigorously—an army in Ireland to subdue this kingdom. A. B. C. G.—some sharp expressions against parliaments, fierce advice to the King." It required no great decyphering to discover that the former was the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the latter the Archbishop of Canterbury's grace. And here, said Pym, is our second witness: it is not easy to see how—if he meant the paper itself, paper is no person, and therefore no witness; if he meant Sir Harry Vane, he was the same witness as before. But this was not a moment for metaphysics.

Up then rose Sir Harry Vane the younger, "in some *seeming* disorder,"—considering the communication he was going to make, one would not have imagined it necessary to *feign* a blush—he would tell the House how he had become possessed of the valuable note. His father had sent him to unlock some chests of family papers; he saw with the rest *a red velvet cabinet;* he felt curious to know what was in that red velvet cabinet; he must have the key of that red velvet cabinet to look for more family papers; the key sent from the unsuspecting father, what should he stumble on but this note—a curious note; he took a copy of it on the spot; very curious indeed—he showed it to Pym afterwards.—Alas, young Sir Harry Vane was afraid his patriotism had got him into difficulties, and lost him the affection of a father for ever.

Old Sir Harry Vane rose up, also "in much pretty confusion," professing to be exceedingly indignant, and wounded to the quick—Young gentleman, you ought not to have done this—you have injured my character irreparably—I am very angry with you, and I shall frown.—And thereupon the father frowned, and looked exceedingly indignant and black. A variety of "passionate gestures" passed between the two actors, killing glances were exchanged; and it would require the pencil of a Hogarth to do justice to the exuding hypocrisy, the shining glutinous knavery of the scene. The House carried on sympathetically the fraud! stroked, and soothed, and patted "the young gentleman," and enjoined, by formal vote, the father to be reconciled to the son.

The Commons once started and set going, rushed upon that wild and unconstitutional career, which, to the eye of impartial history, stamps with unreality all their previous professions, and entirely abandons the ground of law to their opponents. A bill for the total abolition of Episcopacy was soon the appendage, a proud and honorable one to Strafford, of the act of attainder: another bill, in plain palpable violation of the whole framework of the State followed, for making that parliament indissoluble except by themselves. The mask of constitutionalism was torn off; daring, reckless innovation was proclaimed; and had a royal army forthwith proceeded to action, Charles might justly have pleaded the defence of the established laws of the country for taking the step. It may be interesting to those who regard this parliament as the founders of our civil and religious liberties, to be reminded of another fact or two. The eighteenth charge upon which death was demanded on Strafford was, that he had actually connived at the existence of Roman Catholic Chapels in Ireland, and allowed Roman Catholics to use their own form of worship; that he had reduced the fines imposed on account of their religion, and actually tolerated them in the army. These first discoverers and institutors of the sacred rights of conscience, formally petitioned Charles in their House for the death of an unfortunate Romish priest, purely on account of his religion; the very first instance in history in which such punishment had been put on that exclusive ground. The no popery cry, so loathed by the advocates of freedom now, was carried to the highest pitch, and the House made itself a stage of the lowest farce exhibitions on the subject. While a report on the increase of popery in the country was reading before the House, two large fat county members, happening to be sitting together on a rickety board, it broke with a loud crack. An honorable gentleman, Sir John Wray by name, swore he smelt gunpowder, and rushed out into the lobby followed by a whole crowd of members; the people in the lobby rushed into the streets, shouting that the House was blown up, and every body killed: the alarm was carried by water into the city: trained bands came up with the beat of drum, and were surprised to see the parliament house still standing. Mr. Hollis went up with an address of the Commons to the Lords on the subject of this apprehended increase of popery, in which, with the ordinary puritanical cant, so well taken off by Scott, the House of Commons was compared rather indiscriminately to the fig-tree that had not yet produced fruit, and to Elijah who was carried up by a whirlwind, and the king's advisers to the locusts and to Ahitophel.

The bill of attainder set going, the Commons returned to Westminster Hall, *professing* themselves no longer accusers, but judges. With an inimitable life and grace, to use the words of a spectator, Strafford made before an audience pledged to his destruction, a farewell defence too well known to be here quoted. Toward the conclusion, alluding to his children, those dear pledges a saint in heaven had left him, the memory of his deceased wife rushed vividly across his mind; for a short time he was unable to speak; the tears fell down, and he had only strength, when he resumed, for another sentence. "You will pardon my infirmity; something I should have added, but am not able; therefore let it pass. Now, my lords, for myself; I have been, by the blessing of Almighty God, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed hereafter. And so, my lords, even so, with all tranquillity of mind, I freely submit myself to your judgment, and whether that judgment be for life or death, *Te Deum laudamus*." With upraised eyes he added, "*In te, Domine, confido, ne confundar in æternum.*"

Pym answered him with the flowing hardened rhetoric of an old spokesman of the House, which failed him however remarkably, when he came to reply to some parts of that morning's defence. He broke down, became confused, looked foolish, and fumbled among his papers; showing, somewhat to the entertainment of Strafford's friends, that however fine might be his premeditated flash, he could not help showing where it ended and the real extempore began.

One word on Mr. Hallam's defence of this bill. It is a questionable attempt to save at once his credit as a lawyer, and indulge his full resentment as a partisan. He is compelled to allow the illegality of judging Strafford by act of attainder, but he thrusts in obliquely a saving clause, that the Lords voted *judicially*. This is mere special pleading. The Lords received the *bill* from the Commons; they passed the *bill*, and sent it up for the royal sanction. In what particular form they gave their vote, does not signify the least; they acted as a house of parliament, and not as a court; Westminster Hall was over and done with. It is self-evident that when the omnipotence of the legislature decides a point, it *ipso facto* removes it from the decision of the court of justice: the latter being only the *medium* through which the legislative authority acts, it necessarily ceases when that authority acts *im*mediately. The reluctant candor that first makes a necessary admission, and then steals it back by such a sophism, is unworthy of a respectable historian. Mr. Hallam, we may add, seems ultimately to repose in the notion of a summary national justice, of which we shall only remark, that, if a nation, when it wants more liberty than it has had in past ages, has a right to destroy the man who opposes the claim, it is not easy to see why an individual who wants to have more money, may not exercise the same right, and cut the first man's throat who refuses to stand and deliver. It was unnecessary that Mr. Hallam should combine weak reasoning with bad morals, and use the arts of a sophist, when he had in reserve the doctrine of a barbarian.

The inevitable downward course only now remained, which rude power could dictate to the semblance of a government and a constitution. The bill of attainder passed the Commons, and went up to the Lords, accompanied with the formidable hint which fifty-six names of Straffordian members who voted against the bill, posted up and cursed by infuriate mobs, would suggest to a poor frightened upper house. A melancholy humble visit of Charles to the Lords, begging only for Strafford's life, offering perpetual banishment, imprisonment, any thing to purchase simple existence—the feeblest tone that monarch ever had assumed before a country, brought a storm about their ears that quite overwhelmed them: boisterous crowds besieged the House, and dogged every peer in the streets with the cry of justice, justice, justice! Strafford's friends stayed away because they could do him no good, the bishops stayed away because they would not vote on a question of blood—the bill passed the Lords, and went up to the king. He received it on the Saturday evening, all Sunday he was in an agonizing suspense. A note from Strafford in the Tower arrived —set your conscience at liberty, it said, remove this unfortunate thing out of the way, my consent shall more acquit you, than all the world can do besides. So generous an offer it was shocking to think of making use of, still it showed that Strafford saw his difficulties. *Could* he save him? was it *possible?* Would his *veto* be of any *use?* Charles said not; Strafford himself seemed to say not; would he not forgive him, nay, feel for, pity him, in his extremity? Still, though a *veto* would do Strafford no good, was he not bound to give it on *his own* account, and to free his own conscience? He summoned the judges —was the bill law? yes, an act of parliament was law, that they *could* say, the *facts* of the case were out of their province. He consulted the bishops present on the point of casuistry, and was told by Williams that he had two consciences, a public and a private one: one man only at the council-board, who did honor to the patronage of Laud, told him plainly what he should do. "Sir," said Juxon, "if your conscience is against it, do not consent." It was the voice of truth, though it spoke alone, and had Charles listened to it, could he have made the venture, faced a raging country, leapt at once down the monstrous jaws wide open to devour him—it would have been far better than what he did certainly, but it was a terrific thing to do. Poor Charles, after struggling through the long, long day, at last breathless and spent, yielded to importunity; at nine o'clock in the evening he called for the warrant for Strafford's execution, and moistened the parchment with his tears as he wrote his signature. Strafford was told to prepare himself for death on the following Wednesday.

All was now over—the statesman's life with its troubles, conflicts, commotions—the magnificent storm was spent, and Strafford had one brief awful pause before the world closed upon him for ever. Year after year, and hour after hour to the last, the intensity and excitement of his career had increased, had within and around him quickened, like tropical nature, into a glowing multiplied life, an overflowing luxuriance, brilliancy and play of mind; and now in a moment every thought had its quietus, and all was midnight stillness within the prison walls. But the same high temper and finish of character, which had ever made him see and bend to his position, whatever it was, bore him through his last short stage, as nobly as it had borne him to it: now that he could work no more, he reposed, and life over addressed himself to death. Do we not mistake indeed the temper of great minds all along, when we imagine that because they devote themselves to the business of life, they are therefore devoted to life? Rather should we not say that they adopt that mode of *getting through it?* Some trial meets all men, adversity the pampered, neglect the proud, occupation the indolent, and life itself the great. The big ardent mind must be doing something, or it pines and dies, must be filling up the awkward void, storing time with acts, and making life substantial. But take away life, and the worldly principle is over; they are no longer bound to it, than they exist in it, they do not regret the loss of that which they only spent because they had, or love the rude unsightly material which their skill and labor moulded. Life the simple animal or passive they never knew or felt or had; nature gave them not the sense or organ which relishes the mere pleasure of being alive; they never thought of life itself, but only of its opportunities; and death will occupy, absorb, content them, if death is all they have to think of.

From the first moment, resigned and at home with his fate, Strafford experienced in full all that inward strength which had grown up with the unconscious religion of a noble life; a career of high motives and great ends told; essential heroism passed by a natural transition from its active to its passive state, and the mind which had pushed and strained, and schemed and battled while it could, melted into tenderness when the strife was over. He was no man to delude himself into a superficial and unreal frame of mind, or fancy religious feeling which he had not: his old chaplain Dr. Carr said, he was the most rigid self-examiner and scrutinizer of his own motives he ever knew: yet the entire freedom with which he felt himself forgive his enemies, destroyers, and all the world—that power of all others the test of the spiritual, and so defined in gospel law, now comforted him greatly, showing that God had not left him to his own strength when he could solidly do that which was above it. He lifted a natural upward eye heavenwards, and occupied himself during the time, which his family affairs left him, in religious exercises with his chaplain and Archbishop Usher. Usher told Laud that, for a layman, he was the best instructed person in divinity he ever knew.

Earthly trials however had not quite ended; and even this short interval was interrupted by the sad intelligence of Wandesford, who had languished and died broken-hearted in consequence of the recent events;—a mournful testimonial of his affection to send to cheer his patron's prison. Strafford shed tears over his old friend, whom he was just going to follow. He was pre-eminently a fascinating person to those he was intimate with; they were affected almost like lovers over his loss, and grieved and sickened as if some mysterious fibre of their own life were broken. Radcliffe suffered a great change after Strafford's death. He was asked to write his life when he died, and excused himself with great simplicity on this score. He had been a different man ever since that event, was "grown lazy and idle, and his mind much enfeebled."—"When I lost my lord, I lost a friend—such a friend as I do not think any man hath, perhaps never man had the like—a treasure which no earthly thing can countervail, so excellent a friend, and so much mine; he never had any thing in his possession and power which he thought too good for his friends; he was never weary to take pains for his friends."

Some private and family business was settled with his characteristic coolness and despatch, parting instruction sent to his children, and farewells to friends. A beautiful pathetic note from Radcliffe, brought in answer many thanks for the comfort of it—all freely granted (a blessing for Radcliffe's son;) and God deliver you out of this wicked world, according to the innocence that is in you. And to his young boy he wrote:

> "My dearest Will,—These are the last lines you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you.
>
> "Sweet Will,—Be careful to take the advice of those friends which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto Him, and have Him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel: for, till the time that you come to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgments than your own.
>
> "Lose not the time of your youth; but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of use to yourself and comfort to your friends for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down; but, with cheerfulness and good courage, go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure, with an hallowed care to have respect unto all the commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest: for the heart of a man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively; for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those, which are in God's Church the proper teachers; rather than that you should ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out."

One remarkable instruction, which he left behind him, should be mentioned—"that he foresaw that ruin was like to come upon the revenues of the church; and that, perhaps, they might be shared amongst the nobility and gentry; but I charge you never to meddle with any of it; for the curse of God will follow all those that meddle with such a thing." He had an opportunity of showing his love for the Church more solidly than by words. A mysterious visit from his brother-in-law, Mr. Denzil Hollis, one of the leading men in the Commons, intimated to him authoritatively that he was yet safe, if he would but pledge himself to advise the king to give up episcopacy.—From what parties this offer really came, does not exactly appear. It may have come from the middle party in the House. It may have been only an attempt on Hollis's own part to save a relation by extracting some concession which might be urged to his advantage. It may have been a trick of his enemies to disgrace him, of which Hollis was made the unwitting medium. Whatever it was, Strafford met it with an answer worthy of him, that "he would not buy his life at so dear a rate;" and the incident comes in curiously, as a last mark connecting his fate with the cause of religion and the Church.

The evening of Tuesday suggested thoughts for his passage to the scaffold the following morning. Archbishop Laud had been his fellow-prisoner in the Tower all along, and was now waiting in his cell to receive the same sentence: travellers on the same road, they had come to the same journey's end; the fast friends, the sympathizing statesmen, fellow-champions of the Church, reformers, enthusiasts, master spirits, holy man and hero, ghostly father and obedient son—they had held firm to one another in life, and in death they were not divided. They were come to a poor earthly reward of their labors—a sad end of all those letters so full of life, hope, buoyancy and animation—those halloos that flew across the Channel, those spirit-stirring thoughts which doubled the warmth in each breast by the communication—sad end of a policy which had in view the restoration of a Church and kingdom, sad end indeed of "Thorough." Strafford wanted to see Laud just once more, to take a last farewell, and asked leave of the lieutenant of the Tower for a short interview with his fellow-prisoner. The lieutenant said it was impossible without the leave of parliament. "You shall hear all that passes, said Strafford with playful sarcasm; it is too late for him to plot heresie, or me to plot treason." The lieutenant repeated his refusal, but wished Strafford to send to Parliament for leave. Strafford would not hear of that—no; parliament had done with him, and he had done with parliament. "I have gotten my despatch from them, and will trouble them no more. But my lord," he added, turning to Usher who was by, "What I should have spoken to my Lord's Grace of Canterbury is this: you shall desire the Archbishop to lend me his prayers this night, and to give me his blessing when I go abroad to-morrow, and to be at his window, that by my last farewell I may give him thanks for this and all other his former favors." The message was delivered to Laud—he replied he would do the first, he could not answer for the second.

All London was out the next morning, and a hundred thousand people lined the avenues to the Tower, eager to witness the behavior of the great, once dreaded minister on the scaffold. Strafford left his room, accompanied by the lieutenant and officers of the Tower, and set out on the funeral march. As he passed under Laud's window he stopped—no Laud appeared; he turned to the lieutenant,—might he be allowed to make his reverence at any rate to the dead wall which hid the Archbishop from his eyes? Meantime Laud, apprised of his approach, showed himself at the window; Strafford bowed to the earth—*My lord, your prayers and your blessing:* the outstretched arms of the aged prelate bestowed both, but, overcome by grief, his utterance failed, and he fell backward in a swoon.

Strafford, himself, to the last showed the genuine characteristics of his nature; as, leaving the Tower gates, he encountered the mob with wild staring eyes concentrated upon him. The lieutenant of the Tower, instantly portending mischief from their looks and numbers, desired Strafford to enter a coach, "for fear they should rush in upon him and tear him in pieces." But Strafford had all his life looked people in the face, and he would not shrink from the encounter now—he would not hear of a coach. "No," he said, "master lieutenant, I dare look death in the face, and I hope the people too; have you a care that I do not escape, and I care not how I die, whether by the hand of the executioner or the madness and fury of the people—if that may give them better content, it is all one to me."—And so singular and incomprehensible is the power of the mind over the body in great emergencies—that morning dissipated the illnesses of a life, producing one of those sudden lightings up of the animal frame, which are not altogether strange to medical science in the case of those who have suffered from long infirmity. The hour of death, which has the mysterious power sometimes of restoring even the lost faculty of reason, transformed Strafford all at once into a strong, healthy man: and now, full master of himself, wound up to the highest tone of body and mind, and Strafford all over and complete, he acted on his way to the scaffold the epitome of his life. There was no sullenness or defiance any more than timidity in his behavior, as he marched, a spectator says, like a general at the head of his army, and with open countenance and lofty courtesy bowed to the gazing crowds as he passed along. Was it not a tacit mode of saying, "People, misled, mistaken, I acquit you; I blame not you; you are not responsible for this scene: I have never had any quarrel with you, nor would you have had with me, had not deeper, subtler heads than yours, been at work. All my life I have been your friend; I have had your good in my eye: the poor have been my favorites, and I have stood up for them against the rich oppressor: my arm has been lifted up against the noble and the great, but never against you; and not you, but your betters have now conspired against me." The mob behaved with respectful silence, and not a word was spoken, or a finger raised against him as he passed along.

Having mounted the scaffold, where Archbishop Usher, the Earl of Cleveland, his brother Sir George Wentworth, and other friends, were present to receive him, he begged the people to listen while he spoke a few words.

"My Lord Primate of Ireland, and all my Lords, and the rest of these noble gentlemen, it is a great comfort to me to have your Lordships by me this day, because I have been known to you a long time, and I now desire to be heard a few words.

"I come here, my Lords, to pay my last debt to sin, which is death, and, through the mercies of God, to rise again to eternal glory.

"My Lords, if I may use a few words, I shall take it as a great courtesy from you. I come here to submit to the judgment that is passed against me; I do it with a very quiet and contented mind: I do freely forgive all the world; a forgiveness not from the teeth outward, but from my heart; I speak it in the presence of Almighty God, before whom I stand, that there is not a displeasing thought that ariseth in me against any man. I thank God, I say truly, my conscience bears me witness, that in all the honor I had to serve his Majesty, I had not any intention in my heart but what did aim at the joint and individual prosperity of the king and his people, although it be my ill lot to be misconstrued. I am not the first man that hath suffered in this kind; it is a common portion that befalls men in this life. Righteous judgment shall be hereafter: here we are subject to error and misjudging one another."

And after answering the charges of despotism and popery, he concluded—"I desire heartily to be forgiven if any rude or unadvised words or deeds have passed from me, and desire all your prayers; and so, my Lord, farewell, and farewell all things in this world. The Lord strengthen my faith and give me confidence and assurance in the merits of Jesus Christ. I trust in God we shall all meet to live eternally in heaven, and receive the accomplishment of all happiness; where every tear shall be wiped from our eyes and sad thoughts from our hearts. And so God bless this kingdom, and Jesus have mercy on my soul."

"Then turning himself about, he saluted all the noblemen, and took a solemn leave of all considerable persons on the scaffold, giving them his hand.

"And after that he said—'Gentlemen, I would say my prayers, and I entreat you all to pray with me and for me.' Then his chaplain, Dr. Carr, laid the Book of Common Prayer upon the chair before him, as he kneeled down; on which he prayed almost a quarter of an hour, and repeated the twenty-fifth psalm; then he prayed as long or longer without a book, and ended with the Lord's Prayer. Then standing up, he spied his brother, Sir George Wentworth, and called him to him, and said, 'Brother, we must part: remember me to my sister and to my wife, and carry my blessing to my eldest son, and charge him from me that he fear God, and continue an obedient son of the Church of England, and that he approve himself a faithful subject to the king; and tell him that he should not have any private grudge or revenge towards any concerning me; and bid him beware not to meddle with Church livings, for that will prove a moth and canker to him in his estate; and wish him to content himself to be a servant to his country, as a justice of peace in his county, not aiming at higher preferments. Convey my blessing also to my daughters Anne and Arabella: charge them to fear and serve God, and He will bless them; not forgetting my little infant that knows neither good nor evil, and cannot speak for itself; God speak for it, and bless it.' Then said he, 'I have done; one stroke will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, and my poor servants masterless, and separate me from my dear brother and all my friends; but let God be to you and them all in all.'

"After that, going to take off his doublet, and make himself ready, he said, 'I thank God I am no more afraid of death, nor daunted with any discouragements arising from my fears, but do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed.' Then he put off his doublet, and wound up his hair with his hands, and put on a white cap.

"Then he called, 'Where is the man that should do this last office?' meaning the executioner: 'call him to me.' When he came, and asked him forgiveness, he told him he forgave him and all the world.—Then kneeling down by the block, he went to prayer again himself, the Archbishop of Armagh kneeling on one side, the minister on the other. After prayer, he turned himself to the minister, and spoke some few words softly with his hands lifted up. The minister closed his hands in his. Then bowing himself to the earth, to lay down his head on the block, he told the executioner that he should first lay down his head to try the fitness of the block, and take it up again before he laid it down for good and all; and this he did. And before he laid it down again, he told the executioner that he would give him warning when to strike by stretching forth his hands: and then he laid his neck on the block stretching forth his hands. The executioner struck off his head at one blow; then took the head up in his hands and showed it to all the people and said, 'God save the king!'"

Thus perished a victim to political and religious violence, the malevolence of an oligarchy, and, we must add, the weakness of a king;—as great a statesman and as noble a man as ever England produced. We have nothing to say more with respect to those who effected his destruction; thanks to them for having developed, even by such acts as theirs—and formed, though they were but the blind and brute instruments of the work—a character which is an honor to history. Thanks to them, and honor to him. Honor to the lofty, the disinterested, the energetic, the large of mind, and pure of aim,—the statesman who had a head and a heart. Honor to him who had the courage in evil days to defend the Church against her titled spoilers, and make a swelling aristocracy feel the arm of justice; who could despise men's affections, good opinions, flatteries, all the ease and satisfactions of a few short days, and pass through this world like a field of battle.—Honor to him, and honor to all who, in whatever garb, in whatever shape it may please the inscrutable providence of God, in different ages, in peculiar atmospheres of Church and State, to clothe and embody the one eternal, immutable, essential Good, will nobly, generously recognize *that*, and trample upon all else,—will maintain the inherent royalty, supremacy, greatness, the height ineffable and power divine, the universal empire and the adamantine base of that great scheme for which under varying aspects the Church militates on earth, but which will only be seen in purity and fulness above. Honor to all such, if they effect their high objects; and honor also, if through human wilfulness they fail. Their fall is their victory, and their death triumph. Their memory supports the cause which their lives failed to do, and survives—as may Strafford's still—to inspire some statesman of a future age, who, with a country like his to save from moral barrenness and declension, will know how to accommodate an example to an altered state of things, and embody its glorious spirit in a living form.

Strafford is a true Shaksperian character, containing all the elements of high perfection, only colored by a secular and political atmosphere: belonging to the world although above it. The human mind appears but in its commencement here, gives large promise and shows mighty powers, spreads its roots, and lays its foundations; but looking up for the rich foliage and minareted tower, a cloud intercepts our view, and throws us back musing and melancholy upon an imperfect unfinished state of being. And yet why may not the hopeful and loving eye surmount in some sort the mist, and anticipate the finish and completion. The dark elemental gas, the occult fire, the fluid trickling from its mournful cell, blue clayey lair, and sooty mineral, and cold granite bed, produce this world in which we live and breathe. Earth's lower empire issues in her upper, and as the unsightly riches of her labyrinthal womb encounter the magic touch of day, they spring into new being, a living glorious scene; tree, herb and flower, and balmy breeze and summer skies, the painter's landscape and the poet's dream; Sabæan odors, and Hesperian fruits, blest Araby and all fairy-land appear. Even so in the progress of moral life, of human character. Mighty spirits appear and rush across the field; they follow their mysterious and providential call, they take their side; and when the immortal principle has burst forth in zeal for some heroic sacred cause, and manifested to men and angels what they are, they die, and lofty virtue calls aloud to heaven for its spiritual and native development. We wander here amid the shadowy beginnings of moral life, the rough essences, the aboriginal shapes, the ghostlike forerunnings of the immortal; we see the giant masses that sustain the higher world, but that is all; we witness but the strife of subterranean elements, and hear the hollow gust, and hidden torrents' roar. But patience, and a brighter day will come, which shall mould chaotic humanity into form—a day of refining, purifying metamorphose, when virtue shall hardly recognize her former self. The statesman's, warrior's, poet's, student's ardent course, his longings, impulses, emotions, flights, extravagances, all the generous stirrings of heart and rustling rushing movements upon this earthly stage, are prophecies of a life, and point straight heavenwards. The heroic is but the foundation of the spiritual; and the antagonism and mortal strife over, freed nature shall enjoy her holiday and calm, goodness claim her paradisal being, and the wild scene of greatness and power melt into fragrance, melody and love.

THE WATERLOO BANQUET.—On Monday last, the "hero of a hundred fights" was once more surrounded by his companions in arms, to celebrate the anniversary of the glorious victory gained on the plains of Waterloo. Eighty-one noble and gallant veterans sat at the board of their illustrious leader, where they were received with a soldier's welcome and the hospitality of a prince. A vast number of persons, among whom we observed several peers and members of Parliament, congregated at the entrance of Apsley House, and saluted the several veteran officers on their arrival with every manifestation of respect. Shortly before eight o'clock Prince Albert arrived, and his presence, it is needless to observe, was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering. His Royal Highness, on alighting from his carriage, was received by the Duke of Wellington; and the moment the crowd caught sight of the venerable Duke, the cheering burst out with renewed might. The Prince was conducted by his grace to the grand saloon, and at eight o'clock the Duke and his guests entered the gallery and took their seats at the table. The Duke of Wellington, of course, presided, supported on the right by Prince Albert—next to whom sat the Marquess of Anglesey, and on the left by General Washington. The banqueting table was adorned with the various costly testimonials presented to the illustrious hero by the City of London, the Emperor of Russia, &c. The service of plate used was alternately gold and silver, and the dessert service was that given to the gallant Duke by the King of Prussia. The Duke of Wellington wore his uniform as Colonel of the Grenadier-Guards; and Prince Albert, although a field-marshal in the army, adopted his uniform as Colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards.—*Court Journal.*

DOMESTIC LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Napoléon et Marie Louise, Souvenirs Historiques de M. le Baron Meneval, ancien Secrétaire du portefeuille de Napoléon, &c. (Historical Recollections of Napoleon and Maria Louisa). 2 vols. Paris. 1843.

This is an addition to the number of memoirs of the Emperor of France, by individuals in his service and attached to his person, from which the future biographer and historian will draw materials: for the life of that extraordinary man is yet to be written. The work of Sir Walter Scott, admirable in parts, is, as a whole, a crude compilation, swelled hastily to its enormous bulk to meet financial difficulties. He gave himself no time to weigh conflicting authorities, with the load of which his own biographer describes him oppressed and overwhelmed; and the result was a production of the most unequal kind, in which we find clear and animated narrative, graphic description, depth of thought, and eloquence of language, blended with loose and prolix composition, trivial details treated at disproportioned length, and apocryphal stories told as if they were ascertained facts. It may be remarked that among all the memoirs and other books, *towards* a life of Napoleon, which have appeared in France, that country has not yet produced the life itself, while England has produced several. Apparently the French are better aware than the English, of the difficulties of the task.

From the Baron Meneval's opportunities, his memoirs ought to have been more instructive as well as more interesting than they are. From the year 1802 to the catastrophe of Waterloo, he was attached to the person of Napoleon, whose favor and confidence he enjoyed without interruption: a circumstance which says much for the usefulness no less than the fidelity of his services. His name is never mentioned by his contemporaries as involved in the *tracasseries* and intrigues of the imperial court; he seems to have conducted himself with straightforwardness and singleness of purpose. His book also gives that idea of his character. It is written with simplicity, and is as free from the tinsel of French fine writing as from the easy style of French fine morals. There is nothing of "la jeune France" in the pages of M. Meneval; a rare merit in a French literary production of the present day. But the quietness of temper, which made him a correct and plodding functionary; which kept him aloof from the crowd around him, elbowing, pushing, and scrambling for profit and place; and which offered a passive resistance to the contagion of fashionable manners; detracted from his qualities as a chronicler. His observation does not appear to have been keen, nor his memory retentive. Of the thousand noticeable traits of character in Napoleon, and remarkable occurrences of his private life, which Meneval must have had peculiar opportunities of witnessing, his book contains but few; and they are for the most part trivial in themselves, and poorly told. The style of the whole book indeed is meager, and destitute of that vivacity, lightness, and happy art of story-telling, for which French memoir-writers have ever been preeminent.

The author tells us that he wrote these memoirs in compliance with the wish of the emperor himself. Napoleon, he says, in his last moments at St. Helena, among other recommendations in the instructions left to his executors, expressed his desire that certain persons, of whom M. Meneval was one, should undertake to give his son just ideas on facts and circumstances of great interest to him. M. Meneval adds, that so long as the emperor's son lived, reserve was imposed on him; but that, since the young prince's death it was no longer necessary to remain silent. There is something here which we do not understand; an inconsistency arising probably from want of clearness in the author's language. The circumstances most interesting to the young prince must naturally have been the union between his parents and their ultimate separation; and these (as is shown by its title) properly form the subject of M. Meneval's book.

> "To conform as much as possible to the emperor's desire, which I look upon as a command, I have thought it proper to choose the times which followed his second marriage. The narrative which I publish is intended to recall some scattered traits of his private history during that period; not to paint the conqueror and the legislator, but Napoleon in his privacy, as a husband and a father."

An interesting subject: which in M. Meneval's hands might have been more interesting than he has made it, had be better known how to gather and to use the materials within his reach. "Napoleon et Marie-Louise" is prefaced by an "introduction" containing some of the least known circumstances, anterior to the year 1810, of which M. Meneval was himself an eye-witness. This part of the work is exceedingly barren: almost every thing worth telling which it contains having been told over and over again. Throughout the whole book, Napoleon is painted *en beau;* there is not a shade in the picture; a fault which is not less wearisome because there is no wilful dishonesty in it, but simply the natural feeling of affection which lingers in the heart of an old and faithful servant, towards the memory of a master who had loved and trusted him, and in whose fall the sunshine of his own life had passed away for ever. The same amiable feeling heightened the author's prejudice, no doubt, against his master's great and fatal enemy, England; but it is not the less absurd and tiresome to have him to talk continually, after the ordinary French fashion, of our perfidy, ambitious rapacity, and so forth; and to observe the gravity with which he seems to have swallowed any absurd story that could by possibility make Englishmen appear odious or ridiculous. One of his important anecdotes is, that during the negotiation of the treaty of Amiens, our plenipotentiary Lord Cornwallis every day after dinner retired to his room, along with his natural son Captain Nightingale, and passed the evening over the bottle till both were regularly carried dead-drunk to bed. He tells, however, another story, more to the honor of that excellent nobleman; though to us it possesses as much novelty, and may possibly have as much authority, as the other.

> "The following trait of *loyauté* was a worthy termination to the mission of this respectable minister. The protocol of the last diplomatic meeting had been settled, the definitive treaty agreed on, and an appointment made for its signature next day at the Hôtel de Ville On the night before the day of signature. a courier from London brought Lord Cornwallis an order to modify some articles of the treaty, relative to the balance in favor of England of the sum due for the subsistence of the prisoners of war. The article of the protocol on this subject had been settled between the two ministers. Lord Cornwallis had declared to Joseph Bonaparte, that, happen what might, it should not prevent the signature of the treaty: at the moment when it was about to be signed, he received from his government this order to insist on an additional payment to England. Holding however that his word was pledged, he declared that he could not retract; and the treaty was signed with solemnity, while the hall resounded with the acclamations of the spectators."

Passing the introductory chapters, we proceed to the book itself, in which, as its title indicates, Maria Louisa holds a principal place. It contains a good deal of new information respecting this princess, who, even in her imperial days, came little before the public, and, since her separation from Napoleon, has been almost wholly lost sight of by the world, except as the occasional subject of vague rumors and calumnies, from which M. Meneval vindicates her.

The Archduchess Maria Louisa was the eldest daughter of the late Emperor Francis the Second, and Maria Theresa of Naples. She was educated in the usual manner of the royal family of Austria. Brought up under the eye of their parents till their marriage, the Archduchesses live in complete retirement, at a distance from court, and with no society but that of their ladies and attendants, whom they are accustomed to treat with great kindness and familiarity. Maria Louisa's education was carefully attended to. She spoke several languages, and had even learned Latin, a living language in Hungary.. She was an excellent musician, and was accomplished in drawing and, painting. One circumstance in this mode of education is worth noticing:

> "The most minute precautions were taken to preserve the young Archduchesses from impressions which might affect their purity of mind. The intention, doubtless, was laudable; but the means employed were not very judicious. Instead of keeping improper books altogether out of the way of the princesses, the plan had been adopted of cutting out with scissors, not only pages of these books, but lines, and even single words, the sense of which was deemed improper or equivocal. Such a blundering censorship was calculated to produce the opposite effect to what was intended: the expunged passages, which might have remained unnoticed had they been let alone, were interpreted in a thousand ways by young imaginations, the more active that they were stimulated by curiosity. The evil meant to be prevented was thus increased. On the other hand, their books became, to the royal pupils, objects of indifference —bodies without souls, deprived of all interest after the mutilations they had undergone. The Archduchess Maria Louisa, after she became empress, confessed that her curiosity had been excited by the absence of these passages, and that, when she had obtained the control of her own reading, her first idea was to seek, in complete copies of the works, the expunged passages, in order to discover what it was that had been concealed from her."

When the youthful Archduchess first heard of her projected marriage with the French Emperor, she looked upon herself (says M. Meneval) as a victim devoted to the Minotaur. She had grown up with feelings of dread and aversion towards the man who had been so terrible an enemy to her family and country. It was an ordinary amusement with her and her brother and sisters, to draw up in line a troop of little wooden or waxen figures to represent the French army, placing at their head the ugliest and most forbidding figure they could find; and then to make an attack on this formidable enemy, running him through with pins, and beating and abusing him till they had taken full vengeance for the injuries he had done their house. As soon, however, as she found the matter determined on, her quiet disposition and Austrian habits of obedience, made her willing to resign herself to her destiny. She endeavored to learn the character of her future husband, and was entirely occupied by the wish to please before she had ever seen him.

M. Meneval gives full details of the marriage, and all its ceremonies and festivities, dull as such things always are. He describes, after the following fashion, the person of the bride:

"Maria Louisa was in all the brilliancy of youth; her figure was of perfect symmetry; her complexion was heightened by the exercise of her journey and by timidity; a profusion of beautiful chestnut hair surrounded a round, fresh countenance, over which her mild eyes diffused a charming expression; her lips, somewhat thick, belonged to the features of the Austrian royal family, as a slight convexity of nose distinguishes the Bourbons; her whole person had an air of ingenuousness and innocence, and a plumpness, which she did not preserve after her accouchment, indicated the goodness of her health."

Among the emperor's rich presents, and attentions to his young consort, nothing is said about the oft-repeated circumstance of his having, in anticipation of her arrival, had her chamber at St. Cloud made so complete a fac-simile of that which she had quitted at Schœnbrunn, that she started on entering it, thinking she had been transported by magic back to her paternal home. At all events the story, if not true, was *ben trovato.*

The description given by M. Meneval of the domestic life of the imperial pair, after the birth of their ill-fated son, is so pleasing a family picture that we shall extract a few of its features.

"The emperor appeared happy. He was affable in his family, and affectionate to the empress. If he found her looking serious he amused her with lively talk, and disconcerted her gravity by a hearty embrace; but in public he treated her with great respect, and a dignity not inconsistent with polished familiarity.

"The emperor wished her to learn to ride on horseback. Her first lessons were taken in the riding-school at St. Cloud. He walked by her side holding her by the hand, while the groom held the bridle of her horse; he thus calmed her fears and encouraged her. When her skill did honor to her teacher, the lessons were continued in a private alley of the park. The emperor, when he had a moment's leisure after breakfast, ordered the horses, mounted himself, in his silk stockings and shoes, and cantered by the empress's side. He urged her horse and made him gallop, laughing heartily at her cries, but taking care that there should be no danger, by having servants stationed all along the path, ready to stop the horse and prevent a fall.

"Meanwhile the king of Rome grew in strength and beauty under the watchful eye of Madame de Montesquiou, who loved him as her own child. He was carried every morning to his mother, who kept him till it was time to dress. During the day, in the intervals between her lessons in music and drawing, she went to see him in his apartment and sat by him at her needlework. Sometimes, followed by the nurse who carried the child, she took him to his father while he was busy. The entry to his cabinet was interdicted to every body, and the nurse could not go in. The emperor used to ask Maria Louisa to bring in the child herself, but she seemed so much afraid of her own awkwardness in taking him from the nurse, that the emperor hastened to take him from her, and carried him off covering him with kisses. That cabinet, which saw the origin of so many mighty plans, so many vast and generous schemes of administration, was also witness to the effusions of a father's tenderness. How often have I seen the emperor keeping his son by him, as if he were impatient to teach him the art of governing! Whether, seated by the chimney on his favorite sofa, he was engaged in reading an important document, or whether he went to his bureau to sign a despatch, every word of which required to be weighed, his son, seated on his knees, or pressed to his breast, was never a moment away from him. Sometimes, throwing aside the thoughts which occupied his mind, he would lie down on the floor beside this beloved son, playing with him like another child, attentive to every thing that could please or amuse him.

"The emperor had a sort of apparatus for trying military manœuvres: it consisted of pieces of wood fashioned to represent battalions, regiments, and divisions. When he wanted to try some new combinations of troops, or some new evolution, he used to arrange these pieces on the carpet. While he was seriously occupied with the disposition of these pieces, working out some skilful manœuvre which might ensure the success of a battle, the child, lying at his side, would often overthrow his troops, and put into confusion his order of battle, perhaps at the most critical moment. But the emperor would recommence arranging his men with the utmost good humor.

"The emperor breakfasted alone. Madame de Montesquiou every morning took the boy to his father's breakfast-table. He took him on his knee, and amused himself with giving him morsels to eat, and putting the glass to his lips. One day he offered him a bit of something he had on his plate, and, when the child put forward his mouth to take it, drew it back. He wished to continue this game. but, at the second trial, the child turned away his head; his father then offered him the morsel in earnest, but the boy obstinately refused it. As the emperor looked surprised, Madame de Montesquiou said. that the child did not like to be deceived; he had pride, she said, and feeling. 'Pride and feeling!' Napoleon repeated, 'that is well—that is what I like.' And, delighted to find these qualities in his son, he fondly kissed him."

M. Meneval's subsequent narrative contains other traits of Napoleon's domestic life. The empress, it appears, was mild and good-natured, placid and yielding in her temper, with little strength either of intellect or of passions. Her mind seems at all times to have taken the tone of surrounding circumstances with the utmost ease and quickness. We have seen how readily her fear and hatred of Napoleon were changed into a predisposition, at least, to affection, before she had ever seen him. Settled in France, she almost instantly acquired French feelings and habits. To such an extent had she, in two or three years, been transformed into a French-woman, that in her German correspondence with her family she was often obliged to have recourse to French expressions, because she had forgotten the equivalent words in her mother-tongue. At a later period, when, finally separated from her husband and from France, she found herself once more an Austrian Archduchess in the midst of her own relatives, we observe in the quickness with which she forgot both him and it, and in the ease with which her mind took the hue of her altered fortunes, but another illustration of this chameleon-like quality, which she possessed in so remarkable a degree.

When Napoleon, after his disasters in Russia, commenced the terrible struggle which ended in his ruin in 1814, he invested the Empress with the character of regent. During this period her affection for her husband and zeal in the cause of her adopted country suffered no abatement, even though her own father was now among the number of their enemies. At last, when the Allies had forced their way almost to the gates of Paris, Napoleon sent instructions that his wife and child should leave the capital. His letter to his brother Joseph, written from Rheims, on the 16th of March, 1814, is striking:

"Conformably to the verbal instructions which I have given you, and to the spirit of all my letters, you are not to permit that in any case the Empress and the King of Rome shall fall into the hands of the enemy. I am going to manœuvre in such a way that you may possibly be several days without hearing from me. Should the enemy advance on Paris in such force as to render assistance impossible, take measures for the departure, in the direction of the Loire, of the Empress-regent, my son, the grand dignitaries, the ministers, the great officers of the crown, and the treasure. Do not quit my son, and remember that I would rather know that he was in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The lot of Astyanax, prisoner among the Greeks, has always appeared to me the saddest in history."

Joseph and the archchancellor laid this letter before the empress, making at the same time some remarks on the bad effects which might ensue from this abandonment of Paris, but leaving the decision to her, and refusing to incur the responsibility of counselling her to act in opposition to the emperor's order. On this she declared, that though, as the emperor had said, she as well as her son should fall into the Seine, she would not hesitate a moment to depart: the desire he had so distinctly expressed being a sacred order for her. The order was obeyed, and on the 29th of March, Maria Louisa and her son left Paris for ever.

"When it was time to set out, the young King of Rome refused to leave his apartment. It seemed as if a fatal presentiment had gifted him with the second sight. 'Don't go to Rambouillet,' he cried to his mother, 'it is an ugly house—let us stay here.' He struggled in the arms of M. de Canisy, the gentleman-usher who carried him, repeating again and again, 'I will not leave my house; I will not go; since papa is away, it is I who am master!' and he clung to the doors and the banisters of the staircase. This obstinacy excited a painful surprise, and produced melancholy forebodings in those who witnessed it. The carriages defiled slowly, and as if in expectation of a countermand, by the wicket of the Pont Royal. Sixty or eighty people gazed in silence on this cortege, as if it were a funeral procession passing by: it was, indeed, the funeral of the empire. Their feelings did not betray themselves by any manifestation: not a voice was raised to express sorrow for this cruel separation. Had any one been inspired to cut the traces of the horses, the empress would have remained. She passed the gate of the Tuileries, with tears in her eyes and despair in her soul. When she reached the Champs Elysées, she saluted for the last time the imperial city which she left behind her, and which she was never more to behold."

When Napoleon, fallen from his high estate, and no longer emperor of France, had become emperor of Elba, and had gone to take possession of that second Barataria, his consort, with their son, was sent to

Vienna; and it henceforward became her father's policy to detach her thoughts and feelings from her husband, and to break the ties which united her to France. He knew her character, doubtless, and succeeded as easily as he could have expected. She was separated as much as possible from her French friends and attendants, induced to adopt her old habits and occupations, and amused with journeys and parties of pleasure. But, whatever she did, and whereever she went, she was carefully watched, and every precaution was taken to obliterate French reminiscences and associations. In a visit to the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, an Austrian general introduced himself into her society, and a division of troops under his command was stationed in the neighborhood. This officer, General Neipperg, was an emissary of Metternich, and, according to M. Meneval, a perfect serpent in matters of seduction. When Austrian minister at Stockholm, in 1812, he was no stranger to the concoction of the treaty of Orebro, whereby Bernadotte took up arms against the sovereign to whom he owed his rise in the world, and agreed to deliver him up to his enemies. If this be true, it argues consummate duplicity on the part of the Austrian cabinet, at a moment when Austria was still in alliance with Napoleon, and when Austrian troops were actually co-operating with his own. From Stockholm, Neipperg was sent to Naples, where his arts and persuasions seduced the unfortunate Murat into that coalition with the allies against his relative and ancient comrade, remorse for which led him into the desperate enterprise which cost him his life. The successful tempter was then directed to turn his battery against Prince Eugene, but that chivalrous soldier was proof against his wiles.

This personage, according to our author, was employed by Metternich to work the desired change in the thoughts and feelings of Maria Louisa.

> "He was then a little turned of forty, of middle stature, but of a distinguished air. His hussar uniform, and his fair, curled hair, gave him a youthful appearance. A broad black bandeau concealed the loss of an eye; his look was keen and animated; his polished and elegant manners, insinuating language, and pleasing accomplishments, created a prepossession in his favor. He speedily got into the confidence and good graces of a good and easy-tempered young woman, driven from her adopted country, withdrawn from the devotion of the few French who had adhered to her evil fortunes, and trembling at the further calamities which might still be in store for her."

Neipperg accompanied her in the remainder of her tour, and returned with her to Vienna, where he still further gained her favor by his zeal and activity in her affairs, particularly in removing difficulties attending her obtaining the sovereignty of Parma and Placentia.

At this time arrived the news of Napoleon's return from Elba, and his being once more at the head of a formidable army. In such an alarming crisis, it was judged necessary to keep stricter watch over his son. The child had hitherto lived with his mother, at Schœnbrunn, under the care of his governess, Madame de Montesquiou. From this lady he was now separated and brought to Vienna, where he was lodged in the palace under the care of another governess, the widow of an Austrian general.

Soon after this, M. Meneval, finding his situation in Vienna become every day more and more disagreeable, in consequence of the jealousy and suspicions shown towards the French members of Maria Louisa's suite, returned to Paris. Before his departure, he went to take leave of the young prince, whom he never saw again. There is something touching in his account of this final parting. The boy was then about four years old.

> "I observed, with pain, his serious and even melancholy air. He had lost his gaiety and childish prattle. He did not run to meet me as he was wont, and did not even seem to know me. Though he had been already more than six weeks with the persons to whom he had been entrusted, he had not become accustomed to them, and still looked as if he were surrounded by new faces. I asked him in their presence if he had any message for his father, whom I was going to see again. He looked at me sadly and significantly without saying any thing; and then, gently withdrawing his hand from mine, walked silently to the embrasure of a distant window. After having exchanged a few words with the persons in the room, I approached the place where he was standing, apparently watching my motions. As I leaned towards him, to say farewell, he drew me towards the window and said softly, looking earnestly in my face, 'Monsieur *Meva*, you will tell him that I always love him dearly.' The poor orphan felt already that he was no longer free, or with his father's friends. He had difficulty in forgetting his 'Mama Quiou,' as he called her, and constantly asked for her of Madame Marchand, his nurse, an excellent woman, who had been allowed to remain with him, and of whom he was very fond. She, too, returned to France the following year; another source of grief for the young prince."

The history of this ill-fated youth is brief, like his life. In 1818, he received

the title of Duke of Reichstadt, with rank immediately after the princes of the Austrian imperial family. He was much beloved by the old emperor his grandfather; and his mother, who had been put in possession of the Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, provided liberally for his maintenance and education, though she treated him in other respects with heartless neglect: her affections, by this time, being engrossed by a new object. His talents, which were above the common, were highly cultivated by an excellent education. But he was kept in a kind of splendid captivity. It was the Austrian policy to render him politically insignificant; to withdraw, as much as possible, the son of their great emperor from the thoughts and recollections of the people of France; and, on the other hand, to efface from his mind the memory of what he had been, and what he had been born to. Neither object was accomplished: the attempt was fatal. The sense of his condition preyed on a naturally ardent mind; and the source of his habitual melancholy showed itself in the warmth with which he received such Frenchmen as visited the imperial court, and the interest he took in their conversation. His health gradually declined, and he died, we think in 1833, at the age of about two-and-twenty.

As to Maria Louisa, she took possession of her new sovereignties, and was attended by Count Neipperg in the capacity of her minister. There are circumstances in her connection with this personage, on which M. Meneval either cannot throw light, or is not disposed to do so. He talks of calumny and scandal respecting her private life; but he leaves it unrefuted. Indeed from what he himself says, we cannot think the lady's reputation unquestionable. She was united, he says, to Count Neipperg, by a left-handed marriage, and has had three children by him. The eldest married the son of Count San-Vitale, the grand chamberlain of Malta, and resides at his mother's court. The second, Count de Montenuovo, is an officer in an Austrian regiment: and the third, a girl, died in her childhood.

> "The fact of this union," says M. Meneval, "being established, I shall not examine whether a regular act had intervened to legitimize the birth of the children, or whether the union of Maria Louisa with Count Neipperg preceded the death of Napoleon. In Italy, where sins are so easily compounded for, the sanctification of an union is the simplest thing in the world. Two persons who wish to marry declare their intention before a priest; he confesses them, gives them absolution, says mass, and marries them; and the whole passes without the intervention of witnesses. There is every reason to believe, however, that the Emperor was dead, when Maria Louisa contracted this second marriage. At Vienna, as well as Parma, she always declared her firm determination never to seek a divorce, or to listen to any such proposition. . . . . Malignity has gratified itself in spreading injurious reports as to the pretended irregularities of Maria Louisa's private life. I believe that they have no foundation. The moderation of her character, and her unimpassioned nature, must have preserved her from excess of any kind."

The argument from presumption is but a feeble one, when weighed against opposite presumptions to which her advocate himself, gives countenance. Why has he not told us the date of the marriage between Maria Louisa and Count Neipperg, and the ages of the children? Even the *left-handed* marriage of a sovereign is solemnized in such a manner as to be matter of evidence and record: but M. Meneval leaves it doubtful whether there was *any* marriage. Napoleon died in April 1821, two-and-twenty years ago; so that if his widow's children are the legitimate issue of a marriage contracted after his death, it is hardly credible that the two elder should be now, the one a married woman, and the other an officer in the army. M. Meneval ought to have made the inquiries necessary to enable him to clear up these points. If he did so ineffectually, then the obscurity which hangs over the marriage of a personage of sovereign rank, and over the birth of her children, leads, we think, to only one conclusion. Indeed M. Meneval, in the passage just quoted, seems to admit that the children were born before the death of Napoleon. He says he will not examine whether a regular act had intervened to legitimize the children, or whether the union of Maria Louisa with Neipperg, preceded Napoleon's death. The alternative here stated, is *either* that the children, at first illegitimate, had been ligitimized by a subsequent marriage;* *or*, that there had been a mock-marriage between them before Napoleon's death: a way of compounding with conscience which M. Meneval describes to be so easy in Italy. So much mystery, in such a case, is not easily reconcilable with the idea of innocence.

Count Neipperg died in December last, and Maria Louisa is inconsolable for his loss. "To fill the void," says M. Meneval, "which this bereavement has made in her heart, she is surrounding herself with souvenirs of him whom she never ceases to lament; and has even ordered the erection of a magnificent mausoleum to his memory, in token of the bitterness of her regret."

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* *Legitimatio per subsequens matrimonium* is admitted in those countries whose jurisprudence is chiefly founded on the Roman law; among others, in Scotland.

THE WISDOM OF AGE, A BALLAD;

Showing the value, quality, and effects thereof, in a few plain stanzas. By one who has little skill in the mystery of rhyme. (The Rev. William Harness, M. A.)

THE April morn was bright and mild,
And the sunbeam danc'd on the dewy moor,
As an aged man and little child
Thus talked beside their cottage-door:

"Look, grandfather! what joy! what joy!
'Twill be a fine sunshiny day;
In the cowslip-fields," exclaimed the boy,
"I'll pass the happy hours away."

"'Twill rain ere noon," the old man replied:
"When you have lived as long as I,
You will know better than confide
In this soft air and glowing sky."

"Oh!" cried the boy, "if this is all
We gain by growing gray like you—
To learn what show'rs at noon will fall,
While yet the morning heavens are blue,—

"I'd rather know, as I do now,
Nothing about the coming hours,
And, while it's fair, with careless brow
Enjoy the sun and gather flowers."

"Ay, but, my boy, as we grow old,"
Sigh'd that aged man, "we learn much more;
Truths which, in youth, we're often told,
But never feel as truths before;—

"That love is but a feverish dream;
That friendships die as soon as born;
That pleasures which the young esteem
Are only worthy of our scorn;

"That what the world desires as good,
Riches and power, rank and praise,
When sought, and won, and understood,
But disappoint the hopes they raise;

"That life is like this April day,
A scene of fitful light and gloom;
And that our only hope and stay
Centre in realms beyond the tomb."

Thus wisely spoke that gray-haired man:
But little fruit such wisdom yields;
Off, while he talked, the urchin ran
To gather cowslips in the fields.

And sure in nature's instinct sage
The child those with'ring lessons fled,
Conn'd from the worn and blotted page
Of the world's book perversely read:

For soon he reached those fields so fair,
Murmur'd his songs, and wreath'd his flowers;
While, laughing, 'neath the hawthorns there,
He crouched for shelter from the showers.

A MAGISTRATE'S COURT IN INDIA.—The following picture of a magistrate's court in India, by the young baboo, Dukhinarungun Mookerjee, contains some satire, but much truth.

Now conceive yourselves, gentlemen, in a large hall, entirely filled with our countrymen of every rank and denomination, in a conspicuous part of which a chair has been placed on a wooden platform, about one cubit high and three cubits square, over which you perceive a small writing-desk, near which is seated a fashionably-dressed civilian, apparently between twenty and twenty-six years of age, who, as is very often the case, is either picking his teeth, or reading a letter, or scanning a newspaper, or it may be, is indulging in a nap. But to make the best of it, suppose him to be otherwise in the attitude of listening, with profound attention, to the perusal of the huge file of Bengalee or Oordoo papers which a turbaned countryman of ours, standing immediately below the bench, is reading to him, surrounded by other individuals of a busy and cunning look, forming a distinct group aloof and apart from the audience, and who are heard occasionally to address by turn a few words in the way of explanation to the loftily-seated gentleman, always interlarding their speeches with some such base and slavish terms as *khodabund*, *huzoor*, *khodaheganee*, *zillallah*, *gureebpurwun*, or in English, "God-like Sir!" "Presence!" (a word implying one too sacred to be named) "Friend of God!" "Shadow of the Almighty!" "Protector of the Poor!" Their language is, if possible, even more disgusting, when, alluding to themselves, they lift up their voices with joined hands to the living idol: *gholam*, *khanezad*, *fideveeh*, *bundah*, or, "your slave," "the boon slave of your house," "your inferior," "your creature," and the like. Such are the individuals who boast of the responsible character of amlahs or ministerial officers. Next, fancy the same high-seated personage to be in the act of hearing the deposition of a witness in our language: you would be likely to imagine, on a superficial view, that the magistrate was actually engaged in the solemn act of administering justice to the thousands who come to claim it at his tribunal. But I must tell you, that the knowledge possessed by this administrator of justice, of the language in which the proceedings of his court are conducted, is so limited, that he is incompetent perfectly to understand, unassisted by his amlahs, one single sentence of the voluminous *nuthees* that are daily read to him. He is often wholly incapable of comprehending the plainest answer of the many witnesses who are examined before him. He is incompetent to apprehend the purport, sense, or tendency of the decrees to which he daily affixes his seal and signature, although they frequently affect the rights, the honor, and the lives of our fellow-subjects and countrymen.—*Asiatic Journal.*

PRINTING.—Amongst the fanciful novelties of the day is a patent, which has been taken out for a mode of printing called *mi-type*, by means of which the expenses of printing, paper, and binding would, according to the patentee, be diminished by half. The *mi-type* may be thus shown. Take a flat rule, and place it on a line of print, so as to cover the lower half of the letters, and the line may be read with ease. The reason is, says the inventor, that we never look at the lower part of printed letters, but always the upper part. This, however, is not the case, if we cover the upper half. The patentee, therefore, proposes to have a type composed of the upper half of the letters.—*Galignani.*

ENGLISH NOTIONS OF IRISH AFFAIRS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Dear Mac Shane.—You are somewhat surprised at the proceedings of the British government in regard to Irish affairs, and you desire to know what the people in England really think of the state of Ireland. I shall tell you all about this as well as I can, but you must not expect to hear any thing reasonable when I am telling you of general impressions. No man who has lived thirty years in the world and looked about him, will hope to find truth in public opinion about occurrences of the day. It may be that public opinion comes right in the end, but if it does, it blunders along through a vast quantity of preposterous notions before it arrives at that end. Men of passion or of subtlety are generally the guides of public opinion, and such men are generally wrong. Either they are the dupes of their own desires, or they wish to dupe others into becoming the instruments of these desires. Show me a man with large gifts for forming and swaying public opinion, and I will show you a man whom it is dangerous to trust in regard to public matters. I say this without any imputation upon their sincerity—

"For he is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all,"

as the poet sings; and as Edmund Burke has said, even the lamp of prudence may blind a man if it shine with unnatural lustre; how much more those lights of genius which more generally attract the public admiration, and give a man influence in guiding the opinion of the multitude!

But to quit moralizing and come to facts:—five-sixths of all the people in England who are worth five hundred pounds and upwards, think the Irish a very dangerous sort of people at all times, and more particularly at present; and they think that at all times it is very meet, right, and prudent, but more particularly at present, to have a strong force in Ireland to overawe the rebellious in spirit, or to crush rebellion if it break out. This feeling however is not connected, as many of you in Ireland might think, with any especial fear or hatred of the Irish people, or with a desire of domination. In short, it is connected with no strong feeling whatever, but simply a sentiment arising from some sense of dignity, and some habit of precaution in regard to all that is strange and not well understood. Of this tolerably general feeling of the middle and upper classes in England regarding Ireland, you will of course find nothing in the newspapers, because it is their business to deal not so much with the actual as with the prominent. Of all the sentiments and actions — the thoughts, words, and works of men—but a very small part indeed thrust themselves forward into public observation, and it is with this small part alone that the public journals have, or ought to have, any thing to do. Yet it is this unexpressed feeling of society which mainly influences the votes of the great mass of members of parliament. It is only the more prominent few who are mainly guided by such reasonings and impressions as are publicly stated and maintained in parliament, or at popular meetings, or in the press. These few are, whether consciously, or unconsciously, public performers, and must study their parts accordingly. They lead in one sense, but in another sense they follow. Their course is under the control of public events as they happen to arise and to arrange themselves, and the deep, effectual under-current often runs in a different direction to that which is at the top, and under direct public observation.

If the feeling of *the British nation* were consulted, there is no measure however strong which government might think fit to propose for the security of the friends of British connection in Ireland, that would not be eagerly welcomed. But the feeling of the British nation is one thing, and the affectation of the British House of Commons quite another. The distinction between the reality of British sentiment and that which men venture to profess in the House of Commons is growing broader every year. It is the vice of the time to eschew genuineness, and it is impossible to hinder this vice from having its practical effect; but it is well to mark the difference between events which have their foundation in the national conviction or the national prejudice, and those which flow from a spurious parliamentary affectation. It was this affectation which carried the Roman Catholic emancipation bill. Whether that measure was theoretically right or wrong, it was a measure from which most assuredly the national sentiment of Great Britain revolted; but as by far the greater part of the eloquence and ingenuity of public speaking and public writing had been on its side, it became the affectation of the House of Commons to regard opposition to it as a mark of prejudice or thick-headedness, and so it was carried.

It belongs to the character, the position, the history, and the temper of the present prime minister to refer every thing to the House of Commons' standard. I do not find fault with this—I merely state the fact. The minister will never correct any error of the house, if it commit an error, by throwing upon the subject the light and heat of the national sentiment. From any thing that has yet occurred in the House of Commons it might be supposed that the ministers in that house were scarcely cognizant that there was any such thing as a particular agitation in Ireland at the present time. If the government have shown an astounding activity in the transmission of military force to Ireland, the government has shown an apathy no less astonishing upon the subject in the House of Commons. Perhaps I should not say apathy, but speak rather of a cold, guarded caution. The reason of all this, if there be any reason, is yet to appear. Many attribute it to a kind of fastidious fear, of which they disapprove. Government is anxious to distinguish itself as a government of pure reasonableness. It would apparently wish to solve the problem of the management of Ireland as if it were a problem of mathematics. It is resolved to have no likings or dislikings. It is willing to suppose Mr. O'Connell and his men to mean as well as any other set of men in the kingdom, and to judge of all exactly as if government were but a higher department of police, only excluded from taking cognizance of past character and conduct, as the inferior police courts do. If this be a true account of the present government, it may be decided at once that such government will not do for Ireland. Yet that this is a true account may be concluded from the course which government has taken. The only serious notice of the agitation for the repeal of the union which the prime minister has taken in the House of Commons, has been a recapitulation of the declaration ventured upon by the Whig government in 1834, and expressed in the speech from the throne at the opening of the parliamentary session in that year. Sir Robert Peel, after reading those strong expressions, stated that he was authorized by her majesty to say that such were also her sentiments upon the same subject; and there the minister left the matter, and has left it. He has directed none of his eloquence to the excitement of a feeling of indignation against the conduct of Mr. O'Connell. It was not so during the former repeal agitation, when Sir Robert Peel was leader of the opposition. Not very long after the speech from the throne which denounced the O'Connell agitation in Ireland, the honorable and learned gentleman thought fit to hint at the propriety of reducing the interest upon the national debt, and talked with bitter derision of "the cant of national faith." This roused Sir Robert Peel. He said that "he rejoiced to hear the honorable and learned member for Dublin avow his political creed, because when they came in a few days to the consideration of the repeal of the union, they would bear in mind under what auspices and with what views the measure was proposed;" and he then proceeded in the following more than usually emphatic strain:—

> "Oh, all ye who have interest in the funds in Ireland—oh, all you Protestants who hold lands in Ireland, learn by this timely declaration what your fate will be when you shall have been delivered up to the tender mercies of a popular assembly, returned by the influence and adopting the principles of this man, who makes a jest of national honor, and talks of the *cant* of public faith.
>
> 'I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.'
>
> "The question of the repeal of the union has been decided by that preliminary declaration. Who that had any thing to lose would not draw the inference, that if such slender pretences could be brought forward to justify the violation of national faith, there could be no security for any property of any description!"

In this way did Sir Robert Peel, when leader of the opposition, animate the public sentiment against the repeal agitation. His silence as minister, combined with the evidence afforded, or supposed to be afforded, by the military preparations in Ireland, has led many to conclude that he has something so serious to disclose, that until every thing is ripe for its announcement, he is unwilling to be drawn into remarks which might tend to reveal his secret too soon.

It is needless to repeat for the hundredth time that the English do not understand the Irish. It is not probable they ever will. When the English hear of prodigious meetings renewed from time to time, they cannot help believing that the people who thus assemble must have some definite purpose of good for themselves, to be attained at the expense of England. They cannot understand that all this trouble could be taken for the mere sake of display, or the glorification of a popular leader. "What do the people want?" say they; "what do they expect to gain by these multitudinous assemblages? We knew what our people wanted when they assembled in riotous disarray last autumn. They wanted a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; but when they found that going about in a riotous matter did not bring them any nearer to the point at which they aimed, they abandoned their tumultuous proceedings." Thus do the English talk; and it is in vain that one hints to them that such meetings may take place without any distinct object on the part of the people thus assembling. It is in vain that one tries to explain that the very love of mystery—the *not* knowing exactly why they are wanted to make such formidable demonstrations, and therefore fancying something much more important in the matter than there really is—may be the very reason that such multitudes assemble. The mass of the Londoners eagerly caught at the bold assertion of "*The Times*"—"Ireland is on the verge of rebellion." It was the very thing which had been occurring in an indistinct manner to their minds for some time previously, and they rejoiced to find it proclaimed in plain terms by their favorite journal. For some days after this you could not hint to any London citizen of credit and renown that you did not apprehend rebellion in Ireland, without exciting his contempt, and some degree of indignation. He deemed it an affront to his own sagacity to doubt that there was the most imminent danger. Loud as the applause generally is at city dinners when the Duke of Wellington's health is given, it never was so tremendous as when his present activity was called to mind in making such effectual preparations for the outbreak in Ireland—and all this when your good Protestant folks in Ireland were wondering what all this mighty warlike preparation could mean, and almost laughing at what seemed to you a ludicrously unnecessary display of force!

I know if I were writing this to any of the multitudinous victims of the O'Connell machinations, they would forthwith be persuaded that Saxon hatred of the Irish led to this feeling of exultation at the prompt and effectual preparation which has been made for putting down revolt in Ireland, if any such thing should be manifested. But you will not be thus misled. It is very true that the general feeling of the English in regard to the Irish is the reverse of respectful. The general notion of them is tinctured by a foregone conclusion about a tendency to absurdity and wrong-headedness. The defects of the English character lead the English into exaggerated conceptions of the defects of the Irish. The coldness of the English temperament, and their dull, dogged laboriousness in the pursuit of riches and distinction, which, when obtained, they cannot enjoy, make them regard as quite absurd those errors which, although in an opposite direction, are scarcely more unreasonable than their own, and are frequently less unamiable. It is not, then, because the English hate the Irish, or wish to see them coerced by military force, that they have rejoiced to see a commanding force in Ireland, but it is because they dislike and fear public disorder, especially when it has no clear practical matter for its object, and therefore they are glad to see put under check that which they consider a direct tendency to public unsettlement and disturbance.

Sir Edward Sugden had, as you know, a prodigious reputation here as a lawyer, and such is the effect of that reputation, that many persons will scarcely suffer themselves to believe that his proceedings with regard to the Irish magistracy have not been just what they ought to have been. But the majority of thinking people, even here, are not of that opinion. They believe that his letter to Lord French said a great deal too much. There was no need of mooting the question of legality, or of stating that the government did not want to govern opinion. It is a great fault of lawyers, and especially of chancery lawyers, that they are apt to say a great deal more than there is any necessity for saying. If there had been a circular sent from the office of the secretary of state to all Irish magistrates declaring that the government deemed the agitation of the repeal of the union dangerous to the public peace, and requesting them to use all their magisterial power and influence towards the discouragement of that agitation, it would have made the will and purpose of the government evident to all. If after that notification, any magistrate gave encouragement to the agitation, no more explanation would have been required for superseding him than simply, that as he did not take the same views of what was needful for preserving the public peace as were taken by her majesty's ministers, it was better that he should not continue to hold her majesty's commission. If this course had been taken it does not seem likely that the chancellor, or any other officer of the crown, would have had to encounter the variety of epistolary treatises which have been written upon the points of law and government which are thrown out (as it were for criticism) in the Irish lord chancellor's letter.

As to party disquisition upon Irish affairs, it is to be remarked that no organ even of the most Radical part of the Whigs ventures to advocate repeal. Still Mr. O'Connell is excused. The Whigs are placed in rather an awkward predicament in this matter. No hardihood of prevarication, or ingenuity of wriggling, can get them out of their distinct and oft-reiterated pledges to uphold the union. On the other hand they have been too deeply implicated with Mr. O'Connell—too much bound to him in times past, and with too much hope of his assistance in time to come, to make it politic for them to cast any blame upon him. They therefore excuse him, after their manner, by assuming that he does not in the least mean what he says, and that, while he agitates nominally for a repeal of the union, the mode by which that agitation may be subdued is to repeal the Protestant Church in Ireland! This is a curious sort of explanation, and no doubt very creditable to Mr. O'Connell's honesty and candor; no less so than the assurance of the same high journalizing authority that though Mr. O'Connell boasts that he will effect repeal by peaceful agitation and by strictly legal means, it is absurd to suppose that he really contemplates the possibility of repealing the union by any other method than that of physical force. It strikes me that nothing can be more disgusting, after the experience which the Protestants of Ireland and of Great Britain have had, than the suggestion that it would be wise to surrender the Established Church in Ireland in order to satisfy the longings of Mr. O'Connell and his party. The baseness of such a surrender, if it could be exceeded by any thing, would be exceeded by the folly of supposing that such a concession to rabble intimidation, would put an end to that intimidation, and the demands which are attempted to be enforced by it. Do the Whigs suppose that the Protestants of the empire are such miserable dolts and drivellers—so totally bereft of all sense and memory as to be betrayed and cheated over and over again, by the same coarse arts, and the same false protestations of the same men? Are we to forget that all manner of men, Irish orators, and English Whig wits, lawyers, and legislators, writers of pamphlets, and writers of newspapers, and writers of songs, all joined in the chorus, which for years was dinned into our ears, that the Romanists wanted nothing but relief from civil disabilities, and that being emancipated all jealousy of the Established Church would cease? Did it not come to pass at last, that a man dared scarcely utter his apprehension that if the Romanists gained political power they would direct it against the church establishment, so ready were all the smartest talkers and writers in the kingdom, to be down upon the hapless utterer of such an apprehension—to abuse him as a bigot, to ridicule him as a fool—to hold him up to scorn and derision as a person incapable of reasoning forward from cause to effect, or backward from effect to cause? And yet it turns out that the apprehension was perfectly well-founded, and that the concession to the Romanists, far from satisfying them, has made them ten times more vehement in their complaints than they were before. It has turned out that the political power granted to the Irish Romanists has been incessantly directed against the Established Church, and at length we are told that to prevent Ireland from being wrested altogether from the British empire, the Established Church in Ireland must be surrendered as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of the Irish Romanist monster, or, as the Whigs have it, "the church grievance" must be abolished!

But this new Whig plan of propitiating Mr. O'Connell and restoring peace to Ireland, is but of a piece with the whole dastardly course of their conduct since 1834—a course of conduct than which nothing could possibly be more disgraceful, unless it be the extraordinary impudence with which they now pretend that by the wisdom of *their* government Ireland was kept tranquil. Why, their whole secret consisted in an absolute surrender to the great mob-master, Mr. O'Connell—a surrender which was begun, continued, and consummated, not from any regard to Irish tranquillity, but from considerations affecting *the political state of parties in England.* That it began with this object, Earl Grey has himself distinctly affirmed, in giving an account of the base intrigue which led to his abandonment of the government. He stated in his place in parliament that he had received a private letter from the lord lieutenant containing matters which appeared to have been suggested not so much by any original view taken of the state of Ireland, as by certain considerations which were suggested to the lord lieutenant from England, without his (Lord Grey's) knowledge or concurrence—considerations affecting rather the political state of parties in England, than of Ireland. This was the first fruit of the intrigue with O'Connell, which, being undertaken by Mr. Littleton, shortly after Mr. O'Connell had posted Mr. Littleton's party through Europe as "the base, brutal, and bloody Whigs," soon made the able agitator their fast and most influential friend, while it lost them Lord Grey.

To judge of the gross and shameless conduct of the Whigs, who now boast to have had the welfare of Ireland so much at heart, and to have governed it so well, it will be useful to take a rapid glance at the history of affairs in 1834. At the commencement of the session of that year, King William the Fourth from his throne in the House of Lords—I heard him *hisce auribus*, and well I remember the emphasis with which he spoke—stated the *just indignation* which he felt at the continuance of attempts to excite the people of Ireland to demand a repeal of the legislative union. In the summer of that year, Earl Grey proposed a renewal of the Irish coercion act, and, alluding to the speeches of political agitators, said it was impossible for any one to suppose that these political harangues, as they were called, could be addressed to the people without stirring up among them a general spirit of resistance to the constituted authorities, and of disobedience to the laws, which broke out in excesses such as had been witnessed in Ireland, and which it was the object of the coercion bill to prevent.

The further summary of parliamentary history connected with this matter I shall copy from Dr. O'Sullivan's "Case of the Protestants of Ireland." They who would form a proper estimate of the honesty of the Whigs in Irish matters, should never forget this little history.

"On July 3d, Mr. O'Connell demanded of the chief secretary for Ireland, whether the statement in the newspapers, that the renewal of the coercion bill in its present form had been advised and called for by the Irish government, was correct? He asked also whether it was the secretary's intention to bring the bill into the House of Commons, and on learning that whoever brought it in, Mr. Littleton would vote for it, observed in words not to be forgotten, 'then, I have been exceedingly deceived by the right honorable gentleman.' It was upon this occasion that memorable altercation between these honorable members amazed the reformed House of Commons, and gave rise to discussions, in which the secret proceedings by which Earl Grey was circumvented became to some extent exposed. Mr. Littleton, after consultation with Lord Althorp, had confided to Mr. O'Connell his belief that the forthcoming coercion bill was not to contain a clause enabling government to put down political agitation. Mr. O'Connell, relying on the right honorable secretary's communication, suffered the government to proceed on its way unmolested. Mr. Littleton had communicated in confidence also with the lord lieutenant of Ireland, and endeavored to procure from him a recantation of the opinion he had officially announced, that without the disputed power he could not carry on the government; Lord Wellesley, in compliance with this clandestine suggestion, declared that he would endeavor to content himself with the mutilated bill—that he would, in short, halt on as well as he could by the aid of the broken reed that was prepared for him. This, also, without the knowledge of Lord Grey, or even of Lord Althorp, Mr. Littleton confided to the Liberator. The consequence was, the retirement of the head of the government—the abandonment of the obnoxious clause in the coercion bill—*the adoption of a policy of which Mr. O'Connell approved*—and finally it is said, to that gentleman a large increase of 'rent'—and to Mr. Littleton, a peerage. Mr. O'Connell, as soon as Earl Grey had been actually displaced, was willing to condole with Mr. Littleton, whom he had previously accused of falsehood, and wished that a double share of blame should fall upon him, rather than that the secretary should be censured. There is little more to be said. The combined indiscretion of these two gentlemen prevailed, like a successful stratagem, against Earl Grey. They have each had their reward—*ille crucem, hic diadema.* The one has the coins—and the other, a title."

Such was the commencement of that O'Connell alliance, to which the Melbourne government was indebted for six years of place—as base an intrigue as ever disgraced a party: and this is what is now alluded to, within parliament, and without, as the kind and careful policy of the Whigs for the benefit of Ireland! From that time to the overthrow of the Whigs in 1841, (with the short interval of Sir Robert Peel's first administration,) the Whig government of Ireland was O'Connell's government; and the mobs were comparatively quiet, because the masters of the mobs had their "consideration." Is this a system that Irishmen of honor and patriotism, should wish to see revived? Never.

The English public have no definite notions on the subject of the causes of Irish discontent. Whether they will be more enlightened on the point after the discussion of Mr. Smith O'Brien's motion on the 27th instant, I shall not now anticipate. That gentleman has given notice that he will move on the 27th for a committee of the whole house to consider those causes. A feasible project truly, at the end of June! Such a committee would afford the House of Commons three months' work at the least, though it did nothing else during the time. But Mr. Smith O'Brien knows very well he will get no committee. He will only have a night's, or perhaps two nights', debate upon Irish grievances, and his motion will be negatived, leaving the subject in the same confused maze of contradiction which envelopes it at present. When the subject of Irish grievances is started in any mixed company of the English middle classes, the first inquiry is, " What taxes do they pay?" And when it is answered that they pay no income tax, no assessed taxes, no taxes on horses, carriages, servants, or windows, that it is only lately they have heard of poor rates, and that church rates are not paid by the public, but out of the ecclesiastical funds, they find it hard to swallow the tale of Irish grievances. They may be very dull in this respect, but this is their way. They do not understand what pressure there can be in grievances which they call imaginary. If you mention " the grievance of the Irish church" to any but hot partizans who have gathered their views from the Radical newspapers, they ask, " who pays?" " Has the church funds of its own, as in England?" Yes. " Are the dissenters from the Established Church called upon for rates to keep churches in repair?" No. " Well, then, you have no right to talk of grievance, as regards the church." Such is their conclusion. How far it is a reasonable one, I leave you to judge.

There are people here, however, (with whom I agree,) who think that Ireland suffers under the grievance of a well-meaning, but an erroneous and uncongenial government. They say that the civil government of the country has the faults of weakness and ambiguity, and that it acts in such a manner that no considerable portion of the Irish public reposes in it that warmth of confidence, which is necessary to the satisfaction of the Irish people. They say (and I think justly,) that the Irish are constitutionally disposed to look upon all persons connected with them either as friends or as foes, and that they can as little comprehend a cold, neutral government, as the English can comprehend the quick, imaginative, humorous, passionate character of the Irish, which appears even in the conduct of grave affairs. They say that such a government is a mistake, and that Ireland requires a strong, fervent, intelligible government. Many to whom one states this think that what one really means is a violent, harsh, tyrannical government of the favored few over the unfavored many. I am sure that I, for one, mean no such thing. I abhor tyranny and truculence, let who will attempt to indulge in either the one or the other: but I think there might be a government at once resolute and kind—at once decided in principle and forbearing in practice—at once a terror to evil-doers, and an encourager and benefactor of those who do well—a government that would despise conciliation with knaves and bullies, and that would show kindness and fostering care to honest industry and faithful obedience, though it were ever so humble. I think that such a government as this might even now put down repeal of the union agitation, and do so without bloodshed or military force.

Believe me, dear Mac Shane,

Yours very truly,

TERENCE O'ROURK.

St. Giles's, London, June 15, 1843.

BRITISH POSSESSION OF THE ISLANDS OF HAWAII.—The publication of the official correspondence relative to the British possession of the Hawaii Islands throws a totally new light upon the case: the islands have not really been ceded to Great Britain, but only given up to the possession of a British officer as a kind of pledge, with the expectation that they will be returned to the rightful sovereign. It would have been quite as easy at first to describe the transaction as it really occurred, instead of raising false alarms and expectations. It appears that certain British subjects have claims for compensation and the like on the Hawaiian Government. Captain Lord GEORGE PAULET, backed by a war-ship, demanded the satisfaction of those claims; and the King, though protesting that the nature of the law prevented his compliance, did comply; at the same time referring the case, with much appearance of ingenuous reliance on British justice and generosity, to the decision of our Government: subsequently, he declared compliance impossible; yet he did not retract, but instead surrendered the island into the possession of Lord GEORGE, until the settlement of the reference to this Government. Here are obviously two questions anterior to that of ratifying the treaty of cession,—the justice of the British claims; and the justice of Lord GEORGE PAULET's method of enforcing those claims, a method alleged to be incompatible with the law of the land. If either of the questions be settled against Lord GEORGE, the cession is *ipso facto* void: if they are settled against King KAMEHAMEHA the Third, still it does not follow that we ought to take his land, instead of helping to some other method of satisfaction more practicable under Hawaiian law. There is therefore as yet no question of "ratifying" a cession; it may never arise; and it would not be becoming in this Government unduly or ungenerously to urge it. Justice should first be fully and freely extended to the Polynesian King—more than justice, both because he is weak and because he confides in the magnanimity of the strong. Nevertheless, principles which we have frequently urged should not be lost sight of: all parts of Polynesia will one day belong to European races; and it is not incumbent in us to waive fair opportunities of securing our share, by direct cession or reversion.—*Spectator.*

MESMERISM.

From the Spectator.

Next after Nonintrusionism and Repeal, Mesmerism numbers the most fervid votaries.

In Paris, we learn from a correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, there are professional "somnambules," who make a livelihood by exhibiting themselves under the influence of the mesmeric manipulations, at private parties. They are of all ranks, in order that the bienséances may not be violated by having a grisette magnetized on the sofa of a dutchess. Though not to the same extent, something of the same kind is practised in London. The mesmerizer is generally attended on public occasions by one unchanging mesmerizee; and some of these cataleptic pincushions are suspected to have been "rather hard up" before they took to this line of business. From a provincial paper we learn that Dr. Elliotson has had, or is to have, the honor of exhibiting before a party of the Queen Dowager's Maids of Honor, who have "openly and unhesitatingly" avowed themselves converts to mesmerism—her Majesty's Maids of Honor being, of course, high authorities on a physiological question.

But if fashionable mesmerism has not attained the éclat in this capital which marks its progress in Paris, popular mesmerism in the provinces has reached a degree of intense excitement unparalleled in France. Mesmeric "classes for the million" are being organized à la Hullah. In Glasgow, seven-and-thirty mesmeric patients "all in a row" have been exhibited at once, in the largest hall of the city, to a crowded audience. Young ladies have been kept sitting in the cataleptic trance "an hour by Shrewsbury clock," with their legs stuck straight out before them, and in other comical attitudes; young gentlemen in a state of somnambulism have been attracted by a flower, backwards and forwards, across a stage, as a swan of white wax with a needle in its belly is drawn by a magnet across a basin of water; and the wondering spectators have applauded all the while, with an earnestness and sincerity equal to that with which the "galleries" in the General Assembly cheered the evacuation of the hall by the seceding ministers and elders.

The follies of fashion and popular excitement cannot convert a truth they may run after for a time into a falsehood; but they are absurd and mischievous in themselves, and they never promoted a discovery. The exclusive mesmerizers of the salons and the gaping crowds of public exhibitions are alike in search of excitement, and nothing more. These reunions are something like the melodramatic displays of poor Edward Irving, before daylight of a cold frosty morning, by one glimmering taper placed on the pavement of the chapel—for that too, and the gift of the unknown tongues, were phases of mesmerism; and their consequences can at best be but the same—the unsettling the reason of some of the more excitable among those who take part in them. The mesmeric phenomena (admitting their reality) are the result of disease—the result of a derangement of the normal state of the human constitution. To hope to derive insight into the deeper mysteries of nature from the disjointed talk of sleepwalkers, is about as reasonable as to anticipate revelations from the jabbering of maniacs. The exhibition of their antics to crowds of incompetent and excited spectators, is only calculated to spread the contagion. The habit of taking part in such displays inevitably tends to reduce the experimenters to the level of itinerant lecturers on intoxicating gases, the "great Wizard of the North," and others whose sole aim is to produce startling effects. This is not the kind of publicity that affords security against deception. All jugglers, from the high-priest of a false religion down to the manipulator with the pea and thimble, can tell that crowds are more easily deluded than single persons.

As far as the mere physical symptoms go, enough has been confidently affirmed to entitle them to the serious investigation of physiologists. As to what is told of patients in the stage of "clairvoyance," and their intuitive powers of knowledge, Dr. Elliotson is, it seems, of opinion, that in this condition such an irresistible taste for lying is developed in the patient, as renders it necessary to receive all his (or her) statements with considerable skepticism. With regard to the mesmeric phenomena, as with regard to every subject of observation, it is advisable to learn the elements of a science before venturing upon its most abstruse and complicated problems. It may also be advisable to keep in view a weighty observation of the late Sir Charles Bell—that in studying the living subject, *observation* is far more to be relied upon than *experiment*. Mesmerism is merely an artificial method of producing the phenomena of somnambulism, which are in some developed by a natural process. The physiologist who patiently and attentively watches the phases of the spontaneous disease, may be certain that he sees *Nature* working: he who by artificial means creates it, knows not what allowance he ought to make for forcible derangement of function.

The mesmeric phenomena, it is said with some plausibility, threw light upon much that was inexplicable in old authenticated stories of priestly oracles, demoniacal possession, witchcraft, &c. If the remark is correct, it only shows that mesmerism has been long enough an engine of quacks: not much will be gained by taking it out of the hands of the jugglers of the idolatrous altar and sorcerer's cave, to place it in the hands of the jugglers of the theatre and conjuror's booth. It is too sharp an edge-tool to be made a plaything of. That the magnetic sleep has been made the means of alleviating the pain of disease and facilitating the transition from sickness to health, may be conceded; and yet, even in the case of the regular physician,

> "Scarce we praise his venturous part
> Who tampers with such dangerous art."

But when this inversion or perversion of the physical functions is practised for the mere gratification of idle curiosity, we ought to apprize the unwary, that this is culpable trifling with an agent which has often irremediably shattered the constitution of individuals and distressed the peace of families.

SMITH'S PRODUCTIVE FARMING.*

From Tait's Magazine.

This well-digested Treatise comes out exactly as a work of the sort is urgently required for the instruction, and also for the comfort and encouragement of the farmer. With the vague undefined terror of the utter ruin which Corn-law abolition is to produce hanging over him, and while suffering under the Tariff panic, together with the real evils of exorbitant rents and fluctuating markets, the British Farmer now more than ever requires to be told how he may retrieve his affairs and improve his future condition. This is to be done simply by rendering his acres more productive, by means of improved principles of husbandry, originating in the discoveries of science and philosophically applied to the cultivation of the soil. In the Introductory Observations to this Treatise, Mr. Smith contrasts the rapid, the indeed marvellous progress of all sorts of manufactures within the last half century, from the discoveries of chemical and mechanical science, with the stagnant condition of agriculture,—with, in other words, the *manufacture* of corn and of the other kinds of food. Within that period, the steam-engine and the jenny have, in manufactures, taken the place of manual and animal labor, of the primitive hand-loom and the spinning-wheel, and with an increased power of production which it is not easy to calculate; while the sons of the soil, who ought to have made some effort to keep pace with the march of improvement, still plod on through winter's cold and summer's heat, reaping not much more than the same quantity of produce which their forefathers did five hundred years ago. And yet this writer contends that the limits of the earth's fertility are no more to be permanently fixed than the powers of manufacturing productiveness. Both are alike under the dominion of mind. Nor will any one deny that the ultimate limits of the earth's fertility are only, from the still imperfect lights of science, but beginning to be guessed at. Mr. Smith remarks,—

> Half a century sufficed to Europeans, not only to equal, but to surpass the Chinese in the arts and manufactures; and this was owing merely to the application of correct principles deduced from the study of chemistry. But how infinitely inferior is the agriculture of Europe, even of boasted England, to that of China! The Chinese are the most admirable gardeners and trainers of plants, for each of which they understand how to prepare and apply the best adapted manure. . . . Patient observation of results, and a ready adoption of really useful plans; steady persistence, not in antiquated methods and notions, but in all that has been found by experience to be beneficial,—have raised the agriculture of that country, long ago, to a position which would rapidly, nay, instantly, be ours, if science were permitted to achieve for us that which, with them, has been the slow growth of centuries of experiment. The soil of England offers inexhaustible resources, which, when properly appreciated and employed, must increase our wealth, our population, and our physical strength. The same energy of character, the same extent of resources, which have always distinguished Englishmen, and made them excel in arms, commerce, and learning, only require to be strongly directed to agriculture, to insure the happiest effects. We possess advantages, in the use of machinery and the division of labor, peculiar to ourselves; and these having been mainly instrumental in aiding one great division of human industry, we are justified in the assertion, that the steam-engine and machinery has not done more for trade, than science and skill, in various ways, may do for land.

There is, at the present distressing crisis, cheering and consolation for all classes of society in the spirit of these remarks. The treatise which they introduce is, strictly speaking, a judicious compilation. It is, perhaps, its distinguishing merit that it is so, and that from its pages the practical farmer may obtain such a degree of insight into those general principles upon which all successful cultivation rests, as will awaken his mind to the necessity of farther inquiry, besides informing it. The Lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy on the Chemistry of Agriculture, and those of Dr. Mason Good, the writings of Johnston the agriculturist, and, above all, the important views more recently unfolded by Professor Liebig, are presented to the farmer in a condensed form, and stripped of those technicalities in which men of science sometimes invest their discoveries, as if to veil them from the uninitiated, or the men of plain sense and plain education. A more useful work could not therefore be given to the practical farmer, than this brief and lucid exposition of the first principles of his art, and of their results in increased production. The treatise is divided into thirteen chapters, the earlier ones being more purely scientific, while the

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* Productive Farming; or a Familiar Digest of the Recent Discoveries of Liebig, Davy, and other celebrated writers on Vegetable Chemistry; showing how the results of English Tillage might be greatly Augmented. By Joseph A. Smith. Edinburgh: Tait. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

latter chapters are strictly practical. To give an idea of the nature and objects of the work, we shall, at random, cite a few detached sentences from its practical department :—

FALLOWING.

Let us premise that Mr. Smith patronizes no systematic fallows. He shows how the necessity for them may, in all cases, be obviated.

The *exhaustion of alkalies* in a soil by successive crops is the true reason why practical farmers *suppose* themselves *compelled* to suffer land to lie fallow. It is the greatest possible mistake to think that the temporary diminution of fertility in a field is chiefly owing to the loss of the decaying vegetable matter it previously contained: it is principally the consequence of the exhaustion of potash and soda, which are restored by the slow process of the more complete disintegration of the materials of the soil. It is evident that the careful tilling of fallow land must accelerate and increase this further breaking up of its mineral ingredients. Nor is this repose of the soil always necessary. A field, which has become unfitted for a certain kind of produce, may not, *on that account*, be unsuitable for another; and upon this observation a system of agriculture has been gradually formed, the principal object of which is to obtain the greatest possible produce in a succession of years, with the least outlay for manure. Because plants require for their growth different constituents of soil, changing the crop from year to year will maintain the fertility of that soil (provided it be done with judgment) quite as well as leaving it at rest or fallow. In this we but imitate nature. The oak, after thriving for long generations on a particular spot, gradually sickens; its entire race dies out; other trees and shrubs succeed it, till, at length, the surface becomes so charged with an excess of dead vegetable matter, that the forest becomes a peat moss, or a surface upon which no large tree will grow. Generally long before this can occur, the operation of natural causes has gradually removed from the soil substances essential to the growth of oak, leaving others favorable and necessary to the growth of beech or pine. So, in practical farming, one crop in artificial rotation with others, extracts from the soil a certain quantity of necessary inorganic matters; a second carries off, in preference, those which the former had left, and neither could nor would take up.

Experience proves that *wheat* should not be attempted to be raised *after wheat* on the same soil; for, like tobacco, it *exhausts* the soil. But, if "humus," decaying vegetable matter, gives it the power of producing corn, how happens it that, in soils formed in large proportion of mouldered wood, the corn-stalk attains no strength, and droops permanently? The cause is this: the strength of the stalk is due to *silicate of potash*, and the corn requires *phosphate of magnesia;* neither of which substances a soil of decaying vegetable matter can afford, since it does not contain them: the plant may, indeed, under such circumstances, become an herb, but will bear no seeds. We say phosphate of magnesia is necessary;—the small quantities of the phosphates found in peas and beans is the cause of their *comparatively* small value as articles of nourishment, since they surpass all other vegetable food in the quantity of *nitrogen* they contain. But as the component parts of bone, namely, phosphate of lime and magnesia, are absent in beans and peas, they satisfy appetite without increasing the strength.

Again, how does it happen that wheat does not flourish on a sandy soil, and that a limestone soil is also unsuitable, unless mixed with a considerable quantity of clay? Evidently because these soils do not contain potash and soda, (always found in clay;) the growth of wheat being arrested by this circumstance, even should all other requisite substances be presented in abundance. It is because they are mutually prejudicial by appropriating the alkalies of the soil, that wormwood will not thrive where wheat has grown, nor wheat where wormwood has been.

One hundred parts of wheat straw yield 15½ of ashes; the same quantity of barley straw, 8½; of oat straw, only 4: the ashes of the three are, chemically, of the same composition. Upon the same field which will yield only one harvest of wheat, two successive crops of barley may be raised, and three of oats. We have, in these facts, a clear proof of what is abstracted from the soil, and, consequently, what plants require for their growth,—a key to the *rational* mode of supplying the deficiency.

Potash is not the *only* substance requisite for the existence of most plants; indeed it may be replaced, in some cases, by soda, magnesia, or lime; but other substances are required also.

We cannot go farther on this topic. Let us take another and more limited case of agricultural economy, guided by science.

The offensive carbonate of ammonia in close stables is very injurious to the eyes and lungs of horses, as the army veterinary surgeons are well able to testify. They adapt measures to carry it off by ventilation and cleanliness. If the floors of stables or cow-sheds were strewed with common gypsum, they would lose all their offensive and injurious smell, and none of the ammonia which forms could be lost, but would be retained in a condition serviceable as manure. This composition, swept from the stable floor, nearly constitutes what is sold under the denomination of *urate*. Manufacturers of this material state, that three or four hundred-weight of urate form sufficient manure for an acre: a far more promising adventure for a practical farmer will be to go to some expense in saving his own liquid manure, and, after mixing it with burnt gypsum, to lay it abundantly upon his corn-lands. For, in this way, he may use as much gypsum as will absorb the whole of the urine. . . .

We have already alluded to the loss sustained by the fermentation of dung-heaps. As we observed, in an earlier section, when it is considered that, with *every pound of ammonia* which evaporates, a loss of *sixty pounds* of corn is sustained, and that, with every pound of urine, a pound of wheat might be produced, the indifference with which liquid refuse is allowed to run to waste is quite incomprehensible. That it should be allowed to expend its ammonia by fermentation in the dung-heap, and evaporation into the atmosphere, is ascribable solely to *ignorance* of the elementary outliness of that science which hitherto the practical farmer has thought it no disgrace, but rather an honor to publish, glorying in his utter disregard of all bookish knowledge, and substituting his own notions of wasteful and vague experience, for the calm deductions of sound and rational investigation. . . . . . It is by no means difficult to prevent the destructive fermentation and heating of farm-yard compost. The surface should be defended from the oxygen of the atmosphere. A compact marl, or a tenacious clay, offers the best protection against the air; and before the dung is covered over, or, as it were, sealed up, it should be dried as much as possible. If the dung be found at any time to heat strongly, it should be turned over, and cooled by exposure to air. Watering dung-hills is sometimes recommended for checking the process of putrefaction, and the consequent escape of ammonia; but this practice is not consistent with correct chemistry. It may cool the dung for a short time; but moisture is a principal agent in all processes of decomposition. Water, or moisture, is as necessary to the change as air; and to supply it to reeking dung, is to supply an agent which will hasten its decay.

If a thermometer, plunged into the dung, does not rise much above blood-heat, there is little danger of the escape of ammonia. When a piece of paper, moistened with spirit of salt, or muriatic acid, held over the steams arising from a dung-hill, gives dense fumes, it is a certain test that decomposition is going too far; for this indicates that ammonia is not only formed, but is escaping to unite with the acid in the shape of sal-ammoniac.

When dung is to be preserved for any time, the situation in which it is kept is of importance. It should, if possible, be defended from the sun. To preserve it under sheds would be of great use, or to make the site of a dung-hill on the north side of a wall. The floor on which the dung is heaped, should, if possible, be paved with flat stones; and there should be a little inclination from each side towards the centre, in which there should be drains, connected with a small well, furnished with a pump, by which any fluid matter may be collected for the use of the land. It too often happens, that a heavy, thick, extractive fluid is suffered to drain away from the dung-hill, so as to be entirely lost to the farm.

EXAMINATION AND IMPROVEMENT OF SOILS.

In ascertaining the composition of barren soils with a view to their productiveness, or of partially unproductive land in order to its amendment, they should be compared with fertile soils in the same neighborhood, and in similar situations; as the difference of composition will, in most cases, indicate the proper methods of improvement. For instance, if, on washing a portion of sterile soil, it be found to contain largely any salt of iron, or any acid matter, it may be ameliorated with quicklime, which removes the sourness, or, in other words, combines with and neutralizes the acid. For though pure fresh burnt caustic lime is injurious to vegetation, yet, in combination with acids, (as in chalk,) it proves eminently serviceable. A soil, apparently of good texture, was put into the hands of Sir Humphrey Davy for examination, said to be remarkable for its unfitness for agricultural purposes; he found it contained sulphate of iron, or green copperas, and offered the obvious remedy of top-dressing with lime, which decomposes the sulphate. So, if there be an excess of lime, in any form, in the soil, it may be removed by the application of sand or clay. Soils too abundant in sand are benefited by the use of clay or marl, or vegetable matter. To a field of light sand that had been much burnt up by a hot summer, the application of peat was recommended as a top-dressing; it was attended not only with immediate advantage, but the good effects were permanent. A deficiency of vegetable or animal matter is easily discoverable, and may as easily be supplied by manure. On the other hand, an excess of *vegetable* matter may be removed by paring and burning, or by the application of *earthy* materials, &c., &c. . . . . . From what has been already said, it will be easily evident, that the beneficial effect of the burnt ash is chiefly owing to the ready supply of *inorganic* and saline material it yields to the seeds which may afterwards be scattered there; besides which, the roots of weeds and poorer grasses, if not exterminated by the paring, are so far injured as to lead to their death and subsequent decomposition.

DRAINING.

The improvement of *peats* or *bogs*, or marsh lands, must be preceded by DRAINING; stagnant water being injurious to all the nutritive classes of plants. Soft black peats, when drained, are often made productive by the mere application of sand or clay as a top-dressing. *The first step to be taken, in order to increase the fertility of nearly all the improvable lands in Great Britain, is to* DRAIN *them.* So long as they remain *wet*, they will continue to be *cold*. Where too much water is present in the soil, that food of the plant which the soil supplies is so much diluted and weakened that the plant is of necessity scantily nourished. By the removal of the superfluous water, the soil crumbles, becomes less stiff and tenacious, air and warmth gain ready access to the roots of the growing plant; the access of air (and consequently of the carbonic acid which the atmosphere freely supplies) being an essential element in the healthy growth of the most important vegetable productions. Every one knows, that when water is applied to the bottom of a flower-pot full of soil, it will gradually find its way to the surface, however light that soil may be: so, in sandy soils or subsoils in the open field. If water abound at the depth of a few feet, or if it so

> abound at certain seasons of the year, such water will rise to the surface; and as the sun's heat causes it to dry off, more water will rise to supply its place. This attraction from beneath will always go on most strongly when the air is dry and warm, and so a double mischief will ensue: the soil will be kept cold and wet; and instead of a free passage of air downwards about the growing roots, there will be established a constant current of water upwards. Of course, the remedy for all this is an *efficient system of drainage.*

The following judicious observations are found in a very brief chapter on Advertised "Mineral Fertilizers" for the soil; which, in their vaunted universality of useful application, Mr. Smith seems to hold in about the same relative value as fashionable quack pills for all manner of diseases. He lays down, that "fertilizers" which do not either add to the soil what it originally wanted, or what has been abstracted from it by previous cropping, must do more harm than good. Yet he sees many advantages that may result from the skilful use of these "fertilizers." There must, however, in the first place, be a close examination of the soil, to ascertain the kind of medicament or sustenance that it requires,—and then

> Let us suppose that this is done, and that an artificial saline or mineral compost is judiciously and accurately put together, either to meet the deficiency, or added to a tolerably good soil to increase its fertility. The advantages of its use are not overstated in a recent pamphlet.
>
> 1st. It is cheap, compared with its value: a twenty shilling cask will supply an acre.
>
> 2d. It is light and easily carried, when compared with carting manure.
>
> 3d. It is suitable for small holders who cannot afford soiling, or keeping of cattle for making dung-heaps.
>
> 4th. It enables a tenant-at-will to take a good crop out of done-out land, if his landlord refuse to renew.
>
> 5th. It furnishes to barren land such food for plants as had been deficient; such defects of one or more substances being, *in general*, the cause of sterility.
>
> 6th. It enables the cultivator to extract ten times as much vegetable aliment for his plants from the soil, and from other manure, as they could otherwise, in most cases, yield.

But yet all these advantages remain to be tested in every case by individual experience.

> The *constitution* of a *soil*, like the *constitution* of a *horse*, or a human being, requires to be known and understood, if we would prescribe otherwise than at random, expensively, unprofitably, or injuriously, either for the diseases of the one, or for the deficiencies of the other.
>
> Many conditions are necessary for the life and growth of plants. Each kind requires special conditions; and should but one of these be wanting, although all the rest be supplied, the plants will not be brought to maturity. It is in vegetable as in animal life; a mother crams her child exclusively with arrow-root; it becomes fat, it is true; but alas! it is rickety, and gets its teeth very slowly and with difficulty. Mamma is ignorant, or never thinks that her offspring cannot make bone, or what is the same thing, phosphate of lime, the principal bulk of bone, out of starch. It does its best; and were it not for a little milk and bread, perhaps now and then a little meat and soup, it would have no bones and no teeth at all. Farmers keep *poultry;* and what is true of fowls, is true of a cabbage, a turnip, or an ear of wheat. If we mix with the food of fowls a sufficient quantity of egg-shells, or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay many more eggs than before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs; but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be. A fowl, with the best will in the world, not finding any lime in the soil, nor mortar from walls, nor calcareous matter in her food, is incapacitated from laying any eggs at all. Let farmers lay such facts as these, which are matter of common observation, to heart, and transfer the analogy, as they justly may do, to the habits of plants, which are as truly alive, and answer as closely to evil or judicious treatment as their own horses.

GUANO.

> The barren soil on the coast of Peru is rendered fertile by means of a manure called Guano, which is collected from several islands in the South Sea. It forms a layer several feet in thickness upon the surface of these islands, and consists of the putrid excrements of innumerable sea-fowl that remain on them during the breeding season. This substance has recently been imported in large quantities into England; and its fertilizing powers are very extraordinary. Its price, about £18 per ton, is a serious objection; and since the nitrogen it contains forms its principal recommendation, doubtless other matters nearer home will not be wasted, or their value remain unknown and disregarded, as to a great extent they have been. As to the practical results of the application of Guano, an intelligent agriculturist in the neighborhood of Hamburg has forwarded the annexed remarks to the Editor of the *Gardener's Chronicle.* He observes that "Most of the experiments with guano in the vicinity of this city have been made on meadows and lawns. On these it has produced the best possible effects; so that, for instance, at Flottbeck, the patches manured with guano presented not only a finer and darker green, but the grass was closer and more rich; so that, comparing it with patches not guanized, the produce of the former may, without exaggeration, be stated to be double. To give an idea of the extraordinary forcing qualities of guano, we may mention, that at Flottbeck, on a spot of grass managed after the English fashion, the second cutting of the grass was necessarily five days after the first; while the grass growing close by, (which had not been

guanized,) although healthy and vigorous, required double the time to arrive at the same state of progress. It deserves to be stated as something remarkable, that on the guanized spot, the dew appeared in the morning much stronger on the tops of the leaves, than on the part unguanized. In an experiment made by M. Staudinger on a barren hill, composed of granite or quartz, the guanized spot exhibited a dark bluish green sward, while round about nothing but barrenness was to be seen. If, therefore, a land owner wishes to cover bleak hungry pasture in a short time with nutritious grass for cattle or sheep, the guano certainly is the thing to do it. It would not only produce a plentiful fodder in the autumn, where cattle can be well nourished and prepared for the winter, but such guanized pasture will bring a heavy crop early in the spring. Guano has also been used advantageously on a sour meadow, overgrown with horsetails; and it produced, instead of reeds and bulrushes, a dense turf of sweet grass, and the horsetail almost disappeared. Thus, in the first place, more grass is obtained, which may be put down as double the former crops; and then the grass is very much improved in quality. Of course good drainage must be attended to on each meadow, if the result is expected to be complete. In using guano we must be careful to pulverize it well; because, on account of its tenacity, it will form into lumps, and on places where it lies too thick, it will burn the grass, although subsequently, even on such places a luxuriant herbage will spring up. Experiments with guano on spring crops have been as successful at Flottbeck, with both wheat and rye, as on the above meadow. The wheat manured in the spring with guano is much superior to that manured in the ordinary way, both in grain and straw. The following experiment was tried on a spot of almost blowing sand: 'On the 18th March, several square rods in the above locality, planted with winter rye, were strewed with guano. The spot thus manured was in a short time not only conspicuous for its dark green color, but the tiller became so luxuriant as to cover the whole surface. Notwithstanding a drought of two months, the guanized crops remained in the same flourishing condition; whilst the other rye standing close by had a weak and sickly appearance. Subsequently the former attained the height of five or six feet, with ears five inches long, with strong plump grain; whilst the latter were scarcely half that height in straw, and their ears were barren and empty.' This experiment speaks in favor of guano in preference to other manure in another respect. If a light sandy soil like the above is manured too much with common dung, and if there follows a luxuriant vegetation, with dark green foliage, we may be sure that, if there be subsequently any long drought, or sudden change of temperature from great heat to intense cold, rust will follow as a matter of course; whilst, in the above experiment, notwithstanding a nine-weeks' drought, and some intervening nights' frost, the growth of the guanized rye was uniformly good up to the ripening of grain—a sufficient proof that the guano must possess the property of attracting and retaining the fine vapor contained in the air. Hence the fact is to be explained why dew was more apparent on the guanized turf than on that not subjected to that process. As we know that, in general, during the long drought, the action of dung—in fact of every manure—ceases; and as it is light sandy soil which first suffers from drought, it must be evident what valuable manure guano is, not only on pastures, but for winter rye, our chief crop on light land. If an acre of land is dressed with 125 lbs. of guano, an abundant crop of grain and straw will fully repay the expenses incurred. If such a rye-field is laid down in spring with meadow catstail grass (*Phleum pratense*) and white clover, a heavy grass crop in the autumn would still increase the advantages already mentioned. As rape can by no means be too luxuriant, guano would produce an extraordinary result on it."

If a soil consists only of sand and clay, and be deficient of organic matter, or the decaying remnants of animal or vegetable life, it is sufficient, and chemically correct, to add to it guano, in order to insure a plentiful crop. Guano consists of *ammonia* in separate combination with uric, phosphoric, oxalic, and carbonic acids, together with a few earthy salts and some impurities. If guano be the fertilizer employed, it is valuable, chiefly from the ammonia it contains; and ammonia is valuable because one of its elements is nitrogen, which is yielded to the plants.

Mr. Smith goes on to exhort the farmer to preserve and economize all the substances containing nitrogen, and he tells how to prevent the waste of this important constituent of manures.

These random gleanings will enable the reader to judge of the nature and merits of the work—this true "Farmer's Friend." If the book were not brief, and so low-priced as to be accessible to even the humblest individual engaged in agricultural studies or operations, we should deem it a duty to refer to it at greater length. As it is, we earnestly recommend it.

THE COMET AT BURMAH.—March 15. The comet has caused much sensation here. The Mughs consider it to be the harbinger of Divine vengeance; and they declare that the war with the Burmese, or a rebellion in the country, is soon to happen. This comet, they say, is one which they never before have seen—the tail being longer than that of any others which have preceded it, as far as the oldest inhabitants can recollect. The science of astrology is held in high repute by the Arracanese. The astrologers have divided the comets into certain orders, each presaging a different calamity; but the poor fellows are scratching their heads to find out to which of the classes this one belongs.—*Indian Journal.*

HABITS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE BRETONS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Essai sur l'Histoire, la Langue et les Institutions de la Bretagne Armoricaine.* (Essay on the History, Language, and Institutions of Armorican Brittany.) Par Aurélien de Courson. Nantes. 1841.
2. *Notes d'un Voyage dans l'Ouest de la France.* (A Voyage in the West of France.) Par Prosper Merimée, inspecteur-Général des Monumens Historiques de France. Paris. 1836.
3. *Essai sur les Antiquités du Département du Morbihan.* (Essay on the Antiquities of the Department of Morbihan.) Par J. Mahé, Chanoine de la Cathédrale de Vannes, et Membre Correspondant de la Société Académique d'Agriculture, Belles-Lettres, Sciences et Arts de Poitiers. Vannes. 1825.
4. *Les Derniers Bretons.* (The Last Bretons.) Par Emile Souvestre. 4 tom. Paris. 1836.
5. *Antiquités de la Bretagne.* (Antiquities of Brittany.) Par M. le Chevalier de Fremenville, ancien Capitaine des Frégates du Roi, &c. &c., Membre de la Société Royale des Antiquaires de France. Brest. 1837.

WE take it for granted, O Genial Reader, that you have basked in the sunshine of Froissart; that you are familiar with the deeds of such men as De Foix and Du Guesclin; and that you could re-word upon occasion many Saintly legends of the Cross, garnered up reverently in your old reading. We even assume that you have a proper respect for the Genii and the Fairies, and for all the other articles of faith out of which the Imagination of the world, from time immemorial, has formed its own poetical creed. Confiding then in your lore, but above all in your sympathies, we invite you to make an excursion with us into a country where this Antique Belief still colors the practical business of life, moulding, as it did of old, the hearts and habits of the people; a country strewn over with monuments of the past, and haunted with historical memories and fantastic traditions to the last stone of its rocky solitudes. Put on your mountain shoes, and grasp your staff firmly, for we have rugged hill sides to clamber, and shall leave the carriage roads far behind us; striking into the interior amidst the smoke of the dun *chaumires*, and sweeping round by the seashore once pressed by the feet of Druid priestesses, but now abandoned to the funereal surge of the dismal waters, where, according to the respectable testimony of the fishermen, thousands upon thousands of unhappy ghosts may be heard at midnight shrieking for Christian burial.

Let us commence our pilgimage at once with this cluster of tumble-down houses, half stone, half wood and mud, jammed up among hillocks of clay, orchard trees, and the *debris* of Roman walls and Gothic towers. A street runs, or meanders, through the midst; unpaved, irregular and surfy; invaded here and there by a scrap of a courtyard shouldering the causeway; and indented at intervals with clumps of stunted firs, and broken flags, set cornerwise to bind the fluctuating path, through which, in the summer time, tall, melancholy grass mopes upward into the humid air. This is the public way, or high-road; but, with the exception of the narrow strip in the centre, with the sky overhead, it is wholly absorbed by the people on each side. All the houses have workshop sheds or crazy porches projecting far into the street; and here, in the open air, the greater part of the life of the inhabitants is spent. Here the poor beat the corn of their little fields; here they wash, prepare their simple cookery, and spread out their linen to dry. A busy, chattering, squalling place it is. As you pass through you see children seated at the open thresholds eating black bread, and lucky are they, if you can detect a streak of honey on their fingers or lips. In front of the doors are knots of women spinning, and accompanying their monotonous labor with songs or gossip in high treble voices. The old men are all stretched out at full length basking in the sun; and, as evening approaches, the workshop benches are given up to the young girls who crowd round them in eager, picturesque groups, while one of the travelling mendicants, the *trouveurs* of the country, recites a favorite ballad, or trolls out some plaintive airs. The work of the day is over; the bustle and mirthful clamor increases; and as the twilight begins to set in, the young people gather into the *Place*, and, full of riotous animal spirits, are speedily lost in the whirls of their mountain *ronde:* the gayest and noisiest of all national dances. The strange "auld-warld" style of the dresses, the dark back-ground of mixed and crumbling architecture, and the freedom and simplicity by which the whole scene is so strongly marked, might almost tempt the spectator to imagine that he was standing in a city of the middle ages. Nor would the speculation be very wide of the reality; for this is an old Breton town, where the habits and manners, costume and peculiarities of the middle ages, are to this hour carefully preserved.

We have no intention at present of trespassing upon the domain of history, or of discussing any of the moot questions involved in the language or complex antiquities of the ancient Armorica; but, confining ourselves strictly to the living characteristics of the people, we propose to touch upon some points of greater novelty, and of a more popular and interesting nature. The history of Brittany, and the philological researches into her dialects, the battle-ground of so many Gaelic, Welsh, and Irish antiquaries, have already largely occupied the attention of the learned; but we are not aware that the in-door life and superstitions of the Breton peasantry have, as yet, received the consideration they deserve. To these aspects of the subject, not less attractive from their simplicity than their freshness, it is our intention to restrict our observations.

The traveller who keeps to the beaten track, can scarcely hope to learn any thing about Brittany. He must diverge from the main routes, if he would see the people in their primitive and national habits. The high roads are now pretty well macadamized; the principal towns are tolerably well supplied with hotels; the *cuisine* is certainly not quite equal to Verrey's, but you can dine satisfactorily nevertheless; and you can get newspapers and books, and other *agrémens* much as you get them elsewhere. The tourist, therefore, may post easily enough from Brest to Rennes, or sail up the Rance from St. Malo to Dinan, and make a detour to Nantes on his way to Paris, traversing no inconsiderable portion of Brittany: but he will not be a whit the wiser concerning the Bretons. The leisurely Englishman who risks the springs of his carriage on any of these lines, dropping at an hotel, looking about him, and then going home again, will have nothing to report about the country beyond that monotonous buckwheat which, even in its most cultivated sections, distinguishes it from all the rest of France. If he would really see the Brittany of a former age in its yet undisturbed integrity, a people sombre and heavy, with boorish manners and antique costumes, steeped in their old superstitions, speaking their old language, and living in the midst of Celtic monuments and the reliques of feudal and religious pomp, he must penetrate districts remote from the highways, traverse roads impracticable for locomotives, cross marshes, plains, and mountains, and bury himself in scenes that have not yet been swept into the circle of Parisian centralization. Here, and here only, he will find the traditions of the country still subsisting in the faith and usages of the people.

The first thing that strikes the traveller, after his eye has become a little accustomed to the physiognomy of the country, is the vast number of ruins that are scattered over the surface. There is no part of the world, where, within the same compass, such extensive and magnificent reliques of Druidism are to be found. The stones of Carnac, stretching in eleven parallel lines for a distance of upwards of seven miles, have long excited the wonder and admiration of Europe; and there is not a single form of Druidical remains, of which there are not innumerable specimens in various states of preservation. Barrows, galgals, *tombeaux*, and *sacrés*, to use the French phrases, Dolmens, Menhirs, Roches-aux-Fées, Cromlechs, Lichavens, appear to have been showered upon the soil with a profusion for which history assigns neither origin nor use. But while the curiosity of the stranger is intent upon the examination of these stupendous and inexplicable structures, he is still more amazed by the discovery that these Celtic temples, or altars, or graves, or whatever else they may have been, are generally either mixed up with fragments of the feudal ages, or close in the neighborhood of early Christian monuments. This strange association throws open a large and perplexing field of inquiry. Christianity seems to have pursued her triumphs, with bold and rapid steps, into the very recesses and last strongholds of that gigantic idolatry which once exercised so marvellous an influence over the human mind; and in some instances to have wrestled with its sorceries on the very spot where they were enacted. Many of the Druidical localities are connected by exulting tradition with the victories of the Cross; and in not a few cases they are blended together and rendered identical. Thus there is an old legend, still repeated and currently received amongst the peasantry, that the stones of Carnac owe their origin to a heathen army which chased St. Cornelius into the valley, because he had renounced paganism; when, being close pressed and surrounded on all sides, he had recourse to prayer, whereupon the whole host were petrified in their lines as they stood. And near the city of Lannion, there is an enormous Menhir, between twenty and thirty feet in height, crowned with a stone cross, and exhibiting upon the front the passion of Christ carved amongst the usual gross images of the Celtic worship. This intermixture of symbols is carried out still farther in some of the popular superstitions, to which we shall presently refer, in which the sites of the Druidical faith are selected as the special theatres for the performance of Christian miracles.

Of all the provinces of France, Brittany is the richest in the evidences of religious sentiment. The fields, the causeways, the streets, the mountains, are starred with churches, chapels, crosses, images, expiatory monuments, and consecrated chaplets. A notion was entertained on the return of the Bourbons, of restoring the road-side crosses that had been demolished during the revolution; but it was found that the reconstruction of the crosses at the cross-roads in Finisterre alone would cost no less than 1,500,000 francs, and the intention was of course abandoned. The nation could not afford to indulge in so expensive a luxury; but the piety of the Bretons, fortunately did not stand in need of such suggestive helps. It had successfully resisted too many shocks, and survived too much persecution, to require the admonitions of tinsel Virgins, and Saints twice crucified in the agonies of village art.

The sanguinary agents of the revolution had tough work to do in this sturdy province. The struggle in Brittany between the guillotine and the unlettered faith of the people was long and obstinate. The Bretons clung to their religion with unexampled fidelity, until they wearied the guillotine with victims. There was no employment of physical force, no resistance: the population were calm and resolute. Every man's mind was made up to martyrdom, and, with a few insignificant exceptions, the inhabitants of Basse-Bretagne were inaccessible to the terrors or the seductions of power. Throughout the whole of that memorable season of carnage they remained, as one of their graphic historians describes them, on their knees with clasped hands: an attitude which they kept to the end, till the clotted knife fell from the hands of their executioners. The priests and the people were true to each other to the last extremity. In vain the republican committees pronounced the penalty of death against the minister who should celebrate any of the functions of the church. In vain they destroyed the edifices of public worship: "I will pull down your belfries," exclaimed the famous Jean-Bon-Saint-André to the maire of a village, "in order that you may have no more objects to recall to you the superstitions of past times." "You must leave us the stars, and we can see them farther off," was the memorable reply of the enlightened peasant.

A single instance, recorded by Souvestre, will sufficiently illustrate the intrepid devotion of priests and people. At Crozon all the churches were demolished; the priests, tracked day and night, could not find a solitary spot to offer up the mass in security; the villages were filled with soldiers. In this extremity, how did they contrive to perform the offices of religion, to baptize the new-born, to marry the affianced? Listen!

> "Midnight sounds: a flickering light rises at a distance on the sea: the tinkle of a bell is heard half lost in the murmur of the waves. Instantly from every creek, rock, and sinuosity of the beach, long black shadows are seen gliding across the waters. These are the boats of the fishermen freighted with men, women, children, and the aged of both sexes, who direct their course towards the open sea, all steering to the same point. The bell now grows louder, the light becomes more distinct, and at last the object that has drawn this multitude together appears in the midst of the ocean! It is a bark, on the deck of which stands a priest ready to celebrate mass. Assured of having God only for a witness, he has convoked the neighboring parishes to this solemnity, and the faithful people have responded to his call. They are all upon their knees, between the sea rolling heavily beneath, and the heavens above darkened with clouds!"

Can any one imagine a more striking spectacle! Night, the billows, two thousand heads bent lowly round the man standing over this abyss, the chants of the holy office, and, between each response, the awful menaces of the sea murmuring like the voice of God!

It is a natural sequence that a strong attachment, amounting almost to infatuation, should exist between pastors and their flocks who have suffered so much in common; and this attachment, as might be expected, is not unfrequently heightened into fanaticism on the part of the people. The Breton priests occupy the most conspicuous place in the foreground of the picture. They wield an unlimited ascendency over the confiding and sensitive population. Taken direct from the plough, clothed in the coarsest cassocks, with heavy brogues to protect his feet, and a stout stick in his hand, the devoted minister traverses the muddy roads and the most difficult mountain paths, at all seasons of the year, with unflagging zeal, to carry the viaticum to the dying, or offer up prayers for the dead. He is followed everywhere with love and awe. His aid is sought at all times of calamity, and his counsel brings strength and comfort. His sermons possess almost divine authority, and exercise a supernatural power upon his audience. The crowd palpitate under his appeals, like the sea under a storm. They cry aloud, weep, shriek, and fling themselves upon the earth, in that delirium of religious enthusiasm which supervenes upon the undue excitement of the passions to the exclusion of the reason. In all states of society, such exhibitions are deplorable; but in the Breton they are at least natural and sincere, and contribute, in the absence of healthier influences, to regulate and control the simple morality of his life. Sometimes they react upon the priest himself, and convert the apostle of the frenzy into its victim. On one occasion a poor zealot, who had probably become insane through the excitement of his arduous ministry, and who used to sleep at the foot of a stone cross by the roadside through summer and winter, informed the assembled crowd that Christ had appeared to him, and asked him for his left hand. "It is yours, Lord," he answered. "I have kept my promise," he cried to the affrighted congregation, raising his left arm over his head—a stump bandaged with bloody linen: then, in a fit of horrible inspiration, he tore the linen from the reeking wound, and, making a semicircle in the air, flung the streaming blood for ten feet round him on the heads of the people.

Notwithstanding such revolting incidents, however, the relations between the pastor and his flock are productive of important advantages in the existing condition of the population. The Breton has few ideas beyond those revealed to him by religion. He is a man living within the echoes of civilization, yet far enough off not to be able to distinguish its voice. Villemarqué tells us that when he was making his collection of ballads, travelling through all parts of the country, visiting the popular festivals, *pardons*, *veillés*, *fileries*, and fairs, and mixing familiarly with the people, he found to his great astonishment, that they were all well acquainted with their national ballads, but that not one of them could read. In this vast want of mental resources, they are thrown upon their superstitions. Living apart from the rest of the world, and buried in their grim solitudes, they have no reunion except the church. It is their spectacle. The processions and religious ceremonies, the fêtes, and saints' days, and anniversaries, fill up the void of their desires; and to these ends, as the pleasures and graces of their lives, the whole poetical capacity of their nature is directed. Hence, all their customs are tinged, more or less, with religious feeling. Until very recently they had no physicians amongst them; and priests, prayers, and offerings were resorted to in lieu of medicine. At the first indication of disease, at the solemn hour of death, and even long after the grave has received its tenant, the offices of religion are invoked for help and consolation. The dying are soothed with candles and devotions, the dead celebrated in annual fêtes. The morrow of All Saints sees the bereaved family gathered in the common apartment, and, in accordance with a curious and pathetic superstition, they leave some meat upon a table as they retire from the room, under the certain belief that the dead will return to the scene of their household affections to partake of the anniversary repast.

Like all other countries, Brittany has undergone changes, and received the vaccination of knowledge. But there are large districts, upon the confines of which civilization, in our active and accumulated sense of the term, is still arrested by the feudal immobility of the population. These districts are principally comprehended in the departments of Finisterre, Morbihan, and the Côtes-du-Nord; and it is here we must look for these surviving characteristics of the middle ages which confer such peculiar interest upon the people. There are certain minor points of contrast amongst the departments themselves; but in the essential attributes of nationality there is a common agreement. They all have their Druidical remains, and old castles, and traditions connected with them; they all have ballads and balladmongers, lays and superstitions; and wherever you move amongst them, you are sure to fall in with an historical recollection already familiar in some shape to most of the literatures of Europe.

It is in this enchanted ground you hear from the lips of the peasantry a thousand legends about the Round Table; until at last you get so accustomed to the famous names, hitherto revealed to you only in the antiquated diction of the unpronounceable old poetry, that you would not be very much surprised if some of the stalwart champions were to come prancing by you in full armor on the highway. It was in the chateau of Kerduel that King Arthur held a magnificent court, surrounded by the flower of his chivalry, Lancelot, Tristan, Ywain, and the rest; with his fair Queen Gwenarc'han and the beautiful Brangwain. The old chateau is gone, but a modern one stands in its place, and the name and all the memories associated with it are still reverently preserved. By the way, the Breton antiquaries are very angry with us for changing the name of Gwenarc'han, which means white as silver, to Guenever, in which its etymology is lost; and for altering Brangwain into Brangier. The reproach is probably just enough; but in their zeal to appropriate Arthur and his court all to themselves, they insist upon burying his majesty in the aisle of Agalon or Avalon, near this chateau, instead of allowing him to repose in the island of that name in Somersetshire, where our minstrels interred him long ago. We will give up the etymology of the incontinent queen, if they will only leave us the bones of the king. This Breton island, we may add, was the favorite resort of Morgain, celebrated in the chronicles as a fairy and sister of Merlin the enchanter, but who was in reality a renowned priestess of the Druids.

It is here also, in this storied Brittany, that we tread upon the sites of many fearful tragedies and strange deeds narrated by Froissart and Monstrelet, and others: Beaumanoir, where Fontenelle de Ligueur used to disembowel young girls to warm his feet in their blood;—Carrec, where they show the mysterious pits in which a Duke of Bretagne hid the golden cradle of his son;—Guillac, where the Combat of the Thirty took place, that extraordinary fight towards the close of which Geoffrey de Blois replied to Robert de Beaumanoir when, exhausted by wounds and faint with thirst, he asked for a respite to obtain a drink, "Boy de ton sang, ta soif se passera;"—the old Château of Kertaouarn, with its portcullis yet gaping, and its dripping dungeons still exhibiting the enormous beam loaded with rings to which the seigneur used to chain his prisoners, where the whistling of the winds in the subterranean passages is believed to be the moaning of the souls of unshrived coiners who return to their desperate work at sunset;—the Château de la Roche, where the lord of Rhe found the Constable du Guesclin carving a boar into portions for his neighbors;—and the Square in Dinan, where the same Constable fought Thomas of Canterbury for entrapping his brother during a temporary truce;—and the Church of St. Sauveur, where his proud heart is preserved, after having run more hazards, dead and alive, than any other heart ever outlasted.

Amongst such recollections as these, the Breton peasant draws his first breath. His earliest experiences are linked with the reliques of the feudal ages. His boyhood is passed amongst ruins, dignified with awful names and shadowy histories. His life is elevated and saddened by them. He steps in the daylight mournfully amongst them, and he shudders and cowers as he passes them at night. He has no books, no social intercourse except amongst people like himself, and then only upon occasions that admit of no play of the social feelings. This is exactly the man to be affected by the vague terrors of solitude; to see weird faces in the woods; to track the demons of the storm in the clouds on the mountain tops; to hear the shrieks of wandering spirits; to believe implicitly in omens and presages, and supernatural visitations. The church seizes him up in his dreamy fears, and completes his subjugation. His whole existence is one long superstition.

Let us look at the actual life of these people for a moment, before we approach the imaginative aspect of their character.

The peasantry of Basse-Bretagne are generally short in stature, with ungainly bodies, thick black hair, bushy beards, large lumpish shoulders, and a fixed expression of seriousness in their eyes. There is as marked a difference in the special characteristics of particular districts, as there is in their costume; although the general description of frankness and fidelity, coldness and indolence, credulity and ignorance, will apply with equal correctness to them all. The obstinacy of the Bretons has passed into a proverb in France. They make capital soldiers or sailors, but, left to themselves, fall into phantasies and idleness. Love of country showing itself in the most passionate excess, is a permanent attribute of the national character. Bretons have never been known to seek the favor of the Court. They have always abhorred the contagion of offices and public employment: and this feeling exists so strongly even amongst the lowest classes, that a Breton peasant, after a service of twelve or fifteen years in the army or navy, always returns to the scenes of his boyhood, and lapses back again at once into his original habits—as if the interval had passed in a trance!

The inhabitants of Cornouaille, embracing the districts lying between Morlaix and Corhaix, in the department of Finisterre, are distinguished by some striking peculiarities. Their costume is composed of the liveliest colors, bordered with brilliant loops. They frequently embroider the fronts of their coats with the date when it was made, or the name of the tailor, wrought in various colored wools. In the mountains, the breeches are worn short and tight, and equally fit for the dance or the combat; but towards Quimper they expand into huge cumbrous trousers, that fall about their legs and embarrass all their movements. An old author says, that the nobility imposed this inconvenient dress upon them, that they might not stride too fast in the march of revolution! Their hats, not very large, and surrounded by a raised border, are ornamented with ribbons of a thousand gay colors, producing a very picturesque effect as they flutter in the wind. The mountaineers wear a girdle of leather, fastened by a copper buckle, over their working-dresses of quilted linen. The costume of the women is composed of a similar variety of vivid colors, at once sprightly and graceful, and not unlike the dresses of the peasantry in the neighborhood of Berne. The life of these people is in keeping with their gaudy apparel, and forms a remarkable contrast to the sombre aspect of the population elsewhere.

The people of Léon, in the same department, are of grave and solemn manners: even their festivities are under the control of this natural severity, and their dance itself is stiff, severe, and monotonous. Their cold and rigorous exterior, however, conceals a volcano. Their life, like that indeed of the Bretons generally, is folded up within themselves, and is expressed with singular propriety in their dismal costume. A Léon peasant sails along in a floating black dress, large and loose, and confined at the waist by a red or blue girdle, which only makes its melancholy the more palpable; the border of his great hat rolling back over his sun-burnt features, and his profuse hair falling thickly down his shoulders. The women are not less lugubrious in their appearance, and might easily be mistaken for the *religieuses* who attend the hospitals. Their dress, plain black and white, is equally ample and modest. It is only when they go into mourning that they affect any thing like gaiety. On such occasions they dress in sky-blue from head to foot. They wear mourning for the living, not for the dead. In Léon, you move through a succession of funerals: in Cornouaille through bridal feasts.

Morbihan and the Côtes-du-Nord recall still more emphatically the aspect and temperament of the middle ages. The peasantry in the neighborhood of Vannes e of the unmistakeable lineage of the old feudal races. Turbulent and choleric, they are always either fighting or drinking, frequently both. On the least excitement, they will grind their teeth and shake with violent emotions. All their evil passions are called into fierce activity by their hatred of the bourgeois. The Breton peasant has an invincible horror of modern notions, of the airs of fine breeding, the etiquette, taste, and manners of the towns. He glories in his rough candor, his vigorous arm, and his blouse. Even the richest farmer rarely aspires to the grandeur of cloth, and considers himself well off if he can wear shoes four months in the year; while the poor never ascend above coarse linen and sabots, and are often compelled to dispense with the latter. Their jealousy of the bourgeois is a natural corollary from their circumstances; but they have other and profounder reasons for disliking them—the instinctive sense of the superiority of their education, and the knowledge of the contempt with which they regard the old usages and traditions of the country. A Breton never forgives a slight offered to the objects of his habitual reverence. It is a part of the superstitions of our universal nature to defend with the greatest pertinacity those canons which we have ourselves taken for granted, and for which we can assign no better grounds than the prejudices of custom. This smouldering feud between the large towns and the rural population, marks very distinctly the boundary between the Breton masses, and the rest of the people. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the modes of thinking of individuals disengaged from the primitive habits of the soil, and congregated together in the stirring occupations of commerce, and the native population still haunting the pastures of their ancestors, and inheriting their manners.

The intercourse with the towns is too slight to produce any sensible modifications of the popular characteristics. In the Côtes-du-Nord you meet country gentlemen speaking nothing but Breton, and attending the session of the States at Rennes in the dress of peasants; in sabots, with swords by their sides. The Bretons know nothing of governments or parties. They are never mixed up in the fugitive politics of the country. They live and die, and there an end. Their lives are passed in a tranquil routine, without change or trouble; presenting no varieties of pleasure or employment beyond the little assemblages of their arrondissements, the jousts of holidays, and the gossip of the fireside. A match of bowls under the yew trees in summer, or penny picquet in winter, gives them more pause for thought than wars or regicides. They believe, with Pope, that "whatever is, is best;" and they hunt the doctrine to the extremity of fatalism. They yield a passive obedience to the principles of Good and Evil. Whatever happens, either way, they ascribe to God or the Devil. Upon questions of public policy, they neither express an opinion, nor feel any interest. It would be impossible to inflame them into a revolution about such matters. But assail their traditional rights, and the whole population is in the field. The only instance in which the Bretons were ever known to combine for a common purpose, was when an attempt was made, while the cholera was raging, to inter those who died of that disease in detached cemeteries, for the preservation of the public health. The peasantry repudiated the doctrine of infection. The dead cannot kill the living, was their exclamation: death comes only by the will of God. Piety towards the dead is a sentiment common to all primitive communities; but the Bretons carry it out to an excess of romantic tenderness. They believe that the dead are conscious of their locality, and that they lie in their graves like sentient creatures listening to high mass and the supplications of their friends! "The souls of our fathers dwell here," they cried, "far away in the cemetery they will no longer hear the chants of the service, nor the intercession of relatives. This is their place: we can see their tombs from our windows, we can send our children to pray beside them in the twilight. This ground is the property of the dead: no power can take it from them, or change it for another." It was with great difficulty the priests could persuade them that the dead were insensible to their cares; an innovation upon their established creed, which caused them no small astonishment, and sent them home troubled and perplexed with profound wonder.

The isolation of the Bretons is peculiarly favorable to the nurture of such fantastic ideas. Their way of life seems to keep them perpetually hovering between physical and spiritual existences. They live in a sort of mental gloamin', in which real objects become converted by the imagination into mysterious phantoms, exaggerated and fearfully embellished by the terrors they inspire. Unlike the peasantry of other countries, the Bretons are dispersed over the soil in solitary farms, never forming themselves into villages or societies. The want of constant inter-communication, which elsewhere preserves the faculties from that rust which eats in upon them in loneliness—that self-consuming moodiness which the ancients described under the image of a man feeding upon his own heart—leaves them an incessant prey to their heated and unregulated fancy. As in certain styles of art, where the fertile invention of the painter is unrestrained either by the limits of nature or the laws of taste, (such as the arabesque, for example,) we see all manner of complex monsters, centaurs, griffins, and chimeras, dimly revealed through an indescribable confusion of tracery; so, in the phantasmagoria conjured up by the poor Breton, uninformed by knowledge and uncontrolled by judgment, we discover all sorts of extravagant illusions mingled in a bewildering chaos of types and images.

The lonely farm-houses of the Bretons betray at once their extreme poverty, and that negligence of personal comforts which always marks the condition of a people given up to the oppressive doctrine of necessity, and the reveries of superstition. The farm-house, built on the naked earth, without cellerage, but sometimes with a scanty granary overhead, is the residence of the family and the cattle. The stable is generally at the end of the habitation, divided from the principal apartment by a partition wall, with a door communicating from the one to the other. In many instances this partition is only breast high: amongst the poorest class, men and beasts herd together. The furniture is *en suite*—beds, formed out of a sort of narrow chest, in which the sleeper is nearly stifled; a table, opposite the only entrance, along the sides of which run rude benches, brightened with lard; a dresser, on which are ranged wooden or earthen bowls, delf plates, large spoons, and scoured basins; a wooden clock; a trough near the fire;—a box for keeping eggs, milk, and butter; a recess, with an image of the Virgin in delf, dressed gaily on fête days, and at the sides, or hung between the beds, two or three images of Saint Anne, or Saint Genevieve of Brabant. Upon the table lies a knife, shaped like a sythe, and a black loaf, covered with a cloth, over which is placed a mat for the purpose of protecting the bread from the smoke, and from the clouds of flies which the close neighborhood of the stables brings through the open door in the warm season. The fireside is the grand centre of attraction, with benches at each side of the hearth, and the inside of the chimney garnished with an enormous pot-hook, trevets, gridiron, and pans. Around this fireside, by the light of a resin torch, fastened in a block of wood, the laborer and his children sit throughout the long winter evenings, relating legends, or talking under their breath about apparitions, or the voices of the dead that come wailing to them on the night-winds.

In front of these farm-houses there are, invariably, accumulating heaps that urgently remind the traveller of similar loathsome mounds he has observed at the doors of hovels in Ireland. Nor is this the only point of resemblance. When a stranger enters the humble dwelling, he exclaims, *Que Dieu bênisse ceux qui sont ici!* This is, word for word, the Irish greeting of "God bless all here!"

Hospitality—the virtue, as it has been somewhat sneeringly designated, of savage life—prevails in its fullest development amongst the Bretons. The traveller may approach the wide-spread door with confidence, assured of a hearty welcome. The sight indeed of a stranger is always an event of interest to these insulated rustics, and he is instantly seated in the place of honor to dine with the family. The moment he enters they offer him a pitcher of cider, and if he refuses to drink they regard it as an insult, which they never forgive. Rank, or money, has no influence over this free and cordial reception. The poorest man is as bounteously treated as the richest; and, of all classes, none are so joyously hailed as the wandering mendicants. The moment one of these gossips appears in sight, the whole household crowd round him eagerly to hear his budget of news.

The mendicant is, in fact, a very important character in Brittany. He is the carrier-general of all sorts of intelligence, the Gazette des Tribunaux of the department: conveys letters and love messages, helps in negotiating proposals, sings popular songs, which he frequently composes himself, for he is the bard of Lower Brittany, and adds to the rest of his functions the still higher character of a nomade novelist. His voluminous gossip, when he gets ensconsed by the chimney-corner, refers to all the tittle-tattle of the country side; the miraculous cures, and ominous appearances; how stay-pins may be dropped into certain fountains, to ascertain whether their anxious owners will be married in the next year; how a bevy of young girls gathered, for a like purpose, on a certain bridge on St. Michael's day; what crowds of young men came to that beauty fair, full of hope and curiosity; and how many marriages ensued thereupon. To such prattle as this, the peasants listen with delight; but it is when the mendicant relates a complete story, in all the artful pomp of circumstantial details, that they crouch round him in the winter nights, palpitating with mixed terror and expectation, while the howling storm without, to which they assign so many significant meanings, imparts a savage wildness to the scene.

Souvestre gives us a specimen of these narratives, which it may not be uninteresting to transcribe. It loses, unavoidably, much of its original energy by being diluted from the wild imagerial Breton language into the French; and must suffer still more in our English version. But we have endeavored to preserve as close a verbal resemblance as the genius of our phraseology would admit. The mendicant begins by crossing himself, and invoking a solemn blessing, hoping that the young women will profit by his narrative, and then breaks at once into the history.

THE WINDING-SHEET.

There was formerly at Plouescat a young girl, called Rose-le-Fur, beautiful as the dawn of day, and full of spirit as a young girl should be who has just left her convent.

But bad counsels had ruined her. Rose had become as unstable as a straw, blown about at the pleasure of the wind, dreaming only of *pardons*, flattery, and fine dresses. She was no longer seen at the church, nor at the confessional: at the hour of vespers she walked with her lovers, and, even at La Toissant, she neglected to pray over the grave of her mother.

God punishes the wicked, my children. Listen to the story of Rose-le-Fur, of Plouescat.

One evening, very late, she had been at a wake far from her own home, listening to the melancholy dirges round the fireside. She was alone, humming to herself a song which she had just learned from a young Roscovite. She reached the cemetery, and flew up the steps as gaily as a bird in May.

At that instant, THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE! But the young girl thought only of the handsome Roscovite, who had taught her the song. She made no sign of the cross; she murmured no prayer for those who slept beneath her feet; she traversed the holy place with the hardihood of an infidel.

She was already opposite the door of the church, when, throwing her eyes around her, she saw that over every tomb was spread a white sheet, held at the four corners by four black stones. She stopped. At this moment she was beside the grave of her mother. But instead of feeling a holy fear, possessed by a demon Rose stooped, seized the winding-sheet which covered the grave, and carried it with her to her own house.

She went to bed, and her eyes were soon closed; but a horrible dream convulsed her slumbers.

She thought she was lying in a cemetery. A tomb was open before her, from which a skeleton hand was thrust out, and a voice cried, *Give me back my winding-sheet! give me back my winding-sheet!* and at the same time she felt herself drawn towards the tomb by an invisible power.

She awoke with a shriek. Three times she slept, and three times she had the same dream.

When morning came, Rose-le-Fur, with terror in her heart and eyes, ran to the rector,* and related to him all that had happened.

She made her confession, and wept over her faults, for she felt then that she had sinned. The rector was a true apostle, good to the poor, and mild of speech. He said to her, "Daughter, you have profaned the tomb; this evening, at midnight, go to the cemetery, and restore the winding-sheet to the place from whence you took it."

Poor Rose began to weep. All her boldness was gone; but the rector said, "Be of good courage; I shall be in the church praying for you; you will hear my voice near you."

The young girl promised to do as the priest desired her. When night came, at the appointed hour, she repaired to the cemetery. Her limbs trembled beneath her, and every thing seemed to be in a whirl before her eyes. As she entered, the moon was suddenly obscured, and the clock struck twelve!

For some moments all was silent. Then the rector said, with a loud voice, "Daughter, where are you? Take courage, I am praying for you!"

"I am beside the tomb of my mother," answered a feeble voice in the darkness; "father, abandon me not!"

All was again silent. "Take courage, I am praying for you!" repeated the priest, with a loud voice.

"Father, I see the tombs opening, and the dead rising!" This time the voice was so weak, that you might have believed it came from a great distance.

"Take courage!" repeated the good priest.

"Father! father!" murmured the voice, more and more faintly, "they are spreading their winding-sheets over the tombs. Father, abandon me not!"

"Daughter, I am praying for you. What do you see?"

"I see the tomb of my mother, who is rising. She comes! she comes! Father"——

The priest bent forward to listen; but he could only catch a remote and inexplicable murmur. All of a sudden a cry was heard; a great noise, like that of a hundred grave-stones falling together; then all was silent.

The rector threw himself on his knees, and prayed with all his soul, for his heart was filled with terror.

The next day they sought in vain for Rose-le-Fur. Rose-le-Fur never appeared again.

MORAL.

Thus, young men and maidens, may this history serve you as a warning. Be pious towards God, and love your parents; for punishment always overtakes light heads and bad hearts.

The general character of these recitations may be gathered from this example; but, to make the illusion perfect, we want the agitated group of frightened women and children, clinging to each other round the flickering fire, and the earnest pantomime and solemnly inflected voice of the tattered man, whose attitudes and accents fill them with such speechless fear.

But the mendicant, prominent as the part is which he plays on these occasions, is eclipsed in importance and popularity by an individual indigenous to Brittany, whose multiplex labors and versatile capacity entitle him to a separate and distinguished niche in the portrait-gallery of her historical characters. This individual is no other than the tailor: but such a tailor as was never dreamt of in May-fair, or realized in Bond-street.

The Breton tailor is a complicated man in mind and person. Generally cross-made, lame, and humpbacked, red hair and a violent squint would complete the *beau ideal* of the class. The reason assigned for these peculiarities is, that the profession is embraced only by persons of weakly growth, although it is very difficult to conceive how such persons could perform the varied and toilsome offices monopolized by the craft. The tailor rarely marries, scarcely ever has a house of his own, and lives abroad like the birds or the wild goats. The men hold him in contempt on account of his effeminacy; but he finds an ample compensation in the ardor of the women. He seldom dines at the same table with the men; but when they are gone, a dozen glittering fair hands lay out a cozy repast for him. The source of his influence lies in his wheedling tongue. He is an eternal chatterbox, a consummate master of the art of flattery, is *au fait* at the whole *finesse* of flirtation, and can coquet and coax with unfailing success for others, although never for himself. His individual exemption on this score gives him a sort of license with the fair sex; for a pretty girl may listen with impunity to a man so completely out of the pale of wedlock. He retails all the small talk and scandal of the parish; knows all the new songs, occasionally contributing one of his own; and is as full of stories, and tells them as well as the mendicant: with this difference, that the latter confines himself to stories as melancholy as his own life, while those of the tailor, better suited to his peculiar functions, are all glee and sunshine. In a word, the tailor is the scandalous chronicle, and high minister of the love affairs of his district.

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* The Breton name for the *curé* of a parish.

He is at the height of his inspiration when he is charged with a negotiation of marriage: an undertaking which is usually managed through his agency. If he meets a magpie on his way, he quickens his steps, for it is considered an ill omen. His first object is to see the young lady alone. He opens with some indifferent topic—the weather—the crops—the state of the sky; perhaps he hits upon the stars; then, naturally enough, compares them to her eyes; and so contrives to bring about the delicate question with the address of an accomplished diplomatist. When he succeeds in obtaining her consent, he applies to her parents, and a day is settled, when he brings the lover to the house, accompanied by his nearest relative. This is called asking leave. The young people retire to one end of the house, while the old ones are settling the preliminaries at the other, the tailor vibrating like a pendulum between them. At last the lovers are summoned to the table, where they eat with the same knife, drink out of the same glass, and indulge in white bread, wine, and brandy. A day is then appointed for the assembling of the two families at the house of the young lady; this is called *velladen*, or the view. At this preliminary meeting they are all dressed in their holiday suits. Great preparations are made in the house. The tables and benches are highly polished; the drawers left half open with premeditated carelessness, to display a large stock of household linen; pieces of bacon are hung up profusely in the chimney; the horses, if there be any, are paraded; all the plate that can be mustered up is ostentatiously exhibited; and every thing is done to give the bride an appearance of wealth, although, in most cases, the majority of these luxurious equipments are borrowed for the occasion. At last the young man arrives; he steps over the farm with an air of business; examines every thing with his own eye; and then enters upon the question of property. The parents drive as hard a bargain as they can. If the result of the negotiation, however, should happen not to fall in with his expectations—that is to say, if they do not come up to his price—all he has to do is to enter the house, draw a brand from the fire, and place it across the hearth. By this action he indicates his intention of relinquishing the alliance.

On the other hand, if the terms be agreed upon, the ceremonial is proceeded with at the end of a stipulated period with extraordinary pomp and circumstance. Eight days before the wedding, the bride and bridegroom invite their friends to the feast. The mode of invitation is curious. The young couple, forming separate processions, with white wands, accompanied by their bridesmen and bridesmaids, proceed to the houses of the persons they intend to invite, and stopping opposite to the doors, pronounce a regular speech, in which they engage them to the merry-making, announcing at the same time the name of the innkeeper who is to furnish the dinner. This speech, which seems to be an affair of inflexible tradition, is frequently interrupted by prayers and signs of the cross. At last the wedding-day arrives; and now the little tailor, elevated to the summit of his multifarious functions, assumes the office of a *rimeur*. He approaches the house of the lady, followed by the friends of the bridegroom, and is met on the threshold by the *rimeur* of the opposite side. Here a long inflated dialogue takes place between the bards, which ends by the admission of the expectant lover into the house. After this they go to the Mairie, and then to the church. The bridal repast is often attended by five or six hundred persons. The bridegroom sings a tristful song, which is succeeded by a similar wail from the lady. These songs are called *complaintes*, and the burthen of them is the leave-taking of their single lives. These wild rhapsodies throw a shade of melancholy over the company, and even draw tears from their eyes: the effect of them is described as being singularly touching. But the sensation does not last long. The effect of the wine and the cider begins to be felt, flushing the cheeks and unloosening the tongues of the party. Dinner is over, the patriarch of the assembly rises, and the guests all stand uncovered and respond to his solemn grace. This is followed by a dance, riotous, furious, like a whirlwind of leaves in a storm, like a frantic dance of Indians under the maddening spell of a recent victory. The bride and bridegroom are then conducted to their chamber; and, by an ancient and strange custom of the country, two watchers are appointed to sit up with them all night.

The majority of these regular contracts are matters of calculation, into which love never enters. And it is perhaps for this very reason, that the Bretons are famous for improvident marriages. In a country where wedlock is thus openly ratified by prudential considerations, it is not to be wondered at that the poor, who cannot reach the desiderated test, should often be found plunging recklessly into the opposite extreme. Besides, there is no surveillance in the way of social opinion to warn them against the consequences; no *status* to be maintained; no Mrs. Grundy to propitiate or outvie. The Breton is luckily exempt from all the ordinary responsibilities of domestic indiscretion. He never stops to think about the danger of increasing the population. Political economy is as great an enigma to him as the balance of Europe. He never thinks of a provision for a family: to do him justice, he never thinks about a provision for himself. He often marries without a bed; sometimes without a house to put one in; and it is not at all an uncommon occurrence for him to borrow the nuptial couch from some compassionate friend. But what of that? He is safe in the eternal justice, the clemency, the protection of Heaven. What is the use of human foresight, he argues, when he has the providence of God?

These marriages of the very poor are altogether unique. No country in the world furnishes a parallel to them. The most extraordinary feature in them is, that the peasant not only marries without a penny in his pocket, but the happy-miserable couple invite all the surrounding families to the marriage festival; and, what is more wonderful still, the greater the number of visitors the better enabled is the host to provide them with a becoming banquet. The solution of the difficulty is obvious enough. Every guest is a contributor to the feast. Some bring wine, some linen, others honey, corn, and even money. Thus a liberal supply is scrambled together, and the utmost hilarity prevails. The company are always dressed in their gayest attire, attracted by the dance and the revel. There are frequently no less than three hundred people assembled at these joint-stock bridals; and it often happens that the contributions they furnish constitute the sum total of the worldly goods with which the new-married pair begin house-keeping!

Nor does this general sympathy end here. When a young woman of this class is about to become a mother, presents pour in upon her from all sides; especially from others similarly circumstanced. It is a sort of festival amongst the mothers-expectant of the neighborhood. The birth itself is a solemn religious event, surrounded by many touching details. The infant is looked upon as an angel from heaven, and all the mothers present offer their breasts in succession, regarding the sanctifying contact of the new-born lips as a happy portent. If the mother dies, the child is adopted by all the other mothers. The priest selects one to whom he confides it, and she receives the sacred charge as a boon from the Almighty. If they are too poor for any one of them to take the sole charge of the child, it is received amongst them in common. One lodges it, and the rest watch over it, and tend it, hour by hour, alternately. It is the invariable usage of the nurse, when she takes her turn, to make the sign of the cross, and sprinkle the linen with holy water. Every thing connected with infancy is associated with pious feelings, and fenced round by gracious safeguards. Nobody passes a woman carrying a child without exclaiming, "God bless you!" If this salutation be omitted, the mother thinks you have thrown an evil eye upon her offspring. Even inveterate hatreds are disarmed by this tender custom, and a man's most implacable enemy will never strike him while he has a child in his arms.

Almost all the popular usages of the Bretons have their spring either in religious notions, or in superstitions that claim a sort of poetical kindred with religion. The ceremonies of the church are here preserved with more gravity and strictness than in any other part of Europe. The fête days of saints are solemnized with a degree of pomp which could hardly be expected from a population so poor and scattered. Nor are they less remarkable for their picturesque effects. In some cases the people gather into such crowds, that the interior of the church, from the altar through the nave, and in every nook and cranny of the private chapels, becomes illuminated with a forest of candles. Their pilgrimages,—especially that of Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours,—many of which take place at night, consisting of vast processions through the least frequented parts of the country, resemble long trains of phantoms holding wax-lights in their hands. Every fête is marked by distinct features peculiar to itself. That of St. John is, perhaps, on the whole, the most striking. Throughout the day, the poor children go about begging contributions for lighting the fires of Monsieur St. Jean; and, towards evening, one fire is gradually followed by two, three, four; then a thousand gleam out from the hill tops, till the whole country glows under the conflagration. Sometimes the priests light the first fire in the market-place; and sometimes it is lighted by an angel who is made to descend, by a mechanical device, from the top of the church with a flambeau in her hand, setting the pile in a blaze, and flying back again. The young people dance with bewildering activity round these fires, for there is a superstition amongst them that if they dance round nine fires before midnight, they will be married in the ensuing year. Seats are placed round the flaming piles for the dead, whose spirits are supposed to come there for the melancholy pleasure of listening once more to their native songs, and contemplating the lively measures of their youth. Fragments of the torches on those occasions are preserved as spells against thunder and nervous diseases, and the crown of flowers which surmounted the principal fire is in such request as to produce tumultuous jealousy for its possession. At Brest, where the crowd, swelled by sailors, is considerably more riotous than elsewhere, there is a wild torch dance which winds up the night with savage uproar. There can be no doubt that this festival is a relique of Druidism, and that the fires had their origin in the worship of the sun. They are, in every respect, identical with the *Beal teinidh* of the Phœnicians. The custom of kindling fires about midnight at the moment of the summer solstice, considered by the ancients a season of divinations, was a custom of remote antiquity, and seems to have been grafted upon Christianity by a common movement of all modern nations. When the year began in June, there was a direct significance in this *feu de joie*, which was intended to celebrate the commencement of vegetation, and to propitiate the fruits of the year by vows and sacrifices: but the usage still continued, by the force of habit, after its symbolical meaning had long ceased. That St. John should have inherited the fires of the sun is not half so curious as that the Christian festival should have retained some of the rites which were potent only in the Pagan interpretation. Thus the ancients used to carry away the burning flambeaux, in the belief that as they shook off showers of sparks from them they expelled every evil, a practice which is still followed in Cornwall and other places: the dance itself, for which there is always, to be sure, a sufficient excuse in the animal spirits of the revellers, had reference to the produce of the vine: and in some parts of Ireland the people still exhibit an implicit reverence for the old faith, by making their cattle pass through the fire for the purpose of charming them against disorders.

The Pardons are the favorite points of meeting for the youth of both sexes. Here they freely indulge in their national games, and above all in the dance. The excitement of these scenes can hardly be understood by the civilized reader whose taste is subdued by the refinements of the modern ball-room; nor, without having actually witnessed a Breton festival is it possible to conceive the frenzy of delight with which it is enjoyed by the people. Their principal dances are composed of popular *chansons*, played upon an ancient national instrument, the *bombarde*, accompanied by the *binion*, a species of bag-pipe, which serves to mark the time with rude but emphatic precision. The form of the dance may be best described as consisting of a succession of gyrations, the dancers whirling themselves round in a circle, with linked hands, at a rate of perilous rapidity. This is called the *ronde*, and is probably the most ancient of all known figures. Sometimes they perform this dizzy evolution with their arms interlaced, when it takes a somewhat more complicated and dazzling aspect. In this shape it changes its name to the *bal*. Something of the excess with which these pleasures are entered into may be accounted for by the fact, that it is only in their youth and girlhood the Breton females have any chance of relaxation or enjoyment. It is the first joyous bound of the courser into the circus, when he is led round to be familiarized with the glittering scene: all the rest is severe exertion and hard work. The Breton women, the themes of all their poets, the subjects of innumerable elegies, songs, and romances, *before* marriage, are placed *after* marriage as low down in the social scale as the women of the Asiatics. In the country they hold an inferior rank; wait upon their husbands at table; and never speak to them but in terms of humility and respect. Amongst the lowest classes of all, they toil in the open fields and surrender up their lives to the most laborious drudgery. And so ends that dream of life, which begins in *chansons* and dances, and sets in squalid slavery!

But in the midst of their drudgery they are cheered by the voices of the young, in whom the games and romps and innocent sports of their childhood are renewed. Few countries have a greater variety of amusements, and it is not a little suggestive of the identity of the sources of pleasure—perhaps of their limitation—to find amongst these primitive people precisely the same class of plays and diversions which entertained the Greeks and Romans, and which entertain the English and most other nations to the present day. The children trundle hoops, embellished with rattles for bells, the *trochus* of the ancients; build card-houses; play at blindman's buff, odd or even, and head or tail; gallop upon sticks; and draw miniature chariots with miniature horses: every one of which are derived direct from classical examples. Then the grown-up people play at bowls, cards, chess, nine-pins, dice, and twenty other games of hazard that have come down to them in the same way.

A game formerly existed called *la Soule*, not unlike the English game of foot-ball, but it led to such violent disorders that it has been gradually abolished in most parts of the country. It now lingers chiefly in the environs of Vannes, where the people still retain much of their original barbaric taste for raids and bloodshed. It is occasionally revived, also in the distant commune of Calvados, in the province of Normandy.* A healthier exercise and more inspiring pastime survives to the Bretons in their great wrestling matches, which are celebrated with all the popular ardor and ceremonial detail of one of the Olympic games.

In their preparations for their manly pastimes, they do not always rely upon natural means, but have recourse, not only to the miraculous waters of certain fountains, but to particular herbs, which they gather on the first Saturday of the month, and which they believe have the power of rendering them invincible in the *lutte*. The employment of a secret advantage, or what they suppose to be one, would imply a spirit of jockeyship wholly inconsistent with the general integrity of the Breton character; but the proceeding carries so heavy a penalty with it that it is very rarely acted upon. The wrestler who fortifies himself with these enchanted herbs risks the perdition of his soul; a sufficient guarantee against the frequent use of so perilous a spell. It is the only instance in which the superstitions of the Bretons recognize the possibility of entering into a contract with the powers of darkness. Nor does it even appear that any thing approaching to a specific admission of such a contract takes place; although the hazard avowedly annexed to the charm leaves the tacit understanding of some such responsibility clear enough.

The credulity of the Bretons is certainly not chargeable with melodramatic absurdities of this kind. They do not believe that a man can lease out his soul for a consideration. They have no witch-glen bazaars for the sale of inexhaustible riches, or parchment deeds scrawled in blood for reversionary interests in eternity. They are simply the passive recipients of that large class of influences which, from time immemorial, have been associated in the popular mind with the Elements and the Seasons, Night and the Grave, Life and Death. Their creed in this respect, embracing a variety of singular items peculiar to themselves, includes most of the superstitions common to other countries. To the peasant of Lower Brittany, the cries of crows and screech-owls convey a sinister presage. He believes in the fairies who come to warm themselves at his fireside, who dance in the light of the moon, or sit meditating on the sea-shore. He shudders at apparitions and at sounds in the air charged with messages from the world of spirits; and he yields implicit credence to the functions attached to hobgoblins, ware-wolves, and the demons that combat with guardian angels for the souls of men. Many of these superstitions are intimately interwoven with religion itself.

It is a generally received belief that two crows attend upon every house. When the head of a family is dying the ominous birds perch on the roof, and commence their dismal screaming, which never ceases till the body is carried out; whereon the birds vanish and are never seen again. The approach of death, heralded by numerous signs, is connected in one locality with a remarkable superstition. Between Quimper and Chateaulin, strange-looking men are occasionally encountered on the highways, habited in white linen, with long straggling hair and coal-black beards, armed with heavy sticks, and carrying dingy wallets slung over their shoulders. Their aspect is in the last degree dark and sinister. In the night time they take the least frequented routes. They never sing while they are walking, nor speak to any body they meet, nor put their hands to their slouched hats with that politeness which is so general in Brittany. Sometimes they are accompanied by large fawn-colored dogs. The custom-house officers tell you that these fellows are smugglers, who go about the country with salt and tobacco; but the peasantry, who know better, assert that they are demons, whose dreadful business it is to conduct doomed souls into the next world. Wherever there is a person at the point of death, they may be seen prowling about the house like hungry wolves. If the guardian angel of the dying man, summoned by repeated prayers, do not arrive in time, the white man pounces on the deathbed at the last gasp, seizes the departing soul, crams it into his wallet, and carries it off to the marshes of St. Michel, into which he flings it, and where it must remain until it is delivered by vows and masses.

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* At a recent sitting of the Société d'Archéologie of Avranches, a paper was read by M. Mangon-Delalande upon the game of *Soule*, in which he referred to it as an ancient Norman custom. Any of the Breton antiquaries could have set him right upon the point.

The belief, common to all catholic countries, that the souls of men who died without the benefits of absolution, are wandering about in excruciating misery supplicating for intercession, is varied in different localities according to circumstances.—There is a desolate plain between Auray and Pluviguer, a mournful stretch of uncultivated ground, formerly the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the houses of Blois and Montfort. Many hundred soldiers fell in the battle, and remains of armor and mouldering bones have been frequently turned up there. The tradition runs that the souls of these poor fellows, still compelled to haunt the dust they once inhabited, rise from the ground at a certain hour every night, and run the whole length of the funereal field. The moaning of the winds over this exposed surface is regarded as the expression of the anguish of the unshrived spirits, entreating for masses. The worst of it is, they are condemned to this hopeless nightly exercise until doomsday, and to gallop on in a straight line, no matter what obstacles they may encounter. Woe to the traveller who falls in with one of these unhappy ghosts. The touch is death. The remains of Celtic superstitions may be distinctly traced in some of the legendary usages, thinly disguised under Christian forms. Thus in some places they carry the statue of a saint in procession to the charmed fountains, and plunge it into the water, by way of purifying themselves of the sins of the past year: an obvious relic of the pagan custom of washing idols. The *arbres à niches*, trees converted into arcades by drawing the branches over into an arch, in which crosses or images are set up, are also derived from the Celts, who worshipped all natural objects, and trees amongst the rest, believing them to be animated by supernatural intelligences. Then the stones and monuments of the Druids have particular virtues ascribed to them. Some conceal buried treasures; some, like the forge of Wayland Smith in Berkshire, possess magical powers: and an immense stone, poised on its inverted apex, called by the French the *pierre vacillante*, which the finger of a child would easily shake, will not move if attempted by the whole strength of a man whose wife has deceived him. At Carnac, if you pass the cemetery at midnight, you find all the tombs open, the church illuminated, and two thousand spectres on their knees listening to Death delivering a sermon from the top of the choir, in the dress of a priest. Some of the peasants will confidently affirm that they have beheld from a distance the light of the numerous wax-tapers, and have even heard the confused voice of the preacher.

The fairy lore of Brittany is literally located among these monuments. The Roches aux Fées (for there are many besides the celebrated one near Rennes) must not be approached after nightfall. It is here the fairies hold their court, and dance their elfish hays in the moonlight. The barrows are called the châteaux of the poulpicans. The poulpicans are no other than the husbands of the fairies, and make a very prominent figure in the mischievous gambols of "Fairy-Londe." The fairies are fair, handsome women, conceived in the most perfect French taste, but their husbands are little squat ugly black men, who take the utmost delight in all sorts of whimsical and malicious jokes; playing Will-o'-the-Whisp to the poor herdsmen in the woods when they are looking after their strayed cattle, and seizing young girls by the neck as they are wending home at night, when the offended damsels, horridly vexed at having such a freedom taken with them, turn round in a furious passion to scold the supposed clown, but get nothing for their pains but the far off laughter of the frolicksome poulpicans. A thousand legends are related about these humorous sprites. Often in the winter nights, cries of apparent agony are heard outside as the family sit listening to the crackling of the fire in the chimney nook. The children think it is the wind straining the pulleys in the neighboring pits, or the wings of a windmill creaking on their axis, or the twirling post placed on the great apple-tree to frighten off the birds; but the old people shake their heads, and declare that these shrieking noises are the cries of the poulpicans calling to each other to run round the cromlechs on the hill side. Those who are wise will never stir out on such occasions, but place a vase full of millet at the foot of their beds. The object of this precaution is to catch the poulpicans in a trap should they venture to come into the house; for they are sure to overturn the vase in their tricksy fashion, and they are then compelled, by a strange necessity of their nature, to pick it all up again, grain by grain, an occupation which will fully occupy them till daylight, when they are obliged to abscond.

The Evil-Eye, familiar to us in Scotch and Irish traditions, is universal in Brittany, where its influence is supposed to extend to the communication of infectious diseases. They give to this malevolent fascination the name of the Evil-Wind, under the impression that the pestilential effluvium, which streams from the eyes of such persons, is carried by the air to the individuals who are struck by the contagion.

In the enumeration of these fanciful terrors, the hobgoblin, a venerable sprite, must not be overlooked. The Breton hobgoblin is a sort of harlequin among the fiends. He takes the shape of different animals, and also answers for the demoniacal pranks of the night-mare. The loup-garou is another formidable monster, whose business consists in all sorts of depredations in the vicinity of towns and villages. The word *garou* belongs to the dialect of Morbihan, and signifies a cruel or savage wolf. The loup-garou is the *lycanthrope* of the French, a lineal descendant of the prowling ware-wolf of the Greeks and Romans.

A people who indulge so largely in supernatural luxuries, may fairly be allowed to pamper their imaginations with charms and exorcisms; although it must be frankly conceded to the Bretons, that, except where their religion seems to suggest or foster such operations, they do not often resort to them. Every body who knows Brittany, knows that the buckwheat which is cultivated in such vast quantities over the surface, and which gives such a sickly uniformity to the aspect of the country, is regarded by the natives with feelings of enthusiasm. Buckwheat is much the same to a Breton as the leek to a Welshman, or the music of the Ranz des Vaches to a Swiss. It is the key to the whole system of national mnemonics. We remember a young Breton lady, who, after an absence of two or thee years, ran out into the fields immediately upon her return to her native province, and flinging herself down amongst the wheat, burst into a flood of tears at seeing it once more. A stranger can thoroughly comprehend the nature of this feeling, although, stepping for the first time into the wheat-ground, steaming with that peculiar odor by which it is distinguished, it is quite impossible to comprehend how even the most patriotic ardor can overcome the disagreeable olfactory sensation it provokes. This wheat, however, is converted into the main article of consumption by the peasantry; the most substantial reason that can be assigned for their inordinate admiration of it; and the black bread thus produced becomes an active minister in a variety of conjurations. Whether the virtue is supposed to reside originally in the wheat, or is only reflected back upon it by the influence attributed to the bread itself, we have no means of determining; but it is certain that on many occasions of difficulty the bread is resorted to, not merely as a sort of sanctified agent, but as a vehicle of divination. When a first-born child is taken to the church to be baptized, the mother hangs a piece of black bread round its neck to indicate the poverty of her circumstances; seeing which, the evil spirits do not consider it worth their while to shower misfortunes on the infant, and so they are cheated of their victim with their eyes open. When a person is drowned, the family assemble in mourning, and throw a piece of black bread, with a wax-light on it, into the water; it is sure to float to the spot where the body lies. When any thing is stolen, they have a certain method of detecting the thief by flinging pieces of black bread, of equal size, into the water, pronouncing at each cast the name of a suspected person; when the real robber is named, the piece representing him is sure to sink. It might be supposed that the certainty of failure in a multitude of instances, would at last have the inevitable effect of exposing the fallaciousness of the test; but the experience of all human nature proves, that the frustration of such experiments is attended by no other result than that of fixing the delusion still more deeply. Such articles of belief do not depend upon the efficacy of trial, but upon the strength of faith; and failure, instead of endangering their credit, deepens the halo of superstition by which they are invested. A believer will believe any thing rather than that "his faith is in the wrong;" and it is so easy to shift the responsibility of disappointment upon the blunders of manipulation, that he always has a convenient excuse at hand which will cover any imaginable dilemma, and even transform the most palpable defeat into a victory.

In the districts that lie upon the seashore, many of the popular superstitions are full of poetical beauty, and appeal forcibly to the imagination by the elegiac pathos with which they color the actual circumstances of the people. Here the population consists chiefly of poor fishermen and their families, engaged incessantly in the most precarious of livelihoods, and living upon an iron-bound coast, where their perilous craft is constantly prosecuted at the risk of life itself. The solitude of these scenes is intense; and the tempests which brood over the waters, strewing the shore with wrecks through all seasons of the year, help to increase the gloom that acts so strongly even upon those who are accustomed to contemplate the sea under all its aspects. The frequent loss of husbands and sons, the roar of the waves, and the atmospheric effects which in such situations present so many strange illusions to the eye, are well calculated to work upon the terrors of the people, and supply them with melancholy fancies when they sit watching at midnight to catch the voices of their friends through the intervals of the storm. Their superstitions are generally shaped to this end; and phantoms and death-warnings are familiar to them all.

In the long winter nights when the fishermen's wives, whose husbands are out at sea, are scared from their uneasy sleep by the rising of the tempest, they listen breathlessly for certain sounds to which they attach a fatal meaning. If they hear a low and monotonous noise of waters, falling drop by drop at the foot of their bed, and find that it has not been caused by natural means, and that the floor is dry, it is the unerring token of shipwreck. The sea has made them widows! This fearful superstition, we believe, is confined to the isle of Artz, where a still more striking phenomenon is said to take place. Sometimes in the twilight, they say, large white women may be seen moving slowly from the neighboring islands, or the continent, over the sea, and seating themselves upon its borders. There they remain throughout the night, digging the sands with their naked feet, and stripping off between their fingers the leaves of rosemary flowers culled upon the beach. These women, according to the tradition, are natives of the island who, marrying strangers, and dying in their sins, have returned home to their beloved birth-place to beg the prayers of their friends. A great number of their superstitions turn upon this clinging love for the scenes of their youth.

It is a general opinion amongst them that a hurricane can never be appeased until the waves have rejected and flung upon the shore the dead bodies of heretics who perished by shipwreck, and all other unclean bodies. This is a fragment of the old Druidical worship: a dim recollection of that association of ideas held by the Celts as existing between the purity of the waters and the soul of man. The idea was originally derived, probably, from observation of the natural purifying process of the Alpine glaciers, which have a constant tendency to throw up to the sides the heaps of stones and mud they accumulate in their course.

There is a special day set apart for the anniversary of the shipwrecked dead, called the *Jour des Morts*. On this occasion the winds and waters are brought into active requisition to supply materials for the spectral drama. When the wind ripples the sea into wreaths of foam, the fishermen fancy they hear melancholy murmurs stealing over the waves, and behold the souls of the poor creatures who were wrecked rise upon the summits of the billows, and then in ghostly grief, pale and fugitive, melt away like froth. If one of these sad spirits happens to encounter the soul of some well-beloved friend, the air is filled with cries of despair at the first glance of recognition. Sometimes the fishermen, sitting in their huts at night, hear a strange and mysterious melange of sounds over the bay, now low and sweet, now loud and turbulent, now trembling, groaning, and whistling with the rising of the surge. These mixed clamors of cries and voices indicate the general meeting of the poor ghosts, at which it appears they hold a sort of marine *conversazione*, and diligently relate their histories to each other.

At the seaside village of St. Gildas, the fishermen who lead evil lives are often disturbed at midnight by three knocks at their door from an invisible hand. They immediately get up, and impelled by some supernatural power, which they cannot resist and dare not question, go down to the beach, where they find long black boats, apparently empty, yet sunk so deeply in the water as to be nearly level with it. The moment they enter, a large white sail streams out from the top of the mast, and the barque is carried out to sea with irresistible rapidity, never to be seen by mortal eyes again. The belief is that these boats are freighted with condemned souls, and that the fishermen are doomed to pilot them over the waste of waters until the day of judgment. This legend, like many others, is of Celtic origin, and is related by Procopius.

Such are a few of the salient superstitions of a people not yet embraced in the girdle of modern civilization, who have derived none of their notions from books, and who realize in their living faith all those characteristics of Romance which we are too apt to believe, in our sober England, have long since passed out of the world. To the Breton, the elements of that Romance are part and parcel of his daily existence; he breathes the very atmosphere of the middle ages, which are not revived, but continued in him; and acts to the life the whole round of their enchantments, without being in the slightest degree conscious of the performance. How long the people are destined to preserve these peculiar attributes is a problem rapidly hastening towards solution. Two great railroads from Paris—the one stretching to Rouen, the capital of Normandy, and the other to Orleans, on the banks of the Loire—have just been thrown open. The railroad is the giant annihilator of old customs and provincial manners. The moment its fiery chariot touches the boundary line of Brittany, we may take our last look upon the Armorica of the ancients.

Relievo Map of England and Wales.—(Dobbs & Co.)—It is eminently characteristic of English integrity and enterprise, that almost every improvement introduced amongst us is speedily carried farther and farther on the road to perfection. This embossed map is a useful and beautiful illustration of the fact—the first, it is announced, of an intended series. What with the proportionate elevations of the mountains and the aid of color, the eye at once distinguishes all the principal features of the geography of the land; and we obtain at a glance as much information as it would take us days to gather from description or reading. The design is excellent, and the execution most laudable.—*Literary Gazette.*

"HONOR TO WOMEN."

FROM SCHILLER.

Honor to women! entwining and braiding,
Life's garland with roses for ever unfading,
In the veil of the Graces all modestly kneeling,
Love's band with sweet spells have they wreathed, have they bless'd.
And tending with hands ever pure, have caress'd,
The flame of each holy, each beautiful feeling.

Ever truth's bright bounds outranges
Man, and his wild spirit strives,
Ever with each thought that changes
As the storm of passion drives—
With heart appeased, contented, never
Grasps he at the future's gleam,
Beyond the stars pursuing ever
The restless phantom of his dream.

But the glances of women, enchantingly glowing,
Their light woos the fugitive back, ever throwing
A link round the present, that binds like a spell;
In the meek cottage home of the mother presiding,
All graces, all gentleness, round them abiding,
As Nature's true daughters, how sweetly they dwell.

Man is ever warring, rushing
Onward through life's stormy way,
Wild his fervor, fierce and crushing,
Knows he neither rest nor stay,
Creating, slaying—day by day
Urged by Passion's fury brood,
A Hydra band, whose heads, for aye
Fall, to be for aye renewed.

But women, to sweet silent praises resigning
Such hopes as affection is ever enshrining,
Pluck the moment's brief flowers as they wander along,
More free in their limited range, richer ever
Than man, proudly soaring with fruitless endeavor
Through the infinite circles of science and song.

Strong, and proud, and self-commending,
Man's cold heart doth never move
To a gentler spirit bending,
To the godlike power of Love,—
Knows not soul-exchange so tender,
Tears, by others' tears confess'd,
Life's dark combats steel, and render
Harder his obdurate breast!

O wakened like harp, and as gently, resembling
Its murmuring chords to the night breezes trembling,
Breathes woman's fond soul, and as feelingly too:
Touch'd lightly, touch'd deeply, O ever she borrows
Grief itself from the image of grief, and her sorrows
Ever gem her soft eyes with Heaven's holiest dew.

Man, of power despotic lord,
In power doth insolently trust;
Scythia argues with the sword,
Persia, crouching, bites the dust.
In their fury-fights engaging,
Combat spoilers wild and dread,
Strife, and war, and havoc raging
Where the charities have fled.

But gently entreating, and sweetly beguiling,
Woman reigns while the Graces around her are smiling,
Calming down the fierce discord of Hatred and Pride;
Teaching all whom the strife of wild passions would sever,
To unite in one bond, and with her, and for ever,
All hopes, each emotion, they else had denied.

DR. FRANCIA AND SOUTH AMERICA.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Funeral Discourse delivered on occasion of celebrating the Obsequies of his late Excellency the Perpetual Dictator of the Republic of Paraguay, the Citizen Dr. José Gaspar Francia, by Citizen the* REV. MANUEL ANTONIO PEREZ, *of the Church of the Incarnation, on the 20th of October*, 1840. (In the "British Packet and Argentine News," No. 813. Buenos Ayres: March 19, 1842.)
2. *Essai Historique sur la Révolution de Paraguay, et le Gouvernement Dictatorial du Docteur Francia. Par* MM. RENGGER *et* LONGCHAMP. 2de édition. Paris. 1827.
3. *Letters on Paraguay.* By J. P. and W. P. ROBERTSON. 2 vols. Second Edition. London. 1839.
4. *Francia's Reign of Terror.* (By the same.) London. 1839.
5. *Letters on South America.* (By the same.) 3 vols. London. 1843.
6. *Travels in Chile and La Plata.* By JOHN MIERS. 2 vols. London. 1826.
7. *Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru.* 2 vols. 2nd Edition. London. 1829.

THE confused South American revolution, and set of revolutions, like the South American continent itself, is doubtless a great confused phenomenon; worthy of better knowledge than men yet have of it. Several books, of which we here name a few known to us, have been written on the subject: but bad books mostly, and productive of almost no effect. The heroes of South America have not yet succeeded in picturing any image of themselves, much less any true image of themselves, in the Cis-Atlantic mind or memory.

Iturbide, "the Napoleon of Mexico," a great man in that narrow country, who was he? He made the thrice-celebrated "Plan of Iguala;" a constitution of no continuance. He became Emperor of Mexico, most serene "Augustin I.;" was deposed, banished to Leghorn, to London; decided on returning;—landed on the shore of Tampico, and was there met, and shot: this, in a vague sort, is what the world knows of the Napoleon of Mexico, most serene Augustin the First, most unfortunate Augustin the Last. He did himself publish memoirs or memorials,* but few can read them. Oblivion, and the deserts of Panama, have swallowed this brave Don Augustin: *vate caruit sacro.*

And Bolivar, "the Washington of Columbia," Liberator Bolivar, he too is gone without his fame. Melancholy lithographs represent to us a long-faced, square-browed man; of stern, considerate, *consciously* considerate aspect, mildly aquiline form of nose; with terrible angularity of jaw; and dark deep eyes, somewhat too close together (for which latter circumstance we earnestly hope the lithograph alone is to blame): this is Liberator Bolivar:—a man of much hard fighting, hard riding, of manifold achievements, distresses, heroisms, and histrionisms in this world; a many-counselled, much-enduring man; now dead and gone,—of whom, except that melancholy lithograph, the cultivated European public knows as good as nothing. Yet did he not fly hither and thither, often in the most desperate manner, with wild cavalry clad in blankets, with War of Liberation "to the death?" Clad in blankets, *ponchos* the South Americans call them: it is a square blanket, with a short slit in the centre, which you draw over your head, and so leave hanging: many a liberative cavalier has ridden, in those hot climates, without further dress at all; and fought handsomely too, wrapping the blanket round his arm, when it came to the charge.

With such cavalry, and artillery and infantry to match, Bolivar has ridden, fighting all the way, through torrid deserts, hot mud-swamps, through ice-chasms beyond the curve of perpetual frost,—more miles than Ulysses ever sailed: let the coming Homers take note of it. He has marched over the Andes, more than once; a feat analogous to Hannibal's; and seemed to think little of it. Often beaten, banished from the firm land, he always returned again, truculently fought again. He gained in the Cumana regions the "immortal victory" of Carababo and several others; under him was gained the finishing "immortal victory" of Ayacucho in Peru, where Old Spain, for the last time, burnt powder in those latitudes, and then fled without return. He was Dictator, Liberator, almost emperor, if he had lived. Some three times over did he, in solemn Columbian parliament, lay down his Dictatorship with Washington eloquence; and as often, on pressing request, take it up again, being a man indispensable. Thrice, or at least twice, did he, in different places, painfully construct a Free Constitution; consisting of "two chambers, and a supreme governor for life, with liberty to name his successor," the reasonablest democratic constitution you could well construct; and twice, or at least once, did the people on trial, declare it disagreeable. He was, of old, well known in Paris; in the dissolute, the philosophico-political and other circles there. He has shone in many a gay Parisian *soirée*, this Simon Bolivar; and he, in his later years, in autumn 1825, rode triumphant into Potosi and the fabulous Inca Cities, with clouds of feathered Indians somersetting and war-whooping round him,*—and "as the famed *Cerro*, metalliferous Mountain, came in sight, the bells all peeled out, and there was a thunder of artillery," says General Miller! If this is not a Ulysses, Polytlas and Polymetis, a much-enduring and many-counselled man; where was there one? Truly a Ulysses whose history were worth its ink,—had the Homer that could do it, made his appearance!

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* "A Statement of some of the principal events in the Public Life of Augustin de Iturbide: written by Himself." London. 1843.

Of General San Martin too there will be something to be said. General San Martin, when we last saw him, twenty years ago or more,—through the organs of the authentic steadfast Mr. Miers,—had a handsome house in Mendoza, and "his own portrait, as I remarked, hung up between those of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington." In Mendoza, cheerful, mudbuilt, whitewashed town, seated at the eastern base of the Andes, "with its shady public-walk, well paved and swept;" looking out pleasantly, on this hand, over wide horizons of Pampa wilderness; pleasantly on that, to the Rock-chain, *Cordillera* they call it, of the sky-piercing Mountains, capt in snow, or with volcanic fumes issuing from them: there dwelt General *Ex*-Generalissimo San Martin, ruminating past adventures over half the world; and had his portrait hung up between Napoleon's and the Duke of Wellington's.

Did the reader ever hear of San Martin's march over the Andes into Chile? It is a feat worth looking at; comparable, most likely, to Hannibal's march over the Alps, while there was yet no Simplon or Mont-Cénis highway; and *it* transacted itself in the year 1817. South American armies think little of picking their way through the gullies of the Andes: so the Buenos-Ayres people, having driven out their own Spaniards, and established the reign of freedom, though in a precarious manner, thought it were now good to drive the Spaniards out of Chile, and establish the reign of freedom there also instead: whereupon San Martin, commander at Mendoza, was appointed to do it. By way of preparation, for he began from afar, San Martin, while an army is getting ready at Mendoza, assembles "at the Fort of San Carlos by the Aguanda river," some days' journey to the south, all attainable tribes of the Pehuenche Indians, to a solemn *Palaver*, so they name it, and civic entertainment, on the esplanade there. The ceremonies and deliberations, as described by General Miller, are somewhat surprising; still more the concluding civic feast, which lasts for three days, which consists of horses' flesh for the solid part, and horses' blood, with ardent spirits *ad libitum*, for the liquid, consumed with such alacrity, with such results as one may fancy. However, the women had prudently removed all the arms beforehand; nay, "five or six of these poor women, taking it by turns, were always found in a sober state, watching over the rest;" so that comparatively little mischief was done, and only "one or two" deaths by quarrel took place.

The Pehuenches, having drunk their ardent-water and horses' blood in this manner, and sworn eternal friendship to San Martin, went home, and—communicated to his enemies, across the Andes, the road he meant to take. This was what San Martin had foreseen and meant, the knowing man! He hastened his preparations, got his artillery slung on poles, his men equipt with knapsacks and haversacks, his mules in readiness; and, in all stillness, set forth from Mendoza by *another* road. Few things in late war, according to General Miller, have been more note-worthy than this march. The long straggling line of soldiers, six thousand and odd, with their quadrupeds and baggage, winding through the heart of the Andes, breaking for a brief moment the old abysmal solitudes!—For you farre along, on some narrow roadway, through stony labyrinths: huge rock-mountains hanging over your head, on this hand; and under your feet, on that, the roar of mountain-cataracts, horror of bottomless chasms;—the very winds and echoes howling on you in an almost preternatural manner. Towering rock-barriers rise sky-high before you, and behind you, and around you; intricate the outgate! The roadway is narrow; footing none of the best. Sharp turns there are, where it will behove you to mind your paces; one false step, and you will need no second; in the gloomy jaws of the abyss you vanish, and the spectral winds howl requiem. Somewhat better are the suspension-bridges, made of bamboo and leather, though they swing like see-saws: men are stationed with lassos, to gin you dexterously, and fish you up from the torrent, if you trip there.

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* Memoirs of General Miller.

Through this kind of country did San Martin march; straight towards San Iago, to fight the Spaniards and deliver Chile.—For ammunition waggons, he had *sorras*, sledges, canoe-shaped boxes, made of dried bull's-hide. His cannons were carried on the back of mules, each cannon on two mules judiciously harnessed: on the pack-saddle of your foremost mule, there rested with firm girths a long strong pole; the other end of which (*forked* end, we suppose) rested, with like girths, on the pack-saddle of the hindmost mule; your cannon was slung with leathern straps on this pole, and so travelled, swaying and dangling, yet moderately secure. In the knapsack of each soldier was eight days' provender, dried beef ground into snuff-powder, with a modicum of pepper, and some slight seasoning of biscuit or maize-meal; "store of onions, of garlic," was not wanting: Paraguay tea could be boiled at eventide, by fire of scrub-brushes, or almost of rock-lichens, or dried mule-dung. No further baggage was permitted: each soldier lay at night, wrapt in his *poncho*, with his knapsack for pillow, under the canopy of heaven; lullabied by hard travail; and sank soon enough into steady nose-melody, into the foolishest rough colt-dance of unimaginable Dreams. Had he not left much behind him in the Pampas,—mother, mistress, what not; and was like to find somewhat, if he ever got across to Chile living? What an entity, one of those night-leaguers of San Martin; all steadily snoring there, in the heart of the Andes, under the eternal stars! Wayworn sentries with difficulty keep themselves awake; tired mules chew barley rations, or doze on three legs; the feeble watchfire will hardly kindle a cigar; Canopus and the Southern Cross glitter down; and all snores steadily, begirt by granite deserts, looked on by the constellations in that manner! San Martin's improvident soldiers ate out their week's rations almost in half the time; and for the last three days, had to rush on, spurred by hunger: this also the knowing San Martin had foreseen; and knew that they could bear it, these rugged *Guachos* of his; nay, that they would march all the faster for it. On the eighth day, hungry as wolves, swift and sudden as a torrent from the mountains, they disembogued; straight towards San Iago, to the astonishment of men;—struck the doubly-astonished Spaniards into dire misgivings; and then, in pitched fight, after due manœuvres, into total defeat on the "Plains of Maypo," and again, positively for the last time, on the Plains or Heights of "Chacabuco;" and completed the "deliverance of Chile," as was thought, for ever and a day.

Alas, the "deliverance" of Chile was but commenced; very far from completed. Chile, after many more deliverances, up to this hour, is always but "delivered" from one set of evil-doers to another set! San Martin's manœuvres to liberate Peru, to unite Peru and Chile, and become some Washington-Napoleon of the same, did not prosper so well. The suspicion of mankind had to rouse itself; Liberator Bolivar had to be called in; and some revolution or two to take place in the interim. San Martin sees himself peremptorily, though with courtesy, complimented over the Andes again; and in due leisure, at Mendoza, hangs his portrait between Napoleon's and Wellington's. Mr. Miers considered him a fair-spoken, obliging, if somewhat artful man. Might not the Chilenos as well have *taken* him for their Napoleon? They have gone farther, and, as yet, fared little better!

The world-famous General O'Higgins, for example, he, after some revolution or two, became Director of Chile; but so terribly hampered by "class-legislation" and the like, what could he make of it? Almost nothing! O'Higgins is clearly of Irish breed; and, though a Chileno born, and "natural son of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, formerly the Spanish Viceroy of Chile," carries his Hibernianism in his very face. A most cheery, jovial, buxom countenance, radiant with pepticity, good humor, and manifold effectuality in peace and war! Of his battles and adventures let some luckier epic writer sing or speak. One thing we Foreign Reviewers will always remember: his father's immense merits towards Chile in the matter of highways. Till Don Ambrosio arrived to govern Chile, some half century ago, there probably was not a made road of ten miles long from Panama to Cape Horn. Indeed, except his roads, we fear there is hardly any yet. One omits the old Inca causeways, as too narrow, (being only three feet broad,) and altogether unfrequented in the actual ages. Don Ambrosio made, with incredible industry and perseverance and skill, in every direction, roads, roads From San Iago to Valparaiso, where only sure-footed mules with their packsaddles carried goods, there can now wooden-axled cars loud-sounding, or any kind of vehicle, commodiously roll. It was he that shaped these passes through the Andes, for most part; hewed them out from mule-tracks into roads, certain of them. And think of his *casuchas*. Always on the higher inhospitable solitudes, at every few miles' distance, stands a trim brick cottage, or *casucha*, into which the forlorn traveller introducing himself, finds covert and grateful safety; nay, food and refection,—for there are "iron boxes" of pounded beef or other provender, iron boxes of charcoal; to all which the traveller, having bargained with the Post-office authorities, carries a key.* Steel and tinder are not wanting to him, nor due iron skillet, with water from the stream: there he, striking a light, cooks hoarded victual at even-tide, amid the lonely pinnacles of the world, and blesses Governor O'Higgins. With "both hands," it may be hoped,—if there is vivacity of mind in him:

Had you seen this road before it was made,
You would lift both your hands, and bless General Wade!

It affects one with real pain to hear from Mr. Miers, that the War of Liberty has half ruined these O'Higgins *casuchas*. Patriot soldiers, in want of more warmth than the charcoal-box could yield, have not scrupled to tear down the door, door-case, or whatever wooden thing could be come at, and burn it, on the spur of the moment. The storm-staid traveller, who sometimes, in threatening weather, has to linger here for days, "for fifteen days together," does not lift both his hands, and bless the Patriot soldier!

Nay, it appears, the O'Higgins roads, even in the plain country, have not, of late years, been repaired, or in the least attended to, so distressed was the finance department; and are now fast verging towards impassability and the condition of mule-tracks again. What a set of animals are men and Chilenos! If an O'Higgins did not now and then appear among them, what would become of the unfortunates? Can you wonder that an O'Higgins sometimes loses temper with them; *shuts* the persuasive outspread hand, clutching some sharpest hide-whip, some terrible sword of justice or gallows-lasso therewith, instead, —and becomes a Dr. Francia now and then! Both the O'Higgins and the Francia, it seems probable, are phases of the same character; both, one begins to fear, are indispensable from time to time, in a world inhabited by men and Chilenos!

As to O'Higgins the Second, Patriot, Natural-son O'Higgins, he, as we said, had almost no success whatever as a governor; being hampered by class-legislation. Alas, a governor in Chile cannot succeed. A governor there has to resign himself to the want of success; and should say, in cheerful interrogative tone, like that Pope elect, who, showing himself on the balcony, was greeted with mere howls, "*Non piacemmo al popolo?*"—and thereupon proceed cheerfully to the *next* fact. Governing is a rude business everywhere; but in South America it is of quite primitive rudeness: they have no parliamentary way of changing ministries as yet; nothing but the rude primitive way of hanging the old ministry on gibbets, that the new may be installed! Their government has altered its name, says the sturdy Mr. Miers, rendered sulky by what he saw there: altered its name, but its nature continues as before. Shameless peculation, malversation, that is their government: oppression formerly by Spanish officials, now by native haciendados, land-proprietors,—the thing called justice still at a great distance from them, says the sulky Mr. Miers!—Yes, but coming always, answer we; every new gibbeting of an old ineffectual ministry bringing justice somewhat nearer! Nay, as Miers himself has to admit, certain improvements are already indisputable. Trade everywhere, in spite of multiplex confusions, has increased, is increasing: the days of somnolent monopoly and the old Acapulco ship are gone, quite over the horizon. Two good, or partially good measures, the very necessity of things has everywhere brought about in those poor countries: clipping of the enormous bat-wings of the clergy, and emancipating of the slaves. Bat-wings, we say; for truly the South American clergy had grown to be as a kind of bat-vampires: readers have heard of that huge South American bloodsucker, which fixes its bill in your circulating vital fluid as you lie *asleep*, and there sucks; waving you with the motion of its detestable leather wings into ever deeper sleep; and so drinking, till *it* is satisfied, and you —do not awaken any more! The South American governments, all in natural feud with the old church-dignitaries, and likewise all in great straits for cash, have everywhere confiscated the monasteries, cashiered the disobedient dignitaries, melted the superflous church-plate into piasters; and, on the whole, shorn the *wings* of their vampyre; so that if it still suck, you will at least have a chance of awakening before death!—Then again, the very want of soldiers of liberty led to the emancipating of blacks, yellows, and other colored persons: your mulatto, nay your negro, if well drilled, will stand fire as well as another.

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* Miers.

Poor South American emancipators; they began with Volney, Raynal and Company, at that gospel of Social Contract and the Rights of Man; under the most unpropitious circumstances; and have hitherto got only to the length we see! Nay now, it seems, they do possess "universities," which are at least schools with other than monk teachers: they have got libraries, though as yet almost nobody reads them,—and our friend Miers, repeatedly knocking at all doors of the Grand Chile National Library, could never to this hour discover where the key lay, and had to content himself with looking in through the windows.* Miers, as already hinted, desiderates unspeakable improvements in Chile;—desiderates, indeed, as the basis of all, an immense increase of soap-and-water. Yes, thou sturdy Miers, dirt is decidedly to be removed, whatever improvements, temporal or spiritual, may be intended next! According to Miers, the open, still more the secret personal nastiness of those remote populations, rises almost towards the sublime. Finest silks, gold brocades, pearl necklaces, and diamond ear-drops, are no security against it: alas, all is not gold that glitters; somewhat that glitters is mere putrid fish-skin! Decided, enormously increased appliance of soap-and-water, in all its branches, with all its adjuncts; this, according to Miers, would be an improvement. He says also ("in his haste," as is probable, like the Hebrew Psalmist), that all Chileno men are liars; all, or to appearance, all! A people that uses almost no soap, and speaks almost no truth, but goes about in that fashion, in a state of personal nastiness, and also of spiritual nastiness, approaching the sublime; such people is not easy to govern well!—

But undoubtedly by far the notablest of all these South American phenomena is Dr. Francia and his Dictatorship in Paraguay; concerning whom and which we have now more particularly to speak. Francia and his "reign of terror" have excited some interest, much vague wonder in this country; and especially given a great shock to constitutional feeling. One would rather wish to know Dr. Francia;—but unhappily one cannot! Out of such a murk of distracted shadows and rumors, in the other hemisphere of the world, who would pretend at present to decipher the real portraiture of Dr. Francia and his Life? None of us can. A few credible features, wonderful enough, original enough in our constitutional time, will perhaps to the impartial eye disclose themselves: these, with some endeavor to interpret these, may lead certain readers into various reflections, constitutional and other, not entirely without benefit.

Certainly, as we say, nothing could well shock the constitutional feeling of mankind, as Dr. Francia has done. Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, and indeed the whole breed of tyrants, one hoped, had gone many hundred years ago, with their reward; and here, under our very nose, rises a new "tyrant," claiming also *his* reward from us! Precisely when constitutional liberty was beginning to be understood a little, and we flattered ourselves that by due ballot-boxes, by due registration-courts, and bursts of parliamentary eloquence, something like a real National Palaver would be got up in those countries,—arises this tawny-visaged, lean, inexorable Dr. Francia; claps you an embargo on all that; says to constitutional liberty, in the most tyrannous manner, Hitherto, and no farther! It is an undeniable, though an almost incredible fact, that Francia, a lean private individual, Practitioner of Law, and Doctor of Divinity, did, for twenty or near thirty years, stretch out his rod over the foreign commerce of Paraguay, saying to it, Cease! The ships lay high and dry, their pitchless seams all yawning on the clay banks of the Parana; and no man could trade but by Francia's license. If any person entered Paraguay, and the Doctor did not like his papers, his talk, conduct, or even the cut of his face,—it might be the worse for such person! Nobody could leave Paraguay on any pretext whatever. It mattered not that you were a man of science, astronomer, geologer, astrologer, wizard of the north; Francia heeded none of these things. The whole world knows of M. Aimé Bonpland; how Francia seized him, descending on his tea-establishment in Entre Rios, like an obscene vulture, and carried him into the interior, contrary even to the law of nations; how the great Humboldt and other high persons expressly applied to Doctor Francia, calling on him, in the name of human science, and as it were under penalty of reprobation, to liberate M. Bonpland; and how Dr. Francia made no answer, and M. Bonpland did not return to Europe, and indeed has never yet returned. It is also admitted that Dr. Francia had a gallows, had jailers, law-fiscals, officials; and executed, in his time, "upwards of forty persons," some of them in a very summary manner. Liberty of private judgment, unless it kept its mouth shut, was at an end in Paraguay. Paraguay lay under interdict, cut off for above twenty years from the rest of the world, by a new Dionysius of Paraguay. All foreign commerce had ceased; how much more all domestic constitution-building! These are strange facts. Dr. Francia, we may conclude at least, was not a common man but an uncommon.

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* Travels in Chile.

How unfortunate that there is almost no knowledge of him procurable at present! Next to none. The Paraguenos can in many cases spell and read, but they are not a literary people; and, indeed, this Doctor was, perhaps, too awful a practical phenomenon to be calmly treated of in the literary way. Your Breughel paints his sea-storm, not while the ship is laboring and cracking, but after he has got to shore, and is safe under cover! Our Buenos-Ayres friends, again, who are not without habits of printing, lay at a great distance from Francia, under great obscurations of quarrel and controversy with him; their constitutional feeling shocked to an extreme degree by the things he did. To them, there could little intelligence float down, on those long muddy waters, through those vast distracted countries, that was not more or less of a distracted nature; and then from Buenos-Ayres over into Europe, there is another long tract of distance, liable to new distractions. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, is, at present, to the European mind, little other than a chimera; at best, the statement of a puzzle, to which the solution is still to seek. As the Paraguenos, though not a literary people, can many of them spell and write, and are not without a discriminating sense of true and untrue, why should not some real "Life of Francia," from those parts, be still possible? If a writer of genius arise there, he is hereby invited to the enterprise. Surely in all places your writing genius ought to rejoice over an acting genius, when he falls in with such; and say to himself: "Here or nowhere is the thing for me to write of! Why do I keep pen and ink at all, if not to apprise men of this singular acting genius and the like of him? My fine-arts and æsthetics, my epics, literatures, poetics, if I will think of it, do all at bottom mean either that or else nothing whatever!"

Hitherto our chief source of information as to Francia is a little book, the second on our list, set forth in French some sixteen years ago, by the Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp. Translations into various languages were executed:—of that into English, it is our painful duty to say that no man, except in case of extreme necessity, shall use it as reading. The translator, having little fear of human detection, and seemingly none at all of divine or diabolic, has done his work even unusually ill; with ignorance, with carelessness, with dishonesty prepense; coolly *omitting* whatsoever he *saw* that he did not understand:—poor man, if he yet survive, let him reform in time! He has made a French book, which was itself but lean and dry, into the most wooden of English false books; doing evil as he could in that matter;—and claimed wages for it, as if the feat deserved *wages* first of all! Reformation, even on the small scale, is highly necessary.

The Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp were, and we hope still are, two Swiss Surgeons; who in the year 1819 resolved on carrying their talents into South America, into Paraguay, with views towards "natural history," among other things. After long towing and struggling in those Parana floods, and distracted provinces, after much detention by stress of weather and of war, they arrived accordingly in Francia's country; but found that, without Francia's leave, they could not quit it again. Francia was now a Dionysius of Paraguay. Paraguay had grown to be, like some mousetraps and other contrivances of art and nature, easy to enter, impossible to get out of. Our brave surgeons, our brave Rengger (for it is he alone of the two that speaks and writes) reconciled themselves; were set to doctoring of Francia's soldiery, of Francia's self; collected plants and beetles; and, for six years, endured their lot rather handsomely: at length, in 1825, the embargo was for a time lifted, and they got home. This book was the consequence. It is not a good book, but at that date there was, on the subject, no other book at all; nor is there yet any other better, or as good. We consider it to be authentic, veracious, moderately accurate; though lean and dry, it is intelligible, rational; in the French original, not unreadable. We may say it embraces up to this date, the present date, all of importance that is yet known in Europe about the Doctor Despot; add to this its indisputable *brevity;* the fact that it can be read sooner by several hours than any other *Dr. Francia:* these are its excellencies,—considerable, though wholly of a comparative sort.

After all, brevity is the soul of wit!

There is an endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. The stupidest man, if he will be brief in proportion, may fairly claim some hearing from us: he too, the stupidest man, has seen something, heard something, which is his own, distinctly peculiar, never seen or heard by any man in this world before; let him tell us that, and if it were possible, *nothing* more than that,—he, brief in proportion, shall be welcome!

The Messrs. Robertson, with their "Francia's Reign of Terror," and other books on South America, have been much before the world of late; and failed not of a perusal from this reviewer; whose next sad duty it now is to say a word about them. The Messrs. Robertson, some thirty or five and thirty years ago, were two young Scotchmen, from the neighborhood of Edinburgh, as would seem; who, under fair auspices, set out for Buenos-Ayres, thence for Paraguay, and other quarters of that remote continent, in the way of commercial adventure. Being young men of vivacity and open eyesight, they surveyed with attentive view those convulsed regions of the world; wherein it was evident that revolution raged not a little; but also that precious metals, cow-hides, Jesuits' bark, and multiplex commodities, were nevertheless extant; and iron or brazen implements, ornaments, cotton and woollen clothing, and British manufactures not a few, were objects of desire to mankind. The brothers Robertson, acting on these facts, appear to have prospered, to have extensively flourished in their commerce; which they gradually extended up the River Plate, to the city of the Seven Streams or Currents, (*Corrientes* so called,) and higher even to Assumpcion, metropolis of Paraguay; in which latter place, so extensive did the commercial interests grow, it seemed at last expedient that one or both of the prosperous brothers should take up his personal residence. Personal residence accordingly they did take up, one or both of them, and maintain, in a fluctuating way, now in this city, now in that, of the De la Plata, Parana or Paraguay country, for a considerable space of years. How many years, in precise arithmetic, it is impossible, from these inextricably complicated documents now before us, to ascertain. In Paraguay itself, in Assumpcion city itself, it is very clear, the brothers Robertson did, successively or simultaneously, in a fluctuating inextricable manner, live for certain years; and occasionally saw Dr. Francia with their own eyes,—though, to them or others, he had not yet become notable. Mountains of cow and other hides, it would appear, quitted those countries by movement of the brothers Robertson, to be worn out in Europe as tanned boots and horse-harness, with more or less satisfaction,—not without due profit to the merchants, we shall hope. About the time of Dr. Francia's beginning his "reign of terror," or earlier it may be, (for there are no dates in these inextricable documents,) the Messrs. Robertson were lucky enough to take final farewell of Paraguay, and carry their commercial enterprises into other quarters of that vast continent, where the reign was not of terror. Their voyagings, counter-voyagings, comings and goings, seem to have been extensive, frequent, inextricably complex; to Europe, to Tucuman, to Glasgow, to Chile, to Laswade, and else-whither; too complex for a succinct intelligence, as that of our readers has to be at present. Sufficient for us to know, that the Messrs. Robertson did bodily, and for good, return to their own country some few years since; with what net result of cash is but dimly adumbrated in these documents; certainly with some increase of knowledge—had the unfolding of it but been brief in proportion! Indisputably the Messrs. Robertson had somewhat to tell: their eyes had seen some new things, of which their hearts and understandings had taken hold more or less. In which circumstances the Messrs. Robertson decided on publishing a book. Arrangements being made, two volumes of "Letters on Paraguay" came out, with due welcome from the world, in 1839.

We have read these "Letters" for the first time lately: a book of somewhat *aqueous* structure: immeasurably thinner than one could have wished; otherwise not without merit. It is written in an off-hand, free-glowing, very artless, very incorrect style of language, of thought, and of conception; breathes a cheerful, eupeptic, social spirit, as of adventurous South-American Britons, worthy to succeed in business; gives one, here and there, some visible concrete feature, some lively glimpse of those remote sunburnt countries; and has throughout a kind of bantering humor or quasi-humor, a joviality and healthiness of heart, which is comfortable to the reader, in some measure. A book not to be despised in these dull times: one of that extensive class of books which a reader can peruse, so to speak, "with one eye shut and the other not open;" a considerable luxury for some readers. These "Letters on Paraguay" meeting, as would seem, a unanimous approval, it was now determined by the Messrs. Robertson that they would add a third volume, and entitle it "Dr. Francia's Reign of Terror." They did so, and this likewise the present reviewer has read. Unluckily the authors had, as it were, nothing more whatever to say about Dr. Francia, or next to nothing; and under this condition, it must be owned they have done their book with what success was well possible. Given a cubic inch of respectable Castile soap, To lather it up in water so as to fill one puncheon wine-measure: this is the problem; let a man have credit (of its kind) for doing his problem! The Messrs. Robertson have picked almost every fact of significance from "Rengger and Longchamp," adding some not very significant reminiscences of their own; this is the square inch of soap: you lather it up in Robertsonian loquacity, joviality, Commercial-Inn banter, Leading-Article philosophy, or other aqueous vehicles, till it fills the puncheon, the volume of four hundred pages, and say, "There!" The public, it would seem, did not fling even this in the face of the venders, but bought it as a puncheon filled; and the consequences are already here: Three volumes more on "South America," from the same assiduous Messrs. Robertson! These, also, in his eagerness, this present reviewer has read; and has, alas, to say that they are simply the old volumes in new vocables, under a new figure. Intrinsically all that we did not already know of these three volumes,—there are craftsmen of no great eminence who will undertake to write it in one sheet! Yet there they stand, three solid-looking volumes, a thousand printed pages and upwards; three puncheons *more* lathered out of the old square inch of Castile soap! It is too bad. A necessitous ready-witted Irishman sells you an indifferent gray-horse; steals it over night, paints it black, and sells it you again on the morrow; *he* is haled before judges, sharply cross-questioned, tried, and almost executed, for such adroitness in horse-flesh; but there is no law yet as to books!

M. de la Condamine, about a century ago, was one of a world-famous company that went into those equinoctial countries, and for the space of nine or ten years did exploits there. From Quito to Cuença, he measured you degrees of the meridian, climbed mountains, took observations, had adventures; wild Creoles opposing Spanish nescience to human science; wild Indians throwing down your whole cargo of instruments occasionally in the heart of remote deserts, and striking work there. M. de la Condamine saw bull-fights at Cuença,* five days running; and on the fifth day, saw his unfortunate too audacious surgeon massacred by popular tumult there. He sailed the entire length of the Amazons River, in Indian canoes; over narrow Pongo rapids, over infinite mud-waters, the infinite tangled wilderness, with its reeking desolation on the right hand of him and on the left;—and had mischances, adventures, and took celestial observations all the way, and made remarks! Apart altogether from his meridian degrees, which belong in a very strict sense to world-history and the advancement of all Adam's sinful posterity, this man and his party saw and suffered many hundred times as much of mere romance adventure as the Messrs. Robertson did:—Madame Godin's passage down the Amazons, and frightful life-in-death amid the howling forest-labyrinths, and wrecks of her dead friends, amounts to more adventure of itself than was ever dreamt of in the Robertsonian world. And of all this M. de la Condamine gives pertinent, lucid, and conclusively intelligible and credible account in one very small octavo volume; not quite the eighth part of what the Messrs. Robertson have already written, in a not pertinent, not lucid, or conclusively intelligible and credible manner. And the Messrs. Robertson talk repeatedly, in their last volumes, of writing still other volumes on Chile, "if the public will encourage." The Public will be a monstrous fool if it do. The Public ought to stipulate first, that the real new knowledge forthcoming there about Chile be separated from the knowledge or ignorance already known; that the preliminary question be rigorously put, Are several volumes the space to hold it, or a small fraction of one volume?

On the whole, it is a sin, good reader, though there is no Act of Parliament against it; an indubitable *male*faction or crime. No mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something: he knows not what mischief he does, past computation; scattering words without meaning,—to afflict the whole world yet, before they cease! For thistle-down flies abroad on all winds and airs of wind: idle thistles, idle dandelions, and other idle products of Nature or the human mind, propagate themselves in that way; like to cover the face of the earth, did not man's indignant providence with reap-hook, with rake, with autumnal steel-and-tinder, intervene.

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* Condamine: Relation d'un Voyage dans l'Intérieur de l'Amérique méridionale.

It is frightful to think how every idle volume flies abroad like an idle globular downbeard, embryo of new millions; every word of it a potential seed of infinite new downbeards and volumes; for the mind of man is feracious, is voracious; germinative, above all things, of the downbeard species! Why, the author corps in Great Britain, every soul of them *inclined* to grow mere dandelions if permitted, is now supposed to be about ten thousand strong; and the reading corps, who read merely to escape from themselves, with one eye shut and the other not open, and will put up with almost any dandelion or thing which they can read *without* opening both their eyes, amounts to twenty-seven millions all but a few! O could the Messrs. Robertson, spirited, articulate-speaking men, once know well in what a comparatively blessed mood you close your brief, intelligent, conclusive M. de la Condamine, and feel that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom,—not ill and disgracefully, as in brawling tavern supper-rooms, with fools and noisy persons,—ah, in that case, perhaps the Messrs. Robertson would write their new work on Chile in *part* of a volume!

But enough of this Robertsonian department; which we must leave to the Fates and Supreme Providences. These spirited, articulate-speaking Robertsons are far from the worst of their kind; nay, among the best, if you will;—only unlucky in this case, in coming across the autumnal steel and tinder! Let it cease to rain angry sparks on them: enough now, and more than enough. To cure that unfortunate department by philosophical criticism—the attempt is most vain. Who will dismount, on a hasty journey, with the day declining, to attack mosquito-swarms with the horsewhip? Spur swiftly through them; breathing perhaps some pious prayer to heaven. By the horsewhip they cannot be killed. Drain out the swamps where they are bred, —Ah, couldst thou do something towards that! And in the mean while: How to get on with this of Dr. Francia?

The materials, as our reader sees, are of the miserablest: mere intricate inanity, (if we except poor wooden *Rengger*,) and little more; not facts, but broken shadows of facts; clouds of confused bluster and jargon;—the whole still more bewildered in the *Robertsons*, by what we may call a running shriek of constitutional denunciation, "sanguinary tyrant," and so forth. How is any picture of Francia to be fabricated out of that? Certainly, first of all, by *omission* of the running shriek! This latter we shall totally omit. Francia, the sanguinary tyrant, was not bound to look at the world through Rengger's eyes, through Parish Robertson's eyes, but faithfully through his own eyes. We are to consider that, in all human likelihood, this Dionysius of Paraguay did mean something; and then to ask in quietness, What? The running shriek once hushed, perhaps many things will compose themselves, and straggling fractions of information, almost infinitessimally small, may become unexpectedly luminous!

An unscientific cattle-breeder and tiller of the earth, in some nameless *chacra* not far from the city of Assumpcion, was the father of this remarkable human individual; and seems to have evoked him into being some time in the year 1757. The man's name is not known to us; his very nation is a point of controversy: Francia himself gave him out for an immigrant of French extraction; the popular belief was, that he had wandered over from Brazil. Portuguese or French, or both in one, he produced this human individual, and had him christened by the name of José Gaspar Rodriguez Francia, in the year abovementioned. Rodriguez, no doubt, had a mother too; but her name, also, nowhere found mentioned, must be omitted in this delineation. Her name, and all her fond maternities, and workings, and sufferings, good brown lady, are sunk in dumb forgetfulness; and buried there along with her, under the twenty-fifth parallel of Southern Latitude; and no British reader is required to interfere with them! José Rodriguez must have been a loose-made tawny creature, much given to taciturn reflection; probably to crying humors, with fits of vehement ill-nature: such a subject, it seemed to the parent Francia cautiously reflecting on it, would, of all attainable trades, be suitablest for preaching the gospel, and doing the divine offices, in a country like Paraguay. There were other young Francias; at least one sister and one brother in addition; of whom the latter by and by went mad. The Francias, with their adust character, and vehement French-Portuguese blood, had perhaps all a kind of aptitude for madness. The Dictator himself was subject to the terriblest fits of hypochondria, as your adust "men of genius" too frequently are! The lean Rodriguez, we fancy, may have been of a devotional turn withal; born half a century earlier, he had infallibly been so. Devotional or not, he shall be a priest, and *do* the divine offices in Paraguay, perhaps in a very unexpected way.

Rodriguez, having learned his hornbooks

and elementary branches at Assumpcion, was accordingly despatched to the University of Cordova in Tucuman, to pursue his curriculum in that seminary. So far we know, but almost no farther. What kind of curriculum it was, what lessons, spiritual spoonmeat, the poor lank sallow boy was crammed with, in Cordova High Seminary; and how he took to it, and pined or throve on it, is entirely uncertain. Lank, sallow boys in the Tucuman and other high seminaries are often dreadfully ill-dealt with, in respect of their spiritual spoonmeat, as times go! Spoon-poison you might often call it rather: as if the object were to make them Mithridateses, able to *live* on poison? Which may be a useful art, too, in its kind? Nay, in fact, if we consider it, these high seminaries and establishments exist there, in Tucuman and elsewhere, not for that lank, sallow boy's special purposes, but for their own wise purposes; they were made and put together, a long while since, without taking the smallest counsel of the sallow boy! Frequently they seem to say to him, all along: "This precious thing that lies in thee, O sallow boy, of 'genius,' so called, it may to thee and to eternal Nature, be precious; but to us and to temporary Tucuman, it is not precious, but pernicious, deadly: we require thee to quit this, or expect penalties!" And yet the poor boy, how can he quit it; eternal Nature herself, from the depths of the Universe, ordering him to go on with it? From the depths of the Universe, and of his own Soul, latest revelation of the Universe, he is, in a silent, imperceptible, but irrefragable manner, directed to go on with it,—and has to go, though under penalties. Penalties of very death, or worse! Alas, the poor boy, so willing to obey temporary Tucumans, and yet unable to disobey eternal Nature, is truly to be pitied. Thou shalt be Rodriguez Francia! cries Nature, and the poor boy to himself. Thou shalt be Ignatius Loyola, Friar Ponderoso, Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto! cries Tucuman. The poor creature's whole boyhood is one long law suit: Rodriguez Francia against All Persons in general. It is so in Tucuman, so in most places. You cannot advise effectually into what high seminary he had best be sent; the only safe way is to bargain beforehand, that he have force born with him sufficient to make itself good against all persons in general!

Be this as it may, the lean Francia prosecutes his studies at Cordova, waxes gradually taller towards new destinies. Rodriguez Francia, in some kind of Jesuit scull-cap, and black college serge gown, a lank rawboned creature, stalking with a downlook through the irregular public streets of Cordova in those years, with an infinitude of painful unspeakabilities in the interior of him, is an interesting object to the historical mind. So much is unspeakable, O Rodriguez; and it is a most strange Universe this we are born into; and the theorem of Ignatius Loyola and Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto seems to me to hobble somewhat! Much is unspeakable; lying within one, like a dark lake of doubt, of Acherontic dread, leading down to Chaos itself. Much is unspeakable, answers Francia; but somewhat also is speakable, —this for example: That I will not be a priest in Tucuman in these circumstances; that I should like decidedly to be a secular person rather, were it even a lawyer rather! Francia, arrived at man's years, changes from Divinity to Law. Some say it was in Divinity that he graduated, and got his Doctor's hat; Rengger says, Divinity; the Robertsons, likelier to be incorrect, call him Doctor of Laws. To our present readers it is all one, or nearly so. Rodriguez quitted the Tucuman *Alma Mater*, with some beard on his chin, and reappeared in Assumpcion to look out for practice at the bar.

What Rodriguez had contrived to learn, or grow to, under this his *Alma Mater* in Cordova, when he quitted her? The answer is a mere guess; his curriculum, we again say, is not yet known. Some faint smattering of Arithmetic, or the everlasting laws of Numbers; faint smattering of Geometry, everlasting laws of Shapes; these things, we guess, not altogether in the dark, Rodriguez did learn, and found extremely remarkable. Curious enough: That round Globe put into that round Drum, to touch it at the ends and all round, it is precisely as if you clapt 2 into the inside of 3, not a jot more, not a jot less: wonder at it, O Francia; for in fact it is a thing to make one pause! Old Greek Archimedeses, Pythagorases, dusky Indians, old nearly as the hills, detected such things; and they have got across into Paraguay, into this brain of thine, thou happy Francia. How is it, too, that the Almighty Maker's Planets run, in those heavenly spaces, in paths which are conceivable in thy poor human head as Sections of a Cone? The thing thou conceivest as an Ellipsis, the Almighty Maker has set his Planets to roll in that. Clear proof, which neither Loyola nor Usandwonto can contravene, that *Thou* too art denizen of this universe; that Thou too, in some inconceivable manner, wert present at the Council of the Gods!—Faint smatterings of such things Francia did learn in Tucuman. Endless heavy fodderings of Jesuit theology, poured on him and round him by the wagon-load, incessantly, and year after year, he did not learn; but left lying there as shot rubbish. On the other hand, some slight inkling of human grammatical vocables, especially of French vocables, seems probable. French vocables; bodily garment of the "Encyclopédie" and Gospel, according to Volney, Jean-Jacques and Company; of infinite import to Francia!

Nay, is it not in some sort beautiful to see the sacred flame of ingenuous human curiosity, love of knowledge, awakened, amid the damp somnolent vapors, real and metaphorical, the damp tropical poison-jungles, and fat Lethean stupefactions and entanglements, even in the heart of a poor Paraguay Creole? Sacred flame, no bigger yet than that of a farthing rushlight, and with nothing but secondhand French class-books in science, and in politics and morals nothing but the Raynals and Rousseaus, to feed it:—an *ill*-fed, lank-quavering, most blue-colored, almost ghastly-looking flame; but a needful one, a kind of sacred one even that! Thou shalt love knowledge, search what *is* the *truth* of this God's Universe; thou art privileged and bound to love it, to search for it, in Jesuit Tucuman, in all places that the sky covers; and shalt try even Volneys for help, if there be no other help! This poor blue-colored inextinguishable flame in the soul of Rodriguez Francia, there as it burns better or worse, in many figures, through the whole life of him, is very notable to me. Blue flame though it be, it has to burn up considerable quantities of poisonous lumber from the general face of Paraguay; and singe the profound impenetrable forest-jungle, spite of all its brambles and lianas, into a very black condition,—intimating that there shall be decease and removal on the part of said forest-jungle; peremptory removal; that the blessed Sunlight shall again look in upon his cousin Earth, tyrannously hidden from him, for so many centuries now! Courage, Rodriguez!

Rodriguez, indifferent to such remote considerations, successfully addicts himself to law-pleadings, and general private studies, in the city of Assumpcion. We have always understood he was one of the best advocates, perhaps the very best, and what is still more, the justest that ever took briefs in that country. This the Robertsonian "Reign of Terror" itself is willing to admit, nay, repeatedly asserts, and impresses on us. He was so just and true, while a young man; gave such divine prognostics of a life of nobleness; and then, in his riper years, so belied all that! Shameful to think of: he bade fair, at one time, to be a friend-of-humanity of the first water; and then gradually, hardened by political success, and love of power, he became a mere ravenous goul, or solitary thief in the night; stealing the constitutional palladiums, from their parliament-houses—and executed upwards of forty persons! Sad to consider what men and friends-of-humanity will turn to!

For the rest, it is not given to this or as yet to any editor, till a Biography arrive from Paraguay, to shape out with the smallest clearness, a representation of Francia's existence as an Assumpcion advocate; the scene is so distant, the conditions of it so unknown. Assumpcion city, near three hundred years old now, lies in free-and-easy fashion, on the left bank of the Parana River; embosomed among fruit-forests, rich tropical umbrage; thick wood round it everywhere—which serves for defence too against the Indians. Approach by which of the various roads you will, it is through miles of solitary shady avenue, shutting out the sun's glare; overcanopying, as with grateful green awning, the loose sand-highway,—where, in the early part of this century (date undiscoverable in those intricate volumes), Mr. Parish Robertson, advancing on horseback, met one cart driven by a smart brown girl, in red bodice, with long black hair, not unattractive to look upon; and for a space of twelve miles, no other articulate-speaking thing whatever.*

The people of that profuse climate live in a careless abundance, troubling themselves about few things; build what wooden carts, hide-beds, mud-brick houses are indispensable; import what of ornamental lies handiest abroad; exchanging for it Paraguay tea in sewed goatskins Riding through the town of Santa Fé, with Parish Robertson, at three in the afternoon, you will find the entire population just arisen from its siesta; slipshod, half-buttoned; sitting in its front verandahs open to the street, eating pumpkins with voracity,—sunk to the ears in pumpkins; imbibing the grateful saccharine juices, in a free and easy way. They look up at the sound of your hoofs, not without good humor. Frondent trees parasol the streets,—thanks to

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* Letters on Paraguay.

Nature and the Virgin. You will be welcome at their *tertulias*,—a kind of "*swarrie*," as the flunkey says, "consisting of flirtation and the usual trimmings: *swarrie* on the table about seven o'clock." Before this, the whole population, it is like, has gone to bathe promiscuously, and cool and purify itself in the Parana: promiscuously, but you have all got linen bathing-garments, and can swash about with some decency; a great relief to the human tabernacle in those climates. At your *tertulia*, it is said, the Andalusian eyes, still bright to this tenth or twelfth generation, are distractive, seductive enough, and argue a soul that would repay cultivating. The beautiful half-savages; full of wild sheet-lightning, which might be made continuously luminous! Tertulia well over, you sleep on hide-stretchers, perhaps here and there on a civilized mattress, within doors or on the housetops.

In the damp, flat country parts, where the mosquitoes abound, you sleep on high stages, mounted on four poles, forty feet above the ground, attained by ladders; so high, blessed be the Virgin, no mosquito can follow to sting,—it is a blessing of the Virgin or some other. You sleep there, in an indiscriminate arrangement, each in his several *poncho* or blanket-cloak; with some saddle, deal-box, wooden log, or the like, under your head. For bed-tester is the canopy of everlasting blue; for night-lamp, burns Canopus in his infinite spaces; mosquitoes cannot reach you, if it please the Powers. And rosy-fingered Morn, suffusing the east with sudden red and gold, and other flame-heraldry of swift-advancing Day, attenuates all dreams; and the sun's first level light-volley sheers away sleep from living creatures everywhere; and living men do then awaken on their four-post stage there, in the Pampas,—and might begin with prayer if they liked, one fancies! There is an altar decked on the horizon's edge yonder, is there not; and a cathedral wide enough?—How, over night, you have defended yourself against vampires, is unknown to this editor.

The Guacho population, it must be owned, is not yet fit for constitutional liberty. They are a rude people; lead a drowsy life, of ease and sluttish abundance,—one shade, and but one, above a dog's life, which is defined as "ease and scarcity." The arts are in their infancy; and not less the virtues. For equipment, clothing, bedding, household furniture, and general outfit of every kind, those simple populations depend much on the skin of the cow; making of it most things wanted, lasso, bolas, ship-cordage, rimmings of cart-wheels, spatterdashes, beds, and house-doors. In country places they sit on the skull of the cow: General Artigas was seen, and spoken with, by one of the Robertsons, sitting among field-officers, all on cow-skulls, toasting stripes of beef, and "dictating to three secretaries at once."* They sit on the skull of the cow in country places; nay, they heat themselves, and even burn lime, by igniting the carcass of the cow.

One art they seem to have perfected, and one only—that of riding. Astley's and Ducrow's must hide their head, all glories of Newmarket and Epsom dwindle to extinction, in comparison of Guacho horsemanship. Certainly if ever Centaurs lived upon the earth, these are of them. They stick on their horses as if both were one flesh; galloping where there seems hardly path for an ibex; leaping like kangaroos, and flourishing their nooses and bolases the while. They can whirl themselves round under the belly of the horse, in cases of war-stratagem, and stick fast, hanging on by the mere great toe and heel. You think it is a drove of wild horses galloping up: on a sudden, with wild scream, it becomes a troop of Centaurs with pikes in their hands. Nay, they have the skill, which most of all transcends Newmarket, of riding on horses that are *not* fed; and can bring fresh speed and alacrity out of a horse which, with you, was on the point of lying down. To ride on three horses with Ducrow they would esteem a small feat: to ride on the broken-winded fractional part of one horse, that is the feat! Their huts abound in beef, in reek also, and rubbish; excelling in dirt most places that human nature has anywhere inhabited. Poor Guachos! They drink Paraguay tea, sucking it up in succession, through the same tin pipe, from one common skillet. They are hospitable, sooty, leathery, lying, laughing fellows; of excellent talent in their sphere. They have stoicism, though ignorant of Zeno; nay, stoicism coupled with real gaiety of heart. Amidst their reek and wreck, they laugh loud, in rough jolly banter; they twang, in a plaintive manner, rough love-melodies on a kind of guitar; smoke infinite tobacco; and delight in gambling and ardent spirits, ordinary refuge of voracious empty souls. For the same reason, and a better, they delight also in Corpus-Christi ceremonies, masschantings, and devotional performances. These men are fit to be drilled into something! Their lives stand there like empty capacious bottles, calling to the heavens and the earth, and all Dr. Francias who may pass that way: "Is there nothing to put into us, then? Nothing but nomadic idleness, Jesuit superstition, rubbish, reek, and dry stripes of tough beef?" Ye unhappy Guachos,—yes, there is something other, there are several things other, to put into you! But withal, you will observe, the seven devils have first to be put out of you: Idleness, lawless Brutalness, Darkness, Falseness—seven devils or more. And the way to put something into you is, alas, not so plain at present! Is it,—alas, on the whole, is it not perhaps to lay good horsewhips lustily *upon* you, and cast out these seven devils as a preliminary?

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* Letters on Paraguay.

How Francia passed his days in such a region, where philosophy, as is too clear, was at the lowest ebb? Francia, like Quintus Fixlein, had "perennial fire-proof joys, namely, employments." He had much law-business, a great and ever-increasing reputation as a man at once skilful and faithful in the management of causes for men. Then, in his leisure hours, he had his Volneys, Raynals; he had second-hand scientific treatises in French; he loved to "interrogate Nature," as they say; to possess theodolites, telescopes, star-glasses,—any kind of glass or book, or gazing implement whatever, through which he might try to catch a glimpse of Fact in this strange Universe: poor Francia! Nay, it is said, his hard heart was not without inflammability; was sensible to those Andalusian eyes still bright in the tenth or twelfth generation. In such case, too, it may have burnt, one would think, like anthracite, in a somewhat ardent manner. Rumors to this effect are afloat; not at once incredible. Pity there had not been some Andalusian pair of eyes, with speculation, depth, and soul enough in the rear of them to fetter Dr. Francia permanently, and make a house-father of him. It had been better; but it befel not. As for that light-headed, smart, brown-girl, whom, twenty years afterwards, you saw selling flowers on the streets of Assumpcion, and leading a light life, is there any certainty that she was Dr. Francia's daughter? Any certainty that even if so, he could and should have done something considerable for her?* Poor Francia, poor light-headed, smart, brown girl,—this present reviewer cannot say!

Francia is a somewhat lonesome, down-looking man, apt to be solitary even in the press of men; wears a face not unvisited by laughter, yet tending habitually towards the sorrowful, the stern. He passes everywhere for a man of veracity, punctuality, of iron methodic rigor; of iron rectitude, above all. "The skilful lawyer," "the learned lawyer," these are reputations; but the "honest lawyer!" This law-case was reported by the Robertsons before they thought of writing a "Francia's Reign of Terror," with that running shriek, which so confuses us. We love to believe the anecdote, even in its present loose state, as significant of many things in Francia:

> "It has been already observed that Francia's reputation, as a lawyer, was not only unsullied by venality, but conspicuous for rectitude.
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> "He had a friend in Assumpcion of the name of Domingo Rodriguez. This man had cast a covetous eye upon a Naboth's vineyard, and this Naboth, of whom Francia was the open enemy, was called Estanislao Machain. Never doubting that the young doctor, like other lawyers, would undertake his unrighteous cause, Rodriguez opened to him his case, and requested, with a handsome retainer, his advocacy of it. Francia saw at once that his friend's pretensions were founded in fraud and injustice; and he not only refused to act as his counsel, but plainly told him that much as he hated his antagonist Machain, yet if he (Rodriguez) persisted in his iniquitous suit, that antagonist should have his (Francia's) most zealous support. But covetousness, as Ahab's story shows us, is not so easily driven from its pretensions; and in spite of Francia's warning, Rodriguez persisted. As he was a potent man in point of fortune, all was going against Machain and his devoted vineyard.
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> "At this stage of the question, Francia wrapped himself one night in his cloak, and walked to the house of his inveterate enemy, Machain. The slave who opened the door, knowing that his master and the doctor, like the houses of Montagu and Capulet, were smoke in each other's eyes, refused the lawyer admittance, and ran to inform his master of the strange and unexpected visit. Machain, no less struck by the circumstance than his slave, for some time hesitated; but at length determined to admit Francia. In walked the silent doctor to Machain's chamber. All the papers connected with the law-plea—voluminous enough I have been assured—were outspread upon the defendant's escritoire.
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> "'Machain,' said the lawyer, addressing him, 'you know I am your enemy. But I know that my friend Rodriguez meditates, and will certainly, unless I interfere, carry against you an act of gross and lawless aggression; I have come to offer my services in your defence.'
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> "The astonished Machain could scarcely credit his senses; but poured forth the ebulli-

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* Robertson.

tion of his gratitude in terms of thankful acquiescence.

"The first 'escrito,' or writing, sent in by Francia to the Juez de Alzada, or Judge of the Court of Appeal, confounded the adverse advocates, and staggered the judge, who was in their interest. 'My friend,' said the judge to the leading counsel, 'I cannot go forward in this matter unless you bribe Dr. Francia to be silent.' 'I will try,' replied the advocate, and he went to Naboth's counsel with a hundred doubloons (about three hundred and fifty guineas), which he offered him as a bribe to let the cause take its iniquitous course. Considering, too, that his best introduction would be a hint that this douceur was offered with the judge's concurrence, the knavish lawyer hinted to the upright one that such was the fact.

"'*Salga Usted*,' said Francia, '*con sus viles pensamientos, y vilisimo oro de mi casa*.' 'Out with your vile insinuations, and dross of gold from my house.'

"Off marched the venal drudge of the unjust judge; and in a moment putting on his capoté, the offended advocate went to the residence of the Juez de Alzada. Shortly relating what had passed between himself and the myrmidon,—'Sir,' continued Francia, 'you are a disgrace to law, and a blot upon justice. You are, moreover, completely in my power; and unless tomorrow I have a decision in favor of my client, I will make your seat upon the bench too hot for you, and the insignia of your judicial office shall become the emblems of your shame.'

"The morrow *did* bring a decision in favor of Francia's client. Naboth retained his vineyard; the judge lost his reputation; and the young doctor's fame extended far and wide."

On the other hand, it is admitted that he quarrelled with his father, in those days; and, as is reported, never spoke to him more. The subject of the quarrel is vaguely supposed to have been "money matters." Francia is not accused of avarice; nay, is expressly acquitted of loving money, even by Rengger. But he did hate injustice;—and probably was not indisposed to allow *himself*, among others, "the height of fair play!" A rigorous, correct man, that will have a spade be a spade; a man of much learning in Creole law, and occult French sciences, of great talent, energy, fidelity:—a man of some temper withal; unhappily subject to private "hypochondria;" black private thunder-clouds, whence probably the origin of these *lightnings*, when you poke into him! He leads a lonesome, self-secluded life; "interrogating Nature" through mere star-glasses, and Abbé-Raynal philosophies—who in that way will yield no very exuberant response. Mere law-papers, advocate fees, civic officialities, renowns, and the wonder of Assumpcion Guachos;—not so much as a pair of Andalusian eyes that can *lasso* him, except in a temporary way: this man seems to have got but a lean lease of Nature, and may end in a rather shrunk condition! A century ago, with this atrabiliar earnestness of his, and such a reverberatory furnace of passions, inquiries, unspeakabilities burning in him, deep under cover, he might have made an excellent monk of St. Dominic, fit almost for canonization; nay, an excellent Superior of the Jesuits, Grand Inquisitor, or the like, had you developed him in that way. But, for all this, he is now a day too late. Monks of St. Dominic that might have been, do now, instead of devotional raptures and miraculous suspensions in prayer, produce—brown accidental female infants, to sell flowers, in an indigent state, on the streets of Assumpcion! It is grown really a most barren time; and this Francia, with his grim unspeakabilities, with his fiery splenetic humors, kept close under lock and key, what has he to look for in it? A post on the Bench, in the municipal *Cabildo*,—nay, he has already a post in the Cabildo; he has already been Alcalde, Lord Mayor of Assumpcion, and ridden in such gilt coach as they had. He can look for little, one would say but barren monies, barren Guacho world-celebrities; Abbe-Raynal philosophisms also very barren; wholly a barren life-voyage of it, ending—in *zero* thinks the Abbé Raynal?

But no; the world wags not that way in those days. Far over the waters there have been Federations of the Champ de Mars: guillotines, portable-guillotines, and a French people risen against tyrants; there has been a *Sansculottism*, speaking at last in cannon-volleys and the crash of towns and nations over half the world. Sleek Fatpauncho Usandwonto, sleek aristocratic Donothingism, sunk as in death-sleep in its well-stuffed easy-chair, or staggering in somnambulism on the house-tops, seemed to itself to hear a voice say, Sleep no more, Donothingism; Donothingism doth murder sleep! It was indeed a terrible explosion, that of Sansculottism; commingling very Tartarus with the old-established stars; fit, such a tumult was it, to awaken all but the dead. And out of it there had come Napoleonisms, Tamerlanisms; and then, as a branch of these, Conventions of Aranjuez, soon followed by Spanish Juntas, Spanish Cortes; and, on the whole, a smiting broad awake of poor old Spain itself, much to its amazement. And naturally of New Spain next,—to *its* double amazement, seeing itself awake! And so, in the new hemisphere too, arise wild projects, angry arguings; arise armed gatherings in Santa Marguerita Island, with Bolivars and Invasions of Cumana; revolts of La Plata, revolts of this and then of that; the subterranean electric element, shock on shock, shaking and exploding, in the new hemisphere too, from sea to sea. Very astonishing to witness, from the year 1810 and onwards. Had Dr. Rodriguez Francia three ears, he would hear; as many eyes as Argus, he would gaze! He is all eye, he is all ear. A new, entirely different figure of existence is cut out for Dr. Rodriguez.

The Paraguay people, as a body, lying far inland, with little speculation in their heads, were in no haste to adopt the new republican gospel; but looked first how it would succeed in shaping itself into facts. Buenos Ayres, Tucuman, most of the La Plata provinces, had made their revolutions, brought in the reign of liberty, and unluckily driven out the reign of law and regularity; before the Paraguenos could resolve on such an enterprise. Perhaps they are afraid? General Belgrano, with a force of a thousand men, missioned by Buenos-Ayres, came up the river to countenance them, in the end of 1810; but was met on their frontier in array of war; was attacked, or at least was terrified, in the night watches, so that his men all fled;—and on the morrow, poor General Belgrano found himself not a countenancer, but one needing countenance; and was in a polite way sent down the river again!* Not till a year after did the Paraguenos, by spontaneous movement, resolve on a career of freedom;—resolve on getting some kind of congress assembled, and the old government sent its ways. Francia, it is presumable, was active at once in exciting and restraining them: the fruit was now drop-ripe, we may say, and fell by a shake. Our old royal Governor went aside, worthy man, with some slight grimace, when ordered to do so; National Congress introduced itself; secretaries read papers, "compiled chiefly out of Rollin's Ancient History;" and we became a Republic; with Don Fulgenao Yegros, one of the richest Guachos, and best horseman of the province, for *President*, and two Assessors with him, called also *Vocales*, or Vowels, whose names escape us; Francia, as *Secretary*, being naturally the Consonant, or motive soul of the combination. This, as we grope out the date, was 1811. The Paraguay Congress, having completed this constitution, went home again to its field-labors, hoping a good issue.

Feebler light hardly ever dawned for the historical mind, than this which is shed for us by Rengger, Robertsons, and Company, on the birth, the cradling, baptismal processes, and early fortunes of the new Paraguay Republic. Through long, vague, and indeed intrinsically vacant pages of their books, it lies gray, undecipherable, without form and void. Francia was secretary, and a Republic did take place: this, as one small clear-burning fact, shedding far a comfortable visibility, conceivability over the universal darkness, and making it into conceivable dusk with one rushlight fact in the centre of it—this we do know; and cheerfully yielding to necessity, decide that this shall suffice us to know. What more is there? Absurd somnolent persons, struck broad awake by the subterranean concussion of civil and religious liberty all over the world, meeting together to establish a republican career of freedom, and compile official papers out of Rollin—are not a subject on which the historical mind *can* be enlightened. The historical mind, thank Heaven, forgets such persons and their papers, as fast as you repeat them. Besides, these Guacho populations are greedy, superstitious, vain; and, as Miers said in his haste, mendacious every soul of them! Within the confines of Paraguay, we know for certain but of one man who would do himself an injury to do a just or true thing under the sun: one man who understands in his heart that this Universe is an eternal Fact—and not some huge temporary Pumpkin, saccharine, absinthian; the rest of its significance chimerical merely! Such men cannot have a history, though a Thucydides came to write it. Enough for us to understand that Don This was a vaporing blockhead, who followed his pleasures, his peculations, and Don That another of the same; that there occurred fatuities, mismanagements innumerable; then discontents, open grumblings, and as a running accompaniment, intriguings, caballings, outings, innings: till the Government House, fouler than when the Jesuits had it, became a bottomless pestilent inanity, insupportable to any articulate-speaking soul; till Secretary Francia should feel that he, for one, could not be Consonant to such a set of Vowels; till Secretary Francia, one day, flinging down his papers, rising to his feet, should jerk out with oratorical vivacity his lean right hand, and say, with knit brows, in a low, swift tone, "Adieu, Senhores; God preserve you many years!"

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* Rengger.

Francia withdrew to his *chacra*, a pleasant country-house in the woods of Ytapúa, not far off; there to interrogate Nature, and live in a private manner. Parish Robertson, much about this date, which we grope and guess to have been perhaps in 1812, was boarded with a certain ancient Donna Juana, in that same region; had *tertulias* of unimaginable brilliancy; and often went shooting of an evening. On one of those—but he shall himself report:

> "On one of those lovely evenings in Paraguay, after the south-west wind has both cleared and cooled the air, I was drawn in my pursuit of game, into a peaceful valley, not far from Doña Juana's and remarkable for its combination of all the striking features of the scenery of the country. Suddenly I came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out, '*Buen tiro*'—'a good shot.' I turned round, and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet *capote*, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a *maté*-cup in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and at the knees of his breeches the same."
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> "In the exercise of the primitive and simple hospitality common in the country, I was invited to sit down under the corridor, and to take a cigar and *maté* (cup of Paraguay tea). A celestial globe, a large telescope, and a theodolite were under the little portico; and I immediately inferred that the personage before me was no other than Dr. Francia."

Yes, here for the first time in authentic history, a remarkable hearsay becomes a remarkable visuality: through a pair of clear human eyes, you look face to face on the very figure of the man. Is not this verily the exact record of those clear Robertsonian eyes, and seven senses; entered accurately, then and not afterwards, on the ledger of the memory ? We will hope so; who can but hope so! The figure of the man will, at all events, be exact. Here too is the figure of his library—the conversation, if any, was of the last degree of insignificance, and may be left out, or supplied *ad libitum :*

> "He introduced me to his library, in a confined room, with a very small window, and that so shaded by the roof of the corridor, as to admit the least portion of light necessary for study. The library was arranged on three rows of shelves extending across the room, and might have consisted of three hundred volumes. There were many ponderous books on law; a few on the inductive sciences; some in French and some in Latin upon subjects of general literature, with Euclid's Elements, and some schoolboy treatises on algebra. On a large table were heaps of law-papers and processes. Several folios bound in vellum were outspread upon it; a lighted candle (though placed there solely with a view to light cigars) lent its feeble aid to illumine the room; while a maté-cup and inkstand, both of silver, stood on another part of the table. There was neither carpet nor mat on the brick floor; and the chairs were of such ancient fashion, size, and weight, that it required a considerable effort to move them from one spot to another."

Peculation, malversation, the various forms of imbecility and voracious dishonesty went their due course in the government offices of Assumpcion, unrestrained by Francia, and unrestrainable:—till, as we may say, it reached a height; and, like other suppurations and diseased concretions in the living system, had to burst, and take itself away. To the eyes of Paraguay in general, it had become clear that such a reign of liberty was unendurable; that some new revolution, or change of ministry was indispensable.

Rengger says that Francia withdrew "more than once" to his *chacra*, disgusted with his colleagues; who always, by unlimited promises and protestations, had to flatter him back again; and then anew disgusted him. Francia is the Consonant of these absurd "Vowels;" no business can go on without Francia! And the finances are deranged, insolvent; and the military, unpaid, ineffective, cannot so much as keep out the Indians; and there comes trouble and rumor of new war from Buenos Ayres—alas, from what corner of the great continent, come there other than troubles and rumors of war ? Patriot generals become traitor generals; get themselves "shot in market-places;" revolution follows revolution. Artigas, close on our borders, has begun harrying the Banda Oriental with fire and sword; "dictating despatches from cow-skulls." Like clouds of wolves—only feller, being mounted on horseback, with pikes—the Indians dart in on us; carrying conflagration and dismay. Paraguay must get itself governed, or it will be worse for Paraguay! The eyes of all Paraguay, we can well fancy, turn to the one man of talent they have, the one man of veracity they have.

In 1813 a second Congress is got together: we fancy it was Francia's last advice to the Government suppuration, when it flattered him back, for the last time, to ask his advice. That such suppuration do now dissolve itself, and a new Congress be summoned! In the new Congress, the *Vocales* are voted out; Francia and Fulgencio are named joint *Consuls:* with Francia for *Consul*, and Don Fulgencio Yegros for *Consul's*-cloak, it may be better. Don Fulgencio rides about in gorgeous sash and epaulettes, a rich man and horse-subduer; good as Consul's cloak;—but why should the real Consul have a *cloak?* Next year in the third Congress, Francia, "by insidious manœuvring," by "favor of the military," and, indeed, also in some sort, we may say, by law of Nature—gets himself declared *Dictator:* "for three years," or for life, may in these circumstances mean much the same. This was in 1814. Francia never assembled any Congress more; having stolen the constitutional palladiums, and insidiously got his wicked will! Of a Congress that compiled constitutions out of Rollin, who would not lament such a destiny? This Congress should have met again! It was indeed, say Rengger and the Robertsons themselves, such a Congress as never met before in the world; a Congress which knew not its right hand from its left: which drank infinite rum in the taverns; and had one wish, that of getting on horseback, home to its field-husbandry and partridge-shooting. The military mostly favored Francia; being gained over by him—the thief of constitutional palladiums.

With Francia's entrance on the government as Consul, still more as Dictator, a great improvement, it is granted even by Rengger, did in all quarters forthwith show itself. The finances were husbanded, were accurately gathered; every official person in Paraguay had to bethink him, and begin doing his work, instead of merely seeming to do it. The soldiers Francia took care to see paid and drilled; to see march, with real death-shot and service, when the Indians or other enemies showed themselves. *Guardias*, guard-houses, at short distances were established along the river's bank and all round the dangerous frontiers: wherever the Indian centaur-troop showed face, an alarm cannon went off, and soldiers, quickly assembling, with actual death-shot and service, were upon them. These wolf-hordes had to vanish into the hearts of their deserts again. The land had peace. Neither Artigas, nor any of the fire-brands and war-plagues which were distracting South America from side to side, could get across the border. All negotiation or intercommuning with Buenos Ayres, or with any of these war-distracted countries, was peremptorily waived. To no Congress of Lima, General Congress of Panama, or other general or particular congress, would Francia, by deputy or message, offer the smallest recognition. All South America raging and ravening like one huge dog-kennel gone rabid, we here in Paraguay have peace, and cultivate our tea-trees: why should not we let well alone? By degrees, one thing acting on another, and this ring of frontier "guard-houses" being already erected there, a rigorous *sanitary line*, impregnable as brass, was drawn round all Paraguay; no communication, import or export trade allowed, except by the Dictator's license,—given on payment of the due monies, when the political horizon seemed innocuous; refused when otherwise. The Dictator's trade-licenses were a considerable branch of his revenues; his entrance dues, somewhat onerous to the foreign merchant, (think the Messrs. Robertson,) were another. Paraguay stood isolated; the rabid dog-kennel raging round it, wide as South America, but kept out as by lock and key.

These were vigorous measures, gradually coming on the somnolent Guacho population! It seems, meanwhile, that, even after the perpetual dictatorship, and onwards to the fifth or the sixth year of Francia's government, there was, though the constitutional palladiums were stolen, nothing very special to complain of. Paraguay had peace; sat under its tea-tree, the rabid dog-kennel, Indians, Artiguenos, and other war-firebrands, all shut out from it. But in that year, 1819, the second year of the perpetual dictatorship, there arose, not for the first time, dim indications of "plots," even dangerous plots! In that year the fire-brand Artigas was finally quenched; obliged to beg a lodging even of Francia, his enemy;—and got it hospitably, though contemptuously. And now straightway there advanced, from Artigas's lost, wasted country, a certain General Ramirez, his rival and victor, and fellow-bandit and fire-brand. This General Ramirez advanced up to our very frontier; first with offers of alliance; failing that, with offers of war; on which latter offer he was closed with, was cut to pieces; and—a letter was found about him, addressed to Don Fulgencio Yegros, the rich Guacho horseman and Ex-Consul; which arrested all the faculties of Dr. Francia's most intense intelligence, there and then! A conspiracy, with Don Fulgencio at the head of it; conspiracy which seems the wider-spread the farther one investigates it; which has been brewing itself these "two years," and now, "on Good-Friday next," is to be burst out; starting with the massacre of Dr. Francia and others, whatever it may close with!* Francia was not a man to be trifled with in plots! He looked, watched, investigated, till he got the exact extent, position, nature, and structure of this plot fully in his eye; and then—why, then he pounced on it like a glede-falcon, like a fierce condor, suddenly from the invisible blue; struck beak and claws into the very heart of it, tore it into small fragments, and consumed it on the spot. It is Francia's way! This was the last plot, though not the first plot, Francia ever heard of during his perpetual dictatorship.

It is, as we find, over these three or these two years, while the Fulgencio plot is getting itself pounced upon and torn in pieces, that the "reign of terror," properly so called, extends. Over these three or these two years only,—though the "running shriek" of it confuses all things to the end of the chapter. It was in this stern period that Francia executed above forty persons. Not entirely inexplicable! "*Par Dios*, ye shall not conspire against me; I will not allow it. The career of freedom, be it known to all men and Guachos, is not yet begun in this country; I am still only casting out the Seven Devils. My lease of Paraguay, a harder one than your stupidities suppose, is for life; the contract is, Thou must die if thy lease be taken from thee. Aim not at my life, ye constitutional Guachos,—or let it be a diviner man than Don Fulgencio the horse-subduer that does it. By heaven, if you aim at my life, I will bid you have a care of your own!" He executed upwards of forty persons. How many he arrested, flogged, cross-questioned—for he is an inexorable man! If you are guilty, or suspected of guilt, it will go ill with you here. Francia's arrest, carried by a grenadier, arrives; you are in strait prison; you are in Francia's bodily presence; those sharp St. Dominic eyes, that diabolic intellect, prying into you, probing, cross-questioning you, till the secret cannot be hid: till the "three ball cartridges" are handed to a sentry;—and your doom is Rhadamanthine!

But the plots, as we say, having ceased by this rough surgery, it would appear that there was, for the next twenty years, little or no more of it, little or no use for more. The "reign of terror," one begins to find, was properly a reign of rigor; which would become "terrible" enough if you infringed the rules of it, but which was peaceable otherwise, regular otherwise. Let this, amid the "running shriek," which will and should run its full length in such circumstances, be well kept in mind.

It happened too, as Rengger tells us, in the same year, (1820, as we grope and gather,) that a visitation of locusts, as sometimes occurs, destroyed all the crops of Paraguay; and there was no prospect but of universal dearth or famine. The crops are done; eaten by locusts; the summer at an end! We have no foreign trade, or next to none, and never had almost any; what will become of Paraguay and its Guachos? In Guachos is no hope, no help: but in a Dionysius of the Guachos? Dictator Francia, led by occult French sciences and natural sagacity, nay, driven by necessity itself, peremptorily commands the farmers throughout all Paraguay to sow a certain portion of their lands anew; with or without hope, under penalties! The result was a moderately good harvest still: the result was a discovery that two harvests were, every year, possible in Paraguay; that agriculture, a rigorous Dictator presiding over it, could be infinitely improved there.* As Paraguay has about 100,000 square miles of territory mostly fertile, and only some two souls planted on each square mile thereof, it seemed to the Dictator that this, and not foreign trade, might be a good course for his Paraguenos. This accordingly, and not foreign trade, in the present state of the political horizon, was the course resolved on; the course persisted in, "with evident advantages," says Rengger. Thus, one thing acting on another,—domestic plot, hanging on Artigas's country from without; and locust swarms with improvement of husbandry in the interior; and those guard-houses all already there, along the frontier,—Paraguay came more and more to be hermetically closed; and Francia reigned over it, for the rest of his life, as a rigorous Dionysius of Paraguay, without foreign intercourse, or with such only as seemed good to Francia.

How the Dictator, now secure in possession, did manage this huge Paraguay, which, by strange "insidious" and other means, had fallen in life-lease to him, and was his to do the best he could with, it were interesting to know. What the meaning of him, the result of him, actually was?

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* Rengger.

* Rengger, 67, &c.

One desiderates some Biography of Francia by a native!—Meanwhile, in the "*Æshthetische Briefwechsel*" of Herr Professor Sauerteig, a work not yet known in England, nor treating specially of this subject, we find, scattered at distant intervals, a remark or two which may be worth translating. Professor Sauerteig, an open soul, looking with clear eye and large recognizing heart over all accessible quarters of the world, has cast a sharp sun-glance here and there into Dr. Francia too. These few philosophical remarks of his, and then a few anecdotes gleaned elsewhere, such as the barren ground yields, must comprise what more we have to say of Francia.

"Pity," exclaims Sauerteig once, "that a nation cannot reform itself, as the English are now trying to do, by what their newspapers call 'tremendous cheers!' Alas, it cannot be done. Reform is not joyous, but grievous; no single man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working; how much less can a nation of men. The serpent sheds not his old skin without rusty disconsolateness; he is not happy, but miserable! In the *Water-cure* itself, do you not sit steeped for months; washed to the heart in elemental drenchings; and, like Job, are made to curse your day? Reforming of a nation is a terrible business! Thus, too, Medea, when she made men young again, was wont (*du Himmel!*) to hew them in pieces with meat-axes; cast them into caldrons, and boil them for a length of time. How much handier could they but have done it by 'tremendous cheers' alone!"

"Like a drop of surgical antiseptic liquid, poured (by the benign Powers, as I fancy!) into boundless brutal corruptions; very sharp, very caustic, corrosive enough, this tawny tyrannous Dr. Francia, in the interior of the South American continent,—he, too, is one of the elements of the grand Phenomenon there. A monstrous moulting process taking place;—monstrous, gluttonous *boa-constrictor* (he is of length from Panama to Patagonia) shedding his old skin; whole continent getting itself chopped to pieces, and boiled in the Medea caldron, to become young again, unable to manage it by 'tremendous cheers' alone!"

"What they say about 'love of power' amounts to little. Power? Love of 'power' merely to make flunkies come and go for you is a 'love,' I should think, which enters only into the minds of persons in a very infantine state! A grown man, like this Dr. Francia, who wants nothing as I am assured, but three cigars daily, a cup of *maté*, and four ounces of butchers' meat with brown bread: the whole world and its united flunkies, taking constant thought of the matter, can do nothing for him but that only. That he already has, and has had always; why should he, not being a minor, love flunkey 'power?' He loves to see *you* about him, with your flunkey promptitudes, with your grimaces, adulations, and sham-loyalty? You are so beautiful, a daily and hourly feast to the eye and soul? Ye unfortunates, from his heart rises one prayer, That the last created flunkey had vanished from this universe, never to appear more!

"And yet truly a man does tend, and must, under frightful penalties perpetually tend, to be king of his world; to stand in his world as what he is, a centre of light and order, not of darkness and confusion. A man loves power: yes, if he see disorder his eternal enemy rampant about him, he does love to see said enemy in the way of being conquered; he can have no rest till that come to pass! Your Mahomet cannot bear a rent cloak, but clouts it with his own hands; how much more a rent country, a rent world. He has to imprint the image of his own veracity upon the world, and shall, and must, and will do it, more or less: it is at his peril if he neglect any great or any small possibility he may have of this. Francia's inner flame is but a meagre, blue-burning one: let him irradiate midnight Paraguay with it, such as it is."

"Nay, on the whole, how cunning is Nature in getting *her* farms leased! Is it not a blessing this Paraguay can get the one veracious man it has, to take lease of it, in these sad circumstances? His farm profits, and whole wages, it would seem, amount only to what is called 'Nothing and find yourself!' Spartan food and lodging, solitude, two cigars, and a cup of *maté* daily, he already had."

Truly, it would seem, as Sauerteig remarks, Dictator Francia had not a very joyous existence of it, in this his life-lease of Paraguay! Casting out of Seven Devils from a Guacho population is not joyous at all; both exorcist and exorcised find it sorrowful! Meanwhile, it does appear, there was some improvement made: no veritable labor, not even a Dr. Francia's, is in vain.

Of Francia's improvements there might as much be said as of his cruelties or rigors; for, indeed, at bottom, the one was in proportion to the other. He improved agriculture—not two ears of corn where one only grew, but two harvests of corn, as we have seen! He introduced schools, "boarding-schools," "elementary schools," and others, on which Rengger has a chapter; everywhere he promoted education, as he could; repressed superstition as he could. Strict justice between man and man was enforced in his law-courts: he himself would accept no gift, not even a trifle, in any case whatever. Rengger, on packing up for departure, had left in his hands, not from forgetfulness, a Print of Napoleon; worth some shillings in Europe, but invaluable in Paraguay, where Francia, who admired this hero much, had hitherto seen no likeness of him but a Nürnberg caricature. Francia sent an express after Rengger, to ask what the value of the Print was. No value; M. Rengger could not sell Prints; it was much at his Excellency's service. His Excellency straightway returned it. An exact, decisive man! Peculation, idleness, ineffectuality, had to cease in all the public offices of Paraguay. So far as lay in Francia, no public and no private man in Paraguay was allowed to slur his work; all public and all private men, so far as lay in Francia, were forced to do their work or die! We might define him as the born enemy of quacks; one who has from Nature a heart-hatred of *un*veracity in man or in thing, wheresoever he sees it. Of persons who do not speak the truth, and do not act the truth, he has a kind of diabolic-divine impatience: they had better disappear out of his neighborhood. Poor Francia; his light was but a very sulphurous, meagre, blue-burning one; but he irradiated Paraguay with it (as our Professor says) the best he could.

That he had to maintain himself *alive* all the while, and would suffer no man to glance contradiction at him, but instantaneously repressed all such: this too we need no ghost to tell us; this lay in the very nature of the case. His lease of Paraguay was a *life*-lease. He had his "three-ball cartridges" ready for whatever man he found aiming at *his* life. He had frightful prisons. He had *Tevego* far up among the wastes, a kind of Paraguay Siberia, to which unruly persons, not yet got the length of shooting, were relegated. The main exiles, Rengger says, were drunken mulattoes and the class called unfortunate-females. They lived miserably there; became a sadder, and perhaps a wiser, body of mulattoes and unfortunate-females.

But let us listen for a moment to the Reverend Manual Perez as he preaches, "in the Church of the Incarnation at Assumpcion, on the 20th of October, 1840," in a tone somewhat nasal, yet trustworthy withal. His Funeral Discourse, translated into a kind of English, presents itself still audible in the "Argentine News" of Buenos Ayres, No. 813. We select some passages; studying to abate the nasal tone a little; to reduce, if possible, the Argentine English under the law of grammar. It is the worst translation in the world, and does poor Manuel Perez one knows not what injustice. This Funeral Discourse has "much surprised" the Able Editor, it seems;—has led him perhaps to ask, or be readier for asking, Whether all that confused loud litanying about "reign of terror," and so forth, was not possibly of a rather long-eared nature?

"Amid the convulsions of revolution," says the Reverend Manuel, "the Lord, looking down with pity on Paraguay, raised up Don Jose Gaspar Francia for its deliverance. *And when*, in the words of my text, *the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised up a deliverer to the children of Israel, who delivered them.*"

"What measures did not his Excellency devise, what labors undergo, to preserve peace in the Republic at home, and place it in an attitude to command respect from abroad! His first care was directed to obtain supplies of arms, and to discipline soldiers. To all that would import arms he held out the inducement of exemption from duty, and the permission to export in return whatever produce they preferred. An abundant supply of excellent arms was, by these means, obtained. I am lost in wonder to think how this great man could attend to such a multiplicity of things! He applied himself to study of the military art; and, in a short time taught the exercise, and directed military evolutions like the skilfullest veteran. Often have I seen his Excellency go up to a recruit, and show him by example how to take aim at the target. Could any Paragueno think it other than honorable to carry a musket when his Dictator taught him how to manage it? The cavalry-exercise too, though it seems to require a man at once robust and experienced in horsemanship, his Excellency as you know did himself superintend; at the head of his squadrons he charged and manœuvred, as if bred to it; and directed them with an energy and vigor which infused his own martial spirit into these troops."

"What evils do not the people suffer from highwaymen!" exclaims his Reverence, a little farther on; "violence, plunder, murder, are crimes familiar to these malefactors. The inaccessible mountains and wide deserts in this Republic seemed to offer impunity to such men. Our Dictator succeeded in striking such a terror into them that they entirely disappeared, seeking safety in a change of life. His Excellency saw that the manner of inflicting the punishment was more efficacious than even the punishment itself; and on this principle he acted. Whenever a robber could be seized, he was led to the nearest guard-house (*Guardia*); a summary trial took place; and, straightway, so soon as he had made confession, he was shot. These means proved effectual. Ere long the Republic was in such security, that, we may say, a child might have travelled from the Uruguay to the Parana without other protection than the dread which the Supreme Dictator had inspired."—This is saying something, your Reverence!

"But what is all this compared to the demon of anarchy. Oh!" exclaims his simple Reverence, "Oh, my friends, would I had the talent to paint to you the miseries of a people that fall into anarchy! And was not our Republic on the very eve of this? Yes, brethren."—"It behoved his Excellency to be prompt; to smother the enemy in his cradle! He did so. He seized the leaders; brought to summary trial, they were convicted of high treason against the country. What a struggle now, for his Excellency, between the law of duty, and the voice of feeling"—if feeling to any extent there were! "I," exclaims his Reverence, "am confident that had the doom of imprisonment on those persons seemed sufficient for the state's peace, his Excellency never would have ordered their execution." It was unavoidable; nor was it avoided; it was done! "Brethren, should not I hesitate, lest it be a profanation of the sacred place I now occupy, if I seem to approve sanguinary measures in opposition to the mildness of the Gospel? Brethren, no. God himself approved the conduct of Solomon in putting Joab and Adonijah to death." Life is sacred, thinks his Reverence, but there is something more sacred still: woe to him who does not know that withal!

Alas, your Reverence, Paraguay has not yet succeeded in abolishing capital punishment, then? But indeed neither has Nature, anywhere that I hear of, yet succeeded in abolishing it. Act with the due degree of perversity, you are sure enough of being violently put to death, in hospital or highway,—by dyspepsia, delirium tremens, or stuck through by the kindled rage of your fellow-men! What can the friend of humanity do?—Twaddle in Exeter-hall or elsewhere, "till he become a bore to us," and perhaps worse! An advocate in Arras once gave up a good judicial appointment, and retired into frugality and privacy, rather than doom one culprit to die by law. The name of this advocate, let us mark it well, was Maximilien Robespierre. There are sweet kinds of twaddle that have a deadly virulence of poison concealed in them; like the sweetness of sugar of lead. Were it not better to make *just* laws, think you, and then execute them strictly,—as the gods still do?

"His Excellency next directed his attention to purging the state from another class of enemies," says Perez in the Incarnation Church; "the peculating tax-gatherers, namely. Vigilantly detecting their frauds, he made them refund for what was past, and took precautions against the like in future; all their accounts were to be handed in, for his examination, once every year."

"The habit of his Excellency when he delivered out articles for the supply of the public; that prolix and minute counting of things apparently unworthy of his attention,—had its origin in the same motive. I believe that he did so, less from a want of confidence in the individuals lately appointed for this purpose, than from a desire to show them with what delicacy they should proceed. Hence likewise his ways, in scrupulously examining every piece of artizans' workmanship."

"Republic of Paraguay, how art thou indebted to the toils, the vigils, and cares of our Perpetual Dictator! It seemed as if this extraordinary man were endowed with ubiquity, to attend to all thy wants and exigences. Whilst in his closet, he was traversing thy frontiers to place thee in an attitude of security. What devastation did not those inroads of Indians from the Chaco occasion to the inhabitants of Rio-Abajo? Ever and anon there reached Assumpcion, tidings of the terror and affliction caused by their incursions. Which of us hoped that evils so wide-spread, ravages so appalling, could be counteracted? Our Dictator, nevertheless, did devise effectual ways of securing that part of the Republic.

"Four respectable fortresses with competent garrisons have been the impregnable barrier which has restrained the irruptions of those ferocious Savages. Inhabitants of Rio-Abajo! rest tranquil in your homes; you are a portion of the people whom the Lord confided to the care of our Dictator; you are safe."

"The precautions and wise measures he adopted to repel force, and drive back the Savages to the north of the Republic; the fortresses of Climpo, of San Carlos de Apa, placed on the best footing for defence; the orders and instructions furnished to the Villa de la Concepcion,—secured that quarter of the republic under attack from all.

"The great wall, ditch, and fortress, on the opposite bank of the river Paraná; the force and judicious arrangement of the troops distributed over the interior in the south of our Republic, have commanded the respect of its enemies in that quarter."

"The beauty, the symmetry, and good taste displayed in the building of cities convey an advantageous idea of their inhabitants," continues Perez: "Thus thought Caractacus, King of the Angles,"—thus think most persons! "His Excellency, glancing at the condition of the capital of the republic, saw a city in disorder and without police; streets without regularity, houses built according to the caprice of their owners."

But enough, O, Perez; for it becomes too nasal! Perez, with a confident face, asks in fine, Whether all these things do not clearly prove to men and Guachos of sense, that Dictator Francia *was* "the deliverer whom the Lord raised up to deliver Paraguay from its enemies?"—Truly, O Perez, the benefits of him seem to have been considerable. Undoubtedly a man "sent by Heaven,"—as all of us are! Nay, it may be, the benefit of him is not even yet exhausted, even yet entirely become visible. Who knows but, in unborn centuries, Paragueno men will look back to their lean iron Francia, as men do in such cases to the one veracious person, and institute considerations! Oliver Cromwell, dead two hundred years, does yet speak; nay, perhaps now first begins to speak. The meaning and meanings of the one true man, never so lean and limited, starting up direct from Nature's heat, in this bewildered Guacho world, gone far away from Nature, are endless!

The Messrs. Robertson are very merry on this attempt of Francia's to rebuild on a better plan the City of Assumpcion. The City of Assumpcion, full of tropical vegetation and "permanent hedges, the deposits of nuisance and vermin,"* has no pavement, no straightness of streets; the sandy thoroughfare in some quarters is torn by the rain into gullies, impassable with convenience to any animal but a kangaroo. Francia, after meditation, decides on having it remodelled, paved, straightened,—irradiated with the image of the one regular man. Robertson laughs to see a Dictator, sovereign ruler, straddling about, "taking observations with his theodolite," and so forth: O Robertson, if there was no other man that *could* observe with a theodolite? Nay, it seems further, the improvement of Assumpcion was attended, once more, with the dreadfullest tyrannies: peaceable citizens dreaming no harm, no active harm to any soul, but mere peaceable passive dirt and irregularity to all souls, were ordered to pull down their houses, which happened to stand in the middle of streets; forced (under rustle of the gallows) to draw their purses, and rebuild them elsewhere! It is horrible. Nay, they said, Francia's true aim in these improvements, in this cutting down of the luxuriant "cross hedges" and architectural monstrosities, was merely to save himself from being shot, from under cover, as he rode through the place. It may be so: but Assumpcion is now an improved paved city, much squarer in the corners (and with the planned capacity, it seems, of growing ever squarer†); passable with convenience not to kangaroos only, but to wooden bullock-carts and all vehicles and animals.

Indeed our Messrs. Robertson find something comic as well as tragic in Dictator Francia; and enliven their running shriek, all through this "Reign of Terror," with a pleasant vein of conventional satire. One evening, for example, a Robertson being about to leave Paraguay for England, and having waited upon Francia to make the parting compliments, Francia, to the Robertson's extreme astonishment, orders in a large bale of goods, orders them to be opened on the table there: Tobacco, poncho-cloth, and other produce of the country, all of first-rate quality, and with the prices ticketed. These goods this astonished Robertson is to carry to the "Bar of the House of Commons," and there to say, in such fashion and phraseology as a native may know to be suitable: "Mr. Speaker—Dr. Francia is Dictator of Paraguay, a country of tropical fertility, and 100,000 square miles in extent, producing these commodities, at these prices. With nearly all foreign nations he declines altogether to trade; but with the English, such is his notion of them, he is willing and desirous to trade. These are his commodities, in endless quantity; of this quality, at these prices. He wants arms, for his part. What say you, Mr. Speaker?" Sure enough, our Robertson arriving at the "Bar of the House of Commons" with such a message, would have cut an original figure! Not to the "House of Commons," was this message properly addressed; but to the English Nation; which Francia, idiot-like, supposed to be somehow represented, and made accessible and addressable in the House of Commons. It was a strange imbecility in any Dictator! The Robertson, we find accordingly, did *not* take this bale of goods to the bar of the House of Commons; nay, what was far worse, he did not, owing to accidents, go to England at all, or bring any arms back to Francia at all: hence, indeed, Francia's unreasonable detestation of him, hardly to be restrained within the bounds of common politeness! A man who said he would do, and then did not do, was at no time a kind of man admirable to Francia. Large sections of this "Reign of Terror" are a sort of unmusical sonata, or free duet with variations, to this text: "How unadmirable a hide-merchant that does not keep his word!"—"How censurable, not to say ridiculous and imbecile, the want of common politeness in a Dictator!"

Francia was a man that liked performance: and sham performance, in Paraguay as elsewhere, was a thing too universal. What a time of it had this strict man with *un*real performers, imaginary workmen, public and private, cleric and laic! Ye Guachos—it is no child's play, casting out those Seven Devils from you!

Monastic or other entirely slumberous church-establishments could expect no great favor from Francia. Such of them as seemed incurable, entirely slumberous, he, somewhat roughly, shook awake, somewhat sternly ordered to begone. *Débout, canaille fainéante*, as his prophet Raynal says; *Débout: aux champs, aux ateliers!* Can I have you sit here, droning old metre through your nose; your heart asleep in mere gluttony, the while; and all Paraguay a wilderness, or nearly so—the Heaven's blessed sunshine growing mere tangles, lianas, yellow-fevers, rattlesnakes, and jaguars on it? Up, swift, to work—or mark this governmental horsewhip, what the crack of it is, what the cut of it is like to be!—Incurable, for one class, seemed archbishops, bishops, and such like; given merely to a sham-warfare against extinct devils. At the crack of Francia's terrible whip they went, dreading what the cut of it might be. A cheap worship in Paraguay, according to the humor of the people, Francia left; on condition that it did no mischief. Wooden saints and the like ware, he also left sitting in their niches: no new ones, even on solicitation, would he give a doit to buy. Being petitioned to provide a new patron saint for one of his new fortifications once, he made this answer: "O people of Paraguay, how long will you continue idiots? While I was a Catholic I thought as you do: but I now see there are no saints but good cannons that will guard our frontiers!"* This also is noteworthy. He inquired of the two Swiss surgeons, what their religion was; and then added, "Be of what religion you like, here: Christians, Jews, Mussulmans—but don't be Atheists."

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* Perez.

† *Ibid.*

Equal trouble had Francia with his laic workers, and indeed with all manner of workers; for it is in Paraguay as elsewhere, like priest like people. Francia had extensive barrack-buildings, nay city-buildings (as we have seen), arm-furnishings; immensities of work going on, and his workmen had in general a tendency to be imaginary. He could get no work out of them; only a more or less deceptive similitude of work! Masons so called, builders of houses, did not build, but merely seem to build; their walls would not bear weather; stand on their bases in high winds.—Hodge-razors, in all conceivable kinds, were openly marketed, "which were never meant to shave, but only to be sold!" For a length of time Francia's righteous soul struggled sore, yet unexplosively with the propensities of these unfortunate men. By rebuke, by remonstrance, encouragement, offers of reward, and every vigilance, and effort, he strove to convince them that it was unfortunate for a Son of Adam to be an imaginary workman; that every Son of Adam had better make razors which *were* meant to shave. In vain, all in vain! At length, Francia lost patience with them. "Thou wretched Fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part even of a tailor? Does it beseem thee to weave cloth of devil's-dust instead of true wool; and cut and sew it as if thou wert not a tailor, but the fraction of a very tailor! I cannot endure every thing!" Francia, in despair erected his "Workman's Gallows." Yes, that institution of the country did actually exist in Paraguay; men and workmen saw it with eyes. A most remarkable, and, on the whole, not unbeneficial institution of society there. Robertson gives us the following scene with the Belt-maker of Assumpcion; which, be it literal, or in part poetic, does, no doubt of it, hold the mirror up to Nature in an altogether true, and surely in a very surprising manner:

"In came, one afternoon, a poor shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the Dictator. 'Sentinel,'—said he—and in came the sentinel; when the following conversation ensued:

"Dictator:—'Take this *bribonazo*' (a very favorite word of the Dictator's, and which being interpreted means 'most impertinent scoundrel') —'take this *bribonazo* to the gibbet over the way; walk him under it half-a-dozen times: and now,' said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, 'bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of *walking* under the gallows, we shall try how you can *swing* upon it.'

"Shoemaker:—'Please your excellency, I have done my best.'

"Dictator:—'Well, *bribon*, if this *be* your best, I shall do *my* best to see that you never again mar a bit of the state's leather. The belts are of no use to me; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you.'

"Shoemaker:—'God bless your excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave: day and night have I served, and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; *y por el alma de un triste zapatéro* (by the soul of a poor shoemaker) I will make them to your excellency's liking.'

"Dictator:—'Off with him, sentinel!'

"Sentinel:—'*Venga, bribon:* come along, you rascal.'

"Shoemaker:—'Senor Excelentisimo: *This very night* I will make the belts according to your excellency's pattern.'

"Dictator:—'Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet: it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship.'

"Sentinel:—'*Vamonos, bribon;* the supreme commands it.'

"Off was the shoemaker marched: he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet; and then allowed to retire to his stall."

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* Rengger.

He worked there with such an alacrity and sibylline enthusiasm, all night, that his belts on the morrow were without parallel in South America;—and he is now, if still in this life, Belt-maker general to Paraguay, a prosperous man; grateful to Francia and the gallows, we may hope, for casting certain of the seven devils out of him!

Such an institution of society would evidently not be introduceable, under that simple form, in our old constituted European countries. Yet it may be asked of constitutional persons in these times, By what succedaneum they mean to supply the want of it, then? In a community of imaginary workmen, how can you pretend to have any government, or social thing whatever, that were real? Certain ten-pound franchisers, with their "tremendous cheers," are invited to reflect on this. With a community of quack workmen, it is by the law of Nature impossible that other than a quack government can be got to exist. Constitutional or other, with ballot-boxes or with none, your society in all its phases, administration, legislation, teaching, preaching, praying, and writing periodicals per sheet, will be a quack society; terrible to live in, disastrous to look upon. Such an institution of society, adapted to our European ways, seems pressingly desirable. O Guachos, South-American and European, what a business is it, casting out your seven devils!—

But perhaps the reader would like to take a view of Dr. Francia in the concrete, there as he looks and lives; managing that thousand-sided business for his Paraguenos, in the time of Surgeon Rengger? It is our last extract, or last view of the Dictator, who must hang no longer on our horizon here:

"I have already said that Doctor Francia, so soon as he found himself at the head of affairs, took up his residence in the habitation of the former Governors of Paraguay. This edifice, which is one of the largest in Assumpcion, was erected by the Jesuits, a short time before their expulsion, as a house of retreat for laymen, who devoted themselves to certain spiritual exercises instituted by Saint Ignatius. This structure the Dictator repaired and embellished; he has detached it from the other houses in the city, by interposing wide streets. Here he lives, with four slaves, a little negro, one male and two female mulattoes, whom he treats with great mildness. The two males perform the functions of valet-de-chambre and groom. One of the two mulatto women is his cook, and the other takes care of his wardrobe. He leads a very regular life. The first rays of the sun very rarely find him in bed. So soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a kettle, and a pitcher of water; the water is made to boil there. The Dictator then prepares, with the greatest possible care, his *maté*, or Paraguay tea. Having taken this, he walks under the interior colonnade that looks upon the court; and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who makes up his cigars for him. At six o'clock comes the barber, an ill-washed, ill-clad mulatto, given to drink, too; but the only member of the faculty whom he trusts in. If the Dictator is in good humor, he chats with the barber; and often in this manner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects: this barber may be said to be his Official Gazette. He then steps out, in his dressing-gown of printed calico, to the outer colonnade, an open space with pillars, which ranges all round the building: here he walks about, receiving at the same time such persons as are admitted to an audience. Towards seven, he withdraws to his room, where he remains till nine; the officers and other functionaries then come to make their reports, and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock, the *fiel de fecho* (principal secretary) brings the papers which are to be inspected by him, and writes from his dictation till noon. At noon all the officers retire, and Doctor Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always himself orders. When the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's room; the Doctor then comes out, and selects what he wishes for himself. After dinner, he takes his *siesta*. On awakening, he drinks his *maté*, and smokes a cigar, with the same precautions as in the morning. From this, till four or five, he occupies himself with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives. The barber then enters, and dresses his hair, while his horse is getting ready. During his ride, the Doctor inspects the public works, and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where he has had a set of apartments prepared for his own use. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre, and a pair of double-barrelled pocket-pistols. He returns home about nightfall, and sits down to study till nine; then he goes to supper, which consists of a roast pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine, he again walks in the outer colonnade, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watchword. On returning into the house, he fastens all the doors himself."

Francia's brother was already mad. Francia banished this sister by and by, because she had employed one of his grenadiers, one of the public government's soldiers, on some errand of her own.* Thou lonely Francia!

Francia's escort of cavalry used to "strike men with the flat of their swords," much more assault them with angry epithets, if they neglected to salute the Dictator as he rode out. Both he and they, moreover, kept a sharp eye for assassins; but never found any, thanks perhaps to their watchfulness. Had Francia been in Paris!—At one time, also, there arose annoyance in the Dictatorial mind from idle crowds gazing about his Government House, and his proceedings there. Orders were given that all people were to move on, about their affairs, straight across this government esplanade; instructions to the sentry, that if any person paused to gaze, he was to be peremptorily bidden, Move on!—and if he still did not move, to be shot with ball-cartridge. All Paraguay men moved on, looking to the ground, swift as possible, straight as possible, through those precarious spaces; and the affluence of crowds thinned itself almost to the verge of solitude. One day, after many weeks or months, a human figure did loiter, did gaze in the forbidden ground: "Move on!" cried the sentry sharply;—no effect: "Move on!" and again none. Alas, the unfortunate human figure was an Indian, did not understand human speech, stood merely gaping interrogatively,—whereupon a shot belches forth at him, the whewing of winged lead; which luckily only whewed, and did not hit! The astonishment of the Indian must have been great, his retreat-pace rapid. As for Francia he summoned the sentry with hardly suppressed rage, "What news, *Amigo?*" The sentry quoted "your Excellency's order;" Francia cannot recollect such an order; commands now, that at all events such order cease.

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* Rengger.

It remains still that we say a word, not in excuse, which might be difficult, but in explanation, which is possible enough, of Francia's unforgivable insult to human science in the person of M. Aimé Bonpland. M. Aimé Bonpland, friend of Humboldt, after much botanical wandering, did, as all men know, settle himself in Entre Rios, an Indian or Jesuit country close on Francia, now burnt to ashes by Artigas; and there set up a considerable establishment for the improved culture of Paraguay tea. Botany? Why, yes,—and perhaps commerce still more. "Botany?" exclaims Francia: "It is shopkeeping agriculture, and tends to prove fatal to my shop! Who is this extraneous individual? Artigas could not give him right to Entre Rios; Entre Rios is at least as much mine as Arigas's! Bring him to me!" Next night, or next, Paraguay soldiers surround M. Bonpland's tea-establishment; gallop M. Bonpland over the frontiers, to his appointed village in the interior; root out his tea-plants; scatter his four hundred Indians, and—we know the rest! Hard-hearted Monopoly refusing to listen to the charmings of Public Opinion or Royal-Society Presidents, charm they never so wisely! M. Bonpland, at full liberty some time since, resides still in South America,—and is expected by the Robertsons, not altogether by this Editor, to publish his Narrative, with a due running shriek.

Francia's treatment of Artigas, his old enemy, the bandit and firebrand, reduced now to beg shelter of him, was good; humane, even dignified. Francia refused to see or treat with such a person, as he had ever done; but readily granted him a place of residence in the interior, and "thirty piasters a month till he died." The bandit cultivated fields, did charitable deeds, and passed a life of penitence, for his few remaining years. His bandit followers, who took to plundering again, says M. Rengger, "were instantly seized and shot."

On the other hand, that anecdote of Francia's dying father—requires to be confirmed! It seems, the old man, who, as we saw, had long since quarrelled with his son, was dying, and wished to be reconciled. Francia "was busy;—what was in it?—could not come." A second still more pressing message arrives: "The old father dare not die unless he see his son; fears he shall never enter heaven, if they be not reconciled." "Then let him enter ——!" said Francia, "I will not come!"[*] If this anecdote be true, it is certainly of all that are in circulation about Dr. Francia, by far the worst. If Francia, in that death hour, could not forgive his poor old father, whatsoever he had, or could in the murkiest sultriest imagination be conceived to have done against him, then let no man forgive Dr. Francia! But the accuracy of public rumor, in regard to a Dictator who has executed forty persons, is also a thing that can be guessed at. To whom was it, by name and surname, that Francia delivered this extraordinary response? Did the man make, or can he now be got to make, affidavit of it, to credible articulate-speaking persons resident on this earth? If so let him do it—for the sake of the psychological sciences.

One last fact more. Our lonesome Dictator, living among Guachos, had the greatest pleasure, it would seem, in rational conversation,—with Robertson, with Rengger, with any kind of intelligent human creature, when such could be fallen in with, which was rarely. He would question you with eagerness about the ways of men in foreign places, the properties of things unknown to him; all human interest and insight was interesting to him. Only persons of no understanding being near him for most part, he had to content himself with silence, a meditative cigar and cup of *matè*. O Francia, though thou hadst to execute forty persons, I am not without some pity for thee!

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[*] Robertson.

In this manner, all being yet dark and void for European eyes, have we to imagine that the man Rodriguez Francia passed, in a remote, but highly remarkable, not unquestionable or inquestioned manner, across the confused theatre of this world. For some thirty years, he was all the government his native Paraguay could be said to have. For some six-and-twenty years he was express Sovereign of it; for some three, or some two years, a Sovereign with bared sword, stern as Rhadamanthus: through all his years, and through all his days, since the beginning of him, a Man or Sovereign of iron energy and industry, of great and severe labor. So lived Dictator Francia, and had no rest; and only in Eternity any prospect of rest. A life of terrible labor;—but for the last twenty years the Fulgencio plot being once torn in pieces and all now quiet under him, it was a more equable labor: severe but equable, as that of a hardy draught-steed fitted in his harness; no longer plunging and champing; but pulling steadily,—till he do all his rough miles, and get to his still *home*.

So dark were the Messrs. Robertson concerning Francia, they had not been able to learn in the least whether, when their book came out, he was living or dead. He was living then, he is dead now. He is dead, this remarkable Francia; there is no doubt about it: have not we and our readers heard pieces of his Funeral Sermon! He died on the 20th of September, 1840, as the Rev. Perez informs us; the people crowding round his Government House with much emotion, nay "with tears," as Perez will have it. Three Excellencies succeeded him, as some "Directorate," "*Junta Gubernativa*," or whatever the name of it is, before whom this reverend Perez preaches. God preserve them many years.

THE TROUSSEAU.—The Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Sophia Matilda, and many of the *haute noblesse*, attended at Cambridge House on Tuesday afternoon, to see the *trousseau;* but, as might be expected, the favor was limited, although the assembled visitors were so numerous that it might most properly be called a reception. A spacious room at Cambridge House was appropriated for the display of the valuable jewels and magnificent presents from the Queen, Queen Dowager, King of Hanover, and the other relatives of the bride and bridegroom, as well as from the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marchioness of Ailesbury, and many of the leading aristocracy. In addition to the bridal dress, there were several costumes du cour, intended to be worn by her Royal Highness on her arrival in Germany. Her Royal Highness's state robe is a most elegant and magnificent costume. The fabrique is of the richest light blue satin and silver tissue, most superbly brocaded over the entire surface with a chaste but tasteful pattern of leaves. The Duchess of Cambridge presented her daughter with a complete set of jewels, including tiara, necklace, earrings, and other ornaments of diamonds and sapphires; a most costly and splendid gift. The Queen, the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, each made presents to their youthful relative of every variety of jewelry. Her Majesty's present was composed of rubies and diamonds; The Duchess of Kent's was entirely of brilliants; the Duchess of Gloucester's of turquoises and diamonds. Nor were the bridal gifts on the part of the Royal family confined to jewels: other articles of rarity and value were received by the Princess. Her Majesty presented several magnificent oriental shawls, one of which was particularly splendid. The friends of the Princess, among the nobility, showed their high estimation of her Royal Highness by numerous presents of various kinds. The Marchioness of Londonderry forwarded two handsome caskets. The Marchioness of Ailesbury presented a handsome ring composed of a single pearl of large size set in brilliants. The Countess of Jersey gave a splendid casket; and many other ladies of rank presented souvenirs of various kinds.

THE BRIDE-CAKE.—The bride-cake, made by her Majesty's yeoman confectioner, (Mr. Mauditt,) was really a most magnificent specimen of the art of confectionary. Standing on a gigantic silver-gilt plateau it measured 2 feet in height, and nearly 6 feet in circumference; the whole was encased in frosted sugar-work, the base being encircled by a wreath of candied white roses, while immediately above were garlands of orange-flowers, and rosebuds with silver leaves. Around the top of the cake a moveable cornice was formed of hollow palms, or little tiny hands, in sugar-work, filled with love bows, encircled with silver bracelets, and holding a boquet of orange-flowers, Portuguese laurel, and myrtle buds. The whole,—being surmounted with a very beautiful representation of Aurora, "fair daughter of the dawn," stood at least four feet high. The weight of the cake, exclusive of its ornaments, was upwards of 160lbs.—*The Court Journal.*

It appears from a recent statistical return that the number of persons in Russia who can read is 4,167,995, or about 1 in 13 of the entire population.

THE STRANGER—A TALE OF THE SEA.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

CANTO THE FIRST.

The night is dark, and the billows roar,
And 'tis half-past twelve by the clocks on shore,
And the landsmen are soundly asleep in their beds,
Unheeding the "pother that's over their heads,"
And the Landswomen, 'wakening perhaps in a fright,
Cry "God help the poor sailors this terrible night!"
Then turning again on their pillows to sleep,
Forget all the perils of those on the deep.

The night is dark, and the billows roar,
And a vessel is driving directly a-shore;
Were she in port you might thus read her name:
The "Goed Vrouw," and near it the word "Amsterdam."
She is not one of the "go ahead" sort,
Her stern is round, and her bows are short,
And her masts do not stand so presumptuously high,
As to carry her "sky-scrapers" up to the sky;
And she's stuffed to the throat with her cargo within,
Full of tobacco and good Holland's gin;
And her captain, the worthy Mynheer Vandergoose,
Stands five feet exactly when wearing his shoes;
Which shoes, as polished as polished may be,
Alas! and alack! he never could see,
Since his paunch stood a foot farther out than his knee:
And as to her mate, and indeed every sailor,
They all might be clothed by the very same tailor,
From the very pattern, so well are they chosen,
To match with each other, thirteen to the dozen,—
All save ONE, and his bones are sharp,
And his sinews as hard as the strings of a harp;
And his cheeks are pale, and his nose is blue,
Where every other is crimson in hue;
And he stands in his stockings just six feet two—
All save ONE, that remarkable man,
And he gives no name but the name of "JAN."

'Tis a pleasant thing, when the morn is bright,
To glide o'er the waves that are dancing in light,
And to hear the dash of the feathered oar,
And the watch-dog's bark from the distant shore.—
'Tis a pleasant thing, when the storm is past,
And the ocean still heaves from the recent blast,
To watch the waves 'neath the sunset rolled,
Like mountains of amber or torrents of gold;
But however delightful such scenes may be,
There are pleasanter things than a shore on your lee,
In a very dark night, on a very rough sea.

But stay; whilst describing ship, captain, and crew,
I had nearly forgotten the passenger, who
If I thus should neglect, I might justly be twitted
As the manager was,
Who had Hamlet, 'tis poz,
Advertised, "with the part of prince Hamlet omitted."
They were just two-days sail from their own Amsterdam,
When an odd-looking boat, pulling after them, came,
And scarcely was hailed, ere she suddenly sunk,
And nothing was saved but one man and a trunk;
And even the sailors so sleepy and sleek,
Turned over the quid in each jolly red cheek,
And took the pipe from each lazy jaw,
And pointed slowly, and drawled out "yaw,"
When that wonderful man on his trunk they saw;
For light as a feather it seemed to swim,
Bearing him safe o'er the waters grim,
'Till a boat was lowered as fast as might be.
It was two when all sunk,
Save the man and the trunk,
And they reached him at just five minutes to three,
Though the wind had begun pretty freshly to blow,
And they'd nearly five hundred yards to row.
But he seemed not the worse by a single pin,
And as they made ready to take him in,
Lightly he sprung,
And his trunk they flung
Into the boat "with a kick and a spin;"
And with oaths, that for me to repeat were a sin,
Desired to know
"What hurried them so?"
And also, "What made them so pale and so thin?"
Small blame to thee, reader! already thou rumorest,
That the odd little man was a bit of a humorist.

Back to the ship doth the small boat glide,
Quicker, I trow, than it left her side,
For fear began their hearts to fill,
And through their well-stuffed sides to thrill;
Especially now that the stranger's brow
Grew darker and darker, they knew not how.
No word they uttered;
The stranger spluttered
In some unknown tongue, then, in high Dutch muttered,
That "before he had done with the lazy dogs,
They'd be far more like sailors, and far less like hogs."
His speech was in Dutch, you remember, but if I lent
It an English dress, this would be its equivalent.

He's out of the boat with a bound and a skip,
He's over the bulwarks, he's into the ship;
And, regardless alike of the crew and their "funk,"
He roars to them loudly to "hand him his trunk!"
Slowly their broad-clothed backs they bend,
Slowly they grasp it by either end,
Each of those sailors was thought a good puller,
Wouter Van Twissler, and Barnet van Muller—
But though Didrick Van Ranslaer, the second mate, aided,
And mortals sure never pulled wildly as they did;
And Nicholas Block to the rescue had hastened,
The obstinate trunk to the bottom seemed fastened;
And the stranger stood laughing and cheering them on,
Till almost the breath from their bodies had gone,
Then, turning around, (while some looked for his hoof,)
He beckoned to Jan, who was standing aloof,
And whispering a word in the ear of that tall man,
(On tiptoe he had to stand, being a small man,)
Jan leaped from the side, heaved the trunk from the boat,
Now light as it seemed when they saw it afloat.

And high on his shoulder the burden he bears,
And follows the stranger straight down the steep stairs,
Who walks to the cabin, and gives a loud rap
On the top of the table,
That's not very stable,
And startles Mynheer Vandergoose from his nap.

Myneer Vandergoose showed as much of surprise,
As he ever *did* show, in his mouth and his eyes,

Both opened as wide as wide could be,
But he spoke not a word,
Nor trembled nor stirred,
While the stranger exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, you see !
You thought you had only a cargo to run,
But you're sure of a passenger, sure as a gun !"

What more passed of fear and awe,
Ear never heard, eye never saw ;
For Jan was bid "make himself scarce" at once,
Which any would do, who was not a dunce,
When twirled round twice as swift as the wind,
And dismissed up the stairs with a slight kick behind.

Three weeks had passed and the wind was fair,
And they drew towards port, no matter where,
To tell of that is not my care :—
But stay—methinks a voice I hear,
So sweet, the saddest it might cheer,
Or pierce a deaf man's drowsy ear,
Or to the flintiest bosom strike,
Ask, "Pray what was the stranger like ?"
I stay the tale, as by a spell,
All that that sweet voice asks to tell.

His limbs were lithe, his face was dark,
His eyes were each a fiery spark,
The lines upon his cheek and brow
Told of the soul that worked below,
Yet not the plough of lofty thought
Had broadly on that forehead wrought;
The cunning wrinkles seemed to fret
His face, as with a curious net;
The pushed-up mouth was ever screwed
To some satiric attitude ;
The wiry limbs sprang quick and light,
But not as where the mind of might
In free proud movement is betrayed—
Here trick and antic were displayed :
That dark small stranger well might be
The demon of activity.

Yet, be what he might, or do what he would,
The crew and the captain in awe of him stood.
And the feats they performed, ere they looked on the shore,
Sure never were seen in the "Goed Vrouw" before.
For instance—Van Hammer, the carpenter heavy,
Was sent to the tops with a well-chosen bevy,
Van Muller, Van Ranslaer, and Wouter Van Twissler,
And Peter Van Schriegel the boatswain's pet whistler,
(For the boatswain himself could not whistle a note,
Having something, he said, "like a lump" in his throat,
And, therefore, had prudently carried from home,
A fat orphan nephew, "determined to roam,")
And there, for three hours, the five heroes were clinging,
Their tobacco pipes gone, and their garments all wringing ;
And all this, as it seemed that there was not a question,
At the dark little stranger's infernal suggestion.

Then Didrick Van Ranslear was docked of his grog,
For calling Van Schriegel a "lazy young dog ;"
And Laurent Van Blewitt was kept from tobacco,
For swearing that "Poland was somewhere in Cracow."
And so it fell out, that there was not a man
But was frightened to death of him—all but that Jan ;
They scarcely dared mutter, or whisper, or talk,
Nor under breath swear,
For the stranger was there
With the ears of a mole, and the eyes of a hawk :
But Jan, the tall villain, would sometimes explode,
And once in his wrath even bid him "be blowed."

But three weeks had gone over, and then came the wind,
Which perhaps, you'll remember, we left far behind :
For all the long preface that here I've been spinning,
Has only just carried us to the beginning,
So snuff we the candles, and hear of the man,
The wonderful stranger, and wonderful Jan.

CANTO THE SECOND.

There are folks in this world, who, when fortune is busily
Doing her worst, will take every thing easily ;
Nothing disturbs them, and nothing alarms them,
And seldom it happens that any thing harms them ;
Yet strange—though it seems, as one genius presided
Above the whole clan, they are really divided
By public opinion in two distinct classes,
One, "philosophers" called, and the other styled "asses."
Let a man see his nearest relation a dying,
Without any sighing, or sobbing, or crying ;
Let him hear of banks breaking wherein he has money,
And take the news smoothly as if it were honey,
And crying, "all's right,"—benignantly quarter
Himself for his life on son, brother, or daughter ;
And let this same man have a presence commanding,
A choice of good words, and a shrewd understanding,
And a good deal of what the enlightened call "gammon ;"
A dump to a guinea, a sprat to a salmon,
That the world takes his part, and said world would be cross, if her
Protegé were not called an uncommon philosopher.
But just change the person, and fancy the sinner,
With no care for to-night, if to-day has a dinner;
And eyes like a fish's, set round in their sockets ;
With a little squat figure, his hands in his pockets,
A pipe in his mouth, from whence seldom he takes it,
But asks for another as soon as he breaks it;
Fancy *this* man beset with a hundred disasters,
At sea in a gale,
Close-reefed every sail,
A sadly sprung mast,
And a leak gaining fast,
And the sailors with broken heads, plentier than plasters,
And a little strange imp, here and there, every where,
Setting all by the ears,
And fomenting their fears,
And driving the crew to a state of despair.
Yet fancy our worthy still smoking as coolly,
As in his own "lust-hous" in Holland in July,

Surely if the wise world could but then overhaul him,
"Fool," "dotard," and "booby," 'twould certainly call him ;
Although the same principle's brought into use
By the sage it approves, and Mynheer Vandergoose.

When the gale first arose he just broached these opinions :—
"It would not be much,—
"It was only a touch,"
And retreated again to his lower dominions,
Where having procured
A fresh pipe from the steward,
His case-bottle of rum,
'Twixt his finger and thumb,
He grasped by the neck ; though the action was dumb,
'Twas highly expressive of what he intended—
To "stick by the stuff" till the tempest was ended,
No matter what messages came from above,
Of changing his quarters, he did not approve.
Perplexed and fatigued, and half frantic, the men
Sent Jan to the cabin, again and again ;
Once to ask "where they were," off what coast, and what part:
Quoth he, "Jan, I believe you can read,—there's the chart."
Then to tell him "the mainmast was sprung ;"—he groaned "humph ;"
Then, "the water had gained in the hold ;"—he whiffed "pump ;"—
And when Jan appeared in his presence once more,
With—"that by the same token,
The rudder was broken,"
The only reply that he got was a snore.

What's to be done ?
The billows run—
Now hiding the disc of the setting sun ;
Now dropping them down in some awful chasm,
Thrilling each heart with fear's wild spasm :
And the timbers creak, and groan and shriek,
And the ship runs wild in her frenzied freak,
As hard to guide as if her name
Had put the *spirit* in her frame,
Of some "Goed Vrouw" of Amsterdam !
Now she leaps up, and madly rears
Her form on high—now disappears ;
Now plunges on—and then again,
Lies helpless, sidelong on the main.—
Yet never the little fat captain awoke,
And his little fat crew
Know not what they must do,
For they see that the thing is no longer a joke ;
And Jan the tall, looks grim and serious,
And the dark stranger more mysterious.

An eldritch shriek and a fearful bound,
A lumbering plunge and a cracking sound,
And broken spars around are poured,
The mainmast's going overboard !
Back fall the crew from the fatal spot,
All but Peter Van Schriegel, who drops "like shot,"
And when the yards on deck are dashed,
Is like a monstrous spider, smashed,
But this was no moment to pause and lament him,
When the stranger upsprung from the midst of the *scrimmage*,
And, looking of cheerful contentment the image,
Politely requested an axe might be lent him !
'Twas handed by Jan,
For no other man
Would dare at that moment with aught to present him,
And whate'er he was doing they could not prevent him,
Fast, fast, fast on the tottering mast
Falls blow after blow, with a power too vast,
(As was after remembered) without some strange charm,
To belong to a man with so slender an arm ;
And when his behavior was after dissected,
By those who survived, it was well recollected
That the hatchet he used seemed the mast to environ
With sparks showered thickly, and glowed like hot iron ;
But be this as it may, the first danger was past,
Clean over the side went spars, rigging, and mast,
And the vessel relieved staggered onward unknowing,
Either what she was doing, or where she was going.

But cool as a cucumber, calm as a monk,
The stranger once more bids Jan "bring him his trunk,"
'Tis drawn from the place where it first was deposited
That eve that the captain and stranger were closeted,
And being heaved up to the deck, which was bared
So completely, not even a hen-coop was spared,
The little dark stranger sate quietly down,
Like a monarch enthroned and expecting his crown,
And remarking—"The deck seemed well cleared for an action,"
Regarded the whole with a calm satisfaction ;
Others were tumbling, and slipping, and sliding,
He sitting as firmly as if they were gliding
On a steam-boat excursion, with patent machinery,
And quite at their leisure enjoying the scenery.
They could bear it no longer ! that terrible man,
And his sworn coadjutor, that lean long-legged Jan !
So whilst a deep reverie he seemed to be wrapt in,
They stole to the cabin to waken the captain.

Surely he sleeps a charmed sleep !
Or why such even pulses keep,
When even the dead might well awake,
When life, fame, fortune are at stake !
Wake, shipwrecked wretch ! awake and weep !
Let dreams no more thy senses steep !—
Surely he sleeps a charmed sleep !

Aroused by their fears to a strange animation,
And only regarding their chance of salvation,
Sans ceremonie by the collar they take him,
And lustily shake him determined to wake him ;
And their shrieks in his ear become perfectly thrilling,
As they see that already the cabin is filling :

A snort and a groan, and he opens his eyes,
And tries to look angry, then tries to look wise,
And they hear him exclaim—"From the hour that he came,
I gave up the command to Mynheer What's-his-name,
And if *he* can't keep you and save you from evil,
I fear to his worship you have not been civil.
But stay, the night's cold, there's the key of the locker,
(I never believed the 'Goed Vrouw' such a rocker !)
And don't spare the spirits, for even if you do,
I fear there *are* spirits will scarcely spare you !"

Swift from his presence forth they past—
It was a speech
Impressed on each,
For 'twas his longest and his last!

What followed! a scene of such noise and confusion,
Its memory must seem like a fiendish delusion;
I have separately asked them about that wild pother,
But hardly two stories agree with each other:
Some vow that the stranger and Jan both together
Sang a *duo* in praise of the airy fine weather;
Others say that they danced on the corpse of Van Schriegel
In a manner indecent, profane, and illegal,
To music so strangely discordant and frantic
It seemed to be fitted to every wild antic—
But all have agreed the last thing they remember
Is a very rough shock,
On a very hard rock,
At half after twelve, on a night of December.

Morning hath come with her welcome light,
Shining on hills with the snow flake white,
And on the darkly heaving sea,
Where still the waves rage angrily;
And on a shore where, 'twixt the land
And sea, there spreads a ridge of sand,
And on eleven silent forms,
That her sweet light revives and warms,
For strange to say, of all the crew
Of the "Goed Vrouw," they miss but two,
Van Schriegel, and that white, and wan,
And tall, and thin, and wicked Jan,
The stranger and captain, of course, I except,
But neither of these could be bitterly wept.

High and dry,
On the beach they lie,
And lo! a vision is passing by—
They must be deceived—
It can scarce be believed
Even where a strange tale is most warmly received,
That the "Goed Vrouw"
Is passing now,
Perfect and whole from helm to prow!
Close to the shore,
On her course she bore,
And all her form they may explore,
Her masts in repair, her sails are there;
And her bulwarks are whole, and her deck no more bare;
And more than all (at the sight they shrunk!)
The stranger is standing erect on his trunk,
And that singular Jan at the helm doth stand,
And nobody's there to give them a hand,
Though the captain sits silent and drooping his head,
And his hands are prest
On his burly chest;
But that white, white face can be but of the dead!
And a black flag waves from the mast on high,
With a motto I'll tell you about by-and-by.

But first, let me say, to avoid disappointment,
It is not to put this strange story in joint meant;
I own, and it gives me a feeling of pain,
Like some "sprig," called to "order,"
And forced to "*soft sawder*,"
I am not at this moment "prepared to explain."
For example—I cannot account for the stranger's
Queer conduct in bringing the ship into dangers,
And having disgorged it of every plump elf,
Repairing, and taking it all to himself.
I cannot account for his not having sunk,
Nor know I the mystery attached to his trunk.
It might, but 'tis only a modest suggestion,
Have held pamphlets, perhaps on the "Boundary Question;"
Or some eloquent speech on "our foreign conditions,"
Or receipts of "expense of the Poor-law Commissions;"
All, and every of which, if the truth could be sifted,
Would account for its weight when it could not be lifted;
But still, I've no reason to give why it yielded,
And was light as a fly when by Jan it was wielded.
Apropos of that Jan, *he's* another queer mystery,
That puzzled me greatly on hearing this history;
I cannot account for his bond of connection
With the stranger, but hardly can think 'twas affection;
In fact, these are riddles, and so insurmountable,
That we only can say they are quite unaccountable.

But touching the motto to which I alluded,
You shall have it without an opinion intruded,
If you find there a moral, pray keep it in view—
"WHO SHIPS WITH THE DEVIL, MUST SAIL WITH HIM TOO."

Death of Mdlle. Lenormand.—One of the most celebrated public characters of France during the last half-century—Mdlle. Lenormand, the fortune-teller—died in that city on Monday last, at the age of 72 years, leaving a fortune of 500,000f. She reckoned, it is said, among her *clinetelle* all the celebrated characters of the age—all the soldiers, gamblers, and other adventurers of both sexes, from the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander down to the *cantinière* and kitchen-maid—all of whom professed their surprise at the profundity of her knowledge of events, past and future.

Tea as a Nutriment.—M. Peligot read a paper on the chemical combinations of tea He states that tea contains essential principles of nutrition, far exceeding in importance its stimulating properties, and shows that, as a stimulant, tea is in every respect a desirable article of habitual use. One of his experiments on the nutritive qualities of tea, as compared with those of soup, was by no means in favor of the latter. The most remarkable products of tea are—1st, the tannin, or astringent property; 2nd, an essential oil to which it owes its aroma, and which has a great influence on its price in commerce; and 3rd, a substance rich in azote and crystallizable, called *theine*, which is also met with in coffee, and is frequently called *cafeine*. Independently of these three substances, there are eleven others of less importance, which enter more or less into the composition of tea of all the kinds imported into Europe. What was most essential, as regards the chemical and hygienic character of the plant, was to ascertain the exact proportion of the azoted principles which it contains. M. Peligot began by determining the total amount of azote in tea, and finished by finding that it was from 20 to 30 per cent. greater than in any other kind of vegetable. M. Peligot states that by reason of this quantity of azote, and the existence of caseine in the tea-leaf, it is a true aliment.—*Athenæum*.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF SOUTHEY AND WORDSWORTH.

From the Christian Observer.

Shortly after the death of the late S. T. Coleridge, Mr. Cottle, formerly a bookseller at Bristol, and the publisher and proprietor of some of Coleridge's early works, as well as of those of Southey and Wordsworth, gave to the world two volumes of recollections of those eminent men, at that eventful period of their lives, when, in the exuberance of youth, talent, and spirits, they were planning vast designs, and laying the foundation of their future literary fame. Mr. Cottle's book gave much offence to the friends of Mr. Coleridge, who had seen fit, in his biographical account of himself, to omit all distinct reference to Bristol, the cradle of his literature, and for many years his favorite abode, and to whose inhabitants he said, as late as 1814, "You took me up in younger life, and I could wish to live and die amongst you." The chief cause of the offence was Mr. Cottle's fearful exposition of the melancholy consequences of Coleridge's indulgence in the use of opium; but as Coleridge had long broken himself of the destructive habit, and had expressly directed that his melancholy case should be made public after his death, as a warning to others, there was not any thing to reproach Mr. Cottle with in making known the facts, except as they were painful to surviving friends or relatives. There were, however, many allusions in his book to unpleasant scenes, foolish schemes, early struggles, and frivolous circumstances, which the friends of Mr. Coleridge might think best forgotten; besides which, the patronizing air with which the worthy bibliopolist speaks of his private intercourse and commercial arrangements with men who lived to command the golden market of literature, as well as merely to revel in its barren honors, might not be gratifying to the parties concerned. His opinions and criticisms, and his "Mr. Southey and I," "Mr. Coleridge and myself," &c., have an air of self-complacency as between a provincial bookseller and men who arrived at such pre-eminent fame; but fifty years ago they were all young together; and Cottle was often useful to them with his literary advice, as well as his purse; and he was himself also the author of several volumes of poetry, which his highly gifted friends spoke of with warm approbation. Coleridge, in the second edition of his poems, addressed to Cottle, a flattering copy of verses, adding: "I could not refuse myself the gratification of seeing the name of that man amongst my poems without whose kindness they would probably have remained unpublished, and to whom I know myself greatly and variously obliged, as a poet, a man, and a Christian." We have thought this statement fair to "poor old gossipping Cottle;" whose "gossipping" cost him dear, not only in the chastisement administered to him by some of the reviewers for his disclosures respecting Coleridge; but in the harassing, and it is said £2000 law expenses and damages, inflicted upon him at the suit of Hannah More's discarded coachman, whom he had alluded to in his account of that lady's escape from Barley Wood.

The volumes were, however, chiefly devoted to rellections of Coleridge. Of Southey, who was living when they were published, less is said—and not any thing, we presume, which the poet wished to suppress even during his life-time, except as it might be too trifling for record; for Mr. Cottle speaks of Southey's having spent a few days on a visit with him not long before the book was published, and of their uninterrupted friendship, so that we can hardly suppose he put in print what he knew would give his friend offence. However there is nothing that entails reproach upon Southey's memory; for though, in his early days, he and Coleridge were led astray by the phantoms with which the French revolutionary school had dazzled Europe, and romantically proposed founding what they called a "Pantisocracy" in America; yet both of them came to a better mind; and their example and recantation in after-life are the more valuable because they were not the result of early prejudices, but of mature deliberation. If Southey wrote Joan of Arc, let it not be overlooked that he afterwards repudiated it, and endeavored legally to suppress it. If Coleridge was once a Socinian lecturer, let it not be forgotten that he became not only orthodox, but a lay "preacher of righteousness." Who can have forgotten his dying letter to his god-child, in which he says—

> "And I thus, on the brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redemer, most gracious in his promises to them that truly seek him, is faithful to perform what he has promised; and has reserved, under all pains and infirmities, the peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw his Spirit from me in the conflict, and in his own time will deliver me from the evil one. O, my

dear godchild! eminently blessed are they who begin *early* to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of their Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ."

Of Mr. Wordsworth there are a few curious literary notices in Mr. Cottle's recollections, which we will copy; the personal allusions blended with them being to the honor, not disparagement, of that venerable man. The lovers of literary reminiscences may think the passages worth glancing over, though they are not intrinsically important.

"June, 1797.

"'MY DEAR COTTLE,—I am sojourning, for a few days, at Racedown, Dorset, the mansion of our friend Wordsworth: who presents his kindest respects to you. * * *

"'Wordsworth admires my tragedy, which gives me great hopes. Wordsworth has written a tragedy himself. I speak with heart-felt sincerity, and, I think, unblinded judgment, when I tell you, that I feel myself a little man by his side, and yet I do not think myself a less man than I formerly thought myself. His drama is absolutely wonderful. You know I do not commonly speak in such abrupt and unmingled phrases, and therefore will the more readily believe me. There are in the piece, those profound touches of the human heart, which I find three or four times in the 'Robbers' of Schiller, and often in Shakspeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities. God bless you, and eke, 'S. T. COLERIDGE.'"

"There is a peculiar pleasure in recording the favorable sentiments which one Poet entertains of another, I therefore state that Mr. Coleridge says, in a letter received from him, March 8th, 1798, 'The Giant Wordsworth—God love him! When I speak in the terms of admiration due to his intellect, I fear lest these terms should keep out of sight the amiableness of his manners. He has written near twelve hundred lines of blank verse, superior, I hesitate not to aver, to any thing in our language which any way resembles it.'

"And in a letter received from Mr. Coleridge, 1807, he says—'Wordsworth is one whom, God knows, I love and honor as far beyond myself, as both morally and intellectually he is above me.'"

"'1798.

"'MY DEAR COTTLE,—I regret that aught should have disturbed our tranquillity; respecting Lloyd, I am willing to believe myself in part mistaken, and so let all things be as before. I have no wish respecting these poems, either for or against re-publication with mine. As to the third edition, if there be occasion for it immediately, it must be published with some alterations, but no additions or omissions. But if there be no occasion for the volume to go to press for ten weeks, at the expiration of that time I would make it a volume worthy of me, and omit utterly near one half of the present volume—a sacrifice to pitch black oblivion.

"'Whichever be the case, I will repay you the money you have paid for me, in money, and in a few weeks; or if you should prefer the latter proposal, (i. e. the not sending me to the press for ten weeks,) I should insist on considering the additions, however large, as my payment to you for the omissions, which, indeed, would be but strict justice.

"'I am requested by Wordsworth, to put to you the following questions. What could you conveniently and prudently, and what would you, give for—first, our two Tragedies, with small prefaces, containing an analysis of our principal characters? Exclusive of the prefaces, the Tragedies are, together, five thousand lines; which, in printing, from the dialogue form, and directions respecting actors and scenery, are at least equal to six thousand. To be delivered to you within a week of the date of your answer to this letter; and the money which you offer, to be paid to us at the end of four months from the same date; none to be paid before, all to be paid then.

"'Second.—Wordsworth's 'Salisbury Plain,' and 'Tale of a Woman:' which two poems, with a few others, which he will add, and the notes, will make a volume. This to be delivered to you within three weeks of the date of your answer, and the money to be paid as before, at the end of four months from the present date.

"'Do not, my dearest Cottle! harass yourself about the imagined great merit of the compositions, or be reluctant to offer what you can prudently offer, from an idea that the poems are worth more. But calculate what you can do, with reference simply to yourself, and answer as speedily as you can; and believe me your sincere, grateful, and affectionate

'Friend and Brother,
'S. T. COLERIDGE.'

"I offered Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth thirty guineas each, as proposed, for their two Tragedies; but which, after some hesitation, was declined, from the hope of introducing one, or both, on the stage. The volume of Poems was left for some future arrangement."

"A visit to Mr. Coleridge at Stowey, (near Bristol,) had been the means of my introduction to Mr. Wordsworth, who read me many of his Lyrical pieces, when I perceived in them a peculiar, but decided merit. I advised him to publish them, expressing a belief that they would be well received. I further said that he should be at no risk; that I would give him the same sum which I had given Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Southey, and that it would be a gratifying circumstance to me, to usher into the world, by becoming the publisher of the first volumes of three such poets as Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth; a distinction that might never again occur to a Provincial bookseller.

"To the idea of publishing he expressed a strong objection; and after several interviews, I left him, with an earnest wish that he would reconsider his determination.

"Soon after, Mr. Wordsworth sent me the following letter.

"'Allfoxden, 12th April, 1798.

"'My dear Cottle,—* * * You will be pleased to hear that I have gone on very rapidly adding to my stock of poetry. Do come and let me read it to you, under the old trees in the park. We have a little more than two months to stay in this place. Within these four days the season has advanced with greater rapidity than I ever remember, and the country becomes almost every hour more lovely.

"'God bless you: your affectionate friend,
'W. Wordsworth.'

"A little time after, I received an invitation from Mr. Coleridge, to pay himself, and Mr. Wordsworth, another visit. At about the same time, I received the following corroborative invitation from Mr. Wordsworth.

"'Dear Cottle,—We look for you with great impatience. We will never forgive you if you do not come. I say nothing of the 'Salisbury Plain' till I see you. I am determined to finish it, and equally so that you shall publish.

"'I have lately been busy about another plan, which I do not wish to mention till I see you; let this be very, very soon, and stay a week if possible; as much longer as you can. God bless you, dear Cottle; yours sincerely,
"'W. Wordsworth.'

"'Allfoxden, 9th May, 1798.'

"The following letter also on this subject, was received from Mr. Coleridge:

"'My dear Cottle,—Neither Wordsworth nor myself could have been otherwise than uncomfortable, if any but yourself had received from us the first offer of our Tragedies, and of the volume of Wordsworth's Poems. At the same time, we did not expect that you could with prudence and propriety advance such a sum as we should want at the time we specified. In short, we both regard the publication of our Tragedies as an evil. It is not impossible but that in happier times they may be brought on the stage: and to throw away this chance for a mere trifle, would be to make the present moment act fraudulently and usuriously towards the future time.

"'My Tragedy employed and strained all my thoughts and faculties for six or seven months: Wordsworth consumed far more time, and far more thought, and far more genius. We consider the publication of them an evil on any terms; but our thoughts were bent upon a plan, for the accomplishment of which a certain sum of money was necessary (the whole) at that particular time, and in order to this we resolved, although reluctantly, to part with our Tragedies: that is, if we could obtain thirty guineas for each, and at less than thirty guineas Wordsworth will not part with the copy-right of his volume of Poems. We shall offer the Tragedies to no one, for we have determined to procure the money some other way, If you choose the volume of Poems, at the price mentioned, to be paid at the time specified, i. e., thirty guineas, to be paid sometime in the last fortnight of July, you may have them; but remember, my dear fellow! I write to you now merely as a bookseller, and entreat you, in your answer to consider yourself only; as to us, although money is necessary to our plan, [that of visiting Germany,] yet the plan is not necessary to our happiness; and if it were, W. would sell his Poems for that sum to some one else, or we could procure the money without selling the Poems. So I entreat you, again and again, in your answer, which must be immediate, consider yourself only.

"'Wordsworth has been caballed against *so long and so loudly*, that he has found it impossible to prevail on the tenant of the Allfoxden estate, to let him the house, after their first agreement is expired, so he must quit it at Midsummer; whether we shall be able to procure him a house and furniture near Stowey, we know not, and yet we must: for the hills, and the woods, and the streams, and the sea, and the shores would break forth into reproaches against us, if we did not strain every nerve to keep their Poet among them. Without joking, and in serious sadness, Poole and I cannot endure to think of losing him.

"'At all events, come down, Cottle, as soon as you can, but before Midsummer, and we will procure a horse easy as thy own soul, and we will go on a roam to Linton and Limouth, which, if thou comest in May, will be in all their pride of woods and waterfalls, not to speak of its august cliffs, and the green ocean and the vast valley of stones, all which live disdainful of the seasons, or accept new honors only from the winter's snow. At all events, come down, and cease not to believe me much and affectionately your friend,
'S. T. Coleridge.'

"In consequence of these conjoint invitations, I spent a week with Mr. C. and Mr. W. at Allfoxden. At this interview it was determined, that the volume should be published under the title of 'Lyrical Ballads,' on the terms stipulated in a former letter: that this volume should not contain the poem of 'Salisbury Plain,' but only an extract from it; that it should not contain the poem of 'Peter Bell,' but consist rather of sundry shorter poems, and, for the most part, of pieces more recently written. I had recommended two volumes, but one was fixed on, and that to be published anonymously. It was to be begun immediately, and with the 'Ancient Mariner;' which poem I brought with me to Bristol."

"A visit to Mr. Coleridge, at Stowey, in the year 1797, had been the means of my introduction to Mr. Wordsworth. Soon after our acquaintance had commenced, Mr. Wordsworth happened to be in Bristol, and asked me to spend a day or two with him at Allfoxden. I consented, and drove him down in a gig. We called for Mr. Coleridge, Miss Wordsworth, and the servant, at Stowey, and they walked, while we rode on to Mr. Wordsworth's house, (distant two or three miles,) where we proposed to dine. A London Alderman would smile at our bill-of-fare. It consisted of philosophers' viands; namely, a bottle of brandy, a noble loaf, and a stout piece of cheese; and as there were plenty of lettuces in the garden, with all these comforts we calculated on doing very well.

"Our fond hopes, however, were somewhat damped, by finding that our 'stout piece of cheese' had vanished! A sturdy *rat* of a beggar, whom we had relieved on the road, with his olfactories all alive, no doubt, *smelt* our cheese, and while we were gazing at the magnificent clouds, contrived to abstract our treasure! Cruel tramp! An ill return for our pence! We both wished the rind might not choke him! The mournful fact was ascertained a little before we drove into the court-yard of the house. Mr. Coleridge bore the loss with great fortitude, observing, that we should never starve with a loaf of bread and a bottle of brandy. He now, with the dexterity of an adept (admired by his friends around) unbuckled the horse, and, putting down the shafts, with a jerk, as a triumphant conclusion of his work, lo! the bottle of brandy, that had been placed most carefully behind us, on the seat, from the inevitable law of gravity, suddenly rolled down, and, before we could arrest the spirituous avalanche, pitching right on the stones, was dashed to pieces! We all beheld the spectacle, silent and petrified! We might have collected the broken fragments of glass, but, the brandy! that was gone! clean gone!

"One little untoward thing often follows another, and while the rest stood musing, chained to the place, regaling themselves with the Cogniac effluvium, and all miserably chagrined, I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but after many strenuous attempts, I could not get off the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth first brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement, as altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck, almost to strangulation, and to the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that 'the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy!) since the collar was put on! for,' said he, 'it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *Os Frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar!' Just at this instant the servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, 'La. master,' said she, 'you do not go about the work in the right way. You should do like this,' when turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment; each satisfied, afresh, that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which he had not attained.

"We were now summoned to dinner, and a dinner it was, such as every blind and starving man in the three kingdoms would have rejoiced to behold. At the top of the table stood a superb brown loaf. The centre dish presented a pile of the true coss lettuces, and at the bottom appeared an empty plate, where the 'stout piece of cheese' ought to have stood! (cruel mendicant!) and though the brandy was clean gone. yet its place was well, if not *better* supplied by a superabundance of fine sparkling Castalian Champagne! A happy thought at this time started into one of our minds, that some sauce would render the lettuces a little more acceptable, when an individual in the company recollected a question once propounded by the most patient of men, 'How can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt?' and asked for a little of that valuable culinary article. 'Indeed, Sir,' Betty replied, 'I quite forgot to buy salt.' A general laugh followed the announcement, in which our host heartily joined. This was nothing. We had plenty of other good things, and while crunching our suculents, and munching our crusts, we pitied the far worse condition of those, perchance as hungry as ourselves, who were forced to dine, alone, off æther. For our next meal, the mile-off village furnished all that could be desired, and these trifling incidents present the sum, and the result, of half the little passing disasters of life.

"The volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads' was published about Midsummer, 1798. In September of the same year, Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth left England for Germany, and I for ever quitted the business of a bookseller."

"As a curious literary fact, I might mention, that the sale of the first edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' was so slow, and the severity of most of the Reviews so great, that its progress to oblivion seemed ordained to be as rapid as it was certain. I had given thirty guineas for the copy-right, as detailed in the preceding letters: but the heavy sale induced me to part with the largest proportion of the impression of five hundred, at a loss, to Mr. Arch, a London bookseller. After this transaction had occurred, I received a letter from Mr. Wordsworth, written the day before he set sail for the Continent, requesting me to make over my interest in the 'Lyrical Byllads' to Mr. Johnson, of St. Paul's Church-yard This I could not have done, had I been so disposed, as the engagement had been made with Mr. Arch.

"'On Mr. Wordsworth's return to England, I addressed a letter to him explaining the reasons why I could not comply with his request, to which he thus replied:

"'MY DEAR COTTLE,—I perceive that it would have been impossible for you to comply with my request, respecting the 'Lyrical Ballads,' as you had entered into a treaty with Arch. How is the copy-right to be diposed of when you quit the bookselling business? We were much amused with the 'Anthology.' Your poem of the 'Killcrop' we liked better than any; only we regretted that you did not save the poor little innocent's life, by some benevolent art or other. You might have managed a little pathetic incident, in which nature appearing forcibly in the child, might have worked in some way or other upon its superstitious destroyer.

"'We have spent our time pleasantly enough in Germany, but we are right glad to find ourselves in England, for we have learned to know its value. We left Coleridge well at Gottingen, a month ago. * * * *

'God bless you, my dear Cottle.
'Your affectionate friend,
'W. WORDSWORTH.'

"Soon after the receipt of the above, I received another letter from Mr. Wordsworth, kindly urging me to pay him a visit in the north, in which, as an inducement, he says:

"* * * * * * * * 'Write to me beforehand, and I will accompany you on a tour. You will come by Greta-bridge, which is about twenty miles from this place, (Stockburn;) and after we have seen all the curiosities of that neighborhood, I will accompany you into Cumberland and Westmoreland. * * * *

'God bless you, dear Cottle.

'W. W.'

"A short time after the receipt of this invitation, Mr. Coleridge arrived in Bristol from Germany, and as he was about to pay Mr. Wordsworth a visit, he pressed me to accompany him. In this interview with Mr. Wordsworth, the subject of the 'Lyrical Ballads' was mentioned but once, and that casually, and only to account for its failure! which Mr. W. ascribed to two causes; first, the 'Ancient Mariner,' which, he said, no one seemed to understand; and 2ndly, the unfavorable notice of most of the Reviews.

"On my reaching London, having an account to settle with Messrs. Longman and Rees, the booksellers, of Paternoster Row, I sold them all my copy-rights, which were valued as one lot, by a third party. On my next seeing Mr. Longman, he told me, that in estimating the value of the copy-rights, Fox's 'Achmed,' and Wordsworth's 'Lyrical Ballads,' were 'reckoned as nothing.' 'That being the case,' I replied, 'as both these authors are my personal friends, I should be obliged, if you would return me again these two copy-rights, that I may have the pleasure of presenting them to the respective writers.' Mr. Longman answered, with his accustomed liberality, 'You are welcome to them.' On my reaching Bristol, I gave Mr. Fox his receipt for twenty guineas; and on Mr. Coleridge's return from the north, I gave him Mr. Wordsworth's receipt for his thirty guineas; so that whatever advantage has arisen, subsequently, from the sale of this volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' has pertained exclusively to Mr. W.

"I have been the more particular in these statements, as it furnishes, perhaps, the most remarkable instance on record, of a volume of Poems remaining for so long a time, almost totally neglected, and afterwards acquiring, and that almost rapidly, so much deserved popularity."

We now take leave of Wordsworth, to converse with Southey, whose regular, punctual habits contrast amusingly with the random temperament of Coleridge. We will string together the extracts, selecting those in which Southey is conspicuous.

"At the close of the year 1794, a clever young quaker, of the name of Robert Lovell, who had married a Miss Fricker, informed me that a few friends of his from Oxford and Cambridge, with himself, were about to sail to America, and on the banks of the Susquehannah to form a 'Social Colony;' in which there was to be a community of property, and where all that was selfish was to be proscribed. None, he said, were to be admitted into their number, but tried and incorruptible characters; and he felt quite assured, that he and his friends would be able to realize a state of society, free from the evils and turmoils that then agitated the world, and present an example of the eminence to which men might arrive under the unrestrained influence of sound principles.

"Not too much to discourage the enthusiastic aspirant after happiness, I forebore all reference to the prolific accumulation of difficulties to be surmounted, and merely inquired who were to compose his company? He said that only four had, as yet, absolutely engaged in the enterprise; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, from Cambridge, (in whom I understood the plan to have originated;) Robert Southey, and George Burnet from Oxford, and himself. 'Well,' I replied, 'when do you set sail?' He answered, 'Very shortly. I soon expect my friends from the Universities, when all the preliminaries will be adjusted, and we shall joyfully cross the blue waves of the Atlantic.' 'But,' said I, 'to freight a ship, and sail out in the high style of gentlemen agriculturists, will require funds. How do you manage this?' 'We all contribute what we can,' said he, 'and I shall introduce all my dear friends to you, immediately on their arrival in Bristol.'

"One morning, shortly after, Robert Lovell called on me, and introduced Robert Southey. Never will the impression be effaced produced on me by this young man. Tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners; an eye piercing, with a countenance full of genius, kindliness, and intelligence. I gave him at once the right hand of fellowship, and, to the present moment, it has never, on either side, been withdrawn."

"The solicitude I felt, lest these young and ardent geniuses should, in a disastrous hour, and in their mistaken apprehensions, commit themselves in this their desperate undertaking, was happily dissipated, by Mr. Coleridge applying for the loan of a little cash,—to pay the voyagers'—freight? 'or passage?'—No, Lodgings. They all lodged, at this time, at No. 48, College-Street. Never did I lend money with such unmingled pleasure, for now I ceased to be haunted day and night with the spectre of the ship! the ship! which was to effect such incalculable mischief."

"Meeting Mr. Southey, I said to him, 'I have engaged to give Mr. Coleridge thirty guineas for a volume of his Poems; you have Poems equal to a volume, and if you approve of it, I will give you the same.' He cordially thanked me, and instantly acceded to my proposal.

"I then said to him, 'You have read me several books of your 'Joan of Arc,' which poem I perceive has great merit. If it meet with your concurrence, I will give you fifty guineas for this work, and publish it in quarto, when I will give you, in addition, fifty copies to dispose of amongst your friends.' Without a moment's hesitation, to this proposal also he acceded.

"I could say much of Mr. Southey, at this time; of his constitutional cheerfulness; of the polish of his manners; of his dignified, and at the same time, of his unassuming deportment;

as well as of the general respect, which his talents, conduct, and conversation excited."

"I had an opportunity of introducing Mr. Southey, at this time, to the eldest Mrs. More, who invited him down to spend some whole day with her sister Hannah, at their then residence, Cowslip Green. On this occasion, as requested, I accompanied him. The day was full of converse. On my meeting one of the ladies, soon after, I was gratified to learn that Mr. S. equally pleased all five of the sisters. She said he was 'brim full of Literature, and one of the most elegant and intellectual young men they had seen.'"

"Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Southey now determined, by their best efforts, in other ways than those detailed, to raise money for their projected expedition. They resolved, therefore, to give the citizens of Bristol individual lectures, or series of lectures, on different subjects. Mr. Coleridge chose Political and Moral subjects; Mr. Southey chose History."

"The lectures of Mr. Southey were numerously attended, and their composition was greatly admired; exhibiting, as they did, a succinct view of the various subjects commented upon, so as to chain the hearer's attention. They, at the same time, evinced great self-possession in the lecturer; a peculiar grace in the delivery; with reasoning so judicious and acute, as to excite astonishment in the auditory, that so young a man should concentrate so rich a fund of valuable matter in lectures, comparatively, so brief, and which clearly authorized the anticipation of his future eminence.

"No public lecturer could have received stronger proofs of approbation than Mr. Southey, from a polite and discriminating audience. Mr. Coleridge solicited permission of Mr. Southey, to deliver his fourth lecture, 'On the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Roman Empire,' as a subject 'to which he had devoted much attention.' The request was immediately granted, and at the end of the third lecture, it was formally announced to the audience, that the next lecture would be delivered by 'Mr. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge.' At the usual hour the room was thronged. The moment of commencement had arrived. No lecturer appeared! Patience was preserved for a quarter, extending to half an hour!—but still no lecturer! At length it was communicated to the impatient assemblage, 'that a circumstance, exceedingly to be regretted! would prevent Mr. Coleridge from giving his lecture that evening, as intended.' Some few present learned the truth, but the major part of the company retired, not very well pleased, and under the impression that Mr. C. had either broken his leg, or that some severe family affliction had occurred. Mr. C.'s rather habitual absence of mind, with the little importance he generally attached to engagements, renders it likely, that, at this very time he might have been found, at No. 48 College Street, composedly smoking his pipe, and lost in profound musings on his divine Susquehannah!

"Wishing to gratify my two young friends (and their ladies elect) with a pleasant excursion, I invited them to accompany me, in a visit to the Wye, including Piercefield and Tintern Abbey; objects new to us all. It so happened, the day we were to set off, was that immediately following the woeful disappointment! but here, all was punctuality. It was calculated that the proposed objects might be accomplished in two days, so as not to interfere with the Friday evening's lecture, which Mr. Southey had now wisely determined to deliver himself.

"After dinner an unpleasant altercation occurred between the two Pantisocratians! Mr. Southey, whose regular habits scarcely rendered it a virtue in him never to fail in an engagement, expressed to Mr. Coleridge his deep feelings of regret that his audience should have been disappointed on the preceding evening; reminding him that unless he had determined punctually to fulfil his voluntary engagement, he ought not to have entered upon it. Mr. Coleridge thought the delay of the lecture of little or no consequence. This excited a remonstrance, which produced a reply. At first I interfered with a few conciliatory words, which were unavailing; and these two friends, about to exhibit to the world a glorious example of the effects of concord and sound principles, with an exemption from all the selfish and unsocial passions, fell, alas! into the common lot of humanity, and, in so doing, must have demonstrated, even to themselves, the rope of sand to which they had confided their destinies.

"A little cessation in the storm afforded me the opportunity of stepping forward, and remarking, that the wisest way was to forget the past, and to remember only the pleasant objects before us. In this opinion the ladies concurred, when placing a hand of one of the dissentients in that of the other, the hearty salutation went round, and, with our accustomed spirits, we prepared once more for Piercefield and the Abbey."

"In the spirit of impartiality, it now devolves on me to state a temporary misunderstanding between the two Pantisocratians themselves, in the autumn of 1795. It is difficult to assign any other reason for the wild scheme of Pantisocracy, than the inexperience of youth, acting on sanguine imaginations. At its first announcement, every reflecting mind saw that the plan, in its nature, and in the agents who were to carry it into effect, was obnoxious to insurmountable objections; but the individuals with whom the design originated, were young, ardent, and enthusiastic, and at that time entertained views of society erroneous in themselves, and which experience only could correct. The fullest conviction was entertained by their friends, that, as reason established itself in their minds, the delusion would vanish; and that they themselves would soon smile at extravagances which none but their own ingenious order of minds could have devised: but when the dissension occurred, before noticed, at Chepstow, Mr. Southey must have had conviction flash on his mind, that the habits of himself and his friend were so essentially opposed as to render harmony and success impossible.

"Mr. Southey now addressed a temperate letter to Mr. Coleridge, stating that circumstances and his own views had so altered, as to render it necessary in him candidly to state, that he must abandon Pantisocracy, and the whole scheme of colonizing in America.

"On the receipt of Mr. Southey's letter, a tumult and re-action were excited in Mr. Coleridge's spirit, that filled the whole circle of their mutual friends with grief and dismay. This unexpected effect, perhaps, may be ascribed to the consciousness, first seriously awakened in Mr. Coleridge's mind, of the erroneous principles on which all his calculations had been founded. He perceived at length (it may be) that he had been pursuing a phantom; and the conviction must have been associated with self-upbraidings. Charges of 'desertion' flew thick around: of 'a want of principle;' of 'dishonorable retraction, in a compact the most solemn and binding.'

"Mr. Southey acted with the strictest honor and propriety, and in such a way as any wise man, under such circumstances, would have acted. The great surprise with their friends was, that the crisis should not earlier have occurred.

"Mr. Southey, a day or two after this unhappy difference, set off on his Spanish and Portuguese expedition. On his return to Bristol, in the next year, as the whole misunderstanding between himself and Mr. Coleridge was the effect of transient feeling, that extended not to the heart, on their meeting, an easy reconciliation was effected."

"It was mentioned that Mr. Southey was the first to abandon the scheme of American colonization; and that, in confirmation, towards the conclusion of 1795, he accompanied his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, (Chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon,) through some parts of Spain and Portugal; of which occurrence, Mr Southey's entertaining 'Letters' from those countries are the result; bearing testimony to his rapid accumulation of facts, and the accuracy of his observations on persons and things. Mr. Southey having sent me a letter from Corunna, and another from Lisbon, I shall here (with his permission) gratify the reader by presenting them for his perusal. (The following are the chief passages):

"Corunna, Dec. 15th, 1795.

"Indeed, my dear friend, it is strange that you are reading a letter from me at this time, and not an account of our shipwreck. We left Falmouth on Tuesday mid-day; the wind was fair till the next night, so fair that we were within twelve hours' sail of Corunna; it then turned round, blew a tempest, and continued so till the middle of Saturday. Our dead lights were up fifty hours, and I was in momentary expectation of death. You know what a situation this is. I forgot my sickness, and though I thought much of the next world, thought more of those at Bristol, who would daily expect letters; daily be disappointed, and at last learn from the newspapers that the Lauzarotte had never been heard of.

"Of all things it is most difficult to understand the optimism of this difference of language; the very beasts of the country do not understand English. Say 'poor fellow' to a dog, and he will probably bite you; the cat will come if you call her 'Meeth-tha,' but 'puss' is an outlandish phrase she has not been accustomed to. Last night I went to supper to the fleas, and an excellent supper they made; and the cats serenaded me with their execrable Spanish: to lie all night in *Bowling-green Lane*, (a rough road near Tintern, which he thus ironically named,) would be to enjoy the luxury of soft and smooth lying.

"At sight of land a general shaving took place; no subject could be better for Bunbury, than a packet cabin taken at such a moment. For me, I am as yet whiskered, for I would not venture to shave on board, and have had no razor on shore till this evening. Custom-house officers are more troublesome here than in England, I have however got every thing at last. You may form some idea of the weather we endured, thirty fowls over-head were drowned; the ducks got loose and ran with a party of half-naked Dutchmen into our cabin; 'twas a precious place, eight men lying on a shelf much like a coffin.

"The bookseller's shop was a great comfort; the Consul here has paid me particular attentions, and I am to pass to-morrow morning with him, when he will give me some directions concerning Spanish literature. He knows the chief literary men in England, and *did* know Brissot and Petion. Good night, they are going to supper. Oh, their foul oils and wines.

"Tuesday morning—I have heard of hearts as hard as rocks, and stones, and adamants, but if ever I write upon a hard heart, my simile shall be as inflexible as a bed in a Spanish Posada; we had beef-steaks for supper last night, and a sad libel upon beef-steaks they were. I wish you could see our room; a bed in an open recess, one just moved from the other corner. Raynsford packing his trunk; Maber shaving himself; tables and chairs; looking-glass hung even too high for a Patagonian; the four evangelists, &c., the floor beyond all filth most filthy. "Adieu,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

"Lisbon, Feb. 1st, 1796.

"'Certainly I shall hear from Mr. Cottle, by the first packet,' said I.—Now I say, 'Probably I may hear by the next,' so does experience abate the sanguine expectations of man. What, could you not write one letter? and here am I writing not only to all my friends in Bristol, but, to all in England. Indeed I should have been vexed, but the packet brought a letter from Edith, and the pleasure that gave me allowed no feeling of vexation. What of 'Joan?' Mr. Coates tells me it gains upon the public, but authors seldom hear the plain truth. I am anxious that it should reach a second edition, that I may write a new preface, and enlarge the last book. I shall omit all in the second book which Coleridge wrote.

"Bristol deserves panegyric instead of satire. I know of no mercantile place so literary. Here I am spending my mornings so pleasantly, as books, only books, can make them, and sitting at evening the silent spectator of card-playing and dancing. The English here unite the spirit of commerce, with the frivolous amusements of high life. One of them who plays every night, (Sundays are not excepted here,) will tell you how closely he attends to profit. 'I never pay a porter for bringing a burthen till the next day, (says he,) for while the fellow feels his back ache with the weight, he charges high; but when he comes the next day the feeling is gone, and he asks only half the money.' And the author of this philosophical scheme is worth 200,000 pounds!!

"This is a comfortless place, and the only pleasure I find in it is in looking to my departure. Three years ago I might have found a friend, Count Leopold Berchtold. This man (foster-brother of the Emperor Joseph) is one of those rare characters who spend their lives in doing good. It is his custom in every country he visits, to publish books in its language, on some subject of practical utility; these he gives away. I have now lying before me the two which he printed in Lisbon: the one is an Essay on the means of preserving life, in the various dangers to which men are daily exposed. The other an Essay on extending the limits of benevolence, not only towards men, but towards animals. His age was about twenty-five; his person and his manners the most polished. My uncle saw more of him than any one, for he used his library; and this was the only house he called at; he was only seen at dinner, the rest of the day was constantly given to study. They who lived in the same house with him believed him to be the wandering Jew. He spoke all the European languages, had written in all, and was master of the Arabic. From thence he went to Cadiz, and thence to Barbary; no more is known of him.

"We felt an earthquake the morning after our arrival here. These shocks alarm the Portuguese dreadfully; and indeed it is the most terrifying sensation you can conceive. One man jumped out of bed and ran down to the stable, to ride off almost naked as he was. Another, more considerately put out his candle, 'because I know (said he) the fire does more harm than the earthquake.' The ruins of the great earthquake are not yet removed entirely.

"The city is a curious place: a straggling plan; built on the most uneven ground, with heaps of ruins in the middle, and large open places. The streets filthy beyond all English ideas of filth, for they throw every thing into the streets, and nothing is removed. Dead animals annoy you at every corner; and such is the indolence and nastiness of the Portuguese, that I verily believe they would let each other rot, in the same manner, if the priests did not get something by burying them. Some of the friars are vowed to wear their clothes without changing for a year; and this is a comfort to them: you will not wonder, therefore, that I always keep to the windward of these reverend perfumers.

"The streets are very agreeable in wet weather. If you walk under the houses, you are drenched by the water-spouts. If you attempt the middle, there is a river. If you would go between both, there is a dunghill The rains here are very violent, and the streams in the streets, on a declivity, so rapid as to throw down men; and sometimes to overset carriages. A woman was drowned, some years ago, in one of the most frequented streets in Lisbon.

"Lisbon is plagued with a very small species of red ant, that swarms over every thing in the house. Their remedy for this is to send for the priest, and exorcise them. The drain from the new convent opens into the middle of the street. An English pigsty is cleaner than the metropolis of Portugal.

"To-night I shall see the procession of 'Our Lord of the Passion.' This image is a very celebrated one, and with great reason, for one night he knocked at the door of St. Roque's church, and there they would not admit him. After this he walked to the other end of the town, to the church of St. Grace, and there they took him in; but a dispute now arose between the two churches, to which the image belonged; whether to the church which he first chose, or the church that first chose him. The matter was compromised. One church has him, and the other fetches him for their processions, and he sleeps with the latter the night preceding. The better mode for deciding it, had been to place the gentleman between both, and let him walk to which he liked best. What think you of this story being believed in 1796!!!

"The power of the Inquisition still exists, though they never exercise it, and thus the Jews save their bacon. Fifty years ago it was the greatest delight of the Portuguese to see a Jew burnt. Geddes, the then chaplain, was present at one of these detestable Auto de Fé's. He says, 'The transports expressed by all ages, and both sexes, whilst the miserable sufferers were shrieking and begging mercy, for God's sake, formed a scene more horrible than any out of hell!' He adds, that 'this barbarity is not their national character, for no people sympathize so much at the execution of a criminal; but it is the damnable nature of their religion, and the most diabolical spirit of their priests; their celibacy deprives them of the affections of men, and their creed gives them the ferocity of devils.' Geddes saw one man gagged, because, immediately he came out of the Inquisition gates, he looked up at the sun, whose light for many years had never visited him, and exclaimed, 'How is it possible for men who behold that glorious orb to worship any being but Him who created it!" My blood runs cold when I pass that accursed building; and though they do not exercise their power, it is a reproach to human nature, that the building should exist.

"The climate here is delightful, and the air so clear, that when the moon is young I can often distinguish the whole circle thus: O. You and Robert may look for this some fine night, but I do not remember ever to have observed it in England. The stars appear more brilliant here, but I often look up at the Pleiades and remember how much happier I was when I saw them in Bristol. Fare you well. Let me know that my friends remember me.

"Robert Southey."

The above notices of such a man as Southey may be found interesting; nor will they be without practical value if they shall lead young persons of ardent imagination to beware of romantic projects and vagrant habits of life, and early to betake themselves to a settled calling. What were Mr. Southey's religious opinions in his younger days we cannot ascertain. We shall rejoice, if, when an authentic memoir of his life is published, it shall appear that in after years he both clearly understood and felt practically the infinite value of the Gospel, as "the power of God unto salvation." The cloud that shaded his latter days precluded all intercourse with him on this or any other subject. Though a prosperous man, and as much loved as lauded, he had not found the world to be a home or rest. In a letter which we received from him in 1835, adverting to his "Pilgrimage to Waterloo," written twenty years before, he mentions the loss of two of his children, whose names will be familiar to those who recollect that affecting effusion of a father's heart. He also lost his beloved wife; though his latter years were supported by a second partner, a daughter of the venerable Canon Bowles, the poet, who devoted herself to his comfort, and watched over him with affectionate anxiety when his mind had sunk beneath its long-sustained labors. We will copy, with a slight omission, the letter to which we have alluded:

"Keswick, 2nd Sept. 1835.

"Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for your [naming a little volume of verses, chiefly of a domestic character]. They have only been long enough in my possession for me to glance at their contents in cutting open the leaves; but I see enough to perceive that the book will be often in my hands.

"That family picture which pleased you in 1815—which it was hoped would please such as you—is to me the most mournful of all my poems. The 'studious boy,' who welcomed his father's return so joyfully, was laid in his grave before the book was published; and my 'sweet Isabel' was laid beside him in the fourteenth year of her age. It pleased God to give me another son after all likelihood of such an event had ceased. He is now sixteen, and by God's mercy promises to be all that I could wish him. But I know too feelingly the instability of human life and human happiness, not to possess the blessings which are still left me, in fear.

"If any opportunity offers in which I can give your little volume that sort of *shove* which poetry, however light its bulk, requires in these days to set it in motion, I will not let it pass.

"Farewell, Dear Sir,
And believe me yours very truly,
"Robert Southey."

ON ÆSTHETICAL CRITICISM AS APPLIED TO WORKS OF ART.

From Fraser's Magazine.

As many of our readers may not understand the meaning of the word *æsthetics*, since it has not been commonly used in this country many years, we shall follow the good old rule of first defining our term. The word is taken from the Greek αισθησις, perception. Baumgarten, a professor in the university of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, first used this term to designate a branch of philosophy by which to establish correct principles of criticism in relation to the beautiful. Germany, France, Italy, and lately England, have used the word—not always correctly. Criticism on art is at the lowest ebb in this country, consisting of very little more than the application of a catalogue of cant terms and phrases, many of them conveying no definite ideas, and but few of them distinctly understood by those who use them most frequently. The general taste in pictorial art is almost as low as the criticism. There are exceptions, just numerous enough to prove the rule. Italy retains a morbid feeling for what is really high and expressive of the uses of this great department of intellectuality, and vents in apostrophes, phrases redolent of superlatives, and in sickly admiration, her moribund recollections, without producing one worthy supporter of her Medicien days. France shines in affectation, bombast, and supposititious analysis; and her exhibitions give no promise that the fine collection of the Louvre will make any impression on her artists. Germany gives promises both in art and in criticism; and the study of æsthetics among her students has raised the whole standard of her taste—her sculpture and painting. In accordance with their prevailing love for mysticism, the criticism of the Germans has been carried into a *terra incognita*. The esoterical æsthetical doctrines have been worried by them into depths darker than Erebus, and the bewildered and benighted reader is remorselessly made to follow,

"O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare.
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence——"

Astonished and tired, he wends his way to the nearest coast, "bordering on light," and, having recovered in some degree his composure, finds that he has been mesmerized into a mystical verboseness, without positive thought, which leaves no recollection. The principles of art, whether æsthetical or practical, are, like the laws which rule the mental and physical creation, positive and intelligible; but no sooner is the simplicity and majesty of truth deserted, than the human intellect wanders into mists which are beyond her boundary, and, at best, terminate in a delusive mirage, which seems to promise all we want, and, when followed, recedes, producing nothing but appearances, toil, and disappointment. Notwithstanding, if the chaff be carefully separated, there is much that is sound and useful in German criticism, and which will set an example by which the science may be placed on a firm foundation.

Mrs. Jameson, in her preface to the translation of Waagen's *Essay on the Genius of Rubens*, takes Sir Joshua Reynolds to task for telling the students of the Royal Academy that, by dint of study, labor, perseverance, and certain rules of art, any one of them might become a great artist. That her objection is perfectly sound, there can be no doubt, because the painter, as well as the poet, is born with facilities for acquiring their art. She correctly designates genius "inborn and heaven-bestowed." No word has been more abused. Every rhymster, scraper on the fiddle, ranter on the stage, caricaturist of nature, and every puppy who scratches with a pencil, or stains canvass with a whirlpool of colors, is, in this utilitarian country, styled a genius, and made, if possible, more conceited, or, if R. A. in such daubing, more stolidly vicious than ever.

Genius is an intellectual faculty, which enables the possessor of it to produce with power, facility, and elegance, what another cannot effect with any degree of study or perseverance. The bent of that genius may be in music, poetry, construction, painting, &c. &c. Education may accelerate, direct in the right course, and enable genius to soar to excellence, but education cannot create the faculty. Genius without instruction, without the aid of adventitious circumstances, never carried an art or a science from its rudiments to its acme. Perfection, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth, and requires constant and careful culture, the seed being good, the soil fertile, with that attention, the fruits will approach perfection. Art, science, and literature, have been virtually insulted in this country, by giving to mediocrity the highest of titles, that of genius. It may be questioned whether England ever possessed a painter to whom the title of genius in a high and extended sense can justly be given. Many may fairly claim to be placed in the next classes, as possessing considerable talent, great vigor, the æsthetical sense uncertainly developed, though at times shining forth with considerable lustre.

One leading characteristic of genius is its being in advance of the age in which it lives. The degree of advance in any particular line decides the elevation on which it stands, not only in its own age, but in comparison with ages past, and that in which we live, and apply the test. A careful examination of the uses which have, or might have, been made of the *principia* established by it, will enable us to judge how far by them we had been enabled to penetrate into the fields of knowledge. The greatest geniuses have invariably burst through the circumstances influencing those around them, and concentrated the whole power of their minds on establishing those principles which are founded on the immutable laws which govern the world. Pythagoras and Euclid are examples. We are, however, ignorant how much the former was indebted to the knowledge of the East, where he had been as a soldier. Their originality was manifest amidst surrounding circumstances not favorable to the development of truths so vast and sound, that they can only terminate with time.

Leaving the examples of science, we will touch on those of art. Though Xerxes burnt Athens, the Greeks were conquerors. Their natural powers of mind and fervid temperament were instigated to action by Pericles. Phidias received the impulse from the circumstances by which he was surrounded and by the galaxy of men who were his contemporaries, some of whom maintained the possibility of man attaining mental and personal perfection. Homer and Æschylus had preceded him, and sculpture was no new art. But as Phidias left, as it were, unnoticed the inflexible superficies, the assumption, not the reality of dignity, the meagre or exaggerated outline and the geometrical draperies of his predecessors substituting the reverse, and applying all his energies and intellectual power to typify the deities of his country, thus applying corporeality to the perfection of ideal and imaginative forms, the effect of his works on his countrymen and on succeeding generations proves that he was directed by that esoterical and æsthetical sentiment, without which art loses its vitality and is lowered to mechanism and correctness of eye. Sculpture and painting must go nearly *pari passu*, therefore we may conclude that among the contemporary painters some felt and embodied the meaning and moral dignity of their art, as well as the greatest, though not the first of sculptors. In those great artists and their immediate schools the moral sense stamped on the executive parts of their works a perfection of form which never has and never can be produced where that feeling does not exist.

Whatever high imaginings any mind has been capable of, progressive steps have been required to enable that mind to delineate its conceptions; therefore, when schools of art are spoken of, the meaning must be that some individual, leaving the manner and routine of the conceptions of his master, adopts a higher system, showing a more profound esoterical and æsthetical feeling than those who preceded him, and to whom his age and country defer. The heads of the great schools, like the founders of families, are generally the greatest men of all their followers, while those very men excelled both the masters and scholars of the schools in which they were brought up, as Raffaelle da Urbino left Perugino far behind.

It is unquestionably an act of justice to *the individual* to allow weight to the influence of the character of the age in which he lived, and of the peculiar circumstances by which he was surrounded; but we much doubt the propriety of judging of the artist, as an artist, by any rules but those which are universal and fundamental. The approximation to esoterical and æsthetical delineation of the subject, taken in its deepest, highest, and most extended sense, must ever be the test by which to appreciate a work of art. We do not refer to those inanities, vulgarities, affectations, and feeble parodies of beautiful nature, which constitute the mass of pictorial merchandise or the coverings of our Academy walls. The only sound saying of that *Micromegas* Louis XIV. on seeing his palace-walls disgraced by some of them was, "*Otes moi ces mâgots là.*" No excellence in the mechanical part of a picture can compensate for *ces mâgots là;* there are some in our National Gallery better suited to a brothel than to instruct the people in the real uses of art to a nation.

Dr. Waagen, well known for his volumes on art and artists in England, has lately attempted, in an *Essay on the Life and Genius of Rubens*, to establish a sounder quality of criticism, and selected that painter for his example. Had he selected him to discuss his claims on esoterical and æsthetical principles, *without* reference to any external influences, he could not have chosen more judiciously; but superadding them as principles by which to form his judgment, the force of his intention is destroyed, and criticism on art is made secondary to the criticism on the individual. The test should have been twofold,—one referring to the unchangeable esoterical and æsthetical principles; then modifying the deduction by reference to the country, times, and peculiar circumstances, by which the artist was surrounded.

Rubens was, without doubt, a great painter; what claims he possesses to the title of a great æsthetical artist must be determined by his works. No man was ever less influenced by the circumstances which surrounded him than Rubens. All the painters who had preceded him, all contemporaries were passed by him, not without notice but without borrowing from them. He remained eight years in Italy, and studied at Rome and elsewhere the remnants of ancient art and the works of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, Titian, &c., and never showed himself to be indebted even to a fragment, and left that country without imbibing any of the refinements in feeling, the elevation of sentiment, or the ideal beauty to be found in their works. The state of neither his native nor any other country seemed to influence him; his individual characteristics of mind and temperament were from first to last stamped on his works, even a superior education did not modify them. He was incapable of copying the works of other masters which he admired, and translated the heads and characters of Leonardo da Vinci into Flemish. The characteristics of Rubens affording the illustration required, we shall not put ourselves under any obligation to Dr. Waagen, whose estimate is a sad jumble of truth and extraneous twaddle, but offer our own. The leading characteristic of the mind of Rubens was general power and capacity. He attained superiority in whatever he attempted. He was a painter, courtier, diplomatist, linguist, generally informed, conscious of his capability, and self-confident. Common sense kept the reins of those great qualities well in hand. His imagination was powerful, but not refined; the faculty of invention ready, with great facility of resource, supported by a sanguine and energetic temperament, calling into action affectionate and generous feelings. His temper was cheerful and buoyant, but the esoterical sense for the elevated, the beautiful, the intense in sentiment, was comparatively weak.

Thus we see conscious power stamped on all his works, and great daring, even to delineating "The Last Judgment," but all characterized by deficiency in esoterical and æsthetical feeling, and, consequently, wanting in that beauty of form and feature which can emanate only from it. In a few instances, like angels' visits, seldom and far between, he has soared into the regions of elevated sentiment and portrayed it;* but his nature being unable to sustain him in such an ethereal atmosphere, he returned to his natural sphere, not quickened by the hallowed fire which bore him there to try and retain the lofty station he had won.

Rubens can never be considered as standing in the highest class. Raffaelle was an esoterical, æsthetical, intellectual, reflective painter, who spiritualized his art; Rubens, possessing vigor as yet unparalleled, dragged down with unsparing hand art to his own earthly conceptions, and revelled on a throne

> "Which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Even from that throne he too often descended,

> "Bowing lowly down
> To bestial gods."

At other times he seemed delighted to

> "Welcome joy and feast,
> Midnight shout and revelry,
> Tipsy dance and jollity."—*Comus*.

When called on to exercise his ingenuity in allegorical and emblematical compositions he fails, either producing parodies so devoid of sense, or containing such a rabble rout of personifications male and female, young and old, some in a state of nudity, others connected with them in rich and stiff brocades, ruffs, or armor, as to excite sometimes laughter, sometimes pity. The allegory, so called, in Whitehall, defies all explanation, and the spectator gazes on the strange assemblage wondering who the ladies are embracing, who those are, holding crowns over a youthful prince, what all the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology are about, why Temperance tramples on Rapaciousness, what Hercules aims at kneeling on a snake-headed lady, what naked person Minerva is above, and what she intends to do to it. Most of these miscalled allegories are melodramatic jumbles, and are to be tolerated only for the excellence of the execution. The mind of Rubens was not sufficiently quiescent and plastic to receive impressions, but so vigorous as to implant his own undisciplined and inexhaustible mental population on the canvass, showing beyond dispute that his classical education and his eight years' companionship with the refinements of the art of ancient Greece and modern Italy had only been admired with the eye, but had made no impression on the mind. Notwithstanding he wrote a dissertation on the use of the study of ancient art, he never improved either his outline or drawing. The statues of the Grecian sculptors never led him to combine elegance with force and activity in his manly forms, nor grace, lightness, and loveliness, in his delineations of female beauties; to the last his heroes, heroines, gods, and goddesses, were of the truest Flemish breed. The general *contour* of his mental manifestations was eminently dramatic, ranging from the truly tragic, through the theatrical, to the melodramatic and the whimsical. Algarotti thus expresses his estimate of him as an artist:—

> "Rubens was not so violent in his action as Tintoretto, softer in his chiaroscuro than Caravaggio; he was not so rich in his compositions as Paolo Veronese, nor so light and elegant in his touch. Titian was truer in his carnations, and Vandyke more delicate; his colors were more transparent, the harmony of them equal while

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* The following criticism was given by Madame de Humboldt to Dr. Waagen:—"From this general criticism we may except the picture in the Capitolo Prioral of the Escurial, in which the Virgin is represented as standing on the globe and trampling on a serpent, which is writhing beneath her feet. The Virgin is a tall, slender, and dignified figure; a heavenly crown, with the rays of glory, just touches her head; she looks like the queen of heaven, and inspires at once veneration and awe. Two angels, most lovely infant forms, stand on the clouds close to her side, the one holding a palm, the other a wreath of laurel. The expression in the countenance of the Virgin is that of adoration and gratitude; there is something unearthly and inspired in the soul which looks out from her eyes; her dress falls from her waist in rich folds, and a white veil covers her bosom. This picture is so beautiful, in such noble keeping, and so free from that disagreeable voluptuousness which characterizes Rubens's females in general, that it can be contemplated and dwelt on with delight, although hanging on the wall with a Raffaelle and a Guido; while it possesses all the advantages which belongs so exclusively to the manner of Rubens—the most blooming flesh-tints, the loveliest coloring."

their depth was greater. His strength and grandeur of style superior to them all."

If to that be added that his pencilling was full and mellow, the handling free and decided beyond any other painter, the gradations true, and so positive that they seem never to have been gone over twice, and every touch the result of a definite intention, it will be admitted that he might have entered the list with the greatest artists, and that, if in the highest department he would not have carried off the palm, in the practical part he was unrivalled.

Thus Rubens is a fine example of a great painter, not æsthetical in his *practice* of the art, but essentially so in his theoretical expressions of it. His friend Franciscus Junius dedicated to him his work, written in Latin, on ancient art, and inculcates throughout æsthetical considerations.[*] The explanation of the incongruity can only be explained by supposing that Rubens understood the doctrine when he read it, but was so constituted as never to have *felt* it. Not so Raffaelle, he understood it profoundly, and practically carried it to the highest perfection hitherto attained. Volterra, Domenichino, Guido, Gherlandaio, Correggio, Sebastianus Venetus del Piombo, and numbers more, manifested the sense of the æsthetical. They were Italians. Murillo in Spain, Le Sueur, Juvenet, and a few more in a minor degree in France, have proved their possession of it. When the passions and affections of the soul are to be delineated, we can neither quote the Low Countries nor Holland, but express the belief that the sentiment does exist in this country, and only requires to be awakened, schooled, and cultivated.

The taste of the English people is not favorable to the highest walks of art, not from a want of mental capacity to appreciate them, but because they have had few opportunities of contemplating them. Since our National Gallery has been opened to the people, it has been an object of attraction on every day considered by them as a holyday. Even the generality of the upper classes admire more pictures distinguished for high finishing and homely subjects, or landscapes, than those manifesting the esoterical feeling (for the object of the art) and the æsthetical sentiment displayed. Let us not suppose that this nation is the only one which has shown a deficiency in appreciating the highest efforts of artists. The ancients were as bad. Pliny (lib. xxxv. cap. 10) tells us that Pyreicus was celebrated for his excellency in artistical dexterity, and painted barbers, cobblers' shops, asses, provender, both for men and animals, and what we term objects of *still life*, and consequently had given to him the sobriquet of Rhyparographus, and that those works were so admired and coveted that they sold better than the finest pictures of the greatest masters.

The only stimulus ever given by the nation to call into action the talent of our artists is now offered to them through a board of commissioners. We look in vain for one *living* historical painter whose works command sufficient confidence in his mental and practical powers to commence the work—to regenerate the degraded arts of England. Excellence in the art requires not only superior intelligence, but a great development of peculiar faculties, borne on by a deep sense and feeling for the ends to be produced by the successful manifestation of the powers bestowed by Providence. A high sense of the value of *truth* in all representations; to that must be added an education embracing, at least, a correct and current knowledge of several arts and sciences, and that historical knowledge which, in addition to mere facts, superadds an apprehension of the feelings, manners, costume, bearing, and mental state of periods and persons. If Longinus be right, and we think he is, the mind of a great artist must be cast in the mould of true magnificence, or it cannot even conceive the sublime or the beautiful; and unless its habitual conduct be noble and elevated, never can it delineate the truly æsthetical.

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[*] "Pictures which are judged sweeter than any picture, pictures surpassing the apprehension and art of man, workes that are sayd to be done by an unspeakable of art, delicately, divinely, unfeisably, insinuate nothing els but that there is something in them which doth not proceed from the laborious curiostie prescribed by the rules of art, and that the free spirit of the artificer, marking how Nature sporteth herself in such aninfinite varietie of things, undertooke to do the same."—P. 331. Ed. 1638, Franciscus Junius.

"Having now seene alreadie wherein the chiefe comelinesse of grace doth consist, and how by a glorious conquest it doth sweetly enthrall and captivate the hearts of men with the lovely chaines of due admiration and amazement; having likewise considered by the way that this grace hath no greater enemy than affectation; it is left only that we should examine by what means it may be obtained, although we dare not presume to give any precepts of it; which, in the opinion of Tully and Quintilian, is altogether impossible, since it is certaine that this grace is not a perfection of art proceeding merely from art, but rather a perfection proceeding from a consummate art, as it busieth itself about things that are suitable to our nature. So must, then, art and nature concur to the constitution of this grace. A perfect art must be wisely applied to what we are most given to by nature."—P. 333.

Our artists have a prospect before them only paralleled by the Vatican. The scope offered to them is coequal with the highest aspirations. The history, the poetry, the deeds of a mighty nation ranging through a thousand years. This is encouraging, and promoting the fine arts; this is an attempt worthy of England to commemorate the blessings bestowed on her by an over-ruling Providence, to recall the incidents to the memories of generations yet unborn, to stimulate them to keep for ever burning the flame of their country's glory by adding their own acts as inexhaustible fuel. These mementos are within the walls of the senate-house, and must act, except on the basest minds, as continual monitors. The progress and completion of the work must tend to raise the standard of national taste, if those to whom the superintendence is intrusted keep only one object in view, the esoterical, æsthetical, and practical manifestations of art. It may be a question, if the subjects should be left to the choice of artists. All the events of importance cannot be delineated; those which constitute the axes on which the greatest steps to civilization have turned should undoubtedly be selected, and with them clear expositions of their political and moral meaning, so that the artist may have the real sense and prospective connexion of the subject. No allegory should be permitted, as militating against the majesty of truth. The selection of the subjects would require deep historical information, combined with a knowledge of art; so that events impossible to delineate may not be attempted. The deliberation of the commissioners ought to decide those points. In the selection of the poetical subjects the severest morality should be upheld, and a pure and even holy meaning should irradiate every subject.

Sculpture has advanced in England far before the sister art. Henry Baily yet survives, and by the fostering hand of his country may have some reparation made him for the harvest of sorrows entailed on him by the cold and heartless indifferentism of those who delayed his remuneration, for the sculptures intended for the royal palace. Hereafter he will be styled the Praxiteles of England. There are others following in the same class whose works would mark the state of sculpture, and not dishonor the noble building intended to be decorated.

We see no reason why the art of die-sinking should not be promoted, and Wyon called on to give proofs for a stupendous work which should place his name beyond Hedlinger, the Hamerini and Andrieu; he has given such consummate proofs of taste and talent as to leave no fear of failure, but excite the highest confidence of success. There may be other native artists in that line who only require encouragement to come forward. The proposal to delineate on fresco is a daring one. Is it the best medium on which to fulfil the great objects of art? Is it capable of permitting the completion of all the *science* which a great pictorial representation ought to embrace? A calm examination of the frescoes now extant should be made by judicious persons, accompanied by artists of acknowledged information, and a report sent in to the commissioners of the state of them as to durableness, color, the degree of perfection to which the scientific details have been able to be carried, and the manner in which they effect their intended objects. Our climate, the nature and degree of light, and other local matters, require much consideration, and demand the attention of the artist when considering the disposition of his work.

Fresco-painting was adopted in Italy on account of the comparative cheapness, and not because it was the best substance on which to work. *All* the frescoes in Italy are either faded or perished. Those in damp situations are virtually obliterated, particularly at Mantua and Venice. The Cupid and Psyche, by Raffaelle, in a palace *near the Tiber, is evanescing.* The frescoes by Paolo Veronese, called the Vandremini, were sold in London for a few pounds each, being nearly colorless. These facts lead to the belief, that this climate and the contiguity of the Thames is not adapted to the use of fresco-painting.

Should some of the works be in fresco and some in oil, we suggest that thick panels of oak, well saturated in a solution of sulphate of copper, and united with Jeffry's marine glue, should be used, as they would, in all probability, endure as long as the building, and when thus prepared no insect would touch them. The eucalyptus of Australia might afford the largest panels, and when prepared be even more imperishable than the oak. Canvass, first prepared by immersion in the solution, and then coated on the back with the marine glue, might make an imperishable surface. We offer these observations with much diffidence, but with the feeling of a duty, since they may prove useful, or lead to more mature suggestions.*

Before we close these remarks, we would fain observe, that the artists who are selected to enter the lists of fame have a high and arduous struggle. Now the minds of men so occupied ought to be relieved as much as possible from corroding anxiety, the unfailing attendant on deficiency of worldly means. Our artists and authors are not celebrated for their wealth; there ought, therefore, to be agreements by which each artist should receive stipulated portions of his remuneration in accordance with the state of the work; the periodical payments to be one-third short of the whole amount, which last third should not be paid until the completion.

"THE LITTLE RED ROSE."

FROM GOETHE.

A boy caught sight of a rose in a bower—
  A little rose slyly hiding
Among the boughs; O! the rose was bright
And young, and it glimmer'd like morning light,
The urchin sought it with haste; 'twas a flower
  A child indeed might take pride in—
A little rose, little rose, little red rose,
  Among the bushes hiding.

The wild boy shouted—"I'll pluck thee, rose,
  Little rose vainly hiding
Among the boughs;" but the little rose spoke—
"I'll prick thee, and that will prove no joke;
Unhurt, O then will I mock thy woes,
  Whilst thou thy folly art chiding."
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
  Among the bushes hiding!

But the rude boy laid his hands on the flower,
  The little rose vainly hiding
Among the boughs; O, the rose was caught,
But it turned again, and pricked and fought,
And left with its spoiler a smart from that hour,
  A pain for ever abiding;
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
  Among the bushes hiding! J. B.

The Prince of Wales.—A rumor is current that the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, Archdeacon of Surrey, has been chosen by her Majesty to superintend the early studies of the Heir Apparent. We need scarcely state, that although such an appointment is highly probable, and would be regarded with general satisfaction, there exists no foundation for the announcement of its having been already made.

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* Both Jeffry's marine glue and Margary's solution are patents; but as both have been tested to the utmost by the Admiralty, and are consequently before the public, we may be excused the liberty we have taken in suggesting so novel an adaptation of them in conjunction.

MEXICO AND THE GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Life in Mexico during a Residence of Two Years in that Country.* By Madame Calderon de la Barca. 8vo. London: 1843.
2. *Travels in the Great Western Prairies, the Anahuac and Rocky Mountains, and in the Oregon Territory.* By Thomas J. Farnham. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

Madame Calderon de la Barca, the authoress of the very entertaining volume first mentioned above, is, as we are informed, a Scottish lady, bred in New England, and married to a Spaniard, with whom she was domiciled for two years as Ambassadress in Mexico—a curious combination of personal accidents—nor would it be easy to conceive any more favorable, as regards shrewdness, situation, and opportunities, for bringing us acquainted with the fashions of social life in that secluded part of the world. Her book has all the natural liveliness, and tact, and readiness of remark, which are sure to distinguish the first production of a clever woman; while she has really much to tell, and the stores of some years of quiet accumulation to unfold. Would we could say that these delicate qualities survived the first contact with the public in one case in a hundred! Never was traveller better qualified for such a task in such a country, as far as physical resources, courage, and curiosity could go. Her feats of personal strength fill us with amazement. Morning visits and balls all night—rides on horseback and muleback, in straw-hat and reboso, Mexican fashion, of fourteen leagues a-day—journeys for a week together by diligence, with a running accompaniment of robbers—rattling at full gallop for days and nights, over dikes and ditches, through roaring streams, and over savage *barrancas*, in Charles the Tenth's old coach, borrowed by the Ambassador of a native who bought it a bargain from some speculating Frenchman—exploring caves, waterfalls, and mountains, in the intervals, and joining in every sort of dissipation which a Mexican season will furnish,—all this seems the lady's very element, and gone through with a hearty, honest good-will, which makes the reader long to have been of her party. Her curiosity is as prodigious as her powers of endurance. The slightest peep of a "lion" is enough to place her on thorns until she has fairly hunted him down. Not a procession within her reach, in this procession-loving country—from the most grotesque, religious farce, enacted in some village near Mexico, up to the grand Holy Thursday of the capital, which she does not delight in seeing out from beginning to end. On the latter occasion she seems to have visited half the churches in the city to see the illuminations, and knelt before every altar in each, until, at length, "our feet," says she, "seemed to move mechanically, and we dropped on our knees before each altar, like machines touched by a spring." The news of a nun about to take the veil never fails to draw her out; and the more painfully exciting the ceremony, the more eager her desire to catch a glimpse of the next victim. Convents, prisons, schools, theatres, mines, factories, nothing that can be "seen," in traveller's phrase, is too dull or too old, too quiet or too public for her. When she has nothing else to do, she can visit, again and again, the few ruinous old public buildings which form the stock sights of foreign street-loungers in Mexico. But any thing like a *funcion*, as the Spaniards call it, is irresistible. She goes with equal delight to gambling fêtes, cock-fights, and bull-fights, to moralize, and have a peep at the dresses. As to the last, indeed, her confession is of the frankest:—"Though at first I covered my face, and could not look, little by little I grew so much interested in the scene that I could not take my eyes off it, and I can easily understand the pleasure taken in these barbarous diversions by those accustomed to them from childhood."

Nor are we at last at all surprised in having to accompany her, admission having been procured "by certain means, private but powerful," to the *desagravios* or nightly penance in the church of Saint Augustin—a grand disciplining match in the dark, performed by a hundred and fifty gentlemen penitents; concluding the evening's entertainments at "the house of the —— minister, where there was a reunion, and where I found the company comfortably engaged in eating a very famous kind of German salad, composed of herrings, smoked salmon, cold potatoes, and apples, and drinking hot punch."

The vividness of this clever writer's coloring has brought her, we find, under the suspicions of those sapient critics who make a point of disbelieving wonderful stories about countries of which they know nothing. Some have gone so far as to pronounce her work altogether an article of fictitious manufacture—Paris-made, we believe. A more genuine book, in air as well as reality, it would be difficult to find. True, there is a love of romance about her, which runs into the superlative on most occasions; and probably her best stories, and finest descriptions, are precisely those which require the greatest allowances on the part of the sober-minded reader; but never yet were travels worth reading, the author of which had not some propensity towards the exercise of the traveller's privilege.

We must confess, for our own parts, to a great predisposition to what may be called romance, in all matters that relate to this strange portion of the earth—rich in the wonders of nature, and with a history unlike all others. All which attracts and astonishes in other regions, seems combined in one grand theatre in the Mexican isthmus. Humboldt, the most imaginative of travellers, was the first who caught the peculiar enchantment of the place, and tinged his descriptions with the coloring of his own enthusiastic turn for recondite speculations, historical and scientific. Scarcely a day's journey can be taken without some striking change, such as in other parts of the world one must traverse oceans to experience. There are the high table-lands, with a sky ever pure, bright, and keen, almost to the extreme, and "so blue as almost to dazzle the eyes even in the moonlight"—abounding in every production of European industry, strangely mingled with some of the hardier forms of tropical vegetation; a land where every deserted garden is overrun with fruit-trees and flowers, imported by the Spaniards in other days, and now mingling with the weeds of the soil. You travel a few hours, ascend and descend over a rugged chain clad with pine and oak, and embellished with "crosses" to denote the blood that has been shed in its solitudes; or across a tract of glassy glades, a natural park, with clumps of trees, in which the deer dwell unmolested; or a black burnt field of ferruginous lava; and find yourself in some rich valley, amidst chirimoyas, bananas, and granadillas, the fields smiling with magnificent crops of sugar and coffee—you are in the temperate zone, "*tierra templada.*" Another step, and you are in an Arabian desert—a level region of sand and palm groves. You rise again, and are speedily amongst the clouds, in the vast mother-chain of porphyry and trachite, the "*sierra madre*" which intersects the land; miners' huts, villages, and cities, perched on the mountain sides, amidst ravines and waterfalls, or embosomed in leagues on leagues of waving pine forests,

> "That fluctuate when the storms of Eldorado
> sound;"

while everywhere, for hundreds of miles, the snowy cones of the three great volcanoes, shining at sunset above the violet, gold, and purple tints which color the lower ridges, seem as the landmarks of all the choicest and most beautiful districts: for if you wish to live in the Indies, says the Spanish proverb, let it be in sight of the volcanoes:

> "Si a morar en Indias quieres,
> Que sea donde los volcanos veyres."

Over all this variegated country are scattered the remnants of an ancient and mysterious civilization, together with the fast decaying monuments of a second. The massive churches, convents, and palaces of the Spanish conquerors are crumbling away, and bid fair, in a few years, to form a recent stratum of historical ruins: while the phantoms of the silent, grave-eyed princes of the soil, and those of the long-descended *Dons* who succeeded them, are vanishing alike into the dominions of the past; and the countrymen of Montezuma are not more reduced to the condition of subjects and strangers in their own land than those of Cortes—

> "The Alexander of the Western zone,
> Who won the world young Ammon mourn'd
> unknown."

Madame Calderon has not only a very proper tourist's enthusiasm for the picturesque, but, what is much better, that intense, real enjoyment of natural beauty, and rural sights and sounds, which is so often found strongest in those who enter with the greatest spirit into the enjoyments of city life. She finds amusement in the quietest orchards and coffee plantations, no less than in the dullest of Mexican *tertulias*.

"This morning, after a refreshing sleep, we rose and dressed at eight o'clock—late hours for *tierra caliente*—and then went out to the coffee plantation and orange walk. Any thing so lovely! The orange-trees were covered with their golden fruit and fragrant blossom; the forest-trees, bending over, formed a natural arch, which the sun could not pierce. We laid ourselves down on the soft grass, contrasting this day with the preceding. The air was soft and balmy, and actually heavy with the fragrance of the orange-blossom and starry jasmine. All around the orchard ran streams of the most delicious clear waters, trickling with sweet music, and now and then a little cardinal, like a bright-red ruby, would perch upon the trees. We pulled boquets of orange-blossom, jasmine, lilies, dark-red roses, and lemon leaves, and wished we could have transported them to you, to those lands where winter is now wrapping the world in his white winding-sheet.

"The gardener or coffee-planter—such a gardener!—Don Juan by name, with an immense black beard, Mexican hat, and military sash of crimson silk, came to offer us some orangeade; and having sent to the house for sugar and tumblers, pulled the oranges from the trees, and drew the water from a clear tank overshadowed by blossoming branches, and cold as though it had been iced. There certainly is no tree more beautiful than the orange, with its golden fruit, shining green leaves, and lovely white blossom with so delicious a fragrance. We felt this morning as if Atlacamulco was an earthly paradise. . . . . But when the moon rose serenely and without a cloud, and a soft breeze, fragrant with orange-blossom, blew gently over the trees, I felt as if we could have rode on for ever, without fatigue, and in a state of the most perfect enjoyment. It was hard to say whether the first soft breath of morning, or the languishing and yet more fragrant airs of evening, are more enchanting."—(p. 245—251.)

Or take the following picture of a Mexican "Auburn," not the less pleasing by the sly contrast with scenery with which the authoress is more familiar:—

"Travelling in New-England, we arrive at a small and flourishing village. We see four new churches proclaiming different sects; religion suited to all customers. These wooden churches or meeting-houses are all new, all painted white, or perhaps a bright red. Hard by is a tavern with a green paling, as clean and as new as the churches; and there are also various smart *stores* and neat dwelling-houses—all new, all wooden, all clean, and all ornamented with slight Grecian pillars. The whole has a cheerful, trim, and flourishing aspect. Houses, churches, stores, and taverns, are all of a piece. They are suited to the present emergency, whatever that may be, though they will never make fine ruins. Every thing proclaims prosperity, equality, consistency;—the past forgotten, the present all in all, and the future taking care of itself. No delicate attentions to posterity, who can never pay its debts; no beggars. If a man has even a hole in his coat, he must be lately from the Emerald Isle.

"Transport yourself, in imagination, from this New-England village to ———, it matters not which, not far from Mexico. 'Look on this picture and on that.' The Indian huts with their half-naked inmates, and little gardens full of flowers—the huts themselves either built of clay, or the half ruined *beaux restes* of some stone building. At a little distance a *hacienda*, like a deserted palace, built of solid masonry, with its inner *patio* surrounded by thick *stone* pillars, with great walls and iron-barred windows that might stand a siege. Here, a ruined arch and cross, so solidly built that one cannot but wonder how the stones are crumbled away. There, rising in the midst of old, faithful-looking trees. the church, gray and ancient, but strong as if designed for eternity, with its saints and virgins, and martyrs and relics, its gold, and silver, and precious stones, whose value would buy up all the spare lots in the New-England village;—the lepero, with scarcely a rag to cover him, kneeling on that marble pavement. Leaving the enclosure of the church, observe the stone wall that bounds the road for more than a mile—the fruit-trees overtopping it, high though it be, with their loaded branches. This is the convent orchard. And that great Gothic pile of building that stands in hoary majesty, surmounted by the lofty mountains, whose cloud-enveloped summits, tinged by the evening sun, rise behind it—what could so noble a building be but the monastery, perhaps of the Carmelites, because of its exceeding rich garden and well-chosen site; for they, of all monks, are richest in this world's goods? Also, we may see the reverend old prior riding slowly from under the arched gate up the village lanes, the Indians coming from their huts to do him lowly reverence as he passes. Here every thing reminds us of the past; of the conquering Spaniards, who seemed to build for eternity, impressing each work with their own solid, grave, and religious character; of the triumph of Catholicism; and of the Indians, when first Cortes startled them from their repose, and stood before them like the fulfilment of a half-forgotten prophecy. It is the present that seems like a dream, a pale reflection of the past. All is decaying and growing fainter, and men seem trusting to some unknown future which they may never see. One government has been abandoned, and there is none in its place; one revolution follows another, yet the remedy is not found. Let them beware, lest, half a century later, they be awakened from their delusion, and find the cathedral turned into a meeting-house, and all painted white; the *railing* melted down; the silver transformed into dollars; the Virgin's jewels sold to the highest bidder; the floor washed, (which would do it no harm,) and round the whole a nice new wooden paling, freshly done in green; and all this performed by some of the artists from the *wide-awake* republic further north."

But although such passages as these abound, we still prefer the lady in her less sentimental moods. There is little enough of romance in actual Mexican society, and her insight into it was of that minute character which leaves nothing to the imagination. We enter more heartily into the distresses and embarrassments into which she was thrown, by the utter novelty of the ways of the people among whom she became domiciled;—the riddles of Mexican etiquette, the horrors of Mexican cookery, and miseries of Mexican servants; the daily terrors, amounting just to a pleasant excitement, of robbers and revolutions; the vicissitudes of an attempt to set up weekly soirées, with music and flirtation, in that ungenial region; the schism in the city as to whether the fair ambassadress should, or should not, wear the dress of a Poblana peasant at the great fancy ball, and her own horror at discovering that the Poblana costume, *à la rigueur*, consisted of very short petticoats, and no stockings; together with a thousand other matters with which no one but an ambassadress, with eyes and ears awake to every thing about her, could possibly have brought us acquainted.

When Humboldt visited Mexico, forty years ago, the wealth of the great landed proprietors had attained its maximum. The extraordinary success of mining adventures, which had gone on flourishing with scarcely any interruption for nearly a century, had stimulated the cultivation of the soil; and, from the comparatively low price of labor, immense fortunes were realized by landlords and capitalists. There were individuals who derived £40,000 a-year from land alone, without mines. The Count of Valenciana had received in some years £240,000 from the single mine of Valenciana; the landed property of his family, independently of that mine, being estimated at six millions sterling. Their extravagance was as prodigious as their fortunes; though its wildest excesses were often distinguished by that vein of hyperbolical grandeur which runs through the Spanish character. The Count de Regla of former days "was so wealthy," says Madame Calderon, "that when his son, the present Count, was christened, the whole party walked from his house to the church upon ingots of silver. The Countess having quarrelled with the Vice-Queen, sent her, in token of reconciliation, a white satin slipper, entirely covered with large diamonds. The Count invited the King of Spain to visit his Mexican territories, assuring him that the hoofs of his majesty's horse should touch nothing but solid silver from Vera Cruz to the capital. This might be a bravado; but a more certain proof of his wealth exists in the fact that he caused two ships of the line, of the largest size, to be constructed in Havana, at his expense, made of mahogany and cedar, and presented them to the king." This was the nobleman whose daughter-in-law, la Guera Rodriguez, was said to have seduced even the philosophic Humboldt into a flirtation; and lived to be Madame Calderon's intimate associate, and her general *vouchee* for all extraordinary narratives.

Now, the history of the last thirty years in Mexico has been that of incessant revolutions and disturbances, beating with violence against the enormous mass of this hereditary property, without, as yet, succeeding in breaking it down. The landed gentry of Mexico are, of course, very much poorer than their grandfathers. They have suffered by proscriptions, conscriptions, and vexations of every kind: the expulsion of their intelligent Spanish superintendents and managers—the repeated ravage of their estates—the decimation of their Indian laborers by war. They have shared, too, in their own proportion, in the terrible depression of mining property, which is probably more owing to one cause—the high price at which quicksilver is now maintained in Europe by certain monopolies kept up for state purposes—than to all the internal misfortunes of the country put together. Still, they exist; and, what is more, they are at the head of parties. Whichever side wins in the eternal revolutions of the country, is pretty sure to count a good proportion of the lords of the soil among its leaders. Santa Anna, we believe, is very rich. We have been informed that Bustamente, the late President, held eighteen of the large grants into which the soil of Mexico was formerly divided, each containing 22,000 acres. No agrarian party has, as yet, risen up in Mexico, as far as we are aware. There is a great dislike among the rulers to any thing like tampering with the institutions of property. We have heard that Santa Anna has lately put down a Newspaper, conducted on very moderate principles, for merely suggesting that the agriculture of the country would gain by the subdivision of the large *haciendas*. Confiscation seems to have been a measure rarely resorted to, even in the worst times, and by the most ferocious party leaders; who made a point of shooting their opponents wherever they could catch them. Now, indeed, revolutions have become matters of such everyday occurrence, that they seem to be prosecuted with much less animosity than a parliamentary struggle in England; and there is something ludicrous in Madame Calderon's account of the general congratulations and embracings which followed the two cannonadings to which she was an eye-witness.

There is, therefore, still great private wealth, the remnant of old accumulations in Mexico; not to mention that in portions of the Republic, where the evils of these disturbances have been least oppressively felt, industry has received a considerable stimulus from the cheapness of foreign commodities since emancipation. Madame Calderon's account of the extravagant profusion of the Mexican ladies in jewelry, has been cited by some of her wise readers as incredible. She certainly surprises us a little now and then—especially when she speaks of the great displays of this kind among women of the inferior classes, and in the country, where highway robberies are every day's entertainment. But, generally speaking, it is very natural that this relic of the profuse and luxurious habits of wealthier days should have remained; because there is no movable wealth which can be more easily concealed and preserved in dangerous times. As to the precious metals, every one knows, that in the more inaccessible parts of Mexico, and still more in Peru, they were at one time more common than their plated substitutes are among ourselves. Sir William Temple speaks of a small town in Peru, where the principal families rejoiced in watering-troughs of pure silver in their courtyards; and we recollect a consignment, some years ago, to a London merchant, of a lot of cavalry helmets of the same article, which a defeated squadron had thrown off in running away, in order to delay their pursuers.

With these outward relics of aristocracy, Mexico still preserves much of the stately courtesy and etiquette of the old Spanish style—exaggerated, as all such qualities are in colonies. It preserves, too, especially in the capital and larger cities, what is much better, a true social spirit—the spirit of mutual good-humor and kindliness. It is pleasing to turn from the reckless abuse with which the Mexican character is treated by travellers in general, to the testimony of one who had learned to know it well. "In point of amiability and warmth of manner," says Madame Calderon, "I have met with no women who can possibly compete with those in Mexico; and it appears to me that women of all other countries will appear cold and stiff by comparison." This is an assertion which she frequently repeats. Nor does she speak less favorably of the national disposition in many other more important respects, however serious the counterbalancing vices may be. These are things which most travellers are altogether unable to judge of, particularly English and American. They can see the indolence and ignorance, the tokens of murder and robbery, the besetting sins of the people, easily enough; they cannot discover, nor appreciate if they could, the peculiar *savoir vivre* of the Spanish race, and the graces which attend on it. The Englishman is neither gregarious nor social; the American is gregarious, but unsocial; the Spaniard, and all his descendants, are both gregarious and social in the highest degree. No people can be more amiable in their domestic relations; nor does any one who appears to judge them fairly, remark, without admiration, their kindliness, charity, fellow-feeling, and their dignified and patient endurance of suffering. It would be a great mistake, too, to imagine the Mexicans a feeble, inactive race. There are probably few such horsemen in the world—no people, especially those of the higher classes of country residents, more inured to athletic exercises, or bolder in the hunt and the bull-fight.

> "As for the young master here," says Madame Calderon, speaking in excuse of the want of mental cultivation among the resident landed gentry, "he was up with the lark—he was on the most untractable horse in the *hacienda*, and away across the fields with his followers, chasing the bulls as he went—he was fishing—he was shooting—he was making bullets—he was leagues off at a village seeing a country bull-fight—he was always in good-humor, and so were all who surrounded him—he was engaged in the dangerous amusement of *colear*, (catching and branding bulls,) and by the evening it would be a clever writer who could have kept his eyes open after such a day's work. Never was there a young lad more evidently fitted for a free life in the country."—(P. 384.)

How it is that a temperament so kindly, and in many respects so noble, is combined with such a furious and bloodthirsty spirit of vengeance; or so much native manliness, with such a want of energy and determination in the field as amounts to actual incapacity;—as when Santa Anna, who has beaten all other Mexican generals, was beaten himself, with his regular army, by half their number of North American vagabonds, under the banner of Texas;—these are among the peculiar, oriental inconsistencies of the Spanish character, exaggerated in the Hispano-American.

Much, of course, is owing to the incessant revolutions, which seem to have extinguished all hope of better things, even in the minds of the most sanguine and patriotic citizens. To endeavor to classify or analyze these endless commotions, seems almost as unprofitable as to chronicle Milton's battles of the kites and crows. Nevertheless, if any one has patience enough for the study, he will find that one serious political question lies at the bottom of these movements, in most of the South American Republics, whatever colors the various parties may assume at the moment. The colonies of the old Spaniards, even more than those of the English, were so many *oases* in the vast wilderness, each distinct from its neighbors in municipal government and interests. Their principal settlements were established in fertile spots of table land, separated by vast ranges of snowy mountains, or hot and unhealthy forests. The Viceroy of Mexico or Peru governed no single province, but a great number of unconnected districts, many of which had far less communication with each other than with the mother country. The citizen of Lima knew little enough of the affairs of Europe; but certainly a great deal more than he did of the affairs of Quito, the chief city of the neighboring "Kingdom." Consequently, when the control of the Spanish government was removed, the real wants and circumstances of the country combined with the example of the United States in producing a tendency to federal governments, and the independence of states. But, on the other hand, the military power which the prolonged struggle for independence produced, in which many districts were forced of necessity to combine for common support, tended towards unity, and the establishment of centralism. No government, except military, could keep provinces thus circumstanced in union. No imposing military force could be maintained unless the union were preserved. In every part of these vast regions, therefore, from Mexico to Chili, two parties, essentially opposed to each other, have arisen. The Federalists have generally mustered the greatest proportion of the native-born landed proprietors—the middle classes of the towns, the educated, the "literati," and the lawyers. The Centralist party has commonly had the support of the chief military leaders—the army, the priests, and the mob. They have combated with very various success. Columbia has split into three or four distinct republics. In Mexico, Federalism has been for the present forcibly put down, and a complete military government established by the hero of the day, Santa Anna; who, according to Madame Calderon, has six colonels standing behind his chair at state dinners, and for whom the Mexican clergy unanimously pray as their great safeguard against the *progresistas*, or men of moment, who entertain unholy views of the nature of church property. In a country like Mexico, one's wishes are naturally for the strongest government; and military government appears at first sight the strongest. But this is not necessarily the case. It must be remembered, that military power can only be maintained by heavy exactions; that, in order to govern an extensive country with scattered inhabitants, the army must necessarily be split into numerous unconnected bodies—small garrisons as it were, dispersed far from each other, in the midst of populations which they are continually provoking to insurrection. It is impossible not to feel some sympathy in such a quiet little territorial oligarchy as that of Yucatan, so amusingly described by Mr. Stephens; which has been little vexed by revolutions until now, when it is engaged in a struggle for existence with the invading force of Santa Anna. The best Spanish American citizens have been produced by these local aristocracies—those patriots for whom our sympathy is the deeper from the extreme difficulties and discouragements of their position; such men as Senor Gutierrez Estrada, a native of Yucatan; of whose steady civic loyalty, in the midst of every kind of persecution, Madame Calderon gives so striking an account.

The hope of the country, the few educated youth and enlightened civilians, are commonly on the Federalist side. They may have been the dupes of their liberalism to a very foolish extent; but it does not follow, because they have been guilty of absurdity in endeavoring to introduce pattern foreign democracies among so peculiar a people, that they may not be right in other respects;—the most just, the most moderate, the most intelligent in their views of what is needed for the internal reformation of the country; the most opposed, by character and interest, to its worst practical abuses. Some of these, it is the evident interest of the Centralist party to maintain. Their supporters, we have said, are mainly the church and the mob; and the church, by its misuse of its enormous property, has occasioned many of the principal evils of Spanish America, and aggravated nearly all: the mob, chiefly of Indians, is the great instrument of violence and misrule, and radically hostile to civilization. Of all the extraordinary notions which have been broached from time to time, in England, by those who glory in the title of anti-Malthusians, perhaps the most wonderful is the cry for a return to the system of trusting the relief of the poor to the church, for reviving the ancient conventual pauperism! To all who have taken up such fancies as aught more than a plaything, we should recommend a journey to Mexico; since there is no country left in Europe where mendicancy is held in honor, and where it is esteemed the great office of religion to encourage it; except, perhaps, some parts of unfortunate Ireland. In Mexico they will find the Monk still in his glory, expatiating in roomy convents and stately garden, with whole square miles of church *haciendas* to support him. There, too, they will find, also in his glory, the correlative ornament of society, the Sturdy Beggar, or *lepero*—the pet of the church and the charitable ladies, who basks in the sun at the convent gate, until, tired of so inglorious a life, he betakes himself to the mountains, and joins *los senores ladrones Mexicanos*, who rob with rather less insolence and equal piety. It is curious to observe how extremes meet. In North America servants are hardly to be procured; because the pride of that class which would otherwise furnish them is placed in independent industry. In Mexico, the same result follows, because beggary and laziness are thought more honorable than work on any conditions.

"A servant who has lived in a dozen different houses, staying about a month in each, is not thought the worse of on that account. As the love of finery is inherent in them all, even more so than in other daughters of Eve, a girl will go to service merely to earn sufficient to buy herself an embroidered chemise; and if, in addition to this, she can pick up a pair of old satin shoes, she will tell you she is tired of working, and going home to rest '*para descansar*.' So little is necessary, when one can contentedly live on tortillas and chile, sleep on a mat, and dress in rags.

"A decent old woman, who came to the house to wash shortly after our arrival in this country, left us at the end of the month '*para descansar*.' Soon after she used to come with her six children, they and herself all in rags, and beg the gardener to give her any odds and ends of vegetables he could spare. My maid asked her why, being so poor, she had left a good place, where she got twelve dollars a month? 'Jesus!' said she, 'if you only knew the pleasure of doing nothing!'

"I wished to bring up a little girl as a servant, having her taught to read, sew, &c. A child of twelve years old, one of a large family who subsisted upon charity, was procured to me; and I promised her mother that she should be taught to read, taken regularly to church, and instructed in all kinds of work. She was rather pretty, and very intelligent, though extremely indolent; and though she had no stockings, would consent to wear nothing but dirty white satin shoes, too short for her feet. Once a week her mother, a tall slatternly woman, with long tangled hair, and a cigar in her mouth, used to come and visit her, accompanied by a friend, a friend's friend, and a train of girls, her daughters. The housekeeper would give them some dinner, after which they would all light their cigars, and, together with the little Josefita, sit and howl, and bemoan themselves, crying and lamenting her sad fate in being obliged to go out to service. After these visits, Josefita was fit for nothing. If desired to sew, she would sit looking so miserable. and doing so little, that it seemed better to allow her to leave her work alone. Then, tolerably contented, she would sit on a mat, doing nothing, her hands folded, and her eyes fixed on vacancy.

"According to promise, I took her several times to see her mother; but one day being occupied, I sent her alone in the carriage, with charge to the servants to bring her safely back. In the evening she returned, accompanied by her whole family, all urging and howling—"For the love of the most Holy Virgin, Senora mia! Por la purissima concepcion!" &c. &c. &c. I asked what had happened, and, after much difficulty, discovered that their horror was occasioned by my having sent her alone in the carriage. It happened that the Countess S——— was in the drawing-room, and to her I related the cause of the uproar. To my astonishment she assured me that the woman was in this instance right, and that it was very dangerous to send a girl twelve years old from one street to another, in the power of the coachman and footman. Finding from such good authority that this was the case, I begged the woman to be contented with seeing her daughter once a month, when, if she could not come herself, I should send her under proper protection. She agreed; but one day having given Josefita permission to spend the night at her mother's, I received next morning a very dirty note, nearly illegible, which, after calling down the protection of the Virgin upon me, concluded—'But, with much sorrow, I must take my child from the most illustrious protection of your Excellency, for she needs to rest herself, (*es preciso que descanse,*) and is tired for the present of working.' The woman then returned to beg, which she considered infinitely less degrading." —(P. 149.)

There seems, however, to be one business in honor—that of actor in the religious pantomimes, which, in Mexico, supply the place of our ancient mysteries. "A man was taken up in one of the villages as a vagrant, and desired by the Justice to give an account of himself; to explain why he was always knocking about, and had no employment. The man, with the greatest indignation, replied—"No employment! I am *substitute Cyrenian* at Coyohuacan in the holy week!" That is to say, he was to be substituted in Simon the Cyrenian's place, should any thing occur to prevent that individual from representing the character."

Whether our doubts are unfounded or no, will be seen by the use which the present dictator of Mexico makes of his power. If he employs it to establish the reign of law and order in the place of that of terror—to give some security to life and industry—we shall cheerfully acknowledge that his government is a greater blessing to the country than any constitution which Bentham could devise. This is the radical evil, the most deep-seated and pernicious of all those which afflict the new republics. They never had a tolerable administration of justice, even under the old *régime;* and revolutions have made it worse. The chicanery and corruption of the civil tribunals have never been remedied, among all the quackery to which the body politic has been subjected by liberal practitioners; for these matters are always adjourned in times of revolution, for want of patience to deal with them; while police and criminal justice are utterly disorganized. The delays of civil suits, and the non-execution of the laws against offences, operate equally towards the denial of justice. A friend of ours visiting the prison of Querétaro, was addressed by two individuals in English. One was an Irishman; he had only knocked out a Mexican's brains, and expected to be out in a few weeks. The other was a North American; he had broken his covenant to serve a cotton-spinner, and run away to join a travelling showman; he was in despair of ever getting liberated!—a fair specimen, we fear, of Mexican justice as administered on the crown and law sides. As for robber stories, Madame Calderon, like all other Mexican travellers, has no end of them: we have only room for one, illustrating the *suaviter in modo* of penal jurisprudence.

"The ——— consul told us the other day, that, some time ago, having occasion to consult Judge —— upon an affair of importance, he was shown into an apartment where that functionary was engaged with some suspicious-looking individuals, or rather who were above suspicion, their appearance plainly indicating their calling. On the table before him lay a number of guns, swords, pistols, and all sorts of arms. The judge requested Monsieur de —— to be seated, observing that he was investigating a case of robbery committed by these persons. The robbers were seated smoking very much at their ease, and the judge was enjoying the same innocent recreation; when his cigar becoming extinguished, one of the gentlemen taking his from his mouth, handed it to the magistrate, who relighted his 'puro' (cigar) at it, and returned it with a polite bow." (—P. 125.)

It is high time indeed that some new principle of good should develope itself. From many quarters at once, the feeble civilization of Mexico is menaced with fearful disasters, if not utter extinction. On its northern frontiers, the mounted tribes of Indians exercise terrible ravages, and set at naught the military power of the Republic. They are no contemptible enemies. Madame Calderon met with an officer who had served against them, and was convinced that he should live to see them picket their wild horses in the Plaza of Mexico. Every year their incursions are more daring; and extend further to the south. In New Mexico they have almost destroyed the stock, and driven the cultivators of the soil within the fortified posts. At Chihuahua, not many years ago, the visit of an armed Indian was no more dreaded than in the streets of New York. Now, no company dares leave that city without weapons. There is a tradition that the daughter of a late governor was carried off by the Cumanches close to the city; and that, like the Countess who wedded "Johnnie Faa," the Scotch gipsy, she resisted all solicitations to return home, preferring the wigwam of her gallant Indian captor.

But a far more serious danger than that of the *Indios bravos* arises from the millions of natives who form the mass of the cultivators of Mexico. It would be most unjust to the old Spanish government, to term them an oppressed class, in comparison with the peasantry of most European countries. They have been protected, for centuries past, at once by enlightened laws, and by a general good feeling towards them on the part of the Spanish population. But, on the other hand, their education has been utterly neglected. Handed over to the spiritual government of the Curas, they have been brought up as creatures to be swayed and controlled, simply by the power of superstition over their minds. They have exchanged their old idolatries for a grotesque Catholicism, expressly accommodated for their use. In all other respects, they are peculiarly what the mass of their ancestors were in the days of Cortes. They have not acquired a single habit, feeling, or instinct of civilization. They speak their own language, and shrink from all contact with strangers. They remain among the motley population with which they are intermixed, a totally distinct people—creatures of another world. To some they have appeared a placid and harmless race; to others, sullen, moping, and apathetic; but none have been able to dive into their inner being. Only it has appeared but too plainly, by occasional flashes of light, that they cherish a concentrated national spirit of revenge. It is this isolation which makes them such terrible instruments in revolutions. They show neither pity, remorse, nor policy, nor any of the mingled feelings which arrest the arm of ordinary man uplifted against his brother. They are as impassive as Spenser's man of iron, and agents, like him, in the hands of eternal justice. Every one knows Mr. Stephens's most interesting sketch of Carrera, the Indian revolutionary chief—the destroyer of the ineffectual liberalism of Guatemala. A boy in appearance and manner, without language to utter his own great indefinite purposes—vain of having taught himself to read and write in the intervals of his battles—followed by myriads of his countrymen as an inspired leader—without a notion of military art, beyond that of flying at his enemy's throat wherever he met with him—the slave of fanaticism, but dreaded by the very priests who had armed and cheered him on in his desolating career. No rising of Indians, unconnected with the higher orders, has taken place as yet in Mexico proper: if there should, it will be a rather more serious matter than the *gritos* and *pronunciamentos* of the last twenty years.

There remains a still more substantial danger behind, the competition of the Anglo-Saxon race, to use the euphuism which Lord Durham rendered fashionable;—the rivalry of that encroaching people which multiplies, and extends its borders, year by year, while the old Spanish power shrinks within more contracted limits. The Mexicans regard them somewhat as the Turks do the Russians. They love no foreigners; they respect the English, and them only: but they hate the Anglo-Americans with a peculiar and jealous hatred. Two hundred years ago, in the time of Gage the Jesuit traveller, the Spaniards of these parts were already possessed with an expectation that the English of Virginia would ultimately "come in before them." Unless new vigor be inspired into the community, the prophecy seems gradually nearing its accomplishment. Texas has been severed from the republic, and is now thoroughly Americanized. Santa Anna may harass, but can never recover it. California, probably the most valuable of all the Mexican States in point of national advantages, is completely overrun with hunters and trappers from the East; on all occasions of quarrel these combine with the scattered British sailors and adventurers, and set the wretched Government at defiance.

The present condition of that wide border region which intervenes between the thickly settled possessions of the two races—its physical geography, and political prospects—afford so many points of interest at this day, that some of our readers may not be dissatisfied at having their attention directed from Madame Calderon, and the diamonds and rags of Mexico, to a rapid glance at those wildernesses, and their miscellaneous inhabitants.

In the account of America in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, there is a general review of the climate of that quarter of the world, with a map which illustrates its peculiarities, and the consequent distribution of vegetation, in a remarkable manner. It will be seen, on referring to it, that the west coast, both of North and South America, is a windward shore, sheltered from the prevailing easterly trade-wind by the great wall of the Cordilleras, through the whole of the torrid zone, and for fifteen or twenty degrees of each temperate zone, proceeding from the tropics. The whole of this vast tract would be a desert, more or less arid, but for one circumstance—that north of the equator, the Andes, for a distance of some fifteen degrees, sink into a comparatively low and broken ridge, which admits free passage for the breeze continually blowing from the Gulf of Mexico, charged with moisture, to the Pacific shore. That shore is consequently clothed with magnificent forests, moist and unwholsome, from Guayaquil under the equator to the neighborhood of San Blas, in N. lat. 21°. To the south of this intervening tract, the desert character prevails as far as the south of Chili, where the variable westerly winds begin to blow ; to the north it extends as far as the mouth of the Columbia, in lat. 46°, which is the boundary between the regions of drought and moisture. So singularly are these climates contrasted, that on most points the traveller passes from one extreme to the other at once, without any gradation. At Valparaiso the climate is very dry; at Conception, two hundred miles to the southward, extremely moist ; at Guayaquil the rains are tremendous; at Tumbez, only half a degree to the southward, a shower sometimes does not fall for years. On the south bank of the Columbia the land is open, and the rains light: on the north, the forest is one impenetrable mass of vegetation, and the humidity perpetual.

This is the case along the coast: in the interior, to the traveller coming from the south, the dry climate begins on the high table-land round the city of Mexico. Proceeding north and west, he passes through all the degrees of comparative aridity; the winter rains becoming more and more precarious, until in North lat. 25°—35°, west of the Rocky or central range of mountains, he reaches lands in which drought reigns almost as fiercely as in the Sahara of Africa. At Mexico it rains, in heavy showers, for a few months of the year. The hills are covered with pine and oak, and rich beyond comparison in flowers. But the streams are so insignificant that the German traveller, Burckhart, found no difficulty in fording the Rio de Santiago on horseback, close to its mouth at San Blas, after a course of six hundred miles. Further north, the oaks gradually disappear, or only clothe the banks of streams—then the pines—and the coast region of Old California and Sanoro presents a mere desert; a region of dry hard clay, loose sand and rock, where vegetation is only maintained at rare intervals by irrigation, practised on a magnificent scale in the large *haciendas* by the Spaniards. Old or Peninsular California furnishes the zero, or driest point, in the climatology of North America. Storms and mists are equally rare; and day after day the sun rises and sets in the same unclouded, gorgeous beauty.

On the eastern side of Mexico the climate is modified by different causes. Two vast currents of air, offsets of the trade wind, blow from the gulf—the one northeastward, following the gulf-stream along the coast of the United States; the other in a northerly direction, along the valley of the Mississippi. These maintain the luxuriance of the forest region of the States and Canada. But the further west we advance from the Mississippi, the more we leave behind us the influence of these fertilizing currents. Rain falls on the prairies no longer in steady masses, but in violent and brief thunder storms. The soil becomes less and less productive until the Rocky Mountains are reached; from which the traveller looks westward over regions of unmitigated sterility, contiguous to the arid portions of Mexico.

This, however, is merely the general result of a first glance: it will be seen, on nearer examination, that the traveller from the Mississippi to the Pacific has to cross several distinct regions, differing considerably in character, and offering varieties, for which it is by no means easy to account.

The first region, two or three hundred miles in breadth, is that occupied by the States of Missouri and Arkansas, and the rapidly advancing territory of Iowa; a country of mixed prairie and forest, resembling that on the eastern bank of the great river too nearly to require particular description, although with a larger proportion of open country. The next strip, also two or three hundred miles in width, is likewise adapted for fixed settlements. It consists of wide plains, but diversified with ranges of hill; resembling the last section, but with a drier climate, and a less proportion of forest. This region possesses peculiar interest at this moment, from being the receptacle of the great semi-civilized Indian republics of the Choctaws, Cherokees, and Creeks; besides many wretched fragments of once mighty tribes, who have all made their last move hither at the bidding of the American Government. It almost makes the heart bleed to read of the rapid progress of improvement made by these unhappy people in their new seats. They suffered terribly in their removal, which took place only five or six years ago. They were decimated by sickness in their new settlements. Half their stock perished in their march of a thousand miles. Yet, in that short time, they have recovered their numbers; they possess vast herds of cattle, and cultivate much land; their fields are enclosed; their homes good log dwellings, with stone chimneys and plank floors, built and furnished in a style equal to that of the dwellings of white people in new countries; they have salt springs, lead mines, schools, inns, spinning-wheels, looms, merchants, 'regular physicians,' and quacks. Their history, were it fully written, would be far more instructive, and far more encouraging, than that of the Jesuit colonies, which has occupied the pens of so many sentimental philosophers. Alas! it will never be written. Their opulence and their industry will seal their ruin. The history of the last removal from Georgia will soon be acted over again by the enlightened citizens of Missouri and Arkansas. The aversion of the Anglo-American to the Indian may have been nourished by sentiments of policy; but it has now become pure hatred—the inhuman unrelenting hatred of caste. The simple policy of the poor Cherokees in abolishing their old hereditary chieftainships, adopting a pattern American constitution, and parading the grand maxim that "all men are born free and equal," is but the wisdom of the sheep claiming kindred with the wolf. "All men are free and equal," indeed! The circuit court of Alabama (according to the Newspapers) has just decided that a *civilized* man cannot intermarry with a *savage*, and that *all the offspring of such unions are bastards*. They will be exterminated or removed once more for their 'preservation,' and their next removal is destruction. They are already on the verge of the region habitable by civilized man.

West of them lies the desert—still a fertile desert, but except in a few spots on the border of the rivers, incapable, probably for ever, of fixed settlement. This is the great Prairie Wilderness, which has a general breadth of six or seven hundred miles; and extends from south to north—from about N. lat. 32°, and the banks of the Red River of the south, to those of Lake Winipeg, in N. lat. 52°—nearly fourteen hundred miles. Seen during the brief spring and summer, it is a delightful land—a land of grass and flowers, with a bright sky and elastic air; diversified by little patches of wood, picturesquely dispersed here and there to relieve the eye from the monotony of the plains;—traversed by four slendid rivers, the Red River, the Arharoas, the Platte, and the Missouri. In the south, the burning sun reduces the grass to dust early in the season; but autumn lingers long in the north; and it has been observed that the buffaloes at the northern extremity of this their domain, are generally found in better condition, though on the very border of the land of snow and marsh, than on the frontier of Mexico, where their pastures are soonest withered by the drought. But with this exception for the effects of latitude, both climate and scenery are very uniform. Drought is the prevailing character. In early summers, the storms are tremendous, and a few hours convert the water-courses into torrents, and suffice even to swell rivers whose course exceeds a thousand miles. On the banks of the Little Arkansas, Mr. Farnham observed a fall of fifteen feet in twelve hours, in June. The latter summer and autumn are showerless, at least in the south; and a few storms suffice to cover the region with that sheet of snow which forms its uniform covering for many months, through which the buffaloes and bears scratch to find their pasture.

This region is altogether unsettled. Here and there, round the posts established by trading companies, on the banks of rivers, a few fields have been cultivated, and hamlets formed by enterprising Americans, who find abundant custom for their productions, from the various parties which roam over the wilderness. But, speaking generally, the soil is abandoned to the tribes of mounted Indians; the most terrible enemies to civilization of all the sons of the desert;—as much bolder and fiercer than the Bedouin, as the Yankee trader is more energetic than the Oriental. Thousands of riflemen, among the best riders and best shots in the world, traverse these regions in every direction, attracted, like birds of prey, from incredible distances, by the prospect of plunder. It needs all the daring, all the resources of the white American, to maintain life and protect the traffic which he carries on in this land of danger. It is tracked, at intervals, by the "trails" of the great trading parties, the caravans of the West; of which the principal is the "Santa Fé trail," crossing the prairies from the state of Arkansas to that northernmost of Mexican cities. The trail winds along the green levels, cautiously avoiding to approach, within musket range, the groves of timber which skirt them here and there.

"Council Grove," says Mr. Farnham, "derives its name from the practice amongst the traders, from the commencement of the overland commerce with the Mexican dominions, of assembling there for the appointment of officers, and the establishment of rules and regulations to govern their march through the dangerous country south of it. They first elect their commander-in-chief. His duty is to appoint subordinate leaders, and to divide the owners and men into watches, and to assign them their several hours of duty in guarding the camp during the remainder of their perilous journey. He also divides the caravan into two parts, each of which forms a column when on march. In these lines he assigns each team the place in which it must always be found. Having arranged these several matters, the council breaks up; and the commander, with the guard on duty, moves off in advance to select the track, and anticipate approaching danger. After this guard, the head teams of each column lead off about thirty feet apart, and the others follow in regular lines. Two hundred men, one hundred wagons, eight hundred mules;—shoutings and whistlings, and whippings and cheerings, are all there; and amidst them all the hardy Yankees move happily onward to the siege of the mines of Montezuma. Several objects are gained by this arrangement of the wagons: if they are attacked on march by the Cumanche cavalry, or other foes, the leading teams file to the right and left, and close the front; and the hindermost, by a similar movement, close the rear; and thus they form an oblong rampart of wagons laden with cotton goods, that effectually shields teams and men from the small arms of the Indians. The same arrangement is made when they halt for the night.

"Within the area thus formed are put, after they are fed, many of the more valuable horses and oxen. The remainder of the animals are 'staked,'—that is, tied to stakes at a distance of twenty or thirty yards, around the line. The ropes by which they are fastened are from thirty to forty feet in length, and the stakes at which they are attached are carefully driven at such distances apart, as shall prevent their being entangled one with another.

"Among these animals the guard on duty is stationed, standing motionless near them, or crouching so as to discover every moving spot upon the horizon of night. The reasons assigned for this are, that a guard in motion would be discovered and fired upon by the cautious savage before his presence could be known; and further, that it is impossible to discern the approach of an Indian creeping among the grass in the dark, unless the eye of the observer be so close to the ground as to bring the whole surface lying within the range of vision between it and the line of light, around the lower edge of the horizon. If the camp be attacked, the guard fire, and retreat to the wagons. The whole body then take positions for defence; at one time sallying out, to save their animals from the grasp of the Indians; and at another, concealed behind their wagons, load and fire upon the intruders with all possible skill and rapidity. Many were the bloody battles fought on the 'trail,' and such were some of the anxieties and dangers that attended and still attend the 'Santa Fé trade.' Many are the graves along the track, of those who have fallen before the terrible cavalry of the Cumanches."*

Next to Southern Africa, the prairies afford the grandest hunting-field in the world;—a park, as large as Spain, France, Germany, and Poland together, from one end to the other of which one may drive a wagon, much more ride a horse, without encountering any other obstacle than the rivers. It is the domain of the bison or buffalo, the elk, antelope, wild horse, and white or prairie wolf; which follows the herds of the other animals to devour stragglers. The consumption of buffaloes is now enormous, and threatens their speedy extinction, according to the complaints of Mr. Catlin, and other admirers of Indian life; but even at this day every observer dwells with astonishment on their enormous multitudes; and Mr. Farnham gives a most extraordinary specimen of statistics respecting them, which we leave to our readers without observation.

"The buffalo, during the last three days, had covered the whole country so completely, that it appeared oftentimes extremely dangerous, even for the immense cavalcade of the Santa Fé traders, to attempt to break its way through them. We travelled at the rate of fifteen miles a-day. The length of sight on either side of the trail, 15 miles; on both sides, 30 miles; 15 × 3 = 45 × 30 = 1350 square miles of country; so thickly covered with these noble animals, that when viewed from a height it scarcely afforded a sight of a square league of its surface."—(Vol. i. p. 81.)

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* Farnham's Travels in the Great Western Prairies, Vol. i. p. 24.

But as we advance still further westward, the timber disappears, the watercourses become scarcer, the grass less abundant, and the dryness of the atmosphere increases. The Prairies gradually change their character, and pass into the great American desert, properly so called, which begins 300 miles east of the Rocky Mountains. Its soil "is composed of dark gravel, mixed with sand. Some small portions of it, on the banks of the streams, are covered with prairie and bunch-grass; but even these kinds of vegetation decrease and disappear as you approach the mountains." The lower ranges of the Rocky Mountains themselves are thinly covered with oaks and cypress; but here the last skirts of the forests of the States have disappeared; we are no longer within the fertilizing influence of the breeze of the gulf. So complete is the character of aridity, that the great rivers, the Platte, Arkansas, and Rio Grande, after many hundred miles of course through the mountains, dry up altogether on the plains in summer; like the streams of Australia, leaving only standing pools of water between wide "sand-bars."

The desert and its neighboring ridges contain, however, scattered spots of fertility; literal *oases*, which have been for ages the haunts of the elk and buffalo, when driven from the plains by the heats; and the summer hunting and battle-fields of the Indian tribes. These solitary places of the earth, christened by the French and English hunters with uncouth names; "Boyau Salade," from its salt springs: "Bull Pen," from its buffaloes; the "Old Park," and so forth, are not without their own peculiar and romantic interest. They contain beautiful savannahs, embosomed in groves of pine, spruce, oak, and aspen; glades, covered with some of the finest of our cultivated grasses in a state of nature; and with the mountain flax, making the hill sides bright with its delicate blue blossom. Many of them have never been seen by the eyes of civilized man, if we are to exclude the half-bred trappers and hunters from that denomination; they will be the seats of great cities in future ages—central points in the communication between the two oceans.

Here, too, in sheltered spots, lie scattered the principal villages of the tribes of horseman Indians; to the north, chiefly the Sioux; to the south, the Crows, Cumanches, Apaches, and so forth, of whom we have already spoken as the borderers between two European races, dreaded alike by the Yankee trader and the Mexican *ranchero*. The Cumanches muster ten, some say twenty, thousand horse. They are at this moment, perhaps, the most powerful tribe of the continent, and one of the least known. Mr. Catlin visited them in company with a party of United States' dragoons, on a mission of compliment, and was received with a brave and graceful frankness. "Their incomparable horsemanship, their terrible charge, the unequalled rapidity with which they load and discharge their fire-arms, and their insatiable hatred, make the enmity of these Indians more dreadful than that of any other tribe of aborigines." They never reside above a few days in any place, but travel north with the buffaloes in the summer; and, as winter comes on, return with them to the plains west of Texas. They carry with them their tents, made of neatly dressed skins in the form of cones; and pitch their camp wherever they stop, forming a regular town of streets and squares. These Tartars of the Prairies appeared to Mr. Catlin the most extraordinary horsemen he had seen in all his travels; and he mentions, with peculiar admiration, a feat by which the warrior throws himself off the horse, and hangs to his back by the foot, sheltered by the horse's body from the enemy's weapons. They are "in stature rather low, and in person often approaching to corpulency. In their movements they are heavy and ungraceful, and, in their huts, one of the most unattractive and slovenly looking races of Indians that I have ever seen; but the moment they mount their horses, they seem at once metamorphosed, and surprise the spectator with the ease and elegance of their movements. A Cumanche on his feet is out of his element, and comparatively almost as awkward as a monkey on the ground, without a limb or a branch to cling to; but the moment he lays his hand upon his horse, his face even becomes handsome, and he gracefully flies away like a different being." When Mr. Catlin visited them, one of their most daring chiefs was a little fellow named "Hi-soo-san-ches," "the Spaniard;"—a half-breed, for whom the Indians in general entertain the utmost contempt, and who had to win his way to eminence by numerous deeds of savage daring against his Mexican kindred. The foraging ground of the Cumanches and their associate tribes seems now to extend from the Arkansas on the north, to the neighborhood of Chihuahua on the south, or over ten degrees of latitude.

"It is to be feared," says Washington

Irving, "that a great part of this desert will form a lawless interval between the abodes of civilized man, like the wastes of the ocean and the deserts of Arabia; and, like them, be subject to the depredations of the marauder. . . . . Some" (of its Indian and mixed inhabitants) "may gradually become pastoral hordes, like these rude and migratory people, half shepherd, half nomade, who, with their flocks and herds, roam the plains of Upper Asia; but others, it is to be apprehended, will become predatory hordes, mounted upon the fleet steeds of the Prairies, with the open plains for their marauding ground, and the mountains for their retreats and lurking-places. Here they may resemble those great heroes of the north, Gog and Magog, with their hordes, that haunted the gloomy imaginations of the prophets: 'A great company and a mighty host, all riding upon horses, and warring upon those nations which were at rest, and dwelt peaceably, and had gotten cattle and goods.'"*

This desert region extends, as we have said, far to the southward—even south of the tropic in Mexico, along the level of the great central plateau. The settlements of New Mexico, and the "internal provinces," as they were formerly called, of New Spain, have been established merely in strips of land, wherever irrigation is to be procured. They have been scarcely visited at all by travellers competent to describe them. Major Pike is the only one, we believe, from whom we have any account of Santa Fé and Chihuahua. Yet those districts possess a civilization of nearly three hundred years; a very dense population in the cultivated parts; and a most careful system of agriculture by means of irrigation. They are suffering at present terribly from misgovernment, as well as from the increasing violence of their ancient enemies, the nomade Indians; while the cupidity of the Texans and Anglo-Americans waxes day by day, and seems to bring yearly nearer to their frontier the rapacious monster which threatens to devour them.

In June 1841, an expedition for the ostensible purpose of trade was fitted out in Texas for Santa Fé. It was accompanied by 270 soldiers, and a piece of cannon, with three government commissioners; and a despatch by Mr. Roberts, Secretary of State for that enterprising and modest young Republic, informs us, that "the object of the expedition was not to make war upon Mexico, but simply to assert the jurisdiction of Texas over a portion of *our* territory lying in a remote corner of the country, a very large portion of whose inhabitants were anxious for the change: of this the President had the strongest assurance." It seems that the numerous merchants and explorers, British or native American, who joined the expedition, were not in the least aware of the political part of the commissioners' instructions. They marched from Austin across the great Prairie region; but before they reached the valley of the Rio del Norte, many had been slain in the repeated attacks of the Indians; and the survivors were so broken and discouraged, and sick from want of salt, that they surrendered in a body to a Mexican party of soldiers. Their lives were spared, and they were the first Texans taken in arms (since the contest of separation began) who had not been shot on the field. But they were marched off for the capital, a distance of some 1800 miles; and if a narrative of the expedition is given by the survivors, it will contain not only a strange glimpse of those secluded "internal provinces," but a relation of human endurance under privations not often paralleled. The following is the account given by one of the party, an Englishman, of one of their severest marches across the desert:—

"We commenced, in the afternoon, the march of the *Gran Jornada:* it is so called on account of its distance, and the difficulty with which it is performed. There is no water to be obtained on the road. We moved off at noon on the 31st of October, and our march continued throughout the night. In the morning we halted for about an hour and a half, when the march recommenced, and was continued throughout the day, until sunset. We waited for about three hours, and then went on for a second night, and until about ten next morning. Throughout the whole of this time, no provisions, or water, were given to the men."

A march of forty-six hours, interrupted by only two halts of four hours and a half together, without provisions or water, we take to be nearly unequalled. Yet this was performed by a party of civilians, many of them mere youths, and all unaccustomed to severe privations of any kind; while many of the hardy soldiery of Texas gave way under their sufferings, and the strongest men were seen weeping like children from very weakness, and falling by the wayside to die. "During many days," (says Mr. Webster, then Envoy to Mexico, who made various applications to the Mexican government on behalf of his countrymen among the party,) "they had no food, and on others, only two ears of corn distributed to each man. To sustain life, therefore, they were compelled to sell on the way the few remnants of clothing which their captors had left them—most dreadful of all, however, several of them, disabled by sickness and suffering from keeping up with the others, were deliberately shot without any provocation."

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* Washington Irving's *Astoria*, Vol. ii. p. 59.

"It was about seven o'clock of the second day," (of the *Gran Jornada*, to quote again the narrative already referred to,) "that Golphin, a merchant, was shot: he had long been sick, and had been carried in the sick wagon, as it was called, nearly the whole distance from the river Quintafue to San Miguel. One of the soldiers gave him permission to ride, and he was in the act of taking off his shirt to pay for this favor, when some soldiers came up; one of them fired at and wounded him: he ran some yards, crying out to have his life spared, when another shot him dead. Griffith was killed the same night: he was ill and infirm, in consequence of having been speared by an Indian; he had been permitted to ride in a wagon during the day. His brains were dashed out by a soldier; but it was not ascertained what occurred previous to his being killed. Gates was another sick soldier: he caught cold after leaving San Miguel, which was followed by serious inflammation of the lungs. A few minutes before his death, a soldier put the end of a musket to his face, and snapped the lock, laughing at the painful effect produced. His body was stripped and thrown into the bushes."

Such were the sufferings of the party in the deserts, while under the guard of the cruel and cowardly soldiery which had captured them. When they reached the populous districts, the scene changed; the native kindness of the Spanish disposition triumphed over every feeling of enmity; and the unfortunates were treated in city after city, as they passed through them, with sympathy and kindness, by all classes of the population. The government, however, disposed of them with great severity: the foreign civilians were not liberated without the most strenuous exertions of their respective governments. The Texan soldiers were set to work in chains with the outcasts of the prisons, and remain there, for aught we know, to this day.

It is the prevalence of these ferocious and revengeful practices on the part of the Hispano-American governments, which precludes all sympathy with *them* in the unequal struggle in which they are now engaged, with their encroaching, unprincipled, enemies of the "Anglo-Saxon race." The "secret instructions" of the Texan commissioners amply justify the Mexican government in treating these pretended traders as prisoners of war, and in disregarding the cant of Brigadier-General Macleod, the commander, who cannot be supposed ignorant of its real object, in his correspondence with his captors at the time of his capitulation. "All my operations," says this philanthropic officer, "were based upon the presumed good-will of the people, with whom we had no cause of war, and with whom a peaceful and regulated traffic would conduce to the happiness of both. . . . . Our age is *too enlightened* to tolerate the barbarous idea of eternal hostility and hatred between Christian nations." One is glad that the Mexicans were not duped by such sentimental hypocrisy. But for a Christian people to permit the cruelties practised on these men—the shooting of the sick and disabled—the torture of the remainder by almost superhuman labor—the committal of prisoners of war to the slavery of convicts—this is conduct which makes the victory even of Texans a desirable object. Whatever we may think of that rising people, and their Republic, which seems to serve as the Botany Bay for the unconvicted sinners of the western world, it is impossible not to feel that theirs is the side of civilization, in their now renewed struggles with Santa Anna and his barbarians.

The Rocky Mountains, it is now ascertained, form a vast continuous wall, with little interruption, from the plains of the Internal Provinces to the Arctic Sea, and contain a world of strange scenery as yet undisclosed; for it is only on some half dozen points that this chain is crossed by the trappers and hunters to the south, and by the explorers of the Hudson's Bay Company in the north. It reaches a vast and unknown height in the southern part, about lat. 39, in a range called the Sierra de Anahuac—a name not indigenous, but given by American geographers on the hypothesis that this Sierra forms the northern limit of the continuous table-land of Mexico; and again in high northern latitudes, between 53° and 56°, Mr. Thompson, the astronomer of the Hudson's Bay Company, "reports that he found peaks more than 26,000 feet above the level of the sea." So says Mr.

Farnham; but we should like to see his authority. Between these lofty portions, the central part of the range varies very much in elevation—from low arid ranges to lofty peaks. The Sierra of Anahuac itself, Mr. Farnham estimates conjecturally at about 15,000 feet.

Mr. Farnham crossed the mountains in about lat. 40°, by a route we have never before seen described; but interesting in a geographical point of view, from being close to the central knot whence the great rivers flow in various directions;—the Rio del Norte to the south, the Platte and Arkansas to the east, the Saptin, or south branch of the Columbia to the west, the great Colorado towards the Gulf of California. All these rise close together. Yet the general character of this part of the chain seems to be that of extreme aridity. Snow lies on the highest peaks; the rocky vales are bare and desolate as those of Idumea, and the sufferings of his party from drought and want of provisions were extreme. He even rises to the pathetic when he describes the sacrifice of their last dog, after a fast of fifty hours. "Some of the men declared that dogs made excellent mutton; but on this point there existed between us what politicians term an honest difference of opinion. To me it tasted like the flesh of a dog, a singed dog; and appetite, keen though it was, and edged by a fast of fifty hours, could not but be sensibly alive to the fact, that whether cooked or barking, a dog is still a dog everywhere."

The great untrodden Sierra de Anahuac formed a magnificent spectacle, as seen by Mr. Farnham from the ridges which enclose the Arkansas. "It was visible," says he, "for at least one hundred miles of latitude; and the nearest point was so far distant, that the dip of the horizon concealed all that portion of it below the line of perpetual congelation. The whole mass was purely white. The principal irregularity perceptible was a slight undulation on the upper edge. There was, however, a perceptible shading on the lower edge, produced, perhaps, by ridges protruding from the general outline. But the mass, at least ninety miles distant, as white as milk, the home of the frosts of all ages, stretching away to the north by west full a hundred miles, unscaled by any living being, except perhaps by the bold bird of our national arms, is an object of amazing grandeur, unequalled probably on the face of the globe."

The nomenclature which the hunters have bestowed on the various features of these mountains is rather peculiar. A small fertile spot enclosed by rocks, such as is here and there to be found in this vast stony wilderness, is picturesquely termed a "hole," a steep ridge a "bluff," conical peaks "butes," (French, *butte*,) while a dark, narrow ravine is called a "kenyon"—the origin of which name we cannot divine.

West of the Rocky Mountains the desert extends again, from the Mexican border to the Columbia. The great Colorado of the west is said to flow many hundred miles through a ravine, cut perpendicularly in the flat, arid waste. Its banks are uncultivable, and its impetuous eddies defy navigation. Two Catholic missionaries once attempted to descend the stream in a boat, but their fate was never known. A party of trappers made the same experiment, but were soon forced to abandon their boat, and hardly escaped with their lives. North-west of this wild river lies the great salt lake of the Eutaws, the Dead Sea of North America. It has never yet been visited by civilized traveller: according to report, it lies in a fine climate; but its shores are a desert, composed of swells of sand and bare brown loam, on which sufficient moisture does not fall to sustain any other vegetation than the wild wormword and prickly pear. It is supposed to be two hundred miles in length and eighty broad; the water extremely salt and heavy. But all attempts to explore it have hitherto failed, from the utter want of fresh water on its banks, except where one stream flows in at the eastern extremity.

Still further to the north, from the same portion of the mountains, flows the Saptin or Lewis's river, the great southern branch of the Columbia; and along which the main stream of internal traffic between the eastern and western coast of the Continent must eventually pass. Yet a wilder and more unpromising region than the six hundred miles traversed by this great river can hardly be imagined. Its valley seems to form a portion of that vast volcanic belt which girdles the Pacific Ocean. It flows over rugged platforms of black lava, or "cut rock," and through plains of sand and scoria, furnishing nothing but the wild wormwood and bunch-grass.

The Saptin conducts the traveller to the great Columbia—a wild romantic river, dashing its enormous mass of waters through pass after pass of the mountain ridges, which it cuts transversely in the whole of its course. Its valley forms the "Oregon territory," which has been lately made the subject of so much brave speaking in Congress; and which remains debatable ground between ourselves and the Americans. And, notwithstanding the length to which our geographical researches have already run, we must be pardoned for bestowing a few words, in conclusion, on a region which promises to be more interesting and important than most of our readers are probably, at present, aware.

For, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, this is the last corner of the earth left free for the occupation of a civilized race. When Oregon shall be colonized, the map of the world may be considered as filled up. The romantic days in which every new adventurer saw, in the first green shores which greeted him, the nursery of some new empire to be called by his name, are gone by for ever. The world has grown old in the last two hundred years, more rapidly than in the preceding two thousand. Our future conquests must be over the power of the other elements. Earth has little more surface left to dispose of. Of Australia we know nearly all that will ever be worth knowing; and, although there is room enough there for a great multiplication of inhabitants, there are no new spots of value for the foundation of fresh colonies. Of the beautiful islands of the Pacific, the loveliest and the largest are already appropriated. Asia belongs to another race. The vast and teeming solitudes of South America afford room for Empires; but their air breathes death to the northern colonist. The only region of any extent, of temperate climate and agricultural capability, which still invites swarms from the old hives of mankind, is that which stretches along the west coast of America, between the extreme settlements of the Mexicans and those of the Russians. Formerly, this coast was nearly inaccessible: lying to the windward of the steady easterly currents of air, it was of difficult and uncertain approach; and the seas which wash it were unknown to commerce. Now, steam will render it approachable at every season, and from every quarter. The mouth of the Columbia lies but eight or ten days' sail from the Sandwich Islands, now as well known as the Azores, and as much visited by European and American vessels. This country, once settled, will command the Pacific. It will communicate directly with New Zealand, Australia, and China; and should the transit across the Isthmus of Darien be effected, it will be within forty or fifty days' voyage from the shores of Britain.

Generally speaking, Oregon consists of mountains. The Columbia river, its chief geographical feature, in falling from the Rocky mountains to the sea, cuts transversely three or four distinct mountain ridges, running north and south; one of them, which the Americans call the President's range, of very great height, attaining the elevation of 15,000 or 16,000 feet in single peaks, some of which frown almost immediately over its waters. As might be supposed from the character of the country, this river presents a succession of magnificent rapids, perhaps unequalled in grandeur by those of any other American stream. Mr. Farnham thus describes the "Cascades," the greatest impediment to the navigation of the river, which occur where it cuts through the "President's range."

> "The bed of the river here is a vast inclined trough of white rocks, sixty or eighty feet deep, about 400 yards wide at the top, and diminishing to about half that width at the bottom. The length of this trough is about a mile. In that distance the water falls about 130 feet; in the rapids, above and below it, about twenty feet, making the whole descent about 150 feet. The quantity of water which passes here is incalculable. But an approximate idea of it may be obtained from the fact, that while the velocity is so great that the eye with difficulty follows objects floating on the surface, yet such is its volume at the lowest stage of the river, that it rises and bends like a sea of molten glass over a channel of immense rocks, without breaking its surface except near the shores; so deep and vast is the mighty flood.

In the June freshets, when the melted snow comes down from the Rocky Mountains, the Cascades must discharge more water than Niagara; they carry off the whole store of 350,000 square miles. The accessaries of the scene are of a very different kind; black craggy rocks, covered with forests of enormous pines, surmounted by glaciers and snowy peaks.

North of the Columbia the country is in general a labyrinth of mountain ranges, but interspersed with extensive valleys, and covered with a growth of heavy timber; the climate mild for the latitude, but moist and tempestuous. The following is the account given of the north-western corner of the continent, between this river and the Arctic regions, by Mr. Brinsley Hinds, surgeon to the recent expedition of Captain Belcher, in his rather fanciful apportionment of the globe into "regions of vegetation," in the appendix to that work:—

> "The surface is irregular, consisting entirely of mountain and valley, without the least pretensions to plain; the former composed chiefly of primitive rocks, among which granite is abundant, quartz is sometimes seen, and rarely, I believe, limestone. The soil is often rich, from

the great accumulation and rapid decomposition of vegetable remains.

"Being fully exposed to winds from the ocean, and westerly winds prevailing, the climate is considerably modified. Compared with Europe it is far cooler for the latitude, and with the opposite coast, without those extremes so common there. It is, however, much more moist than either, and the rainy days are very frequent. In 56° N. lat., the mean temperature has been ascertained to be 46° 5', and the range of the year from 2° 5' to 91° 9'. Only thirty-seven really clear and fine days were experienced; on forty-six snow fell, and on the rest more or less rain. This was at Sitka, or New Archangel.

"Though the inequalities of the surface are great, soil is abundant, and the investing vegetation vigorous. The constant moisture favors premature decay, and thus the trees are early undermined, and, falling from their ranks in the forest, cover the ground in vast numbers. It is not easy to conceive how thickly the surface is crowded with these, unless by recalling something like the vast accumulations of the coal measures. Within the tropics I have never seen any thing equal to the scene of desolation the northern part of this region presents: branches of trees, of great length and clear of branches, are seen on all sides strewed in tiers, and covered with a dense agamic vegetation. It would often seem as if they were unable to attain a good old age—as, always exposed to moisture from the repeated rains, they have yielded to its influence immediately that that period of life arrived when the activity of vegetation diminishes."

South of the Columbia, the character of the country completely changes, and, as we have said, very suddenly. The forests give place to an open undulating country, still clad with magnificent trees on the mountain ridges. In the interior the plains are perfectly arid, the soil volcanic, and buffalo's dung supplies the place of fuel. But the tract intervening between the westernmost of the parallel ranges of mountains and the Pacific Ocean, enjoying more moisture than the rest, produces trees of a size hardly equalled within the tropics. This portion of Oregon appears to be the favorite *habitat* of the universally disseminated tribe of pines. The hemlock, spruce, and red cedar of Eastern America grow here in profusion, besides other varieties, of which rare specimens only have found their way to this country. The beautiful *Pinus Douglassii* grows 200 feet from the ground without a limb, and is five, seven, or even nine fathoms in circumference near the root. On the Umpqua, in latitude 43°, the pines grow to 280 feet in height; "the cones or seed vessels are in the form of an egg, and oftentimes more than a foot in length; the seed are as large as the castor bean." Fine grassy glades diversify the intervals of the forest. The climate is mild, moist, and variable for six months of the year; but the rain, even then, is so light, that Mr. Farnham observed that the vegetable mould lay on the steep hills;—a sure proof that they are not liable to be swept by heavy storms. This is a very singular circumstance, when it is considered that this country has a westerly exposure, and fronts the vast expanse of the Northern Pacific.

Such is Oregon, a land of magnificent scenery, and a healthy climate; of limited agricultural capabilities, with a large proportion of unproductive soil, but with fertile ground enough to form the home of a new nation: poor in harbors, and deficient in navigable rivers, but yet by no means inaccessible, and possessing an admirable geographical situation for commercial purposes. The tribes of Indians which wander over its surface are few in number, chiefly subsisting by salmon fishing and on roots, and very inferior in physical power and in ferocious energy to their brethren of the Prairies. But, for this very reason, they offer the less obstructions to the operations of the colonist; and, it must be added, that their simple, inoffensive habits of life are found to be accompanied in many cases with a moral elevation, which ranks them in the scale of humanity far above most savages; and forms but too striking a contrast to the morals and habits of the wandering whites and half-breeds who visit them from the East. No race of men appears to live in so much consciousness of the immediate presence of the invisible world. "Simply to call these people religious," says Irving, in the character of Captain Bonreville, speaking of some tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, "would convey but a faint idea of the deep hue of piety and devotion which pervades the whole of their conduct. They are more like a nation of saints than a herd of savages." Among such people as these, the exertions of a few Missionaries have met with rather more than usual success; but extermination treads rapidly on their heels. Christian Indians are found here and there up the wildest valleys of the tributaries of the Columbia. "Crickie," a Skyuse, who accompanied Mr. Farnham as a guide, not only said his prayers morning and night, but was in the daily habit of using "a small mirror, pocket-comb, soap, and a towel," in his travels—a union of piety with cleanliness rarely to be found, we suspect, among the most gifted brethren of the churches of the States.

At present the only fixed inhabitants of this vast wilderness, may be said to be the people of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, and a few hundred English and Americans; chiefly men tired with the wandering life of the deserts, who have established themselves as agricultural settlers in the valley of the Wallamette, near the mouth of the Columbia. They have at present no government—being recognized subjects neither of Britain nor the United States—but are demanding loudly, according to Mr. Farnham, to be included within the boundaries of the great Republic. However this may be, they are at this moment partially under the control of a power not very responsible to either State, but of which all the instincts and habits are thoroughly British and anti-American — the Hudson's Bay Company.

Few among us are aware of the extraordinary resources and wide-spreading plans of this remarkable Society, which has exercised in its barren domains a steady enterprising policy not inferior to that of the East India company itself; and now, in Mr. Farnham's language, occupies and controls more than one-ninth of the soil of the globe. The great business of this Company is the fur-trade, of which it is now nearly the sole monopolist throughout all the choicest fur-bearing regions of North America, with the exception of the portion occupied by the Russians. The bulk of its empire is secured to it by charter; but it is in possession of Oregon as debatable land, under stipulations between Britain and the United States. The stockholders are British; the management of its affairs in America is carried on by "partners," so called, but, in point of fact, agents paid by a proportion of the net income of the company. These are scattered in various posts over the whole territory between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific. The governor-general resides in York Factory, on the former. They are chiefly Scotsmen; and a greater proportion of shrewdness, daring, and commercial activity, is probably not to be found in the same number of heads in the world. Before 1820, this body carried on a fierce contest with the North-West Company—attended with hideous battles of Indians and half-breeds, and the burning and sacking of each other's posts. In 1821, the two Companies were consolidated; since which time they have had no British rival, and have exerted all their policy to repress interference on the part of the Americans. In this they seem to have thoroughly succeeded. The attempts of the Americans to establish a fur-trade of their own, one by one have ended in disappointment. Their own trappers and hunters prefer the markets of the Company. Its agents seek out the Americans—so, at least, they complain—outbid them, and under-sell them, in every point to which they can penetrate. The "Pacific Fur Company," the scheme of John Jacob Astor, commemorated by Washington Irving, those of Captain Wyeth, and many other American adventurers, have failed against the strength and perseverance of the old monopoly. Its traders supply the demand, such as it is, both of Indians and white hunters for European goods over all the north-west; for they are said to sell twenty or thirty per cent. cheaper than the Americans; and "there seems a certainty," says Mr. Farnham, "that the Hudson's Bay Company will engross the entire trade of the North Pacific, as it has that of Oregon." So powerful is this body on the continent, that it has actually established a kind of game-laws over a region twice as large as Europe, regulating the quantity of "trapping" to be done in particular districts, and uniformly diminishing it whenever the returns show a deficiency in its production of animals. It keeps both savages and whites in order, by putting into serious practice the threat of "exclusive dealing." Mr. Farnham met with an American in Oregon, who informed him that, in consequence of some offence taken, (very unjustly of course,) "the Hudson's Bay Company refused, for a number of years, to sell him a shred of clothing; and as there are no other traders in the country, he was compelled, during their pleasure, to wear skins!"

We have purposely abstained from all discussion of the question now pending between Britain and America as to the sovereignty of Oregon. We have been anxious, on the present occasion, only to point out the existence, and the capabilities of this region—the remotest nook of the world, and the last vacant space, as we have said, for the plantation of a new people. The land which is to command the North Pacific, and give the law to its myriad islands, cannot long remain unoccupied. It calls loudly on those who have foresight—on those who can estimate the promise of the future—to forecast its destiny. The Americans never show themselves deficient in this branch of political wisdom. They are familiar with what we can scarcely realize—the rapid march of time in the western world. Almost before we have satiated ourselves with the mere contemplation of a newly-discovered portion of the wilderness—before its lines are mapped out, and the names of its natural features become familiar to our ears—the wilderness is gone, the mountains stripped of their forests, the rivers alive with navigation. The Far West will change as rapidly as the East has done. In the words of Washington Irving—"The fur-bearing animals extinct, a complete change will come over the scene; the gay fur trapper and his steed, decked out in wild array, and tinkling with bells and trinketry; the savage war chief, plumed, and ever on the prowl; the trader's cavalcade, winding through defiles and over naked plains, with the stealthy war party lurking on its trail; the buffalo chase, the hunting camp, the mad carouse in the midst of danger, the night attack, the scamper, the fierce skirmish among rocks and cliffs—all this romance of savage life, which yet exists among the mountains, will then exist but in frontier story, and seem like the fictions of chivalry or fairy tale."

Surely it well behoves us, who have an interest in every new corner of the earth, to note the signs of these changes, and turn them to our profit when we may. And one thing strikes us forcibly. However the political question between England and America, as to the ownership of Oregon, may be decided, Oregon, will never be colonized overland from the Eastern States. It is with a view of pointing out the entire distinctness of the two regions that we have gone, perhaps at tedious length, into a description of the geographical peculiarities of the vast space which separates them. It is six or seven hundred miles from the westernmost limit of the fertile part of the Prairies, to the cultivable region of the Columbia. Six months of the year, the whole of this space is a howling wilderness of snow and tempests. During the other six, it exhibits every variety of hopeless sterility;—plains of arid sand, defiles of volcanic rock, hills covered with bitter shrubs, and snowy mountains of many days' journey; and its level part is traversed by the formidable predatory cavalry we have described—an enemy of more than Scythian savageness and endurance, who cannot be tracked, overtaken, or conciliated. We know and admire the extraordinary energy which accompanies the rambling habits of the citizens of the States; we know the feverish, irresistible tendency to press onward, which induces the settler to push to the uttermost limits of practicable enterprise, regardless of the teeming and inviting regions he may leave behind. Still, with these natural obstacles between, we cannot but imagine that the world must assume a new face before the American wagons make plain the road to the Columbia, as they have done to the Ohio. In the mean time, the long line of coast invites emigration from the over-peopled shores of the old world. When once the Isthmus of Darien is rendered traversable, the voyage will be easier and shorter than that to Australia; which thirty thousand of our countrymen have made in a single year. Whoever, therefore, is to be the future owners of Oregon, its people will come from Europe. The Americans have taken up the question in earnest; their Press teems with writings on the subject; we need only mention the able Memoir of Mr. Greenhow, 'Translator to the Department of State,' in which their claim is historically deduced with much ingenuity. French writers, as may be supposed, are already advocating the American view. Let us abandon ours, from motives of justice, if the right be proved against us; from motives of policy, if it be proved not worth contesting—but not in mere indolence. Let us not fold our hands under the idle persuasion that we have colonies enough; that it is mere labour in vain to scatter the seed of future nations over the earth; that it is but trouble and expense to govern them. If there is any one thing on which the maintenance of that perilous greatness to which we have attained depends, more than all the rest, it is Colonization; the opening of new markets, the creation of new customers. It is quite true that the great fields of emigration in Canada and Australia promise room enough for more than we can send. But the worst and commonest error respecting Colonization, is to regard it merely as that which it can never be—a mode of checking the increase of our people. What we want is, not to draw off driblets from our teeming multitudes, but to found new nations of commercial allies. And, in this view, every new colony founded, far from diverting strength from the older ones, infuses into them additional vigor. To them as well as the mother country it opens a new market. It forms a new link in the chain along which our commercial inter-communication is carried—touching and benefiting every point in the line as it passes. Thus, in former days, the prosperity of the West India Islands was the great stimulus to the peopling of North America; the newer colony of Canada has flourished through its connexion with our settlements in the States; the market of New Zealand will excite production in Australia. The uttermost portions of the earth are our inheritance; let us not throw it away in mere supineness, or in deference to the wise conclusions of those sages of the discouraging school, who, had they been listened to, would have checked, one by one, all the enterprises which have changed the face of the world in the last thirty years.

MISCELLANY.

English Peasantry in the Middle Ages.—Mr. Thomas Wright, Esq., F. S. A., stated that the agricultural population among the Anglo-Saxons, which he compared with the Roman *coloni*, were a different race from the free men; that they were the remains of the conquered people who had occupied the parts of Europe which were subdued by the Saxon and other Germanic tribes. When the Saxons came to England, they brought with them their agricultural population, which, becoming here mixed with the conquered Britons in different proportions in differents parts of the island, was one of the causes of subsequent difference of dialect. The common name of the peasant among the Anglo-Saxons was *theow*, which means a *bondman*. Various instances were adduced, showing the degraded position of the Anglo-Saxon theows. There was originally no law which interfered between the lord of the soil and his theows, who were therefore exposed to all kinds of outrage and injustice. After the introduction of Christianity, the clergy continually exerted themselves to ameliorate their condition; and hence a few laws were from time to time enacted for their protection. This class among the Anglo-Saxons was constantly receiving on one side accession to its numbers, while, on the other, it was diminished by manumission. There were different means by which a free man became a *theow*: sometimes he sold himself to obtain a living, when no other means were left, or to obtain the protection of a master against his personal enemies. It was the punishment of various crimes to condemn the offender to bondship. A free father had the right of selling his children under a certain age, which appears to have been a common practice. Amid the turbulence of unsettled times, men were often betrayed into slavery by their enemies, or by persons who made a profit by the sale.

Mr. Wright gave several examples of manumission from contemporary manuscripts, which afford a curious illustration of the state of society. One of the strongest incitements to manumission was piety: many instances were pointed out of theows set free for the love of God. A theow sometimes saved money to buy the freedom of himself and his family. A freeman bought the freedom of a theow woman previous to contracting marriage with her. And sometimes a lord set free some of his theows, from motives of gratitude. The legal position of the servile class appears to have changed little in the period following the entry of the Normans; but their social condition was much more miserable, and the treatment they received from their lords more harsh. The personal treatment of the theow in the later Saxon times appears to have been far more mild than that of the same class on the continent. In France, and particularly in Normandy, the *villans*—for that is the name by which they were designated—were subjected to the greatest indignities, which drove them into frequent insurrections at the latter end of the tenth and earlier part of the eleventh century. In revenge, their masters slaughtered them by hundreds, and treated them with the greatest atrocities. The Normans brought their hatred and contempt of the peasantry into England, and soon rendered useless all the laws and customs which had previously afforded them some protection. In addition to this, the *villans*, or peasants, were now loaded with oppressive and galling taxes, and services to their lords. Mr. Wright observed further, that the Norman masters not only looked upon the peasantry as a conquered and inferior race, but, what was very remarkable, they who in Normandy had deserted their own language to adopt that of their slaves, in England looked with contempt and disdain on the language which was nearly that of their own forefathers. The position of the English peasantry appears to have been most degenerated in the latter half of the twelfth century.

He stated that manumission was less frequent among the Anglo-Normans than it had been with the Anglo-Saxons; and gave some instances in which it had been reversed, and freed-men reduced into slavery. On the whole, the serfs or villans in England were in a worse condition than the Roman *coloni*. They were robbed without mercy by their lords; could not be admitted into trades,—at least, craftsmen were cautious of taking them apprentices, lest they should be reclaimed by their lords; nor yet as scholars. The Norman troubadours were unmeasured in their satire and abuse of the oppressed villans; but at length their cause was triumphantly vindicated by the author of Piers Ploughman. The insurrection of the rustic population in the reign of Richard II. was very pervading, but was at length suppressed with great severities; and the condition of the serfs was scarcely relieved until the expiration of another century.—*Gentleman's Mag.*

Rev. Sydney Smith and the Americans.—The Rev. Sydney Smith, who it seems is one among the innumerable sufferers by the bad faith of the repudiating States of the American Union, has published an address to the Congress at Washington, in which he sets forth in peculiarly forcible language the infamy and fatal consequences of such conduct, not only in a pecuniary, but in a moral and political sense. This address is better calculated than any thing which has yet appeared to touch the pride of the great mass of the population in America—the middle classes, through whom, if at all, such a change in public opinion is to be brought about, as will ultimately produce the desired objects, of payment to the suffering British creditors, and the restoration of the American character. This document adopts the common error of addressing the Congress of the Union, instead of that of the particular State by whose bad faith the writer has suffered; but otherwise the sentiments it contains are worthy of being selected as texts for lectures and popular discourses all over the United States, of which the people are so fond, and which necessarily possess so much influence over them. If ever the cry of "agitate, agitate, agitate," may with propriety be heard from the mouths of the friends of order and of social happiness, this is the instance, and the American States the proper arena for it.

The following is the address referred to:—

"THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH TO THE HOUSE OF CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON.

"I petition your honorable House to institute some measure for the restoration of American credit, and for the repayment of debts incurred and repudiated by several of the States. Your petitioner lent to the State of Pennsylvania a sum of money, for the purpose of some public improvement. The amount, though small, is to him important, and is a saving from a life income, made with difficulty and privation. If their refusal to pay (from which a very large number of English families are suffering) had been the result of war, produced by the unjust aggression of powerful enemies; if it had arisen from civil discord; if it had proceeded from an improvident application of means in the first years of self-government; if it were the act of a poor State struggling against the barrenness of nature—every friend of America would have been contented to wait for better times; but the fraud is committed in the profound peace of Pennsylvania, by the richest State in the Union, after the wise investment of the borrowed money in roads and canals, of which the repudiators are every day reaping the advantage. It is an act of bad faith which (all its circumstances considered) has no parallel, and no excuse.

"Nor is it only the loss of property which your petitioner laments: he laments still more that immense power which the bad faith of America has given to aristocratical opinions, and to the enemies of free institutions, in the old world. It is vain any longer to appeal to history, and to point out the wrongs which the many have received from the few. The Americans, who boast to have improved the institutions of the old world, have at least equalled its crimes. A great nation, after trampling under foot all earthly tyranny, has been guilty of a fraud as enormous as ever disgraced the worst king of the most degraded nation of Europe.

"It is most painful to your petitioner to see that American citizens excite, wherever they may go, the recollection that they belong to a dishonest people, who pride themselves on having tricked and pillaged Europe; and this mark is fixed by their faithless legislators on some of the best and most honorable men in the world, whom every Englishman has been eager to see, and proud to receive.

"It is a subject of serious concern to your petitioner that you are losing all that power which the friends of freedom rejoiced that you possessed, looking upon you as the ark of human happiness, and the most splendid picture of justice and of wisdom that the world had yet seen. Little did the friends of America expect it, and sad is the spectacle to see you rejected by every State in Europe, as a nation with whom no contract can be made, because none will be kept; unstable in the very foundations of social life, deficient in the elements of good faith, men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light.

"Nor is it only this gigantic bankruptcy for so many degrees of longitude and latitude which your petitioner deplores, but he is alarmed also by that total want of shame with which these things have been done, the callous immorality with which Europe has been plundered, that deadness of the moral sense which seems to preclude all return to honesty, to perpetuate this new infamy, and to threaten its extension over every State of the Union.

"To any man of real philanthropy, who receives pleasure from the improvements of the world, the repudiation of the public debts of America, and the shameless manner in which it has been talked of and done, is the most melancholy event which has happened during the existence of the present generation. Your petitioner sincerely prays that the great and good men still existing among you may, by teaching to the United States the deep disgrace they have incurred in the whole world, restore them to moral health, to that high position they have lost, and which, for the happiness of mankind, it is so important they should ever maintain; for the United States are now working out the greatest of all political problems, and upon that confederacy the eyes of thinking men are intensely fixed, to see how far the mass of mankind can be trusted with the management of their own affairs, and the establishment of their own happiness."—*Colonial Mag.*

MR. BUCKINGHAM AND THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.—A plan has been put forward by Mr. Buckingham for the establishment of "a British and Foreign Institute" for facilitating personal intercourse between the educated classes of all countries, and rendering the literary circles of the metropolis more easily accessible to visitors from the Continent, the colonies, and the provinces. The second and *subordinate* object of the institute is stated to be to secure for Mr. Buckingham himself "a *permanent home and resting-place* after his varied and active life in all quarters of the globe, and an honorable occupation and pursuit, by which, while laboring for the intellectual gratification of others, he may be enabled to enjoy a moderate competency himself." A meeting was held at the Hanover-square Rooms to take the plan into consideration. The Earl of Devon presided, and among the company were Lord Brougham, Earl Grosvener, Lord James Stuart, Lord Dudley Stuart, Admiral Sir E. Codrington, Thomas Wyse, Esq., M. P., Charles Hindley, Esq., M. P., Wm. Ewart, Esq., M. P., and J. S. Buckingham, Esq. The Earl of Devon entered into a lengthened statement of the objects sought to be attained by the proposed establishment. It was estimated that not less than 200,000 strangers visited London every year, and it was thought desirable to present the many well-educated and accomplished individuals who were included in that number with facilities of personal intercourse, under proper guards for respectability, and at the same time at a moderate expense. The existing clubs had not supplied that desideratum, as the entrance fee to most of them was greater than any stranger could be expected to pay for the temporary enjoyment only of these advantages, while the difficulties and delays in the process of introduction were now greater than visitors would be able or disposed to encounter. The expense was also more than occasional visitors would be inclined to incur. The plan of a commodious edifice for the institute was prepared and highly approved of. The site would be in as central a position at the west end as was practicable. It was proposed to have four classes of members at different rates of entrance fees and annual subscriptions. Twenty-five lectures, and twenty-five *soirées*, to which ladies would be admissible, should be given each session, including fifty meetings in each year, to all of which the members should have free admission. Distinguished foreign travellers visiting London only for a short period would be invited to join the institution without cost. Resolutions approving of the plans suggested were proposed, after the delivery of long speeches, by Lord Brougham, Lord D. Stuart, and a number of other gentlemen. In the course of Lord Dudley Stuart's speech, while eulogizing Mr. Buckingham's experience as a traveller and an author, and suggesting that that gentleman should be appointed "resident director" of the institute, an amusing little dialogue occurred, which is given *verbatim:*

A gentleman who was seated in the centre of the room interrupted Lord Stuart, and asked in a very loud tone of voice whether Mr. Buckingham had not, in his book on Palestine, used Lord Valentia's plates?

Lord Brougham, who sat next the chairman, and Mr. Buckingham, simultaneously replied, "No." The gentleman having still looked rather skeptically, Lord Brougham, in a very angry and loud tone, reiterated, "No, I say no; do you understand that?—(Laughter.) You have got your answer. Mr. Buckingham says no, too—(Laughter.) What more do you want?—(Laughter.) No, no, no; do you understand that?"—(Laughter.)

The gentleman who had originally put the question said he understood sufficiently what "no" meant, and asked his lordship whether he did?—(Laughter and confusion.)

Lord Brougham (passionately): Why, the man is mad—(Laughter). Do you hear, sir? You put a question, and we say "no;" that is your answer, —no; can you understand that? No! I say no.

The former speaker: I am very glad to hear it.

Lord Brougham (angrily): We don't care whether you are or not—(Laughter).

The storm having then subsided,

The Chairman said he was authorized by Mr. Buckingham most distinctly and emphatically to deny that he had ever used the plates alluded to.

The resolutions were then adopted, and a long list of officers appointed. The "institute" may now, therefore, be considered as established, as Mr. Buckingham will be entrusted to carry the plan into execution, and the committee will *only* have to raise the necessary funds.—*Britannia.*

MOVEMENT AMONG THE JEWS IN GERMANY.—No one accustomed to take any interest in the history of the Jews can have failed to remark the indications which have lately occurred that events of great importance connected with the future destiny of this "peculiar" people are being rapidly evolved. Besides those who have openly avowed their faith in the Messiahship of our Divine Redeemer, we have reason to believe that there are great numbers who are only deterred from taking such a step by the fear of the persecution and poverty to which they would be exposed by so doing. There has been, however, an extensive movement in the Jewish body, which has not subjected the actors in it to such pains and penalties, but which may fairly be regarded as preparing the way for more decided and gratifying measures. The event to which we refer is the determination to which many of the Jews on the Continent, as well as in England, have come, to throw off the authority of the Talmud—the traditions of the elders—and to adhere solely to the writings of Moses and the prophets. In the extract which follows, and which is taken from the *Universal German Gazette* of Leipsic, the dissatisfaction with Judaism, resulting from the conviction that it is in vain any longer to look for the advent of the Messiah, is seen developing itself in another manner; and the determination of the Jews to allow their children to be instructed in Christianity reminds us of a precisely similar case mentioned by Mr. Grant, in his interesting work on the "Nestorian Christians," respecting the Jews of Ooroomiah, a large city on the western borders of Persia.

The *Universal German Gazette* states that a new Jewish sect has been formed at Leipsic, under the auspices of a Dr. Creiznach, and makes the following remarks on the event:—"Highly interesting is it to inquire into the origin of this sect, which clearly and openly abandons the doctrines of Judaism, without, however, adopting those of Christianity. It will be seen that a long struggle preceded this event, and that political causes had their share of influence. The *new Jews*, it is well known, have already for a long time neither kept the prescriptions of the Talmud, nor the laws of the Old Testament. Not 500 out of the 6000 Jewish inhabitants here live according to Jewish laws, and that small number only because they are compelled to do so from personal, not conscientious motives. They even pay men to attend the synagogue, so that there, at least, a sufficient number is present for reading prayers. The best, therefore, the Jews could do is to adopt Christianity in a body. But, in doing so, they have to swear to forms of creed in which they have no faith. Let people say or think what they please, but a man who speaks candidly what he thinks, certainly deserves more esteem than he who simulates a creed in which he does not believe. From these motives they formed a separate sect, which obliges the members to have their children christened and educated in the doctrines of Christianity, without their parents becoming Christians themselves. This idea we think is the best and most honest, but it nevertheless meets with opposition from persons where it was least to be expected. Late measures also, in regard to converted Jews, had great influence upon this step. 'Look,' they would say, 'the Christians do not want us as converted Jews; they do not call us Christians, but they continue to give the former appellation; let us, therefore, much rather remain Christian Jews, such as the gospels are speaking of.' This is the base upon which the sect is founded, and declarations are now arriving from all quarters in favor of it, as well as against it. The Jews in Austria would adopt this new doctrine *en masse*, but they are afraid that it would make their political situation worse. De Creiznach is exactly the man to direct a matter of this kind. He has zeal and energy, and as to classical education and learning he is probably the first among the German Jews. His literary acquirements are almost as incredible as his extraordinary memory, and with all this he is a thorough patriot, and highly esteemed everywhere. But whether this sect will spread excessively is a great question."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

SILK PORTRAITS.—Portraits of the Duchess of Kent and the Duke of Wellington, formed alone of black and white silk, the shades of which are drawn out so as to effect very exact likenesses, have recently been presented to those illustrious personages by a committee of weavers, which was established for promoting the improvement of British silks. The committee has also in progress a portrait of the Queen Dowager, composed of similar materials.—*Court Journal.*

OBITUARY.

John Murray, Esq.—On Tuesday morning, a few minutes past eight o'clock, this eminent publisher and bookseller breathed his last; having been in but indifferent health for several months, but only alarmingly ill from the Friday preceding. Mr. Murray would have been sixty-five if he had lived to November next. His situation in the literary world has long been most prominent; and there is hardly one author of high reputation, either now living or dead within the last quarter of a century, who has not enjoyed his intimacy and regard. With the majority his social intercourse was most gratifying, and his liberality towards their public undertakings such as merited their esteem and gratitude. It is too early a day to dilate upon even his good qualities. That he was warm-hearted and generous will be allowed by all who ever knew him; whilst those who had the pleasure of a more genial acquaintance with him, will long remember his lively conversation, and the ready humor which often set the table in a roar. He was, indeed, on such occasions, a very agreeable companion, and his ready wit was only an indication of the acuteness and judgment which he carried into his professional concerns. His clear mind in this respect led him to enterprises of great pith and moment; and we owe to it some of the most celebrated works in our language. He originally began business about forty years ago in Fleet-street, nearly opposite old St. Dunstan's giant-guarded clock, and then succeeded Mr. Miller in Albemarle-street. Among his earliest literary connexions were D'Israeli and W. Gifford; and in later years, Scott, Southey, Moore, Byron, Barrow, Lockhart, nearly all our illustrious travellers, and authors in every branch of publication. He was a true friend to the arts, which he largely employed; and, in short, we may sum up this brief notice by saying, that in all the relations of society, few men will make a greater blank, or be more truly regretted, than John Murray. Mr. M. has left a widow, we are sorry to hear, in very indifferent health, daughters, and a son and successor, who, we hope, will emulate the friendly and liberal traits of his father's character.—*Literary Gazette.*

Dr. Hahnemann, the founder of homœopathy, died at Paris on Sunday, 2d July, aged eighty-eight. The *Commerce* sketches his life—

"Dr. Hahnemann was born in 1755, at Meissen, of poor parents; and owed his education to the great aptitude for learning he gave evidence of at the little school where he was first placed. He was received doctor in physic at Heidelberg in 1781, and discovered in 1790 the new system which he afterwards designated homœopathy. He continued until 1820 his experiments and researches on his new system, and then published the results of his labors under the title of *Matiere Medicale Pure.* In 1829 he published his *Theory of Chronic Diseases, and their Remedies;* of which he gave a second edition in 1840. To those works must be added his *Organon de l' Art de Guerir*, which ran through five editions. He also published nearly 200 Dissertations on different medical subjects; and he did all this whilst occupied with patients, which took up from ten to twelve hours a day. He had the satisfaction of seeing his system, after half a century's existence, spread over every part of the globe; and just before his death he learned that homœopathy was about to have a chair at the University of Vienna, and hospitals in all the Austrian States, at Berlin, and at London."—*Spectator.*

Mr. Morrit.—We are sorry to have to announce the death of Mr. J. B. S. Morrit, of Rokeby-park, Yorkshire, who died on the 12th inst., after a lingering illness, in the 72nd year of his age. He was one of the earliest and most extensive Greek travellers of the present generation, and after two years spent in the interesting countries of the East, he returned with a mind replete with classical information, and a taste for every liberal art. It was during his residence abroad that Bryant promulgated his fanciful theories on the site of Troy. On his return, with Chevalier and others, he entered keenly into the Trojan controversy, and became one of the most successful supporters of Homer, and able vindicators of his location of the Troad. His two dissertations are familiar to ever classical scholar, and went as far towards the settlement of that "*vexata quæstio*" as any of the productions of the period.—*Times.*

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

An expedition to the Caucasus is about to be undertaken, at the expense of the King of Prussia, by Prof. Koch, the Asiatic traveller, and Dr. Rose. Their instructions are to commence their researches at Trebisond, to trace to their sources in the high lands of Erzerum, the Western Euphrates, the Araxes, and the Tschorock. From thence they are to proceed to the second high lands of Armenia, and so on to the ruins of Ani. They are also to visit and examine the range of mountains which connects in one unbroken line the ranges of the Caucasus and the Armenian Taurus. They are directed to investigate the question, as to whether there ever was a wall extending over the whole of the Caucasus, similar to the great wall of China. Prof. Koch will then proceed to the Tartarian Circassia, and the sources of the Kuban: he will also make an attempt to ascend the Elbrus, and examine the numerous monuments in the valleys of the Karatschai —*Athenæum.*

Dogs.—Two years ago, we noticed the experiments of M. Leonard, in which that gentleman exhibited two dogs under a degree of command which implied a higher development of faculties than had hitherto been witnessed. M. Leonard is here again, having in the interim, he informs us, tested his theories and the skill of his methods, by applying them to the education (if it may be so styled) of horses; and he is now anxious to go, step by step, through his process of training, in the presence of those whom it may interest, with the view of promulgating principles which he believes capable of general application. We must add, that M. Leonard appears anxious not to be confounded with those who exhibit tricks for pecuniary profit; his desire apparently being, to bring what he conceives an important discovery before some of the scientific bodies, for philanthropic purposes.—*Ibid.*

"A statement of Experiments showing that Carbon and Nitrogen are compound bodies, and are made by Plants during their growth." By R. Rigg, Esq.—The author, finding that sprigs of succulent plants, such as mint, placed in a bottle containing perfectly pure water, and having no communication with the atmosphere except through the medium of water, or mercury and water, in a few weeks grow to more than double their size, with a proportionate increase of weight of all the chemical elements which enter into their composition, is thence disposed to infer that all plants make carbon and nitrogen; and that the quantity made by any plant varies with the circumstances in which it is placed.

Electrotype.—At the last meeting of the Horticultural Society, some beautiful specimens of the application of the Electrotype process to vegetation were exhibited by Messrs. Elkington, of Regent-street. Upon the surface of leaves a deposit of copper was thrown down, so as to form a perfect representation in metal of the surface of the foliage. Since that time we have been favored by Messrs. Elkington with a sight of other leaves coated with gold and silver as well as copper. Among these were a Pelargonium-leaf, having all its glandular hairs preserved with admirable precision; an ear of Wheat; a leaf of Fennel; a Fern, with its fructification; a shoot of the Furze-bush, and an insect, (a Carabus) with every part of it encrusted with the metalic deposit. In our opinion this opens quite a new view and most interesting field to the application of the Electrotype process.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

The power of Oil to allay the violence of Waves.—The existence of this property in oil has been so often asserted, that a commission was lately appointed by the Royal Institute of the Pays Bas to make experiments on the subject:—"The Commission assembled at Zandvoort, on the shore of the North Sea. Some of them proceeded a short distance from the shore, in order to pour the oil upon the water, and observe the results; the others remaining on land, and not knowing either at what moment or how many times the oil was poured out, were to keep their eyes fixed on the waves, which rolled from the boat towards the shore; by these means, their opinion, exempt from all influence, might be considered as so much the more impartial. The wind was south-west, and of moderate force; the quantity of oil poured out at four different times, namely, at 43, 45, 50, and 54 minutes past nine o'clock, amounted to 15 litres, (upwards of 3 imperial gallons;) the tide was flowing, and would not reach its full height till 21 minutes past eleven o'clock. The Commissioners who remained on the shore not having remarked any effect which could be ascribed to the effusion of the oil, and the same thing being the case with those engaged in pouring it, we might already consider the question, if oil poured at a little distance from our piers could protect them from the fury of the waves, as answered in the negative. Nevertheless, the Commissioners thought it incumbent upon them to make a second trial at a somewhat greater distance from the shore. Two of them were rowed beyond the rocks, and then cast anchor. The distance was calculated by the boatmen at 300 yards; the sounding line indicated a depth of about three yards; and the waves were rolling considerably. More than the half of 15 litres of oil was poured out in the space of five minutes, (from 15 to 10 minutes before 12 o'clock,) and the Commissioners did not observe the slightest effect in relation to the object of their mission. They saw the oil swimming on the surface of the water, partly united in spots of an irregular form, partly extended and forming a pellicle, and partly mingling with the foam of the waves, and sharing in their oscillatory movements When returning to the shore, at the moment of passing the rocks, the Commissioners caused the rest of the oil to be poured on the water, and they can testify that it had no effect in diminishing the motion of the waves, for they were many times abundantly sprinkled with the spray. It is unnecessary to add, that those who remained on land had remarked nothing at all which could be attributed to the effusion of the oil. After all that has been said and written on this subject, the Commissioners are astonished at the negative result of their experiments, and, limiting themselves to the account of them, they add no observations. They believe themselves, however, authorized to assert, as their personal opinion, that the idea of protecting our piers by means of oil, is not a happy one.—*Athenæum.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great-Britain.

1.—*The Rambles of the Emperor Ching Tih, in Keang-nan. A Chinese Tale.* Translated by Tkin Shen, Student of the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca. With a Preface by James Legge, D. D., President of the College. Two vols. London, 1843. Longman.

This Chinese tale, or historical novel, has been translated into English by a native of China, a student at the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca, the translation being revised by Dr. Legge, the Principal, who vouches for its fidelity. It is founded upon the predominance of eunuchs at the court of the emperor, a circumstance which has not infrequently disturbed the tranquillity of the empire, and placed the monarch in jeopardy.

Ching Tih, the hero of the tale, ascended the throne at the age of fifteen, on the death of his father, Hung Che, of the Ming dynasty. The young prince, being "of an open and free disposition, self-conceited, and indolent," fell an easy prey to the seductions of the eunuch Lew Kin, "an intriguing, deceitful, crafty villain, skilful in devising schemes of amusement and detecting the characters of men." With the co-operation of his fellow-eunuchs and creatures, he corrupts the young prince by "the exhibition of skilfully-trained animals, mirth, dancing, music, wine, and women." The nobles remonstrate, but Lew Kin and the eunuchs counteract the effect of the expostulation by their artifices, aided by the emperor's love of pleasure; the nobles consequently abandon the court, leaving the offices to be filled with Lew Kin's partizans, the prince being "absorbed in fun and feasting." Famine ravages the empire; rebellion breaks out, encouraged by misgovernment, and a large portion of the work is devoted to the description of military operations and incidents. The emperor still protects the eunuch, who contrives to secure the help of a supernatural "dragon horse," sent by the king of Ton Kin, as a present At length, however, Lew Kin is seized by the exasperated nobles, threatened with torture, confesses his guilt, and, being banished with his partizans, turns robber. The empire being restored to tranquillity, Ching Tih resolves to travel to Keang-nan in search of "loyal officers to benefit his kingdom." In the disguise of a scholar, and under the name of Hwang Lun, he commences his "rambles," the adventures in which occupy the whole of the second volume of the work. In the course of them he is placed in peril, being beleaguered by a rebel army sent by

Lew Kin, who, with the other traitors, is at length taken and put to death.

Ching Tih returns to his capital with two wives, whom he had picked up in his rambles; one of them the daughter of a little inkeeper, who "sold wine before the furnace."

The tale will familiarize the reader with Chinese habits and manners; in other respects it possesses but little merit.—*Asiatic Journal.*

2.—*Collectanea Antiqua, No.* 1. *Etchings of Ancient Remains, illustrative of the Habits, Customs, and History of Past Ages. By* Charles Roach Smith, *F. S. A., one of the Secretaries of the Numismatic Society, &c.*, 8vo.—Eight plates, containing, 1, 2. Roman glass vessels in the museum at Boulogne sur Mer; 3, 4. Bronze fibulæ, &c., and pottery, found at Etaples, Pas de Calais.

Four of the pots are inscribed, one with AVE, Hail! another with BIBE, Drink! the third with IMPLE, Fill! and the fourth apparently with VIVAS, Your good health! Plates 5 and 6 are British and Roman coins found in Kent; 7,Gold British or Gaulic coins found at Bognor and Alfriston in Sussex; and 8, a Gallo-Roman votive altar, now the baptismal font in the church of Halinghen, Pas de Calais. The inscription on this extraordinary relic is,

EIDEO IOVI
VICVS
DOLVCENS
CVVITALIS
PRISC.

which has been variously interpreted by different French antiquaries. The word EIDEO is apparently the name of a local deity associated with Jupiter, and it is remarkable that three altars have been found dedicated to Jupiter Dolichenus, which name has some apparent connection with the word DOLVCENS. As, however, we are unable to elucidate the matter, we will refer the curious antiquary to Mr. Smith's own description, in which he has discussed at length this subject, as well as those of his other plates. The having been at the pains to make these etchings with his own hands, is characteristic of his usual zeal and perseverance, and the antiquarian world may well wish that they possessed more members equally active with Mr. Roach Smith.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

3.—*Steam Voyages on the Seine, the Moselle, and the Rhine. By Michael Quin, Author of "A Steam Voyage down the Danube."*

It should seem that steam is ultimately destined to be as much an agent of pleasure as of business—as extensively employed in the service of the *dulce* as it has hitherto been in that of the *utile;* or, what is still better, it will do the work of both at the same time, as, in fact, it does in the pleasant and useful volumes before us, which, by its aid, open to the traveller entirely new and heretofore unknown roads into the heart of all that is beautiful in scenery and attractive in social novelty, in the districts through which the Seine and the Moselle, but particularly the latter, have hitherto borne few or none but those who are as little qualified to appreciate the one as to take advantage of the other.

The portion of this work which claims, and will attract by far the most attention, is that devoted to the Moselle—a river inferior to scarcely any one in Europe, for the charms of its scenery and the characteristic nature of its social attractions; and yet the inconveniences and delays that have heretofore attended its navigation have kept it a sealed book from all but those select few who were content to pay the price of pacing its shores on foot. Steam, however, has now made it one of the high-roads of the Continent, and Mr. Quin, (as in the previous case of the Danube,) has been the first Englishman to explore its beauties and attractions, and report on them to the rest of his countrymen, who only require a guide and avant courier of this kind to induce them to flock in shoals to the indicated spot.

For the benefit of all such, of whatever grade or temper, we shall simply describe Mr. Quin's book, and leave them to choose between the threefold course it opens to them.

Its first portion comprises a Steam Voyage up the Seine, in which every point and feature worthy of note is fairly and pleasantly placed before us, and all the appliances and means needful to their enjoyment made ready to our hands. The second, and (as we have hinted,) by far the most valuable and interesting division of the work, is a Steam Voyage *down* the Moselle, from Treves to Coblentz; at which latter point the Moselle falls into the Rhine, as most of our readers doubtless know, though *that* is in all probability the extent of the knowledge of every one of them touching this beautiful and even famous river—already as famous for its delicious wines as it will henceforth be for its delightful scenery.

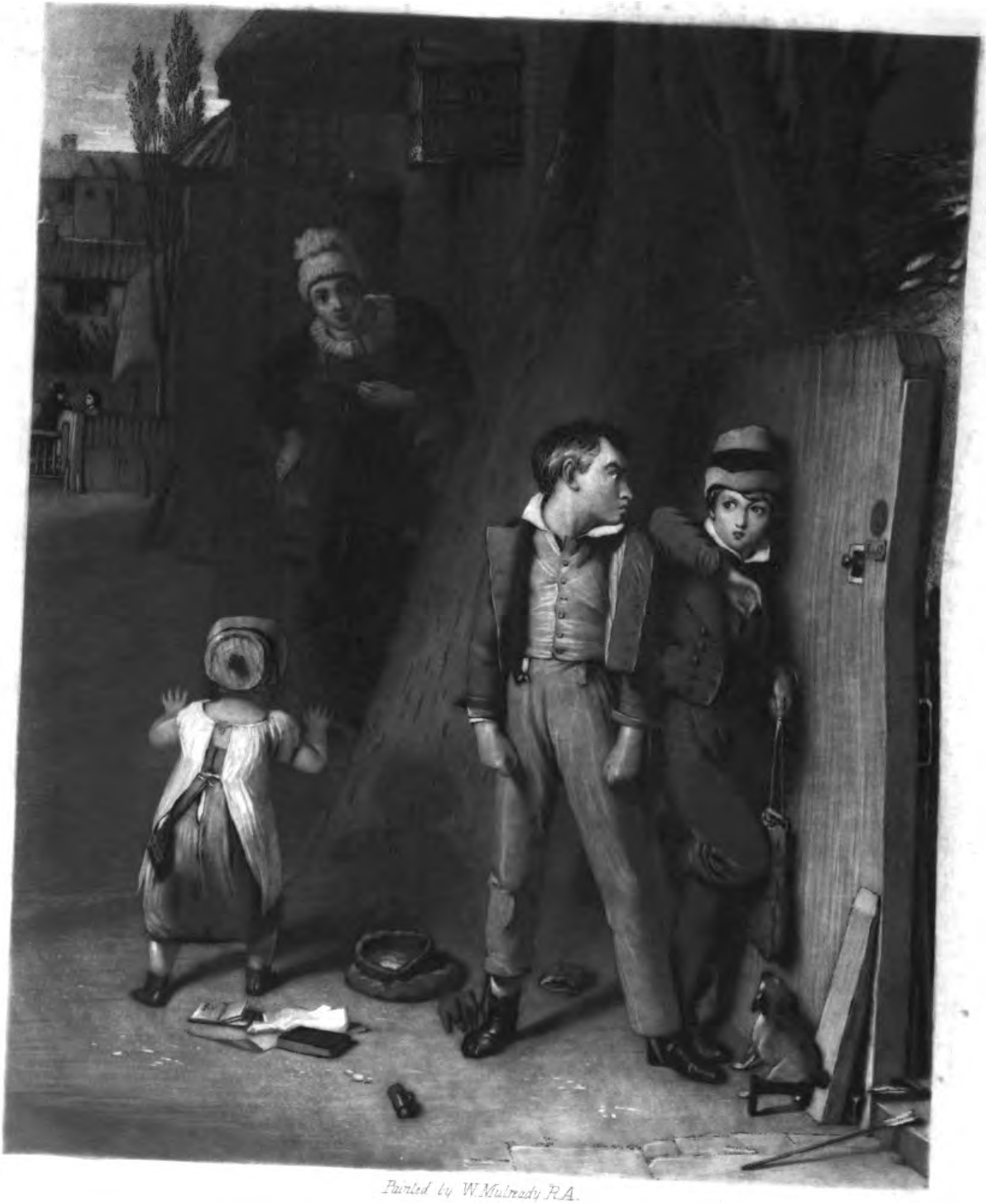
A third very useful and pleasant feature of this book is, its "Railroad Visits" to the principal cities of Belgium; a country too little known to English travellers, whether on the score of its singular antiquarian attractions, or its valuable and little-observed social features.

The remainder of the two volumes comprises brief touch-and-go details of those portions of the Rhine, and its adjacent Spas and Watering-places, to which the course of Mr. Quin's route led him. The whole forms one of the most useful and efficient hand-books that can anywhere be pointed to, even in this age of intelligent guides and of publishing travellers.—*United Service Mag.*

Germany.

The Socialism and Communism of the present day. A contribution to contemporary history, by L. Stein, L. L. D. Leipzig.

The recent aims which have been manifested in the department of political economy, out of the proper school, must be regarded as reactionary and revolutionary. The latest, proceeding from a basis of society altogether opposed to the existing one, and attempting to mould the entire organization of society in accordance with their new principles of national economy, are those, which constitute the subject of this interesting work. It would have been better if the author had confined himself to the pure basis of political science, and divested himself of the philosophy of his own school. This, however, only shows itself occasionally: and on the whole, the judgment of the author is correct. He deserves great credit for his very exact and special investigation and representation of all the facts appertaining to the subject, thus qualifying himself to discuss so much, of which we in Germany at present have scarcely a distant knowledge. On the St. Simonians, Fourier, and his disciples, Pierre Leroux, Proudhou, Louis Blanc, Babeuf, and the different phases of communism we have the most complete account which has appeared in the German language.—*Gersdorf's Repertorium.*



Painted by W. Mulready R.A.

THE WOLF AND LAMB.

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THE
ECLECTIC MUSEUM
OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OCTOBER, 1843.

BLAZE'S HISTORY OF THE DOG.

From the Quarterly Review.

Histoire du Chien chez tous les Peuples du Monde. Par Elzéar Blaze. Paris. 8vo. 1843.

It is somewhat singular that the dog, who is the universal favorite and companion of man, should not have found a pen among his myriad admirers to trace his history with the fulness it deserves. He has, indeed, in addition to the place that he occupies in the various works on natural history, been frequently made the subject of specific treatises. But all the books that we have seen are poor, when contrasted with the abundance of the materials—with the innumerable anecdotes that are scattered on every side, and the rare opportunity that is presented for original observation by an animal who accompanies us from the cradle to the grave, and who lives with us nearly upon the footing of our fellow-man—*semi-homo canis.* It was, therefore, with unusual pleasure that we saw the announcement of the work of M. Blaze, which professes to be a history of the dog among *all the nations of the world;* and the expectation raised by the title was increased tenfold by the preface, in which we are told that the book is the fruit of twenty years of study and attention. Unhappily there is an utter disproportion between the result and the time and labor expended. Twenty months would have been an ample allowance for what has cost M. Blaze as many years. He has brought together some curious matter on the different uses to which the dog has been put by the superstition, ignorance, and cruelty, as well as by the gratitude and intelligence of man—the more welcome that it is frequently derived from antiquated authors who are little known, and not at all read. But even this part of the subject is far from being exhausted, while all that relates to the habits and instincts of the canine race is, relatively to its importance, extremely meagre. It is strange that M. Blaze, who is evidently a sportsman rather than a man of science, should have neglected the things in which he might be supposed to be most interested and best informed. A graver fault than that of omission is the insertion of some altogether gratuitous strokes of irreverence and indelicacy, which must be as injurious to the work as they are disgraceful to the author. For the rest M. Blaze writes throughout with French vivacity, and often, inspired by his love for the dog, with eloquence. Whatever his defects, he possesses at least that prime requisite for his task—a true enthusiasm for his hero.

If we were to take our notions of the dog from most of the words derived from his name, or proverbs and comparisons into which he enters, we should imagine that he was among the lowest of the brute creation. From the Greek κυων, a dog, proceeded κυνικος, or cynic, one who snarls like a dog; and sundry compounds, such as κυναιεδος, impudent as a dog, abundantly testify, that the canine family, like some of higher pretensions, gains nothing in respectability by pursuing its genealogy into distant ages. The Romans were not more complimentary than the Greeks; and to come at once to our own time we have the French *canaille* and *cagnard*, both derived from the Latin *canis*, and applied, the first to the scum of the population, the second to an idle and slothful man that only cumbers the earth. Comparisons, it is said, are odious, and the whole canine race, without distinction of species, must be entirely of that opinion. They have been the standing similitude for things that are mean, hateful, and disgusting—the type of contentiousness, impudence, avarice, lust, gluttony—of furies, demons, parasites, thieves, lawyers, and last of all, with a sad want of gallantry to one party and injustice to both, of women. The married man, says one classical sage, needs no watch-dog at his gate—

'Non opus est, uxor latrat in æde tuâ,' &c. &c.

M. Blaze has collected a variety of these forms of speech, and has generally defended his client with zeal and success from the imputations they convey. Is the dog called filthy?—"he is much less so," he replies, "than certain men of your acquaintance and mine." Is he exclaimed against as greedy?—"I should like to see you," retorts his advocate, "if you had only a single mess for your dinner, and some one attempted to snatch it away." St. Chrysostom speaks of the dog as fawning on you when you face him, and slyly biting you when your back is turned. "I ask pardon of St. Chrysostom," says M. Blaze, "but he has libelled the dog. I have known, and still know, many men of this description, but never a dog." At least, then, he is a thief.—"No," answers M. Blaze, "because he has no idea of *meum* and *tuum*, and if you will but teach him, you may leave him to sleep when he is famished near a roasted fowl. Moreover he is often accused of thefts he has never committed. The servants charge him with their iniquities, and he has no tongue to defend himself."

Whatever praise has been ascribed to the dog in proverbial expressions, is the exception and not the rule; and why—since the individual is always thought and spoken of with love—has the race been selected for comparison with what is odious and offensive? The simple reason, we imagine, is their *domesticity*, which constantly exposing all their actions to the view of man, they form the prominent image when we see in our kind the qualities of brutes, whose appropriate instincts may be vices in us. But as words break no bones, and, where you cannot understand them, wound no feelings either, we should care little by what names the dog had been called, if he was treated with practical kindness.

Like every animal that was not cloven-footed, and did not chew the cud, he was unclean to the Jews, and consequently with them he was safe from sacrifice. Heathens, on the contrary, made a religion of that which was an impiety to Israel, and the dog contributed his full proportion to the mountains of flesh that palpitated on the altar. The Romans, who without fastidiousness immolated him to the gods, whipped him annually for a criminal, and then impaled him, because his ancestors had slept on the night on which the Gauls attempted to seize the Capitol. The folly and cruelty of this Roman commemoration was surpassed, however, by a custom which existed till the reign of Louis XIV., in the metropolis of France, where it was the wont of the civic authorities in full costume to burn yearly a number of cats, for what offence, we are not informed, on the Place de Grève.

The sacrifice of the dog, if legends are true, brought upon him another distinction—that of being eaten. Porphyry relates that a part of his carcass having fallen from the altar, the priest picked it up, and burning his fingers with the smoking flesh, put them suddenly in his mouth. The taste was so savory, that, the ceremony ended, he ate his fill of the dog, and took the rest to his wife. However this may be, the dog somehow or other found his way to the larder. Hippocrates says he was eaten by the Greeks, and the Romans considered him to be so great a delicacy, that a puppy was prominent at some of their most sumptuous feasts. In China, it is well known, he is fattened upon vegetables like an ox or a pig, and publicly sold in butchers' shops. Numerous savages hold him in high estimation, often preferring him to all other meat, and reserving him for their chiefs. The sale of dog-flesh for human food is carried on secretly in Paris, though forbidden by the government, who extend a formal sanction to the traffic in horse-flesh. M. Blaze, who has frequently eaten both, prefers dog. Buffon, on the contrary, thought it extremely disagreeable. But as those nations who relish it most keep their dogs exclusively on vegetables and fish, and will never touch a European breed that is carnivorously fed, neither Buffon nor Blaze can have tasted the viand in perfection.

In Lapland the dog is killed for his skin, and in countries where no other motive hastens his death, the necessity there is to place a limit upon population still brings numbers to a violent end. The dox-tax in England has proved a measure of beneficence by stifling in its birth superfluous life, since few under these circumstances rear a useless progeny. Elsewhere nearly all the dogs that are born are suffered to grow up, and running about the streets mangy and half-starved, their existence becomes a nuisance to the public and a burthen to themselves. In France the *chiffonniers* are commissioned to knock the wanderers on the head. A few years since the government of Bombay was obliged to send a cargo of dogs to be destroyed out at sea, in order to relieve the city of their inordinate numbers without offence to the Parsees, who regard them with reverence. But less delicacy is observed in various great towns of the East. A man armed with a heavy bludgeon drags a dead dog through the street, which bringing about him all the curs of the neighborhood, he mows them down right and left with his club. It is said that they set upon him from a knowledge of his evil designs: Lord Bacon, indeed, has mentioned it as a matter of notoriety that, whenever the dogs of a town are condemned, their instinct reveals the errand of the executioner.

The sacrifice of the dog was simple ignorance, to kill him for food is a question of taste, to check his unlimited increase a matter of compulsion. But to butcher him for sport is a wanton inhumanity, of which the untutored savage has left the distinction to civilized nations. It was in the country of Virgil and Cicero that English mastiffs, transmitted to Rome by a special officer maintained in our island for the purpose, were exposed in the amphitheatre to deadly combats with the beasts of the forest. It was in England herself that the practice found perhaps its most sedulous imitators—that lions were fought, bulls baited, and that the contests of dogs, who tore one another till they died on the spot, became a fashionable amusement. But of all the cruelties of which the dog has been the victim, the greatest, unquestionably, are those perpetrated in the name of science. Experiments within a certain limit are perhaps excusable in the interests of humanity. But to dissect living animals as a regular system—to butcher them by scores and hundreds! What discovery could justify such abomination? And still more, what discovery that these barbarities have actually revealed is worthy to be set against a fraction of the agonies of its thousand martyrs! M. Blaze assures us that in every great town in France there are people whose sole occupation is to collect the subjects for these monstrous experiments. We have shuddered to read, and find it impossible to write, his details of scenes which might lead us to question which was the brute and which the man.

The physicians of former days employed the dog in a manner hardly less revolting in the cure of disease. He was opened alive, and applied warm as a rare specific to assuage pain. They had sometimes the mercy to cut his throat, and wait the expiration of life before the afflicted members were plunged in his vitals. He entered largely into the Pharmacopœia. His bones were pounded for powders, his fat melted for ointments, his carcase distilled for a liquid of extraordinary virtue.

Black has been an ominous hue for man and for beast, and black dogs, in the common creed, were the agents of magicians, and the earthly form of the Evil One himself. Cornelius Agrippa was always accompanied by one of these animals, and his friend and disciple, Wierus, in order to disprove the universal notion that the dog was a demon, was obliged to publish that he had not only the appearance, but all the habits of his species, (see Bayle's article on Agrippa.) Even so late as 1702, the French soldiers who defended Landau against the arms of the Imperialists, were firmly persuaded that the dog of their general was a familiar spirit, the real author of all the military movements, and a pledge, by virtue of his supernatural powers, of certain victory. Popular credulity was sometimes wrought on in a contrary direction by crafty monks. Baronius affirms that the dogs refused the bread which was thrown them by the assassins of Thomas à Becket. They took, according to M. Blaze, the same method to express their disapprobation of a young man who married his cousin without a dispensation, sternly refusing to partake of the delicacies of his wedding banquet.

We have seen the dog the victim of man. Man has frequently, on the other hand, been the victim of the dog. The prohibition to the Jews, recorded in the book of Deuteronomy, to make an offering in the temple of the price of the dog, shows that he had attained a marketable value, which is a clear proof that he was already domesticated. But he still preserved much of his natural ferocity. The flesh torn by beasts was ordered to be cast to him by the Levitical law, and it is a threat of Scripture, often repeated, that dogs shall devour the carcases of wicked men. 'Him that dieth in the city shall the dogs eat, and him that dieth in the fields shall the fowls of the air eat.' 'The sword to slay and the dog to tear,' is one of the judgments announced by the prophet Jeremiah. If we pass from sacred history to profane, we find the anthropophagous tendencies of the dog alluded to in Homer, where Hector promises Ajax for a meal to his dogs—a fate from which Hector himself was narrowly rescued by the tears of Priam. As long in fact as dogs retain a tincture of their native wildness, they eat the lord of the creation with as little compunction as the meanest of the animals he has subjected to his rule. They are to be found busy on the field of battle, mingled with vultures and jackals, and ever forward to assist them to discharge their office of scavengers of nature. Lord Byron saw them by the Seraglio at Constantinople preying on the dead bodies of refractory Janizaries: hence the well-known lines in the 'Siege of Corinth,'—

'From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh.
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh,' &c. &c.

There is something in the chase which maintains in hounds a sanguinary disposition in the midst of domestication; and it has been no unusual thing for them to devour persons who fell down in their kennel, or who entered incautiously without a weapon to keep them at bay. But the only instance with which we are acquainted of a man being fairly hunted in modern times is that of worthy Parson Adams, who so laid about him with his crabstick that the field was strewed with killed and wounded. There has been no lack of another sort of man-hunt—the tracking of a flying enemy by the keen-scented blood-hound. Sir Walter Scott has made all the world familiar with the manner in which border forayers were pursued by these noble animals; and how even rulers of Scotland had been compelled to learn the arts of William of Deloraine, who

'By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds.'

Bruce broke the continuity of the scent, and threw out the dogs, by wading down a stream, and springing into a tree without touching the bank. Wallace escaped by killing a suspected follower—a device not uncommon on such occasions, when the dog invariably stayed at the blood, which confused and blunted his delicate perceptions. That it was no easy matter to turn aside the pursuit is evident from the anecdote which Robert Boyle relates of a blood-hound who tracked a servant along several miles of a public road to the house where he was lodged in the market-place of a town, without being perplexed for a single moment by the multiplicity of foot steps. From chasing princes and heroes the bloodhound sank to be the detector of deer-stealers and felons. It was while reserved for this ignoble trade that they made a prize of the last scion of royalty which it was their fortune to follow—the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, who was detected by their aid at the bottom of a ditch in which he sought concealment after Sedgemoor.

A more questionable use of the dog was to train him for war. The ancients early discovered this faculty of his nature. He was probably taught at first to garrison castles and fortresses, where, from his vigilance and bravery, he answered all the purposes of an armed sentinel; and this mode of defence is said by Colonel Hamilton Smith to have continued till the introduction of regular armies. From their admirable power in anticipating surprises, they have been largely employed, especially by the Turks, to guard outposts. At the present moment the French videttes in Algiers are always preceded by a couple of dogs. Anciently they were conspicuous in the action itself. After Marius had defeated the Cimbri, his legions had to renew a deadlier battle with the women and the dogs. The Celts deemed their dogs of such importance in war that they armed them with collars of pointed iron, with a breastplate for a shield. Some dogs accoutred with the latter piece of defensive armor, and repelling an assault of soldiers on a citadel, form the subject of a bronze discovered at Herculaneum. Certain Gauls not only made the dog discharge the duty of a soldier in their wars: a squadron of two hundred formed the body-guard of their king. But it would be endless to relate the multitude of occasions in which the dog has been employed in the capacity of a warrior. The instance which most nearly concerns ourselves—for, if Camerarius is to be believed, it was imitated by Queen Elizabeth in Ireland, who sent no less than six hundred dogs with the army of Essex—is the use that was made of them against the savages in America. Columbus set the example in a battle with the natives of St. Domingo, when, with two hundred foot, twenty horse, and twenty dogs, he routed a prodigious army of Indians. The terrible wounds inflicted by the dogs upon naked savages created such a panic that thenceforward they became a part of the tactics of American warfare. Notwithstanding our reprobation of the Spaniards, a hundred blood-hounds were, in 1795, landed in Jamaica under English auspices, to attack the Maroons. When a trial was made of them by a sham fire, they rushed forward with the greatest impetuosity, dragging along their keepers, who held them back by ropes, and even turning in their ferocity to bite the muskets till they tore pieces from the stocks. Happily the Maroons, hearing rumors of the dogs, surrendered without a blow, and the barbarity which promised to be a stain upon our name was for once the cause of a bloodless victory. Those who, on that occasion, quoted the position of Paley, that if the grounds and end of war are justifiable, all the means that appear necessary to the end are justifiable also, forgot the limitation made to the doctrine by the moralist himself, who says that the combatants are nevertheless bound to respect those conventional laws which the custom of nations has sanctified, and which, whilst they are mutually conformed to, mitigate the calamities of war without weakening its operations. Without this conclusive reasoning, it is still enough that the instincts of humanity are against such warfare. 'The heart has its arguments as well as the understanding,' is one of the immortal sayings of Pascal.

When Pietro della Valle visited Persia, during the early part of the seventeenth century, it was the regular mode of execution, for certain classes of criminals, to cast them to dogs kept expressly for the purpose. He saw some Jews, accused of magic, brought within the view of these terrible destroyers, with a promise of pardon if they turned Mahometans. At the sight of the dogs, all the Jews, except one, preferred apostacy to death; 'and as for him,' says Della Valle, whom I know not whether to call constant or obstinate in his foolish opinion, he was torn to pieces and devoured by the dogs, invoking the name of Moses with his latest breath. He had been happy,' he continues, 'thus to die if he had been a Christian; but being, as he was, a Jew, these sufferings served but to anticipate a little in this world his future hell.' If the old traveller had written a treatise on intolerance, he would probably have produced nothing half so forcible as this cool reflection of a simple mind inflamed by no peculiar degree of theological ardor.

Oviedo, in his 'History of the Indies,' says that a criminal who was cast to a dog, accustomed to eat the condemned, having fallen on his knees, and begged for life, the animal stopped short, and refused to do his office. The Spaniards, taking it for a miracle, pardoned the poor wretch; but M. Blaze thinks that the effect was produced by the eyes of the man meeting those of the dog, which he believes, according to a popular notion, to be a method of intimidating, or, as it is usually termed, fascinating animals; and he speaks as if he had tried it with success on unruly horses. Sismondi relates an instance of forbearance stronger and better authenticated than that which we have quoted from M. Blaze. Some hounds of the tyrant of Milan, who were fed on the flesh of man, taught to chase him for their prey, and already rendered ferocious by scores of victims, not only refused to kill a boy that was given them, of twelve years old, but when the keeper, in consequence of their obstinacy, cut the throat of the child, showed an equal repugnance to touch the corpse. In this case, at least, may not the phenomenon have arisen from the tender years of the victim awakening their dormant affections? The canine species have a peculiar love for children, though, like all their acquired faculties, it is irregularly distributed. How gently they treat them, how much they endure from them! Colonel Hamilton Smith saw a child bite a pug-dog till he yelled, without his manifesting the slightest ill-humor.

But it is in none of the circumstances we have been hitherto describing that the dog has won the esteem and affection of mankind. He alone, of all the brute creation, shows a perfect attachment—alone understands our wishes, adapts himself to our habits, waits upon our commands, associates with us as a friend. The service of man, while a single link of the connexion remains, is a necessity of his existence. The Siberian dogs, set free in summer to shift for themselves, though overtasked, treated with brutality, and nearly starved return to their masters at the approach of winter to be harnessed to the sledge. The Pariah dog of India, when homeless and unowned, will fasten on a stranger, and exhaust every art to induce him to adopt it. Colonel Hamilton Smith tells of one that fixed his regards on a gentleman travelling rapidly in a palanquin, and continued to follow him with wistful eyes till he dropped with fatigue. No one can question that this disposition of the dog is a peculiar gift of Providence for the benefit of our race. Other animals surpass him in beauty and strength, yet in every quarter of the globe the dog alone is in alliance with man, because he alone is endowed with the impulse that renders him accessible to our advances, and submissive to our will. His domestication, in the opinion of Cuvier, is the most complete, the most useful, the most singular conquest we have achieved, and perhaps, he adds, essential to the establishment of society. Without his aid we should have been the prey of the beasts we have subdued. To use the happy expression of M. Blaze, the dog is a deserter from the enemy's camp, by whose assistance we have conquered the animated world. In our present civilized society we can hardly realize the extent of his early services. To learn his value we must observe the price that is set on him by savages. The Australian women have been seen to suckle pups at their bosoms. It is stated by Captain Fitzroy to be well ascertained that the natives of Tierra del Fuego, in times of famine, eat the oldest of their females rather than destroy a single dog. 'Dogs,' say they, 'catch otters; old women are good for nothing.' The chase, in fact, is the first need of man, and the first instinct of the dog. Dogs, when wild, form themselves into packs, hunt the boar and the buffalo, and even, upon occasion, the lion and the tiger. The cubs especially are the objects of their unceasing warfare; and such is the terror they have in consequence inspired to the tiger, that in India the appearance of an ordinary spaniel excites his alarm.

The vast power and courage of certain races of the dog are truly extraordinary. The story told by Pliny of an Albanian dog of Alexander the Great, who conquered, one after another, a lion and an elephant, is probably a fable, like the addition of Ælian, that his tail, his legs, and his head, were severally amputated without loosening his hold, or producing even an appearance of pain. As little do we credit the feat of a mastiff in the reign of Elizabeth, who was reported to have fought and beaten in succession a bear, a leopard, and a lion. But there are better grounds for believing that one of this species really engaged the king of beasts in the reign of Henry VII, who absurdly ordered him to be hanged for his presumption; and it has been frequently proved that three or four can carry off the victory. Colonel Hamilton Smith was witness of a scene between a bull-dog and a bison, in which the former seized the latter by the nose, and kept his hold till the infuriated animal crushed him to death. The terrier grapples with beasts of twenty times his size, and, however cruelly mangled, dies without a groan. It is thus that the dog, who provides the savage with food by his swiftness, protects him by his bravery. Such prowess and endurance belong to few of our domestic breeds. But nature developes the faculties which the occasion demands. The dogs that live amidst wilds and dangers are all conspicuous for hardihood, daring, and insensibility to pain. Their cunning and sagacity are in like manner proportioned to their needs. The dogs by the Nile drink while running, to escape the crocodiles. When those of New Orleans wish to cross the Mississippi, they bark at the river's edge to attract the alligators, who are no sooner drawn from their scattered haunts, and concentrated on the spot, than the dogs set off at full speed, and plunge into the water higher up the stream. An Esquimaux dog that was brought to this country was given to artifices which are rarely seen in the native Europeans, whose subsistence does not depend on their own resources—strewing his food round him, and feigning sleep, in order to allure fowls and rats, which he never failed to add to his store. But even with us the dogs who hunt on their own account display an ingenuity which is seldom attained by those who hunt for a master. The wily lurcher, who more than any other dog is addicted to poaching, when he puts up a rabbit, makes immediately for her burrow, and there awaits her arrival. M. Blaze had two dogs that hunted by stealth, of whom one started the hare, and the other concealed behind a fence, pounced on her as she passed through her accustomed run. A story is told of a pointer and a greyhound who combined together—the greyhound availing himself of the scent of the pointer to find the game, the pointer of the speed of his associate to catch it. The pointer becoming suspected was furnished with a chain to impede his movements: and still continuing his roving life, it was at length discovered that the greyhound, to enable him to hunt as usual, carried the chain in his mouth, till he himself was called on to take up the chase. The skill of the common hound, though less striking, is still proportioned to the exigencies of the service, and is something more than a mere instinct; for when a young dog is entirely at fault, one experienced in the craft will detect the doublings of the fox or the stag, the devices to break the scent, or the attempts to divert it by starting another animal. It is practice which has taught him to unravel the intricacies of the chase, to distinguish between conflicting scents, to divine the *ruse* of a fugitive that is fertile in resources. In one thing, however, old dogs and young, tame dogs and wild, are all alike, and that is in the interest they take in the sport. The symptoms of preparation never fail to produce in them the most lively transports. The dog whose master is accidentally prevented from taking the field will often seek out a neighboring sportsman, and enlist in his service for the day, though it would be a vain effort to entice him for any other object, and equally vain to attempt to retain him when the sport was at an end. Even in the company of his master, true as he is to his allegiance, he will attach himself for the occasion to a total stranger who chances to be a better shot; and yet, far from deriving any advantage from the result, he entertains a dislike for the bones of game, which he eats, when he eats them at all, with the reluctant air that shows them to be distasteful.

With many nations the dog adds to his own functions those of the horse. He is indifferently employed to hunt the reindeer, the seal, and the bear, to carry burthens on his back, to draw his owner in the sledge. Pliny relates that the Colophonians in their wars had dogs to drag the baggage. A freak of Heliogabalus was to ride in a chariot drawn by a team of eight. But it is the Esquimaux, the people of Kamschatka, and of parts of Russia and America, that have used draught-dogs systematically, very nearly to the exclusion of the usual beasts of equipage or burthen. The adaptation of the dog to a duty for which he hardly appears to be intended by nature is not without its inconveniences. Either from the irresistible force of an instinctive propensity, or else from hunger (for they are so ill-fed that they have been known to eat their leather harness, and when free from trammels to devour one another,) the team, which ordinarily consists of twelve, will start off at the scent of game, and, regardless of the driver, hurry him at the risk of his neck over every obstacle. The leaders, who are old dogs and better trained than the rest, are said by Von Wrangel to display in such conjunctures remarkable sagacity, pretending to have got upon a fresh scent, and seducing the hindermost by their affected eagerness into a false track. Besides these involuntary outbreaks of canine nature, bad usage has inspired some of them with such dislike to their masters, that they are for ever attempting in cooler moments to overturn the sledge. To compensate for the dangers to which they thus occasionally expose their drivers, they in common steer their way with undeviating accuracy, amid mist, darkness, and storms, through any path they have once travelled, and indicate what no eye could trace, the hut buried in snow. At St. John's in Newfoundland, about two thousand of the fine dogs who take their name from the place, transport heavy loads of wood and provisions, and in return for their labor, are left the half of the year in which they are not required, without a single morsel beyond what their own exertions can procure; and in the remainder, when at work, are so little cared for, that large numbers die of a species of plague that is generated by neglect. Here, and on the continent, dogs have been used on a smaller scale to drag hand-carts, though from the fright they occasion to horses, they have never been much approved of in large towns. For the sake of the dogs we shall rejoice to see the practice entirely prohibited elsewhere, as it has lately been here by Act of Parliament.

As a carrier of merchandise, the most delicate task which the dog has to perform is in the inland smuggling trade of the Continent. In this arduous service, which is constantly fatal to him, he shows a wonderful sagacity. Loaded with goods, he sets out in the night, scents the custom-house officer, attacks him if he can take him at a disadvantage, and conceals himself, if escape is difficult, behind a bush or a tree. On his arrival at his destination he will not show himself till he has first ascertained that the coast is clear, and while he remains gives warning of the approach of the common enemy. It is manifest that a whole army of custom-house officers can do little towards exterminating smugglers, of whom the supply is unlimited, who cross the frontiers in silence and darkness, whose road is the pathless wood and plain, who snuff danger in the wind, and who either evade it by their swiftness, or find a lurking-place in every hedge-row.

We turn with pleasure from the illicit functions in which the monopoly of guilt and profit is to the man, and that of peril and suffering to his faithful animal. The shepherd's dog in his own department is a perfect miracle of intelligence. He understands the sign, the voice, the look of his master. He collects the scattered sheep at the slightest signal, separates any one that is indicated from the rest of the flock, drives them wherever he is told, and keeps them all the while under perfect control, less by his active exertions than by the modulations of his voice, which expresses every tone from gentle instruction to angry menace. These are his ordinary performances, visible every day in a thousand pastures. But he can do greater wonders. It chanced one night that seven hundred lambs, committed to the keeping of the Ettrick Shepherd, broke loose from his control, and scampered away in three divisions over hill and plain. 'Sirrah, my man,' said Hogg mournfully to his *colly*, meaning it for an expression of grief, and not for a direction, 'they're awa.' Silently and without his master's knowledge, for it was too dark to see, the dog left his side, while the shepherd passed the hours till morning in a weary and a fruitless search after his wandering charge. At the dawn of day he was about to return to his employer, with a heart full of despair, when he caught a sight of Sirrah guarding at the bottom of a deep ravine, not, as he at first supposed, one division of the lambs, but the whole of the vast flock, without a solitary exception. 'It was,' says James Hogg, 'the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever occurred in my pastoral life. How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself, from midnight until the rising of the sun, and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety.' On another occasion the same famous shepherd saw a dog, when it was utterly dark, put upon the path of a ewe that had been lost by her owner near a neighbor's farm, and which was supposed to have mingled with her fellows that were feeding in the surrounding pastures. 'Chieftain,' said the master of the dog, pointing to the spot from which the sheep had gone off, 'fetch that, I say, sir—bring that back; away!' And away he went, and back he brought in half an hour the identical sheep. A sheep-stealer, who was at last discovered and hanged, used to carry on his trade by secretly signifying the particular sheep that he desired out of a large flock, as he viewed them under the pretence of purchasing, to his dog, who returning by himself, a distance of several miles, at night drove the selected sheep, which were undoubtedly the fattest, to his fastidious owner. Both Scott and Hogg relate this picturesque story most circumstantially from the annals of the Justiciary Court in Scotland. Sir Thomas Wilde knew an instance in which three oxen out of some score had mingled with another herd. 'Go fetch them,' was all the instruction the drover gave his dog, and he instantly brought along with him those very three. A cattle-dealer, accustomed to drive his beasts for nine miles to Alston in Cumberland, once for a wager sent them alone with his dog. The animal perfectly understood his commission. He kept the straight road, ran when he came to a strange drove to the head of his own to stop their progress, put the beasts that blocked the path upon one side, then was back again to the rear to hie on his charge, and thus adroitly steering his way and keeping his herd together, he carried them safely to the destined yard, and signified their arrival by barking at the door of the dwelling. More than this, the dog will on emergencies volunteer services which occur to none but himself. One has been known of his own accord to overtake a runaway horse, seize his bridle, and hold him fast till he was secured. Lately in France, a stable took fire that was full of cattle, and, as usual, the animals stricken with terror, refused to stir. It caught the eye of the farmer's dog, who rushed in, and by barks and bites forced out at two several charges the greater part of the beasts, and went back a third time for a few remaining sheep, when the flames had made such progress that they were already dead.

It may be questioned after all whether the sagacity of the dog in keeping sheep is equal to his sagacity when he has taken to kill them, a vice that is incorrigible when once contracted, admitting no other remedy than the death of the culprit. The dexterity by which he endeavors, as if aware of the consequences, to escape detection, is not surpassed, and hardly equalled, by human felons. Sir Thomas Wilde was cognizant of a case in which the dog had learnt to slip off his collar, and put it on again when he returned from his nocturnal depredations. In a similar instance the animal took the additional precaution of washing his bloody jaws in a stream, unless indeed the supposed act of cunning was simply the result of thirst. Bewick, in his History of Quadrupeds, mentions a dog that for three months committed havoc on every side in defiance of the most strenuous exertions to effect his destruction. His habit was to sit on a hill from whence he could command a view of the surrounding roads, and have time to escape at the approach of danger. On this watch-tower in which he placed his security, he was at last shot.

The Turks inherit the Jewish creed of the uncleanness of the dog. It is the name of contempt by which they designate infidels. The priest, when he walks abroad, carries a wand in his hand to keep the dogs at a distance, lest he be defiled by their touch:—a precaution scarcely necessary, since their unerring instinct has taught them to avoid all contact with a Moslem. Not being admitted into the house the animal is obliged to provide his own abode, and either occupies ruined buildings or burrows in the ground. Having no master he must seek his own food, and eats garbage, carrion, dead men, and even living, if they are found under circumstances which excite a suspicion that they are bent upon unlawful designs. Such, or nearly such, has been the condition of the dog in the East for ages past, as appears from what is said in the fifty-ninth Psalm: 'And at evening let them return, and let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city. Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied.'

'It were well,' says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, 'if the population of dogs decreased in the same proportion as the inhabitants of Egypt; a smaller number would suffice for all the purposes for which they are useful, and the annoyance of these barking plagues might be diminished to great advantage. Their habits are strange: they consist of a number of small republics, each having its own district, determined by a frontier line, respected equally by itself and its neighbors; and woe to the dog who dares to venture across it at night, either for plunder, curiosity, or a love adventure. He is chased with all the fury of the offended party whose territory he has invaded; but if lucky enough to escape to his own frontier unhurt, he immediately turns round with the confidence of right, defies his pursuers to continue the chase, and, supported by his assembled friends, joins with them in barking defiance at any further hostility. Egypt is therefore not the country for an European dog, unaccustomed to such a state of canine society; and I remember hearing of a native servant who had been sent by his Frank master to walk out a favorite pointer, running home in tears with the hind leg of the mangled dog, being the only part he could rescue from the fierce attacks of a whole tribe of "*suburranæ canes.*" This he did, to show he had not lost or sold his master's pointer, at the same time that he proved his zeal in the cause of what Moslems look upon as an unclean and contemptible animal.'*

At night these dogs perambulate their several districts, and if they meet a man without a lantern, he is supposed to be a thief, and runs great risk of being worried, nay, eaten up. 'These accidents,' says M. Blaze, 'occur frequently at Constantinople. Last year an English sailor was only saved by climbing to a roof, where he passed the night surrounded by a thousand dogs who happily were unable to take him by assault.'

The true house-dog is more amiable, and equally efficient. It has been absurdly affirmed that his value is proportioned to his timidity, because he is thereby rendered doubly clamorous from his anxiety to obtain protection for himself. But such a dog is of as little service in indicating danger, as an alarm-bell would be that was rung unceasingly. He barks at every thing—the wind and the moon as well as the thief, and either keeps you in perpetual terror, or teaches you to neglect his warnings altogether. Neither is there no alternative between silence and cowardice. Every one that has had to do with dogs must be well aware that many breeds which give a loud alarm are models of bravery. In general, however, the quiet dog, like the quiet soldier, is the most determined. The house dog is capable of being brought by education to any degree of perfection. From his kennel in the court-yard he distinguishes the habitual inmate from the occasional visitor, the visitor from the stranger, the stranger from the thief, as is easily gathered from his monitory bark. His hearing is probably the principal sense by which he conducts this delicate analysis, recognizing the step of those who frequent the house, and with others discerning the firm and honest tread of innocence from the doubtful, hesitating, stealthy pace of timid guilt. His temper is too often soured by his being constantly chained, and then he becomes indiscriminate in his attacks; and is liable to fly upon any body he can reach. But when judiciously treated, he is a rare combination of fidelity to his master and humanity to others. It is no uncommon thing for him to attend the thief through the premises without on the one hand permitting him to touch a single article, or on the other attempting to molest or detain him. Still where the intention is clearly criminal, the courtesy of the dog is by no means to be reckoned on; for if he forbears to bite, he is apt to drive the depredator into a corner and keep him shivering with fear and cold till assistance is procured. When his master is in question his courage rises to a pitch of heroism. Petrarch had a dog that snatched a naked sword from the hand of a villain who attacked him. Some thieves in France laid one night a leg of mutton on the road to detain the dog of a traveller, whom, when he had got some distance from his protector, they robbed and murdered. The dog arrived from his repast before the thieves had escaped, and engaged them in battle. It was in vain that they fired at him. He continued to fight till he strangled one and drove the other into a tree, at the foot of which he steadfastly remained till the officers of justice relieved him of his prisoner on the following day.

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* This passage is from '*Modern Egypt*,' by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, now in the press.

A long train of anecdotes attest the retentive memory of the dog for the assassin of his master, and the vengeance he takes on him. The first is that related by Plutarch, in which king Pyrrhus made his army defile before a dog, who for three days guarded a murdered corpse without eating or drinking, and who seized the culprit as he passed along. The most notorious is the story of the dog of Montargis, who dragged his master's friend to the spot where he was buried, flew on the assassin wherever he met him, and finally overcame him in a single combat which took place by the orders of Louis VIII. Benvenuto Cellini, who, notwithstanding that his vanity and superstition have often seduced him into the belief of absurdities, appears nevertheless not to have exaggerated his impressions, has given a graphic narrative of an incident which happened to himself. A thief one night broke into his shop. The dog contended with the culprit though he was armed with a sword, and next running into the journeymen's chamber awoke them by drawing off the bed-clothes and pulling them alternately by the arm. The men, not comprehending the cause of his importunity, drove him from the room and locked the door. Nothing daunted he returned to the charge, and overtaking the thief, who had retreated into the street, he held him by the cloak. The fellow had the wit to cry out *mad dog*, which brought the loiterers to his assistance, and for this time he escaped. After a considerable interval, as Cellini was walking in one of the squares of Rome, his dog flew on a young man, and endeavored to tear him to pieces, in spite of the sticks and swords that were brought to his defence. The dog was got off with great difficulty, and the man was retiring when some bundles fell from under his cloak, in one of which Cellini espied a little ring of his own. 'This is the villain,' he exclaimed, 'that broke open my shop, and my dog knows him again;' and he once more let loose the animal—but the thief lost no time in imploring mercy and confessing his crime.

The most mysterious faculty of the dog, one that approaches to divination, is yet to be told. A dog of Henry III. of France was perfectly furious toward the regicide Clement as he advanced to the audience in which he slew his sovereign, and could with difficulty be retained in an adjoining room. The mere nastiness of the monk may have excited the bile of the dog. But there is an equally celebrated case in which an English mastiff, who had never attracted the regards of his master, followed him one night to bed, and, though repeatedly repulsed, could not be quieted till he got permission to remain. That same night an Italian valet entered his master's room with a design to murder him, and was only prevented by the faithful sentinel pinning him to the ground. The solution must be looked for either in the minute observation of the dog, which leads him to notice circumstances that escape our eyes, or else in a conjecture adopted by M. Blaze, that the emotion of a man who meditates a crime produces a peculiar odour from his body.

The best specimen of a trusty guardian, that still continues in common use, is the dog of the carrier. They are of no particular breed, but all remarkable for the sternness with which they defend property intrusted to their care. One that was told by a sweep to lie on his soot-bag till his return, suffered a brutal carter to drive over him rather than stir an instant from his post. In France the wagoner trusts the reins to his dog while he loiters behind in the *cabaret*, and horses and goods are never more secure than under his sagacious superintendence.

The dog who prevents your property from being stolen will sometimes recover it when it is lost. A lady in Bath found her road blockaded by a strange mastiff, who compelled her to retrace her steps, and brought her to the spot where she had dropped a shawl, which he no sooner saw in her possession than he galloped away. A boy who let fall some cakes from a basket found, on his arrival at home, that the greater part had been gathered up by his dog, who deposited them untasted, and then set off to fetch the remainder. Mr. Bell, in his 'History of British Quadrupeds,' mentions that a friend of his own dropped a louis-d'or one morning as he was on the point of going out. On returning late at night he was told by his servant that the dog had fallen sick, and refused to eat; 'and what,' says Mr. Bell, 'appeared very strange, she would not suffer him to take her food away from before her, but had been lying with her nose close to the vessel, without attempting to touch it. On my friend's entering the room, she instantly jumped upon him, laid the money at his feet, and began to devour her victuals with great voracity.' An affecting story has frequently been told of a dog who persevered in leaping upon the horse of a traveller to call his attention to his money, which he had left on a bank where he halted to rest. His master, imagining he was mad, shot the poor animal, who retired to die upon the purse. Some dogs possess a singular knack of hunting out any thing that has recently been in the possession of their masters. There is one ludicrous anecdote of this faculty which we fear is too good to be true. A gentleman made a bet that his dog would identify a frank that he threw down upon the Boulevards at Paris. Before the dog had discovered the money a passenger picked it up. Presently the dog caught the scent, followed the stranger to his hotel, remained with him all day, and attended him to bed, to the great delight of his newly constituted master, who was extremely flattered by his sudden attachment. But the moment the gentleman pulled off his small-clothes, in the pocket of which he had placed the franc, the dog barked at the door as if desirous to go out. The door was opened the dog caught the breeches, and rushed away to his rightful master. Shortly afterwards arrived, all *deshabillé*, the owner of the breeches, trembling for a purse of gold that lay in the same pocket with the important franc. The dog is not always upon the side of the aggressed. There is no weapon of defence which cannot be converted into a weapon of attack, and so it is with an animal that can be formed to any thing at the pleasure of his master. Highwaymen have accordingly taught them to aid them in their violence, and pickpockets to filch from counters, and seize reticules in the streets.

With the old writers none of the canine family appears to have excited more astonishment than the dog of the blind beggar. They dwell upon his sagacity with peculiar fondness, and have described him so well that we will allow them to speak in their own words. Here is what old Montaigne who had his eyes open for every thing singular, says on the subject:—

> 'I am struck with admiration at the performance, which is nevertheless very common, of those dogs that lead blind beggars in the country, and in cities. I have taken notice how they have stopped at certain doors where they are wont to receive alms; how they have avoided the encounter of coaches and carts, even in cases where they have had sufficient room to pass; and I have seen them, by the trench of a walled town, forsake a plain and even path to take a worse, only to keep their masters further from the ditch. How could a man have made this dog understand that it was his office to look to his master's safety only, and despise his own conveniency to serve him? And how did he acquire the knowledge, except by a process of reasoning, when the path was broad enough for himself, that it was not so for the blind man?'

A passage from an old Spanish author of the seventeenth century, translated with curious felicity by Lord Brougham, in his delightful 'Dialogues on Instinct,' gives us an account of the beggars' dogs at Rome:—

> 'The blind man's dog,' says he, 'will take him to the places where he may best hope to get his alms, and bring him thither through the crowd by the shortest way and the safest; nay, he will take him out of the city some miles to the great church of St. Paul as you go to Ostia. When in the town he cometh to a place where several ways meet, and with the sharpness of ear that the blind have, guided by some sound of a fountain, he gives the string a jerk by either hand, straightway will the poor dog turn and guide him to the very church where he knows his master would beg. In the street, too, knoweth he the charitably disposed houses that be therein, and will lead thither the beggar-man, who, stopping at one, saith his pater-noster; then down lieth the dog till he hear the last word of the beadsman, when straight he riseth and away to another house. I have seen myself with great joy, mingled with admiration, when a piece of money was thrown down from some window, he would run and pick it up and fetch it to the master's hat; nor, when bread is flung down, will he touch it, be he ever so hungry, but bring it to his master, and wait till he may have his share given him.'

We may add, that when the dog observes a funeral or any other assembly in a neighboring street, which is likely to conduce to the profit of his master, he turns aside from his accustomed route to join the throng. M. Blaze saw the dog of a beggar who had lately died carrying on the trade for his own subsistence. He put a penny into his tin, and the dog went straight to a baker's shop, and purchased a roll.

Edwin Landseer happily called the Newfoundland dog 'a Distinguished Member of the Humane Society;' and he has richly earned the tribute that has been paid him by that happy genius. His element is water, and his business to rescue those who are not at home in it as himself. This propensity of his nature is sometimes carried to a laughable excess. There was a Newfoundlander at Paris that would not even suffer that any one should bathe. He promenaded along the banks of the Seine, plunged in after the swimmers, and encumbered them with his help. While he was allowed to go at large no one could enjoy the luxury of a bath without being forcibly hurried back to land. Hence his officious zeal requires no stimulus when the danger is real. Nor is it a mechanical impulse. There have been instances in which he has summoned assistance when he has been insufficient by himself, or when no one was at hand to recover the object of his care. He counts his own life for nothing in his generous efforts. He will make an attempt to carry a rope from a sinking vessel to the shore, though the sea rages to a degree that renders it impossible for him to stem the tide.

There is no sacrifice of which a dog is not capable on behalf of his master. The dread of fire is overwhelming with animals, and yet (as we have already seen) he has been found occasionally to brave the flames. At Libourne, in France, in 1835, one of the townsmen gave an old suit of clothes to dress up an effigy. His dog happened to be by when it was burnt, and taking it for his master, he jumped upon the fire again and again to tear it away, biting those who attempted to retain him, and would have been burnt to death unless his master had appeared.

Few incidents of the Odyssey have been more admired than the knowledge of Ulysses by his faithful Argus, after a lapse of twenty years. Homer describes the recognition as instantaneous. Sir Walter Scott, with nicer discrimination, according to our observation, in relating the reception of Morton by his spaniel, represents it as gradual. The animal commences by barking as at a stranger, and it is only when recovered from his first surprise, and after much snuffing and examination, that he begins a course of capering and jumping. But in truth wherever Sir Walter has touched upon the dog, he has depicted him with a fidelity that naturalists might envy. We hardly feel as if passing from fiction to fact in telling an anecdote recorded by Tallemant des Reaux. A lady of his acquaintance who came from Poitou to settle in Paris, left a spaniel behind her. Ten years afterwards she sent some clothes, packed by herself, to the person who had the charge of the dog. The little creature no sooner smelt them, than he gambolled around them, and showed every mark of excessive joy.

Devoted to his master in life, the dog mourns him in death. There are few fields of battle which do not present him watching and mourning by the side of a master that has fallen in the fight. Wordsworth has consecrated a poem to the fidelity of the animal who was found whining over the skeleton of a traveller who had perished in the mountains of Cumberland three months before:—

> 'How nourished there through such long time
> He knows, who gave that love sublime;
> And gave that strength of feeling great
> Above all human estimate.'

Still more affecting is the fate of a dog related by Daniel in his 'Rural Sports.' He belonged to a magistrate who was thrown into prison during the French Revolution. Denied admittance to the dungeon, he waited day after day at the prison gate till he won upon the affections of the jailer. Put out every night, he returned every morning. He attended his master through the sad scenes of his trial and death, and accompanied him to his burial-place. At the end of three months he refused to eat, and began to dig up the earth which separated him from the being he loved. His strength declined as he approached the body, he shrieked in his exertions to complete his task, and expired in the midst of his convulsive efforts.

Such examples are of course exceptions to the general rule, just as it is rare with ourselves that any one dies of a broken heart. But the love which one friend or relative entertains towards another, the dog universally, and with greater constancy, exhibits to men of every degree who will only treat him with moderate kindness. 'There were particular people he could not abide,' says Christopher North of one of his favorites, 'nor at their hands would he have accepted a roasted potato from the dripping-pan.' But these antipathies are the result of that singular instinct by which he divines, as if by inspiration, whether a person is the friend or enemy of his species. If he growls at the one, he fawns upon the other, and it is truly wonderful to see with what readiness and justice he exercises his judgment. Bewick relates that a Newfoundland dog came to shore from a ship that was wrecked off Yarmouth in 1789, with the pocket-book of the captain, and after resisting the attempt of a number of people to take it from his mouth he deposited it in the breast of an individual in the crowd whose face inspired his confidence. Whenever the dog departs from his amiable deportment, it is the fault of man, and not of his creature. How often it has been repeated that the greyhound is mistrustful, capricious, incapable of attachment, and even dangerous, for every one of which qualities he is solely indebted to his mode of existence when kept for sport. Fairly domesticate him, we speak from experience, and he is all intelligence, fondness, and imperturbable good humor. Charles I. said of him truly that he had the affection of the spaniel without the fawning. The dog places all his happiness in gratifying his master. Cowper celebrated in verse the act of a spaniel who jumped into the water, and plucked for him a lily that he had vainly tried to reach with his stick. It is an epitome of the spirit which animates the whole canine race, though it is not every dog that displays such discernment. The eager watchfulness of the dog to learn the will of man enables him nevertheless to perform the most delicate duties. The sepoy soldiers of India, apprehensive lest a defiling shadow should pass over their food, are said by Colonel Hamilton Smith to trust to the common cur to keep off intruders. He has so well learnt his lesson that he drives away birds by springing in the air, and takes especial care that his own shadow does not cross the vessels. A large part of the intelligence of the dog owes its development to this desire to please. He is for ever waiting on our words and our gestures, on our movements and instructions, till he acquires something of human supremacy.

Much has been written to demonstrate that he can even attain to the comprehension of the ordinary conversation between man and man. Gall declares that he had often spoken purposely of objects which might interest his dog, taking care not to mention his name, or make any intonation or gesture which might awaken his attention, and that he still showed by his behavior that he understood what was said. Lord Brougham says that a most accurate and literal person gave him an account, of which the substance was, that his shooting-dogs discovered by what they heard that he intended to go into Nottinghamshire on the following day. A mother asked her boy to fetch his sister's clothes, and on his refusing peevishly, she said, to reproach him, 'Oh, Mungo will fetch them;' and the dog immediately executed the commission. We agree with Lord Brougham that these instances of presumed interpretation of our language are probably due to the microscopic eye of the dog for what passes around him, though, as he justly remarks, this only illustrates the more how well animals can profit by experience, and draw correct inferences from things observed by them. Where the words are addressed immediately to himself, it is not difficult to determine that he collects their purport either from the introduction of some well-learnt phrases, or from the tone and action which accompanies them. To take an example which at first sight appears to support the higher view of the understanding of the dog. M. Blaze having one day lost his road, a peasant offered him his dog to escort him to a certain house. 'Take the gentleman,' he said, turning to the animal, 'to such a place, but don't go in, mind you, and come back directly,'—then to M. Blaze, 'I tell him not to go in, because he would fight with the other dogs.' The dog did as he was bid, conducted M. Blaze to the house, and returned to his master. Here it was clear that the house to which he was sent was a familiar word like his own name, and equally clear that he had been often scolded for venturing within its precincts, and embroiling himself with his kindred, so that he would readily comprehend the scope of the prohibition from the monitory voice with which it was uttered. It was certainly a beautiful display of docility; but as regards the capacity of the dog to catch the meaning of words, it proves nothing more than that he attaches ideas to a few customary well-defined and expressive sounds. He would seem, however, to have an accurate sense of the lapse of time. That he distinguishes Sunday is nothing. Every thing wears such a different aspect that he might identify it at a glance. But he is also conscious of the recurrence of any other day of the week. A dog that belongs to the brother of Sir Thomas Wilde runs away on the Saturday night, and remains from home till the Monday morning, in order to escape being chained on the Sunday. Southey says in his 'Omniana,' that he knew of a dog which grew up with a Catholic, and was sold to a Protestant, that would never eat on a Friday. His grandfather had one which every Saturday (the killing-day of the week) went a couple of miles to pick up offal at the butcher's shop. A bull-dog mentioned by M. Blaze, who was accustomed to go on the same errand, kept to the propitious hour as well as the day. This dog was always present at family prayers, and when the last *Pater* was commenced he got up and stood at the door, that he might be ready to go out the instant it was opened. We suspect that he was instructed here by a slight movement in the circle, or by a variation in the pitch of reading, and not, as M. Blaze infers, by his ability to count the number of *Paters.* The dog also recognizes colors. Prisoners have written letters, according to M. Blaze, on yellow, red, or blue paper, and sent them by their dogs, who knew by the tint to whom they were addressed. It is certain that the dog with a little training makes an excellent messenger. Mr. Kirby mentions in his Bridgewater treatise that one that was accustomed to carry packets to a house, went to the kitchen to be fed when he had deposited his charge, and, as soon as he had done, appeared barking at the parlor window, to give notice that he was ready to return. Some have gone so far as to knock at the door, or ring the bell. The Spanish writer quoted by Lord Brougham, says that a friend was wont when he called to leave his mastiff at the door of the house, and the animal, in imitation of his master, pulled the bell in order to get in. The dog of a shop-keeper, who ran in and out of the street-door during the week, had always recourse to the knocker on Sunday when it was shut. Priscilla Wakefield, who tells this anecdote, adds two or three more of the same nature. M. Blaze knew a dog whose habit was, not to ring the bell, but to answer it. He regularly followed the servant from the kitchen to the door, and the visitor from the door to the parlor. In his old age, becoming too deaf to hear the sound, he took up his quarters where he could see the bell, that by watching its motion he might continue to know when any body called.

The dog possesses the, to us, incomprehensible instinct—in common, however, with other animals—of finding his way by a road that he has never traversed. Mr. Blain tells of a dog that was sent by sea from London to Scotland, and escaped back to the metropolis by land. Boisrot de Lacour, a French writer on the chase, took a terrier from Rochefort to Paris, and though the dog made the journey in a carriage, and slept all the way, he returned when he was liberated to his former master. Once again he borrowed a hound of a brother sportsman, who resided at a considerable distance; the next day, when he was let out to hunt, he slipped away and ran off home, not, as was discovered, by the road he had been brought, but in a straight line across flood and field. M. Blaze calls this instinct a sixth sense, of which we can frame no sort of idea. 'Experience, however,' he continues, 'demonstrates that it exists. The camel conducts his master three hundred leagues through the sands of the desert, where there is no track to guide him. The pigeon carries letters through the pathless air. The birds of passage born in Europe emigrate to India; and, what is remarkable, travel ordinarily without their parents who have made the voyage before. The horse finds his road across the snow; and probably all animals have the same faculty.' On the other hand, an extraordinary circumstance, related by Dupont de Nemours, in a memoir read before the French Institute, can only be attributed to the effects of intelligence. The dog in question was the property of a shoe-black at Paris, whose trade he sustained by dipping his paws into the mud and soiling the shoes of the first person that passed along. If the pedestrian continued his progress, he dirtied the next; if he stopped to have the mischief repaired, he remained quiet till his master was at leisure for a fresh customer, and then the game recommenced. He was purchased by an Englishman, enchanted with his cleverness, and taken to London. He contrived to escape, went to the inn where the coach that brought him put up, followed it back to Dover, and, after crossing in a packet-boat to Calais, again placed himself in the wake of a carriage, which pioneered him to Paris. One habit of dogs, that of deserting a town an hour or two before an earthquake, which is frequently ascribed to some strange and unaccountable instinct, depends simply on their every-day perceptions. The rumbling sound strikes their quick ears before it is heard by any one else, and scares them away. In our observation of the dog we seldom attach sufficient importance to the fineness of his senses. They are so acute that a sleeping dog knows whether he is touched by his master or a stranger, remaining quiet in the first case, and growling in the last.

Another feature of the dog, which is really singular, is the exceeding strength of his hereditary instincts. We will not build on the assertion that the progeny of the dogs trained by Cortez and Pizarro to destroy the Indians, attacked the savages with the same fury as their parents before them, because we think that the occurrence is not properly authenticated: nor do we attach any weight to the circumstance, recorded by White, in his 'Natural History of Selborne,' of the pups of the Chinese dogs that were taken from teat showing a dislike to animal food, because the vegetable diet of the mother must have affected her milk, and might very well have formed the taste of her offspring. But we confine ourselves to notorious and indisputable facts, such as that the peculiarities of the pointer, which are entirely artificial, have become nearly innate in a succession of generations; or as that the produce of a shepherd's dog, who is in active service, instinctively keeps the flocks, while, if his father or grandfather have been taken away from their natural occupation, he will have lost the art, and be difficult to teach.

'I ascertained,' says Mr. Knight, who investigated this subject for a long series of years, 'that a terrier, whose parents had been in the habit of fighting with polecats, will instantly show every mark of anger when he first perceives the scent of that animal, though the animal itself be wholly concealed from his sight. A young spaniel, brought up with the terrier, showed no marks of emotion at the scent of the polecat, but it pursued a woodcock, the first time it saw one, with clamor and exultation; and a young pointer, which I am certain had never seen a partridge, stood trembling with anxiety, its eyes fixed, and its muscles rigid, when conducted into the midst of a covey of those birds. Yet each of these dogs are mere varieties of the same species, and to that species none of these habits are given by nature.'

Woodcocks resort in frosty weather to streams and rills that remain unfrozen, and the old dogs, who can always tell the degree of cold which induces them to shift their quarters, make, on such occasions, for the water. Not only did Mr. Knight find that their young did the same thing, but that the amount of their skill was proportioned to the experience of their parents at the time of their birth. The hunting dogs of Mexico seize behind, and never in front, the large deer of the country, who would otherwise throw them down and break their backs. Their offspring inherit the tactics of their fathers; whereas all other dogs commit the error of facing the game, and are killed in consequence. A pup of the St. Bernard's breed, that was born in London, took, when winter came, and the snow was on the ground, to tracing footsteps after the fashion of his Alpine ancestors, which he had never done in the previous seasons. The dog who dug a hole in the sand of the sea-shore to protect himself from the rays of a burning sun, while his companion, instead of imitating him, lay howling with pain, was probably the descendant of one of those canine colonies who burrow in the ground. It would be useless to comment on this strange propensity: hitherto it has remained as inexplicable as it is certain. If more attention was paid to it in practice, it might be possible to bring the qualities of the dog to a degree of perfection hitherto unknown.

More marvellous than all, in the eyes of the vulgar, are the tricks that have been taught to dogs by showmen. Plutarch saw a dog that would pretend to be poisoned. He swallowed the drug, and then went through the stages of dying, death, and gradual revival. M. Blaze witnessed the exhibition of some dancing dogs, who took a citadel by assault: part feigned to be vanquishers, part to be killed, others affected to be wounded, and went about limping. They have been brought to spell two or three hundred words, to perform the three first rules of arithmetic, to play at cards, at draughts, and at dominos; and, if one of the number committed a mistake, the others corrected him. But, however calculated to raise ignorant wonder, we take no pleasure in these learned feats, which are mere mechanical exercises, impressed upon the dog with infinite labor and cruelty; and of the meaning of which he knows absolutely nothing. So it was with the dog that Leibnitz heard pronounce, after his master, reluctantly and indistinctly, above thirty words. Shortly after, a man at Berlin contrived to extort a species of resemblance to double that number, by exciting a dog to growl, and then working his jaws. It cost him six years to attain this idle result. 'I love better,' says M. Blaze, 'the natural language of the dog: it is a thousand times more expressive than the mechanical repetition of all the words in the dictionary.' Assuredly, it could not be more intelligible if he was gifted with speech; and among dogs themselves it appears to enable them to communicate past events and future intentions. A dog that has been bitten by one larger than himself, has been repeatedly seen to assemble his friends, who have gone in a troop to punish the offender.

This brings us to say a word upon the intercourse of dogs with one another, which is by no means of so amiable a cast as that which they maintain with ourselves. Their casual greetings are often of an angry, and generally of a mistrustful, surly nature. When strange dogs have once quarrelled they can never meet without renewing hostilities. M. Blaze avers that he had known the enmity of a dog extend to the master of his opponent, and no conciliation could disarm his wrath. They long retain the remembrance of any injury inflicted on them by one of their race. Tallemant des Reaux says that in his time the Bishop of Vence had a little dog who barked and pulled his cassock, as if to demand vengeance, whenever any one pronounced the name of a mastiff that had bitten him, and he continued to do this two years after the event. When the manifest superiority is combined with good nature, the dog will sometimes take only a playful vengeance. Colonel Hamilton Smith witnessed a curious scene between a cur and a shepherd's dog, in which the former had bitten a sheep, and the latter to punish him dragged him by his ear to a puddle, where he kept dabbling him in the mud. On another occasion the Colonel was present when a water-dog showed to a stranger of his kind a perfect generosity. He plunged unbidden into the current of a roaring sluice to save a small cur maliciously flung in. In almost every case dogs contract an exceeding attachment when once they become companions. If one is attacked the other usually rushes to his aid. Though extremely jealous of their food, even appetite has been known to give way to affection. A Newfoundland dog who roamed at large was seen more than once, says Sheppard, in his 'Autumn Dream,' to leap the gate which separated the yard of the house from the farm-yard, and carry large bones that had been given him to a sporting dog who was tied up in the stable. We have often ourselves observed a greyhound suffer a little spaniel who lived with him to take away his food. In moments of danger they show the deepest sympathy. When a poor creature stuck fast in a burrow, his companions spent two days in digging him out with their feet. And Wordsworth commemorates another faithful friend, who stood moaning with outstretched paws to see a fellow-dog, with whom he was hunting, lost beneath the ice upon which he had trusted himself in pursuit of a hare. No one is ignorant of the love which the female bears to her young, and few are unacquainted with that marvellous and affecting instance of it quoted by Addison in a paper of the 'Spectator':—'A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and, as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking, and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain; on the removal she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one than the sense of her own torments.' The horrible barbarity of the experiment almost overpowers our admiration of the maternal love, and we blush to contrast the cruelty of the man with the invincible affection of the dog.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the sagacity of the dog on particular points, it is impossible to deny that he possesses faculties in addition to those which we ordinarily call instinct. We have no intention at present to plunge into the thorny discussion of the precise extent of his intellectual powers; but we feel assured that no one can follow the dog through the several phases of his history, and not acknowledge, in the words of Gaston Phœbus, which M. Blaze has taken for his motto, "That he is the most noble, most reasonable, and most knowing beast that God ever made." And, as all his rare endowments have been dedicated to man, there is no animal in creation that has a stronger claim upon our gratitude and love. M. Blaze, whose affectionate earnestness for the welfare of the dog is the great charm of his book, would extend his care beyond their lives, and erect monuments to their memory. A great poet, whose feelings are always warm and true, has supplied the answer in a tribute to a dog whose death he lamented, and whose "name" he "honored:"

"Lie here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth!
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no stone we raise;
More thou deserv'st; but *this* man gives to man,
Brother to brother—*this* is all we can."

But, if we raise no stone, the epitaph of the dog has been written in many splendid eulogies. M. Blaze has added one more to the number, which we think is not unworthy to stand beside the best:

'The dog,' he says, 'possesses, incontestably, all the qualities of a sensible man; and, I grieve to say it, man has not in general the noble qualities of the dog. We make a virtue of gratitude, which is nothing but a duty; this virtue, this duty, are inherent in the dog. We brand ingratitude, and yet all men are ungrateful. It is a vice which commences in the cradle, and grows with our growth; and, together with selfishness, becomes almost always the grand mover of human actions. The dog knows not the word virtue; that which we dignify by this title, and admire as a rare thing—and very rare it is in truth—constitutes his normal state. Where will you find a man always grateful, never ungrateful—always affectionate, never selfish—pushing the abnegation of self to the utmost limits of possibility; without gain, devoted to death, without ambition, rendering every service—in short, forgetful of injuries, and only mindful of benefits received? Seek him not—it would be a useless task: but take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you for his master, you will find in *him* all these qualities. He will love you without calculation entering into his affections. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he aid you in this difficult trade, but he would not abandon you to follow even a king into his palace. Your friends will quit you in misfortune—your wife perhaps will forget her plighted troth; your dog will remain always near you—he will come and die at your feet; or, if you depart before him for the great voyage, he will accompany you to your last abode.'

THE DIALOGUES OF PLATO.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Plato's Unterredungen über die Gesetze.* (Plato's 'Laws,' translated from the Greek by Schulthek, with the Notes of Salomon Vögelin, Zürich professor.) 2 vols. Zürich, 1842-3.
2. *Platonis Parmenides, cum quatuor libris prolegomenorum et commentario perpetuo. Accedunt Procli in Parmenidem ommentarii nunc emendatius editi. Cura* Godofr: Stallbaumi. (The 'Parmenides' of Plato, with the Commentary of Proclus. Edited by G. Stallbaum.) Lipsiæ. 1839–41.
3. *Schleiermacher's Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato.* Translated from the German by William Dobson, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge. 1836.
4. *The Clouds of Aristophanes, with Notes.* By C. C. Felton, M. A., Eliot Professor of Greek in Harvard University. Cambridge, Massachusetts, U. S. 1841.
5. *Geschichte der Philosophie.* (History of Philosophy, by Ritter.) Hamburg.—1838–41.

Professor Vögelin's edition of the 'Laws,' though good evidence of the continued zeal of modern German criticism, has little that immediately concerns us in resuming our articles on the Greek Philosophy. Vögelin argues with force and ingenuity, against good authority on the other side, for the opinion that the 'Laws' was written by Plato in his old age, and that as the 'Republic' had described an ideal state, his object here was to set forth a possible one. But these are questions which will not occur to us till we have redeemed the promise which was given at the close of our account of Socrates and the Sophists,* of exhibiting those passages of the defence of Socrates before his judges, and those incidents of his last imprisonment and death, through which we pass to the most correct judgment of the rise and mission of his greatest scholar. And when these have been shown, the method of Plato will require to be dealt with in some detail, before any of the great conclusions of his philosophy that are imbodied in the 'Republic' and the 'Laws' can form a part of our inquiry. Plato was not twenty years of age when he became the pupil of Socrates; at the time of his master's execution by the people of Athens he was in his thirtieth year; he was more than eighty-two when he died.

His 'Apology' is our guide to what passed in the court when Socrates was told to defend himself, and to the labor and learning of Schleiermacher it is chiefly due that we can in that character so confidently use it. In the admirable work which is mentioned at the head of this paper, Schleiermacher has shown, to the satisfaction of the best scholars of our time, that the 'Apology' was, in all probability, as true a copy from recollection of the actual defence of Socrates, as the practised memory of Plato, and the necessary distinction between a written speech and one negligently delivered, could render possible. The great scholar has founded also, on the same admirable argument, a suggestion of great importance intimately connected with the view which has been taken in these papers of the position of Socrates in regard to general philosophy. That Xenophon had neither the design nor the capacity to exhibit that position, either in respect to doctrine or method, with any degree of completeness, or with scientific accuracy, must be admitted to be quite clear: and upon this Schleiermacher suggests that—over and above what Xenophon has described, and not in the least interfering with his practical maxims or successful strokes of character, but indeed strengthening both—it is very possible that Socrates may yet have been actually such a person as to give Plato a right and an inducement to portray him as he stands in the Platonic Dialogues. With this clue it seems to us that some germs of thought which pass for little in the 'Memorabilia,' taken and unfolded in that peculiar spirit and method which the Dialogues make everywhere apparent and predominant in the mouth of Socrates, would not seldom expand into profound speculative doctrines: which would thus appear to have been perhaps too hastily given altogether to Plato, when Plato's master should have had his share in them. With this clue, in fact, it might not be difficult to pierce farther than has yet been thought even possible, into that labyrinth of doubt to every reader of the Dialogues, as to how much of their Socrates belongs to Plato, and how much of their Plato to Socrates. The suggestion is even valuable for the light it would throw on the source of the exact individuality of a picture, which, if we are to consider it a mere work of fiction, we must consider Plato in almost equal rank with the greatest master of the dramatic art.

The exact words of Schleiermacher may be quoted. Having shown that the 'Apology' must be taken as the defence of

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* *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 60, p. 331.

Socrates, reported by Plato, he proceeds thus:

> "For Socrates here speaks exactly as Plato makes him speak, and as we, according to all that remains to us, cannot say that any other of his pupils did make him speak. And so little does this similarity admit of doubt, that, on the contrary, an observation of some importance may be founded upon it. I mean, whether certain peculiarities in the Platonic dialogue—particularly the fictitious questions and answers introduced into one proposition, and the accumulation and comprehension under some other of several particular propositions in common, often much too enlarged for this subordinate passage; together with the interruptions almost unavoidably ensuing in the construction of the period as begun—whether these, as we find them here so very prevalent, are not properly to be referred to Socrates. They appear in Plato most in those places in which he is particularly Socratic; but they are most frequent, and least clear of their accompanying negligences, in this dialogue and the following one [The 'Crito:' like the 'Apology,' a report of an incident in the actual life of Socrates]. And from these considerations taken together, a manifest probability arises that these forms of speech were originally copied after Socrates, and consequently are connected with the mimic arts of Plato, who endeavored to a certain degree to imitate the language also of those whom he introduces, if they had peculiarities otherwise which justified him in so doing. And whoever tries this observation by the different works of Plato, will find it very much confirmed by them. And that other Socraticians did not attempt such an imitation is accounted for, on the one hand, by the circumstance that no little art was required to bend, to a certain degree, these peculiarities of a negligent colloquial style to the laws of written language, and to blend them with the regulated beauty of expression; and on the other, that more courage was required to meet a certain share of censure from small critics than Xenophon perhaps possessed."

Leaving the whole question to those who have leisure to pursue it, (and its interest will repay the nicest consideration,) we open the 'Apology' of Plato for those passages which we have promised to lay before the reader. The opening sentences bore reference to a circumstance already known in the court: that the great orator Lysias,* on ordinary occasions strongly opposed to the philosopher, had composed a speech in defence of Socrates, and brought it to him for his use, and that he declined it. 'It is very eloquent,' he said, 'but it is too artificial for my character.' It is worthy of remark that there were other indications at the commencement of the trial, even among its leading instigators, of a desire to compromise or ward off the full consequences of the prosecution. Anytus himself is even said to have offered, on certain conditions, to withdraw it altogether: but Socrates refused the conditions. That the philosopher had, in some of his public arguments, given mortal offence to this person, we think tolerably certain. In the 'Meno,' indeed, Plato distinctly introduces him in a state of violent anger, leaving the company of Socrates with a threat, which, 'if it was ever uttered,' the indictment fatally fulfilled. Fatally, that is, for the honor of its promoters, and the wisdom of its judges: to Socrates there was not any thing fatal in the indictment or its issue. It is more than probable, from the whole course of the circumstances, that if he might have exerted a choice, he would have chosen both.

The charges against him he took in succession. The first he directly repelled, as falsely applied to one who had never outraged the institutions of the state. The second he subjected to a series of reasonings, by which his prosecutors were involved in deplorable contradictions: and it is that part of the 'Apology' which the student will find most strikingly corroborative of the views of Schleiermacher. Socrates closed this branch of the defence with a declaration, that by his course of life he had served faithfully and reverently a wise oracle of the Delphic god, and in all things else had but obeyed the warnings of the genius which had so often secretly counselled him. The third charge he treated with lofty indifference: almost derision.

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* Lysias was the great leader of the art which, in the 'Clouds,' Strepsiades is so anxious that his son should acquire to help him get rid of his debts: an art from which old worlds cannot free themselves, and which new worlds are quick to seize: as the reader will perceive from sorrowful allusions of Professor FELTON to the transcendentalists and cloud-philosophers, who surround him in his little commonwealth of Boston. We regret that when we had occasion to remark on Aristophanes, we had not seen the edition of the 'Clouds' by this excellent American scholar; who, with a learning worthy of his cause, and a steady perseverance which is omen of success, has so gallantly sustained every recent effort of CLASSICAL STUDY in the United States—depressed, and struggling against many disadvantages. His view of the general motives of Aristophanes does not differ from our own. His notes to this particular play, in the same agreeable spirit as those of Mitchell, are less trifling and perhaps more amusing. Certainly it is a book—this edition of the 'Clouds,' by Mr. Felton—eminently suited to the purpose in view. That American youth must be an inveterately anti-classical, or uncommonly dull dog, who does not suspect, by the first glance at his Professor's notes, that if he perseveres through the difficulty of the outset, he will discover something to repay him, in kind, for even the most amusing of the pursuits abandoned a while in favor of old Aristophanes.

But not for any particular charge, he said, had he been dragged before them that day. That he was not guilty according to the accusation of Melitus or Anytus, what he had said was proof sufficient: but that he was greatly unpopular with many persons, and that, if condemned, not Melitus nor Anytus, but prejudice and calumny in the minds of the many, would be the authors of his condemnation, they all knew to be true. These had done a like office for other and good men, and would continue to do it: there was no fear that he should be the last. The origin of the popular prejudice against himself, Socrates next explained. Never from the earliest time had there been any lack of imputations 'always at hand to be cast upon all who philosophize,' of not believing in gods: and such were the weapons of his accusers. What was hardest of all, he added, one could not do so much as know the names of the people who used these weapons, *except perhaps a playwriter* or so.[*] 'You have yourselves seen, in the comedy of Aristophanes, a certain Socrates who professes to walk the air, with much other trifling, about which I do not understand one jot: *and something of this sort is what is now imputed to me!*' If the great comic poet was in the court that day, he heard this with a feeling little to be envied. The demagogue Anytus he had scorned and hated, the poet Melitus he had ridiculed and laughed at, were then and there reversing the verdict of twenty years earlier date, and proclaiming the success of the comedy of the 'Clouds!'

For instruction and example to all following generations of men, Socrates now delivered these sublime passages.[*]

"Perhaps now, some may say, 'Art thou not then ashamed, O Socrates, of practising a pursuit from which thou art now in danger of death?' To such a person I may justly make answer, 'Thou speakest not well, O friend, if thou thinkest that a man should calculate the chances of living or dying—altogether an unimportant matter—instead of considering this only when he does any thing: Whether what he does be just or unjust, the act of a good or of a bad man. . . . . Thus it is, O Athenians: wheresoever our post is, whether we choose it, thinking it the best, or are placed in it by a superior—there, as I hold, we ought to remain, and suffer all chances, neither reckoning death nor any other consequence as worse than dishonor. I therefore should be greatly in the wrong, O Athenians, if when I was commanded by the superiors whom you set over me, at Potidæa and Amphipolis and Delium, I remained (like other people) where those superiors posted me, and perilled my life; but when, as I believed, the God commanded me, and bade me pass my life in philosophizing and examining myself and others, then, fearing either death or any thing else, I should abandon my post. . . . To be afraid of death, O Athenians, is to fancy ourselves wise, not being so; for it is to fancy that we know what we do not know. No one knows whether death is not the greatest possible good to man. But people fear it, as if they knew it to be the greatest of evils. What is this but the most discreditable ignorance, to think we know what we know not? This, however, I do know, that to do injustice, and to resist the injunctions of one who is better than myself, be he God or man, is evil and disgraceful. I shall not, therefore, fly to the evils which I know to be evils, from fear of that which, for aught I know, may be a good. If, therefore, you were to say to me, 'O Socrates, we will now, in spite of what Anytus said, let you off, but upon condition that you shall no longer persevere in your search, in your philosophizing—if you are again convicted of doing so you shall be put to death'—if, I say, you should propose to let me off on these conditions, I should answer to you: O Athenians, I love and cherish you, but I will obey the God rather than you; and as long as I breathe, and it is not out of my power, I will not cease to philosophize, and to exhort you to philosophy, and point out the way to whomsoever among you I fall in with; saying, as I am wont, 'O most worthy person, art thou, an Athenian of the greatest city and the most celebrated for wisdom and power, not ashamed that thou studiest to possess as much money as possible, and reputation, and honor, but concernest not thyself even to the smallest degree about Intellect and Truth, and the wellbeing of thy mental nature?' And if any of you shall dispute the fact, and say that he does concern himself about these things, I will not let him off or depart; but will question him, and examine and confute him; and if he seem to me not to possess virtue, but to assert that he does, I will reproach him for valuing least what is highest worth, and highest what is most worthless. . . . . I say, therefore, O Athenians, whether you believe Anytus or not, whether you acquit me or not, let it be with the knowledge that I shall do no other things than these: not though I should die many deaths."

At this tone of defiance, great agitation appears to have run through the court, and loud murmurs. Whereon Socrates bade the assemblage listen rather than cry out, since he had other things to say which they might be even more disposed to bawl out against, but would certainly be the better for hearing. He told them to reflect, that if they put him to death, being such as he described himself, they would hurt him infinitely less than they would hurt themselves. 'Me, Anytus and Melitus will not hurt: they cannot. It is not permitted that a better man should be hurt by a worse.' An evil it might be to suffer death, or exile, or deprivation of civic rights, but to attempt to kill another man unjustly was to incur far greater evil. Nor while he spoke thus, was Socrates in any degree unconscious of the point on which his condemnation would chiefly turn; and that it was the bitter recollection of such men as Critias and Alcibiades, to whose accomplishment his instructions were said to have contributed, which would mainly dispose the majority of his judges against him. Scorning to overlook this truth, he now adverted to it in such a manner, that while the particular charge was repelled, it was to assume, with uncompromising grandeur of soul, a larger and more severe responsibility. He told them why he had never sought to educate politicians; why he had through life avoided politics. But for that he had long ago perished, and done no good to himself or them. 'And be not angry with me for saying the truth. It is impossible that any human being should escape destruction, who sincerely opposes himself to you or to any other multitude; and strives to prevent many injustices and illegalities from being transacted in the state.' He proudly referred to his firm opposition of an unjust popular clamor under the Democracy, to his resolute defeat of a proposed iniquity of the tyrants under the Oligarchy: in two memorable instances cited on a former occasion.* 'I then,' he added, 'not by word but by deed proved that I do not care one jot for death, but every thing for avoiding an unjust or impious action. In whatever public transaction I may have been engaged, I shall always be found such as I am in private: never tolerating the slightest violation of justice, either in any one else, or in those whom my calumniators assert to be my disciples.'

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[*] *Πλὴν εἴ τις κωμῳδοποιὸς τυγχάνει ὤν.*

[†] In the above translation we have availed ourselves, with occasional exception, of an admirable version published some years ago in Mr. Fox's 'Monthly Repository.' It is much the best that we have seen: indeed it is the only one that will bear the least comparison with the original. Taylor's is poor in the extreme, and that which is found in the miserable compilation of 'Plato's Divine Dialogues,' is more French than Greek.

In the simplicity and nobleness of his concluding exhortation, Socrates wore his greatness to the last. Beautiful is the absence of any mournful solemnity, of any maudlin pathos.

"These things, O Athenians, and such as these, are what I have to say in my defence. Perhaps some one among you may be displeased with me, when he bethinks himself that in the trial which preceded mine, the accused, though he had less at stake, entreated the judges with many tears; and brought hither, to excite their pity, his children, and others of his relations and friends: while I shall do nothing of the kind, although the penalty, which as it may seem I am in danger of, is the severest of all. Some of you perhaps, thinking of these things, may feel harshly towards me, and may give an angry vote. I hope this is not the case with any one of you, but if it is, I think I may very properly hold the following discourse to him. I, too, most worthy person, have relatives: I am not, as Homer says, sprung from an oak tree, or from a rock, but from human beings; and I have not only relatives, but three sons, O Athenians: one of them a youth, the two others still children. Nevertheless, I shall not, bringing any of them here, implore you to acquit me. And why?—Not from pride, O Athenians, nor from disdain of you: but for this reason: whether I look upon death with courage or with fear is another matter; but with a view to our reputation, both mine and yours, and that of the city itself, it does not seem to me honorable that I should do such things at my age, and with such a name as I have, whether merited or not. Men certainly believe that Socrates is in some way superior to the multitude of mankind. And it would be shameful if those among you who are esteemed superior to the rest, whether in wisdom, or in courage, or in any other virtue, should conduct themselves like so many others whom I have seen on their trial, and might but for this have been taken for people of some account, who moved heaven and earth to be acquitted as if it were something dreadful to die; as though they expected to be immortal unless you should put them to death. Such things, O Athenians, we who are thought to be of some account, ought neither to do, nor if we did, ought you to suffer us; but, on the contrary, to show that you will much rather condemn those who enact these pathetic dramas, and make the city ridiculous, than those who refrain from them. And besides the discredit, it does not seem to me even just, to supplicate the judge, and escape by supplication: but to instruct and convince him. For the judge does not sit here to make a favor of justice, but impartially to inquire into it; and he has sworn not to gratify whomsoever he pleases, but to judge according to the laws. Do not then, O Athenians, demand of me to do such things towards you as I deem to be neither beautiful, nor just, nor holy. If I should influence your decision by supplications, when you have sworn to do justice, I should indeed teach that you do not believe in Gods, and my defence of myself would be an accusation against myself that I believe not in them. But far is this from the truth. I believe in them, O Athenians, *as not one of my accusers does.*"

The verdict of guilt was passed by a majority of six votes; and it may well have been, as we are informed, not the nature of the verdict, but the smallness of the majority, which astonished all who had listened to the defence. It remained, by the Athenian law, the right of the prisoner to

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* Article 'Socrates and the Sophists of Athens:' F. Q. R., No. 60.

speak in mitigation of the penalty proposed by the prosecutor, and to assign another for the court to decide upon. This privilege was at first declined by Socrates; he could imagine no punishment, he said, suitable to what he had done: such a life as his had been, claimed reward, not punishment. But his friends then crowded round him; Plato, Crito, and the rest; and at their persuasion he yielded to the forms required.

"The penalty proposed by my accuser is death. What penalty shall I, on my part, propose? surely that which I deserve. Well, then—because I never relaxed in instructing myself, but, neglecting what the many care for, money-getting and household management, and military commands, and civil offices, and speechmaking, and all the political clubs and societies in the city (thinking myself in fact too honest to follow these pursuits and be safe)—I did not go where I could be of no use either to you or to myself, but went to each man individually to confer on him the greatest of all benefits—attempting to persuade every one of you, to think of none of his own concerns till he had looked to making himself as good and as wise as possible; nor of the city's concerns, till he had looked to making the city so; and to pursue all other things in a similar spirit.—What, then, I say, ought to be done to me for such conduct? Some good. O Athenians, if I am really to be treated according to my deserts: and a good of such a kind as beseems me. What, then, beseems a man *in poor circumstances*, your benefactor, and requiring leisure to prosecute his exhortations? There is nothing, O Athenians, which would be so suitable for such a man to receive, *as a maintenance at the public expense*. It would befit him much better than any of you who may have carried away the prize of horse and chariot racing at the Olympic contests.* For such a man makes you only seem happy, but I make you be so: and he does not require a maintenance, but I do. If, therefore, I must estimate myself justly according to my deserts, *I rate myself at a maintenance in the Prytaneum.*

Death is a grave and portentous matter, till such a perfect soul as this of Socrates sets its claims aside. How lightly he springs into his native region, beyond its reach: with what playful ease rejects all tragic notion of a sacrifice, in putting off so worthless a thing as life. But his imploring friends are around him still, and he turns to his judges once again.

"In saying this, as in what I said about supplication and entreaty, I am not influenced by pride. But being convinced that I have wronged no one, I cannot consent to wrong myself, by affirming that I am worthy of any evil, and proposing that any evil should be inflicted upon me as a penalty. If I had money, I would estimate my penalty at as much money as I was able to pay, for it would have been no damage to me: but now—I have none: unless you are willing to fix the penalty at what I am able to pay. Perhaps I could pay as much as a silver mina: at this, therefore, I rate the penalty. Plato here, and Crito, and Critobulus, and Apollodorus, O Athenians, bid me rate it at thirty minæ,† and they undertake to be my sureties. I do so therefore, and their security is adequate."

The answer to this was what all those despairing friends must now have expected, and Socrates himself no doubt desired: instant Sentence of Death by the cup of hemlock. Such had been the effect of this last address, that eighty judges, who had before pronounced for his acquittal, now voted the extreme punishment. It was not customary that a condemned prisoner should speak again, but Socrates had still some warnings and truths to utter before he closed the mission of that fatal yet glorious day.

"It is but for the sake of a short span, O Athenians, that you have incurred the imputation from those who wish to speak evil against the city, of having put to death Socrates, a wise man: for those who are inclined to reproach you, will say that I am wise even if I am not. Had you waited a short time, then this would have happened without your agency: for you see my years: I am far advanced in life, and near to death. I address this not to all of you, but to those who have voted for the capital sentence. And this, too, I say to the same persons: perhaps you think that I have been condemned from want of skill in such modes of working upon your minds, as I might have employed with success if I had thought it right to employ all means to escape from condemnation. Far from it. I have been condemned, not for want of things to say, but for want of daring and shamelessness: because I did not choose to say to you the things which would have been pleasantest to you to hear, weeping and lamenting, and doing and saying other things which I affirm to be unworthy of me, as you are accustomed to see others do. But neither did I then think fit, because of my danger, to do any thing unworthy of a freeman; nor do I now repent of having thus defended myself. I would far rather have made the one defence and die, than have made the other and live. Neither in a court of justice, nor in war, ought we to make it our object, that, whatever happen, we may escape death. The difficulty, O Athenians, is not to escape from death, but from guilt; for guilt is swifter than death, and runs faster. And now I, being old, and slow of foot, have been overtaken by death, the slower of the two; but my accusers, who are brisk and vehement, by wickedness, the swifter. We quit this place: I having been sentenced by You to death; but they having sentence passed upon them by Truth, of guilt and injustice. I submit to my punishment, and they to theirs. These things, perhaps, are as they should be, and for the best. But I wish, O men who have condemned me, to prophesy to you what is next to come: for I am in the position in which men are most wont to prophesy, being at the point of death. I say, then, O you who have slain me, that immediately after my death there will come upon you a far severer punishment than that which you have inflicted upon me. For you have done this, thinking by it to escape from being called to account for your lives. But I affirm that the very reverse will happen to you. There will be many to call you to account, whom I have hitherto restrained, and whom you saw not; and being younger, they will give you more annoyance, and you will be still more provoked. For if you think, by putting men to death, to deter others from reproaching you with living amiss, you think ill. That mode of protecting yourselves is neither very possible nor very noble: the nobler and the easier, too, were not to cut off other people, but *so to order yourselves* as to arrive at the greatest excellence."

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* Winners of the Olympic prizes were occasionally thought to have so far conferred honor on their country, as to be entitled, with greater public benefactors, to a lodging for the rest of their lives in the Prytaneum; a public building in the Acropolis.

* About £125.

This looks like a covert threat—so at least may we read it now—of what Plato had in store for Athens and the Athenians! He afterwards told his judges that it behoved them to be of good cheer concerning death; and to fix in their minds the truth, that to a good man, whether he die or live, nothing is evil, nor are his affairs neglected by the gods. Further he begged of them, when his sons grew up, if they should seem to study riches, or any other ends in preference to virtue—'punish them, O Athenians, by tormenting them as I tormented you: and if they are thought to be something, being really nothing, reproach them as I have reproached you.' The words which followed were worthy to have been the last that Socrates publicly uttered in his beloved Athens.

'*It is now time to be going: me to die, you to live: and which is the better lot of the two, is hidden from all except the God.*'

The world has only witnessed one greater scene of Duty and Example than this, which thus sublimely closed. Socrates was not taken, as he seems to have anticipated, to immediate execution. It happened that the sacred vessel which carried the yearly offerings of the Athenians to Delos, had left the city but the day before, and from the moment the priest of Apollo had crowned its stern with the laurel, till it again sailed into the Piræus, no criminal could be put to death. The thirty days this festival of the Theoria lasted, were of course passed by the philosopher in prison: the society of friends being allowed, though the chains of the condemned were not intermitted.

In this interval Crito, his oldest associate and disciple, went to him with a plan for his escape, which there is no doubt they had so arranged as to accomplish easily.* But their zealous labors and affectionate prayers were vain: Socrates told them he should obey the laws that had condemned him. In defence of Order he had craved death before, when life was younger, and better worth preserving: he should not violate it now. No injustice of man, he added, could sanction a disregard of the laws of one's country; we should not, with any other father or master, return evil for evil, or injury for injury; nor was it becoming that the institutions of the state should be that way treated by its children.† The laws of this world, in his opinion, had sister laws in the other, which would avenge a wrong committed against them. Nor, even were this otherwise, could banishment to a foreign land have any thing to make it tolerable to one who loved Athens as he had loved her. Crito submitted,‡ and from that time the sacred converse of the prison assumed a more cheerful strain.

But when the fatal day at last arrived, all fortitude gave way at the tranquil gaiety of Socrates, and the prison was filled with afflicted mourners. He appealed to them, reproached, consoled them: and they listened to his last discourse on the immortality of the soul, and on the advantages of death as the liberator from every thing that in life interrupts contemplation. At its close, he exhorted them to pass the rest of the existence that should be allotted to them, in exact accordance with the principles he had taught, and thus best evince the gratitude and affection which they owed him. He then, as Crito solemnly gave this promise, playfully warned him not to confound that which would soon meet death with what would still be Socrates: nor mourn over the dead body he would have to inter, as if the living Socrates were there. The cup that held the poison, he took into his hand as if it had been the last of a long and happy banquet: smiling at the anxious entreaty which would have had him delay some minutes yet, for that the sun still lingered on the mountains. The sacred ceremonies of the festive meal were not even then disregarded; and when uncontrollable grief burst forth from all as he steadily drank off the poison, cheerfully he reassured those weeping mourners that death was nothing more than a change of residence, which he prayed the Gods might in his case be a happy one. Obeying, then, the last instruction of the officer, (even that had been given with tears,) he paced quickly through his narrow cell, to give freedom to the action of the hemlock; and 'when he felt his limbs grow heavy, laid himself down to die.' When it reaches my heart, he said, I shall leave you. The poison had nearly done that office, when Socrates raised himself with difficulty to give his last instruction. 'Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius: take care that you pay it to him, and do not neglect it.' He heard the answer of Crito, and did not speak again.

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* Diog. Laer., ii. 60. Plato's 'Crito.'

† Plato's 'Crito,' p. 51, d. e. We are quite aware that these opinions were made peculiarly those of Plato in subsequent and more elaborate dialogues; but they are here quite consistent with the views and character of Socrates.

‡ The most affecting passage in the 'Crito' is the simple remark with which it closes. Socrates offers to hear, notwithstanding, what Crito has yet to say. 'I have nothing to say, O Socrates!'

To these famous words many meanings have been given:* it seems tolerably clear, however, that they admit but of one. No one who has understood the speaker will for an instant imagine that they could imply any grave belief in the old superstitions: while on the other hand, that the propriety of deference to recognised forms and institutions in a country, was so meant to be finally impressed on men who had received in trust the devolopment of higher doctrines, may be readily acknowledged. It was an example followed by a Greater Teacher in Judea, whom the Rabbis in vain endeavored to commit with the people, as a despiser or infringer of the ordinances of Moses; and the steady unfolding of whose Divine Mission was at no time more remarkable than his uniform respect for the letter as well as the spirit of the Mosaic institutes. But the words of Socrates had another intention. It was the custom of the Greeks, on a new birth in their families, or on recovery from mortal disease, to offer sacrifice to Esculapius. In what Socrates said to Crito, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was once more uttered. I have recovered from this disease of life: I am on the eve of being born again: I go at last to the great object of all existence here, the life of the soul hereafter: do not forget that for these things we owe a cock to Esculapius.

> To die
> Is to begin to live; it is to end
> An old, stale, weary work, and to commence
> A newer and a better.
> *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

It was a truth so practical, taken with the form in which it was thus announced for the last time, that nothing might more temperately anticipate what the world would sooner or later witness; nor any thing so wisely impress on those disciples, the quiet and patient energy wherewith it became them to work out their allotted part in the great change.

All that it concerns us here to pursue, is the course that was taken by PLATO:* on whose life it will not be necessary to dwell, since his life was not, as with Socrates, a branch of his philosophy. He began his literary career with poetry, in which he is not supposed to have been successful: and when in later years he declared war against the poets, they retorted upon him that for all his wisdom, he had imagined no wiser thing than when he resolved to burn his own tragedy. But whatever the early bent of his mind may have been, his acquaintance with Socrates, while yet in his twentieth year, directed him to philosophical pursuits. On the death of Socrates, he left Athens; and before his return is described to have gone into Egypt, lived several years in Heliopolis, and collected every tradition that the priests could teach him. Even as late as Strabo's time, when the schools of the ancient seat of Egyptian learning were empty, and its teachers silent for ever, the house in which Plato dwelt and studied was pointed out to the traveller, to stimulate his thirst for knowledge and his pursuit of the true philosophy. But here there is as much exaggeration evident, as in the accounts which represent the Greek to have dwelt among the Persian Magi, and to have even mastered the laws and the religion of the Jews. The truth is, that the Christian Fathers of Alexandria (Clemens, Origen, Justin Martyr, Cyril, and even the historian Eusebius, from whom these statements are derived) thought it due to the importance which they gave at that time to the writings of Plato, to make out that certain apparent coincidences between his system and the Christian revelation, were not the anticipations of an uninspired heathen, so much as positive proofs of his acquaintance with eastern prophecy and tradition. The only thing probable is, that Plato touched at Egypt in his travel; and the only thing certain would seem to be, that, before his return, he made himself thoroughly master of such of the Pythagorean doctrines as were still accessible.

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* Perhaps the most curious was that adopted by a dignitary of our church from a learned physician (a 'friend of Doctor Jortins,' who tells the anecdote as a solemn discovery)—that '*it is possible Socrates had become delirious through the poison he had taken.*'

* His real name, it is hardly necessary to subjoin, was Aristocles; so called from his grandfather, by a common Greek custom. His more famous name, by a custom equally common, he derived from a characteristic of his own which had become famous; and variously stated by various writers as the breadth of his style (διὰ τὴν πλατύτητα τῆς ἑρμηνείας)—the breadth of his forehead (ὅτι πλατὺς ἦν τὸ μέτωπον)—and the breadth *of his shoulders!* This last, which reads like some contemptuous sarcasm of Diogenes, who hated and despised Plato for the gorgeous robe in which he dressed the wisdom of their barefooted master, has been, perhaps naturally enough, that which has stuck the longest. It is to this day the most ordinary explanation of Plato's name.

"On the death of Socrates," says Cicero, in a very important passage of his book on the Republic, "Plato first went to Egypt to add to his stock of knowledge, and afterwards travelled to Italy and Sicily, in order to learn thoroughly the doctrines of Pythagoras; he had a great deal of intercourse with Archytas of Tarentum, and with Timæus the Locrian, and procured the 'Commentaries of Philolaus;'[*] and as Pythagoras then enjoyed a great reputation in that part of the world, Plato applied himself to the study of Pythagorean philosophers, and to the understanding of their system. Accordingly, as he was devotedly attached to Socrates, and wished to put every thing into his mouth, he interwove the elegance and subtilty of the Socratic mode of arguing with the obscurity of Pythagoras and the many branches of learning which the Pythagorean philosophy included." This is a portion of the truth, though not all; and with the Sicilian visits it refers to, are of course connected the deep interest Plato is known to have taken in the political revolutions of Sicily, and the somewhat equivocal part he is accused of having played in them. Beyond the influence these affairs may have had on his habits of thought, this is not the place to speak of them; but that such an influence can be traced in the practical application of his philosophy, is unhappily beyond a doubt; and it is quite as necessary to understand that Plato hated, as to have known that Socrates loved, Athens. Nor is this feeling towards his native state to be in any manner exclusively connected with the unmerited fate of his master, or at all materially excused by it. It had been no great, and certainly no unworthy exertion for such a mind, to have discriminated between that evil act and the unhappy circumstances that led to it;[*] nor have confounded with those elements of anarchy, which in the Constitution were abundant enough, that vital principle in the State itself which might by even the help of such a man, have been raised and cherished to the strengthening, ennobling, and final firm establishing of those Forms and Institutions, which, with all their occasional evil issues had already, quite as much as any literary triumphs, immortalized the Athenian people.[†] Very different would the effect upon the immediate interests of the world have been, if the earnest, common-life spirit of Socrates, had animated the philosophical genius of Plato: if, gifted with every power and faculty to serve his country, he had not from the first disdainfully rejected her: if, to no less lofty dreams and designs of a Future than those which raised up visionary states and polities, he could have added sufficient faith in the Present to have built belief and truth on the realities of the republic he was born in. But there is no feeling so inconsiderate as that which troubles us with vain regrets for some supposed false direction given to powers that have in any manner acted on the world. It is scarcely wiser than to undergo the anguish of impatience at the painful ordinations of Providence, without reflecting that it is from Providence itself we receive the humanities which resent its apparent cruelty.

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[*] For these, in three small treatises, he is said to have given three hundred and seventy-five pounds. Plato may thus be set down as the first Bibliomaniac. He certainly was the first to collect rare books and import them to Athens.

[*] Circumstances, as we have attempted to show, which rendered it independent of the particular triumph of either party: Thrasybulus and the men of the Piræus, or Critias and the men of the city.

[†] "Evil without end," says the great Niebuhr, "may be spoken of the Athenian Constitution, and with truth—but they who declaim about the Athenians as an incurably reckless people, and their republic as hopelessly lost in the time of Plato, furnish a striking instance of how imperfect knowledge leads to injustice and calumnies, and commonplace stale declamations. It shows an unexampled degree of noble-mindedness in the nation, that the heated temper of a fluctuating popular assembly, produced so few reprehensible decrees; and that the thousands among whom the common man had the upper hand, came to resolutions of such self-sacrificing magnanimity and heroism, as few men are capable of except in their most exalted mood, even where they have the honor of renowned ancestors to maintain as well as their own. I pray only for as much self-control, as much courage in the hour of danger, as much calm perseverance in the consciousness of a glorious resolution, as was shown by the Athenian people considered as one man. We have nothing here to do with the morals of the individuals; but who as an individual possesses such virtue, and withal is guilty of no worse sins in proportion, than the Athenians—may look forward without uneasiness to his last hour."

And, indeed, the course which Plato took was as much the result of the peculiar character of his mind, as of any bias to which he may have yielded in early intercourse with his kinsman, Critias. The mould in which nature cast him, was not that of the man of energy, of suffering, or of action: and in none of these did he attempt to realize his earthly mission. Athens is not worth another martyrdom, he would have said; the ruin is cureless into which Athenians have fallen: but the idea of science which Socrates bequeathed may be enlarged and adorned for future ages; and, by the splendid culture and exquisite refinement which I can bring to its antique rigor and severity of practice, if no evil should be arrested now, seeds shall be sown for a noble growth of good in times beyond the limit of this narrow scene. Nor should the certain errors to which this utter abandonment of the field of action for that of speculation, immediately tended, obscure our sense of the benefit it was ultimately to diffuse, and that in practical as well as earnest forms, through vast untried and uncultivated fields of the distant future. The men of ATHENS were much less Plato's disciples than the men of ALEXANDRIA. Posterity was to gather round the Schools he now, after the travel and study of many years, came back to open in his native city; where even the site he selected partook of the imaginative splendor of his character, no less than of its love for ornament and ease. His lectures were delivered in a garden within the public groves of Academus,[*] and in one he subsequently purchased, adjoining the Academy, and near to the village of Colonos. Here, till his eightieth year, he taught and wrote; he was engaged upon his tablets at the very moment when he died;[*] and the opening sentences of the 'Republic' were afterwards found upon the wax,[†] varied and arranged in a number of forms.[‡] Characteristic are the words of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who says that to the very last moment Plato was busied "combing and curling, and weaving and unweaving his writings, after a variety of fashions."[§]

Of these writings it is now our difficult task to speak in such limited space as will accomplish our humble design: a task not to be entered upon without reverence, and worthy of all the labor, study, and reflection, that any one can give to them according to his powers. The best commentators on the philosophy they embody, and incomparably the best guides to it as a general and duly proportioned scheme, have been, as we before took occasion to remark, the German scholars of the last quarter of a century;[‖] who first successfully obviated difficulties, whose natural effect had been to repel the ordinary student at once and from the very threshold of a philosophy, into which he could only enter by complete deviation from the more customary and intelligible modes of philosophic communication—through a series of dramatic dialogues. Through these dialogues it had been, in especial, the ardent object of Schleiermacher's labors for many years, to discover some essential unity, some common law, some single continuity of thought, which, while it still left a particular dialogue to be separately regarded as a whole in itself, would in its due time connect it with the rest, and ultimately fit in all, to proper places and due relations, as but the component parts of one great structure.

Discovering something at last which fell not far short of what he sought, he divided the dialogues into three classes. The first, which will be most perfectly represented by the 'Phædrus,' the 'Protagoras,' and the 'Parmenides,' he held to be ELEMENTARY: because in them he had found developed the first utterances of that which was the

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[*] So called from Hecademus, who had left it to the Athenian citizens for the purpose of gymnastic exercises.

See there the Olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic-bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilyssus rolls
His whispering stream. . . . .

To which the verse of Akenside, worthy of Plato's inspiration, sends back an echo that falls gratefully on the ear, even after the verse of Milton:

Guide my feet
Through fair Lyceum's walk, the Olive shade
Of Academus, and the sacred vale
Haunted by steps divine, where once beneath
That ever-living platane's ample boughs,
Ilyssus, by Socratic sounds detained,
On his neglected urn attentive lay;
While Boreas, lingering on the neighboring steep
With beauteous Orithyia, his love-tale
In silent awe suspended.

[*] Cicero de Senectute, c. 5.

[†] ἐν κήροις.

[‡] Several writers mention this—Dionysius Halicarnassus, Demetrius Phalereus, Diogenes Laertius, Quintillian, and others.

[§] κτενίζων καὶ βοστρυχίζων καὶ πάντα τροπον ἀναπλέκων.

[‖] The Schleiermachers, Bitters, Bekkers, Asts, Stallbaums, Van Heusdes, and Tennemans basis of all that was to follow in the rest—of Logic, as the instrument of Philosophy; of Ideas, as its proper object; and, consequently, of the possibility and the conditions of Knowledge.* And as he formed this first class by selection of the dialogues in which the theoretical and practical were kept completely separate, he formed the last class by those in which the practical and speculative were most completely united: the 'Republic,' the 'Timæus,' the 'Critias,' and the 'Laws,' which he named the CONSTRUCTIVE dialogues. This left the second class to be determined by what may be called a PROGRESSIVE connexion, though here the classification must be admitted to assume a much less decisive character, and even Schleiermacher allows a 'difficult artificiality,' in this part of his arrangement. Generally, however, it may be conceded that the dialogues proposed for reservation to this class: the 'Theætetus,' the 'Sophistes,' the 'Politicus,'† and 'Gorgias,' the 'Symposium,' the 'Phædo,' and 'Philebus:' by their prevailing treatment of the distinction between philosophical and common knowledge in united application to two proposed and real sciences, (Ethics and Physics,) do certainly pass from Method to its Object, and treat, as it were progressively, of the applicability of the principles in the first class to development in the third, where their use finally appears in objective scientific exposition.

For as with the relation of classes, so with that of particular dialogues. In the first part, for example, the development of the dialogistic method is the predominant object; and, in reference to this, as 'Phædrus' stands manifestly the first, 'Parmenides' as clearly stands the last: not only because 'Parmenides' contains the most perfect exposition of that method, but because, in beginning to philosophize on the relation of ideas to actual things, it forms the point of transition to the second part. In this, the subject generally predominant, as we have attempted to indicate, is the explanation of knowledge, and of the process of knowing in operation: with regard to which, the 'Theætetus,' taking up this question by its first root, stands prominently the first; and, for the same reasons as in the other case, the 'Phædo' and 'Philebus' as obviously the last. By the 'Phædo,' with its anticipatory sketch of natural philosophy; by the 'Philebus,' with its discussion of the idea of the good; as from an indirect to a direct method, we pass to the great constructive exposition of physics and ethics in the 'Timæus' and the 'Republic.' And though not till we have arrived at these, do we behold in its more complete significance the Philosophy of Plato, or master his Idea of Science in any thing like its entire applicability to nature and to man,—yet are they so intimately founded on previous investigations; in their composite character so dependent on simple and thoroughly examined principles; that to view even these final dialogues without intimate regard to the two previous classes, expecting still to reap and gather in the fruit of Plato's thought, would be as wise as to withdraw from the foundation of some noble building the key-stones of the arches on which it rests, and expect to see the structure stand.* It has been this injustice from which the philosopher has most largely suffered, and from which Schleiermacher has most effectively relieved him.†

Cicero was a great admirer of Plato, and thought that if Jove spoke Greek, he must talk it as it was written by Plato. Yet he says of him:‡ "Plato affirms nothing, but after producing many arguments, and examining a question on every side, leaves it undetermined." Here, even the accomplished Roman expected the building to stand upon air; forgetting utterly the needful connexions before set forth. It is an error of a different, but not less dangerous kind, which, pushing to its extreme the necessity of some guiding and connecting principle through the whole of the dialogues, makes of them all but one idea, and that a somewhat narrow and sectarian one.

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* These constituting, in combination, his dialectic or dialogistic method. See post, p. 490.

† Ritter would connect with these the 'Parmenides,' which, however, seems to stand more properly as the dialogue of transition between the first and second classes: because it combines the most perfect exposition of the dialectical method, with that which is the direct object of the three dialogues first named in the text: namely, the ideas of Science and of Being as its object, and of right conduct having its only foundation in right science.

* The useful study of Aristotle presupposes a mind already disciplined in high principles of science; while in Plato every step is carefully furnished for the patient and laborious pupil, if he is only careful to select his road aright. It is this extreme love of analysis in Plato, which makes it so important to have mastered thoroughly the relative positions of his dialogues.

† Schleiermacher is unhappily very often so profoundly obscure himself while he thus lights up Plato, that the reader who is not a student need hardly be referred to him: but the student laboriously disposed, and to whom German is a sealed book, will do well to make himself master of Mr. Dobson's praiseworthy translations of the *Introductions* of Schleiermacher, named at the head of this article.

‡ In the First Book of the Acad. Quæst.

Such we think the reasoning which would resolve the whole philosophy of Plato into a scheme for the better education of the young men of Athens:[*] not, it is to be added, so recent a discovery as its last advocate supposed, but some time put forth by Eberhard. For surely, if but one idea is to be drawn from all the dialogues of Plato, and one purpose uniformly insisted on, it is much wiser to find it in what the classification of Schleiermacher obviously suggests; in what such an influence as we have described that of Socrates to have been would naturally produce; and by which, even in the character of the mistake he commits, we can see Cicero himself to have been chiefly struck in going through the Platonic writings.

This, then, may be shortly stated as the first great and settled Method of Investigation on scientific principles, of which there is any written record.. The soul of every part of the system of Plato is everywhere prominent in the dialogues, as an Art of Dialectics. This is with him the science of all other sciences: the universal insight into the nature of all: the guide to each, the regulator of the tasks of each, and the means of judgment as to its special value: not only the preparatory discipline for investigation of truth, but the scientific method of prosecuting truth: combining in itself the practice of science, with the knowledge of the utility of its aims: discerning the essence of things, the being, the true, the constant: determining the respective differences and affinities of notions: ordering and disposing all things, discoursing of every thing, and answering every question: presiding over the correct utterance of thought in language, as well as over thought itself: and, having thus as its object, Thought and Being, in so far as their eternal and unchangeable nature could be ascertained, therefore the Highest Philosophy.[†]

The first effort the student of Plato has to make, is thoroughly to comprehend the position of this great, general, and immutable science, in his philosophic scheme. When he has mastered so much, and can apply it, with the later dialogues, to the two provinces (subordinate because of inferior certainty) of moral and natural science,[*] a solid and consistent notion of the whole fabric of Platonic Thought will present itself to his mind. For he will have ascertained its all-important distinctions between science in its limited, and in its absolute form; between the ideal of science, and science itself; between that which contemplates supreme truth, and that which is within the sphere of human cognition; between the natural and the supernatural; between the properties of physical objects and the laws of real being: and again, between this absolute science, or Philosophy, so realized, which is humanity's highest portion, and the Wisdom, still far beyond the grasp of man, which belongs exclusively to God.[†]

And to the right judgment of all this, as the knowledge of the influence of Socrates upon Plato has been one of his most intelligent guides, so, when his task is complete, it will remain the most prominently and enduringly impressed upon him. It was the master teacher, he will still remember, who rejected all investigations as untenable which began with mere physical assumptions, and who, thereby, first instructed his great disciple in the necessity of commencing every inquiry with the idea of that which was to be its object, for establishment of its rational end and design. Hence it was that dialectics* became the great power which it is in the hands of Plato; the very basis of his philosophy, the instrument with which he embraces the regions of being and of thought, and discovers their various parts and mutual relations. Hence is it, also, that the influence of Plato himself has been most eminent and lasting in the character of a GUIDE: of one in whom the boundless material of rich reflection was more attainable than the satisfaction of conclusive argument; whose aim was less to settle the convictions of man at any given point, than to suggest modes of reasoning, ever new and fertile, and lift the thoughts yet onward, more and more. It was the triumph of Aristotle, his successor and great rival in the intellectual empire, to hold the understanding stationary and fast bound, to the facts and quasi-certainties in the midst of which he placed it; it was the aim and the work of Plato, at each new mental struggle, to sustain and to impel the reason that had broken bonds. When Cicero would have brought philosophy into Rome, it was Plato to whom he turned for help and guidance. When Christianity desired to avail herself of all her strength, it was in intellectual exercise with Plato that her fathers built up the system of the Church When Julian would have reformed Heathenism, his hope was in Plato. When it became necessary to remodel Christianity, at the head of the philosophical movement which marked the revival of literature, and paved the way for the reformation, Plato was seen.† And so with every later struggle, whether with the Cudworths and Berkeleys against skepticism in our own country, or with the more modern stand of Germany against the spirit of the French academicians. It is quite immaterial to the question of this influence, in what form it was always exercised: whether it has not been the source of many errors as well as of much truth; and whether it had not even been, not seldom, the cause of the disease it was called in to cure. The fact not to be lost sight of, is this: that even when engendering many kinds of mysticism and heresy, it was a living and actuating influence; that the power which struck these heresies into corrupt and stagnant continuance was not derived from him; that he always reappeared with a pure and genial impulse when the life of thought again began to flow; and that, wherever History undertakes to record the struggles and triumphs of religious belief, it is her first duty to look back to Plato, to ascertain the power he has exercised and is still exercising in the world, and to understand the sources which gave it life and all this lasting continuance.

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[*] See an Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato by the Rev. W. Sewell, late professor of moral philosophy in the University of Oxford. A writer of whom it is to be said, that however various and widely opposed the feelings likely to be suggested by his books, there can be but one opinion as to the plainness and power of his style—the extraordinary felicity and force of his illustration.

[†] Metaphysics: as, in this particular view, it was afterwards called.

[*] Ethics and Physics, being susceptible of continual modification and change, could never, in his view, attain to the precision and certainty of Dialectics which treated of the unchangeable and everlasting. The science of Nature, being a science of what never actually, only inchoately, is, must, in his view, resemble the mutability of its object. The doctrine of Human Conduct and Morality, in like manner, must be susceptible, like themselves, of modification and change. The Dialectic alone, treating of the Eternal, partakes of the certainty and immutability whereof it treats. It is certain, therefore, that the term, when implying his practical application of the Eleatic modes of inquiry into Pure Being, was Plato's expression for Philosophy: to the perfect completion of which, a combination of the two sciences of inferior certainty were yet required. At the same time, he frequently uses the word in its more limited sense, as coinciding with the 'Logic' of later philosophers. See ante, p. 487, where the term has been applied in that more limited sense, in treating of the elementary class of his dialogues, as the mere instrument of the method of which, in its larger sense, it is the practical application and completion.

[†] Everywhere it is necessary to keep these distinctions in mind, when the philosophy of Plato is in question. The absolute science, or Philosophy, referred to in the text, realized the Platonic idea of a science which not only reviews and overlooks all others, but also, in order to do so, understands them, and comprises them within itself: and from which the inference came, that right conduct was dependent, as Socrates had taught, on right knowledge. But beyond this there was a Wisdom not accessible to man.

The direct action of Socrates, in the suggestion of form and method, has been shown: the action of the earlier thinkers, in supplying him with matter on which to exert this method, was scarcely less direct. We have seen Cicero describe his dialogues as the dialectic art of Socrates combined with the philosophy of Pythagoras. And from the latter extraordinary man he no doubt derived some of his most important views of ethics and of physics. The habitual application of both those departments of thought to his consideration of nature, was for example eminently Pythagorean; and from the conception of the mundane relations as certain harmonical laws capable of being universally determined, which he also learned in that school, had plainly been derived the ruling principle of his whole ethical theory—that the proportional and self-balanced is alone good, and that evil consists simply in deficiency or excess. But none of the labors of his predecessors were overlooked by Plato. He had them all constantly within view; and, by the mere power of the Socratic method in his hands, made each in its turn tributary to the evolvement of novel and striking truths. The mechanical view of nature, the dynamical physiology, alike bore fruit in his system;* and from the speculations of Heraclitus, as he took them in contrast with that Eleatic Theory to which there was so strong a bias in the whole character of his mind, we see the origin and the birth of the theory of IDEAS.

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* Here named in its more limited sense.

† One of the most powerful schools of Platonists ('not neo-Platonists,' as Mr. Whewell has justly observed in his admirable History of the Inductive Sciences) was that formed in Italy at this period. It was headed by Picus of Mirandula in the middle, and by Marsilius Ficinus at the end, of the fifteenth century; and it embraced all the principal scholars and men of genius of the age; who seem to have been little conscious, amidst their elegant efforts to reconcile Platonism to the Popery of the day, of the great movement to which they were all the while contributing.

* The dynamical view, in connexion with the reasonings of Heraclitus, suggested his theory of the universe as a perfectly living or ensouled being—subject to perpetual change and generation, but yet, in its exquisite order and just proportion, the only adequate representative of the rational ideas. On the other hand, the mechanical philosophers obviously gave him his view of body in general as a mere lifeless mass, deriving motion from causes extrinsic to itself, and in all things merely ministering to, as it is in all vigorously contrasted with, the self-moving and immortal soul.

This great theory lies at the root of the Dialectics of Plato; and in any attempt to ascertain the course and objects of his thought, is the first matter that arrests attention. Indeed, when we have thoroughly mastered it, we have in some sort the key to all.

It is not difficult to conceive in what way such a mind as that of Plato would be directly affected, when, penetrated with the Socratic view of science, he applied himself to its investigation, with the results of the old philosophies before him. On the one hand, there was the opinion of Heraclitus that all things were in a perpetual state of flux; that they were ever waxing and waning; that they were constantly changing their substance; and that nothing could be predicated of any thing as fixed: beside which stood the practical and most mischievous inference of the Sophists, that Man must therefore be the measure of all things. On the other hand, there was the Eleatic doctrine of immutable being: that there was no multiplicity; that there was no becoming,[*] no change, no generation, augmentation, or decay; but that All was One, eternal, and at rest. Now, to the first, while he did not deny the reality of sensation, he had at once to oppose the doctrine he had derived from Socrates: that general definition (that idea of the One embracing Multiplicity) on which his whole notion of science stood, and which was in itself its own ground and authority.[†] So, to the second, while of the reality of the permanent being he was fully convinced, he of course could not reconcile what he believed to be real in the mutable appearances and phenomena of nature. What, then, remained for Plato?

What, but to find a ground that should be unconditional and absolute, for all that exists conditionally, whereon to build some settled system of investigation? What, but to lift his mind to such an elevation above the actual as to endeavor to grasp that suprasensual essence, which must itself have been at once the ideal of the reason and the cause of the material world, the pre-establisher of the harmony in and between both, and that which alone might reconcile the laws of matter to the ideas of pure intellect. This, accordingly, was the object to which he addressed himself. And from the result, from the realization of his aim in this respect, dates the principle of identity between philosophy and religion which governed Europe for many centuries.

Tracing this IDEAL THEORY through its course in the actual dialogues, it is very striking to contrast its splendid influence, and the magnificence of its range, with the narrow and uninviting currents of thought through which it works its way into existence. It is while the field of dialectical discussion is cleared and opened for the right settlement of these opposing questions as to Being and Becoming, that it begins to show itself. With that view we have been carried back into a discussion as to the nature of language; we are made to feel that by false views of science all thought and language are involved in endless confusion; and it is pointed out to us in what way language, rightly used, will make of necessity a distinction between certain forms or notions and yet combine them together. We are taken into all the intricacies of Greek syntax: and from such steps as that of the manner in which, in propositions, a noun is necessarily joined with a verb, we are shown how it is that becoming and being are in like manner inseparably united. These are laws of language as of thought, which may not be annulled. Thus the verb is the action, the noun is the active object; and as, in the unavoidable union of these two in the shortest sentence, it is set forth of some entity that it either is becoming, or has, or will become, something; so is it impossible, without setting aside all the laws of language, to separate the action from the agent, the predicate from the subject, becoming from being. From these arguments we are brought to the important question of definitions, immediately arising out of them. The mere Name of a subject, it is shown, predicates Being of it: and it is marked as the first step in classification, and in itself giving a certainty and fixity to things which is directly opposed to generation and becoming,—this mere act of naming the subject, or of affixing to it its general name, the name of its genus. Next we are instructed in another argument, which arises from the foregoing, to prove the utter absurdity of those who would not allow that different names could be employed for one and the same thing: on the ground that the one is ever one, as the manifold is also invariably the manifold. Thus, in the same connecting process of argument, thinking is exhibited to be a talking of the soul with itself; and as all speech is a combination of one word with one or many others, every word having its meaning, thinking must of course be a similar combination of one thought with another. And by this time we have arrived at the necessity for the great art or science of discourse, dialectics, which shall regulate these combinations of thought; which shall preside over the faculty that investigates the properties of all sensations; and which must manifestly itself depend upon Definition. Then there follows immediately upon this, that all-important process which Definition implies: the finding of some general term which shall include a multiplicity of objects; together with the secondary but necessary process of explanation, as to wherein the term to be defined differs from others which belong to the same genus with it. And having proceeded thus far, the greatest question of Dialectics comes within view, and with it the Ideal Theory of Plato dawns clearly upon us.

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[*] A word of constant use by Plato—to express mere genesis (*γίγνεσθαι*) as opposed to being (*εἶναι—οὐσία*).

[†] The reader will keep in mind the method of Socrates in all his investigations: the opening of all of them by settling the nature of the object of dispute—in itself involving, by statement of the essence of the thing, some definition of its idea.

What are these General Terms which are the object of the mind in the process of thought? Objects of sense they cannot be, for those are in a constant state of transition. "If," to adopt Aristotle's words* in describing the origin of the Platonic ideas, "there is to be any knowledge and science, it must be concerning some permanent natures, different from the sensible natures of objects; for there can be no permanent science respecting that which is perpetually changing." Where, then, were these permanent natures to be found? The question took Plato back to the proof he had just established: that, independently of the senses, the soul possesses a faculty of its own by which it investigates the common and the general: and suggested the answer, that by means of reflexion, and through the understanding or rational contemplation, would it alone be possible to become cognizant of such natures. As opposed to the transitory knowledge which sensation conveys, this which the intellect apprehends would be constant and permanent; unproduced, imperishable, and ever identical with itself; a pure and absolute entity; such as the soul, if it could purify and free itself from the agitations and hindrances of body, would plainly and palpably behold. There, then, were the General Terms he had before vainly sought, and which, as belonging to Being in contrast from Becoming, could be made the objects of science and certain knowledge. There were those forms, those Ideas, of the universal which would in themselves include every type of the transitory; there was in each the subject, One, and with it the predicates that might be asserted of it, Many; and in these, at last, should he reconcile what he believed to be true in the theory of sensible and ever changing things, with what he felt and knew to be true in that of an eternal and immutable nature.

Having mastered this elevation above the doubts and uncertainties that before arrested his progress, Plato beheld the Grander Idea to which all science, so considered, must have reference: and the mission of Philosophy upon earth, as well as the means for discharging it, stood plainly revealed before him. If the fleeting sensible were really true, it was to him, then, true only through the eternal essence of which it was the partaker: wherefore, with that divine art of dialectics, he would proceed to strip off those tissues of the temporal and mutable* in which all certainty and immutability clothe and cover themselves here, and redress† the errors and imperfect thoughts of man, in the recollection, and, as it were, renewed presence, of the Great Source of all existence, wherewith he, as every other transitory substance, had been connected in his origin. *Man* is the measure of all things; was the end of the philosophy of Protagoras. GOD is the measure of all things; was the beginning and the end of the philosophy of Plato.

The means of judgment as to what share Socrates may have had in this method and result, have, in a preceding article, been placed before the reader.‡ Aristotle, after describing the invention of inductive reasonings and universal definitions, quoted in the article referred to, adds this remark: "Socrates, however, did not make universals or definitions separable from the objects; but the Platonists separated them, and these essences they termed ideas." To which may be added, since it is important to understand how far these ideas were objectively (that is, as things existing in themselves) carried by Plato, the view of another ancient writer. "Some existences are sensible, some intelligible; and according to Plato, they who wish to understand the principles of things, must first separate the ideas from the things; such as the ideas of Similarity, Unity, Number, Magnitude, Position, Motion: secondly, he must assume an absolute Fair, Good, Just, and the like: thirdly, he must consider the ideas of relation, as Knowledge, Power: recollecting that the things which we perceive, have this or that appellation applied to them, because they partake of this or that idea; those things being *just*, which participate in the idea of the Just; those being *beautifvl*, which contain the idea of the Beautiful."[*] Much further than this, however, which would have implied little more than the General Terms for which they were first invented, it is very certain that Plato carried his system of Ideas. The very word, signifying, it is not unimportant to keep in mind, not the ideas of our modern language,[†] but Forms, was likely to have suggested to such an imagination the character and properties we shall shortly find them to assume. Aristotle, in a passage of a preceding book of his 'Metaphysics'[‡] to that which has just been quoted, would no doubt corroborate the more limited view. "When Socrates, treating of moral subjects, arrived at universal truths, and turned his thoughts to definitions, Plato adopted similar doctrines, and construed them in this way—that these truths and definitions must be applicable to something else, and not to sensible things: for it was impossible, he conceived, that there should be a common definition of any sensible object, since such were always in a state of change. The things, then, which were the subjects of universal truths, he called Ideas; and held that objects of sense had their names according to them and after them; so that things participated in that idea which had the same name as was applied to them."

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* Metaph. l. 6, xiii. 4.

* So Schleiermacher, speaking of the proof in the Gorgias: "Therefore, the highest and most general problem of philosophy is exclusively this—to apprehend and fix the *essential* in that fleeting chaos."

† *Sartor Resartus* is the quaint but expressive phrase, under which a great original thinker of modern days sets forth the ends and objects of philosophy.

‡ Quoted at p. 357 of F. Q. R., No. 60.

But in this and similar passages, there is little reason to doubt that Aristotle either did not or would not[*] understand the sense in which Plato regarded the notion of Being, in which these Ideas had their origin, and therefore refused to consider them as other than mere metaphysical definitions. With the Stagyrite himself, Being never meant more than that highest abstraction to which a severe logical examination of our mental conceptions may avail to lift us; just as his metaphysics are but a strict logical analysis of the primary highest modes of subjective thought. But with Plato, Being was the opposite to Becoming, certainty as opposed to change, the absolute and eternal in contrast with the conditional and created, essential and independent Truth; and therefore *his* metaphysics, as the study of a Being thus external to man, cannot rightly be considered as other than objective; and these Ideas will be found, as we proceed, to have the properties of laws established by that Being to control subjective thought—themselves altogether unmodified by sensation, but with the power of modifying it, both in the spiritual and material world. And hence, it is needless to suggest to the reader, the extraordinary influence it was certain to exert, whenever it should be applied to any settled scheme of religious belief.

But this is in a certain degree anticipating: though even in the mere abstract dialectical use of the term Ideas, and before they enter into physical or ethical application, it seems necessary for the reader to know that mere general properties of objects, or general notions of genus and species, far less exclusive reservation to ideal conceptions of the good or beautiful or just, will certainly not satisfy the purpose and intention of Plato. It is correctly said by Ritter: "We must dismiss all narrow views of the Platonic *Ideæ*, and understand by them whatever exhibits an eternal truth; a persistent something which forms the basis of the mutability of the sensible." This is an all-embracing definition; and the realization of Plato's idea of science, if he is allowed to have thought it possible, will admit of no other.[*] According to that, there could not assuredly be any thing which does not participate in Ideas, or may not be comprehended in an Idea. For, as the same writer in another place remarks, "if Plato maintained that there must necessarily be ideas to exhibit the unalterable and eternal truth of the objects of every science, in order that the science itself should be possible, he was constrained to find ideas wherever there is a true essence, and scientific investigation is possible." But to this there was to him no limit. Nothing in his opinion need be excluded from the sphere of right knowledge. To every thing scientific inquiry might attach itself; in every thing some truth might be found; even in individuals, even in the qualities and properties of things, in all that comes into being. Such was his feeling of the one universal science. In the dialogue which bears the name of Parmenides, that philosopher is made to reprove Socrates, then supposed to be a youth entering on the study of philosophy, for showing a disinclination to recognize as possible the reality of the Ideas of man, fire, water, nay, even of hair and of clay, and other equally mean and paltry objects: since it is unbecoming a true philosopher to defer to vulgar opinion, and to consider any object as wholly despicable. Youth and inexperience will do this, he says; and will find themselves under some supposed necessity of withdrawing from the consideration of base and common objects, in order to rise to higher and nobler considerations; whereas the true philosopher, disregarding all human opinions as to great and little, despises nothing.[†] "O Socrates!" adds Parmenides, "philosophy has not yet claimed you for her own, as, in my judgment, she will claim you, and you will not dishonor her. As yet, like a young man as you are, you look to the opinions of men."

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[*] Derived apparently from a speech in the 'Parmenides:' in which the philosopher after whom the dialogue is named, is made to say to Socrates, "It appears to you, as you say, that there are certain kinds, or ideas, of which things partake, and receive applications according to that of which they partake: thus those things which partake of Likeness are called *like;* those things which partake of Greatness are called *great;* those things which partake of Beauty and Justice are called *beautiful* and *just*." In the 'Phædo' a similar opinion is summed up in something like the same words: "that each idea has an existence, and that other things partake of these ideas, and are called according to the idea of which they partake."

[†] Excepting in philosophy, of course. The use of the word idea in modern metaphysics, is derived from the *ἰδέα* and *εἶδος* of Plato. When Locke would express the notion of what is common to an entire class, he uses the term abstract idea.

[‡] The First: 6th Section.

[*] There is a striking passage in the Nicomachean Ethics, one of the latest works of Aristotle, which may perhaps be taken as a half-touching twinge of conscience in the 'Stout Stagyrite,' when, towards the close of his illustrious life, he thought of the frequent disrespect with which he had referred to his old master's labors. In the passage (sixth sec. of first book) he remarks that "it is painful for him to refute the doctrine of ideas, as it had been introduced by persons who were his friends; nevertheless, that it is his duty to disregard such private feelings; for both philosophers and truth being dear to him, it is right to give the preference to truth."

These Ideas, then, thus comprehending all things, or in which all things some way participated, were the ground of objective truth from which Plato contemplated the Deity. This latter process brings us more immediately to that class of dialogues which may be called transitional or progressive: occupying a middle place between the elementary and constructive parts of the Platonic system: treating less of the method than of the object of philosophy; not yet absolutely setting forth the two real sciences, but by preparatory and progressive steps fixing and defining them; and thus, by setting in operation, as it were, the Process of Knowing, aiming at a more complete apprehension and exact decision of what Knowledge was to embrace. While we sit still, we are never the wiser, is an appropriate remark of the 'Thætetus,' itself the noblest dialogue in this class; but going into the river, and moving up and down, straightway we discover its depths and its shallows.

The Ideas thus in operation, the Deity revealed Himself to Plato. For, pursuing the method of argument in which they originated, that the true and the real are exhibited in general notions as elements of science; and that these are so related to each other, that every higher notion embraces and combines under it several lower;[*] he arrived at the conclusion that the elements of truth cannot be so separated from each other as not to be, nevertheless, held together by some higher bond:[†] immediately giving rise to the question, whether, if the lower ideas are held together by the higher, there is not ultimately a SUPREME IDEA, which comprises all the subordinate, and in itself exhibits the sum and harmony of all. It is almost needless to add, that he could only answer this in the affirmative; and that in this Supreme Idea he placed the last limit to all knowledge. This was the ultimatum in the realm of ideas: in itself sufficient, and implying nothing beyond. This was the GOOD: that which exhausted all true entity, and gave back its image in sensible forms: that which was desired by all, and was itself in want of nothing: embracing whatever subsisted without difference in time or space; all truth and science; all substances and all reason. This was GOD: Himself neither reason nor essence, but superior to both, and uniting both within Himself. Such are almost the very expressions of Plato.

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[*] In a distinct passage of the 'Republic,' the province of the Ideas is thus largely determined: "An idea may be attributed to whatever, as a plurality, may be indicated by the same name;" a definition embracing not only species and genera, "which in the individual appear as the manifold," but also such individuals as, expressed by one common name, exhibit themselves in many phenomena.

[†] This fine thought is, of course, a necessary result of the Platonic theory of knowledge: that you cannot separate the science of divine from that of human things. Thus, while in the 'Laws' he says, that human things can never be rightly understood without a previous meditation upon the divine; in the 'Phædrus' and 'Republic' he lays it down, that the divine can only be known by our rising to the contemplation of them from a human point of view. Such thoughts, even when not directly expressed, pervade his whole system.

[*] Without this unity and coherence of ideas, there could not of course be that unity and coherence of science, which, acting on the instruction of Socrates, Plato everywhere insists upon. There is a noble passage in the 'Meno,' where he says, so intimately is all nature related, that any one starting from a single idea, if he be but a bold and unwearied inquirer, may, in the end, discover all.

[†] Ritter quotes a passage from the 'Republic,' to which he gives a different, and it seems to us a more correct, sense than that which is suggested by Schleiermacher. It is the sixth book, 511 B, where dialectic is said "to make use of the assumed notions, not as first principles, but actually as mere assumptions, or so many grades and progressions, in order to arrive at the unassumed....the principle of all things... but which, when it has once seized upon it, returns to insist upon the tena-

In this view, it is obvious, the existence of God, being as necessary as science itself, could require no formal proof. Where (as in the 'Laws') he is asked to prove it, he observes that "such a demonstration would be unnecessary, except for certain prejudices which are extensively diffused among mankind," and continues the subject with evident reluctance: never indeed distinctly entering on such a proof, but contenting himself with refuting the false opinions that would directly contradict so fundamental a notion of philosophy.* Of these, the most false was that which could so far confound the secondary causes, or means, with the true first cause, as to substitute the material for the spiritual. For the philosopher above all men to do this—himself trusting solely to the reason, and yet seeking to derive this sensible world from other operation than that of a divine and intellectual cause—he held to be most unworthy.† All in the world, he says in the 'Laws,' "is for the sake of the rest, and the places of the single parts are so ordered as to subserve to the preservation and excellence of the whole." The cause of this could not be material, because the material cannot, unless when impelled by some other body, set any other in motion. Arguing the soul's immortality in the 'Phædrus' he had said, "that which is set in motion by something else may cease to move, and may therefore cease to live; but that which is self-moving, as it never quits itself, never ceases moving; but is the source and beginning of motion to all other things which are moved." The spiritual, then, must be the moving principle of this universe: and no irrational spirit could have created it in conformity with ideas of order and beauty, and in this constant agreement with an unalterable type: but would have confused all things, reduced all to disorder, and brought about continual destruction and decay. Look, says Plato in the 'Laws,' at the sun, and the moon, and the stars; look at the earth, with all its seasons and its beauties; you behold in them not only a type of the divine ideas, but a type and resemblance of the Supreme Idea. It is in these forms He conceals himself: embracing the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things. These are His work: the living symbols of a power beyond you, but yet themselves a school wherein patient and zealous study shall lead you up to Him.

Thus Plato may be said to have mapped out the means and the end of knowledge; the guide and the object to philosophical investigation. In this particular class of dialogues, it but remains to be seen how he would propose that man should so far enlarge and cultivate his science, as, by attaining what pure and certain knowledge may be possible of the Multiplicity of ideas, to be enabled to master whatever lies within his reach of the Unity of truth and science which subsists in the Good.

The 'Gorgias' and the 'Theætetus,' two of his most masterly productions, are devoted as it were to the education of man, with this object: that is, to the settlement of just and defined principles in respect to it. Of these great dialogues, the 'Gorgias' is practical, and the 'Theætetus' theoretical: the latter conducting us, indeed, to the verge of many sacred mysteries. How intimately this theory and practice were connected; how exactly grounded, that is, on the same modes of thought, the search for the Good in pleasure, and that for Pure Knowledge in the sensuous perception; has been exhibited in our account of the Sophists.* It had followed

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bleness of that which is dependent thereon; and in this manner it only employs ideas in order to proceed from one idea to another."

* "Plato asserted that scientific atheism rested on a perversity of sentiment, which was little likely to be removed by reasoning."—RITTER.

† There is a splendid passage in the 'Laws,' where he says that man, by his very affinity with the gods, is secretly and insensibly led to believe in their existence, and to honor them.

* See the speech of Callicles in the 'Protagoras'—described in our first paper on this all-important subject—illustrative of the general practical bearing of the Sophistical principles.

as a consequence, that they who asserted the only foundation of knowledge to be sensation, should maintain the only foundation of virtue to be the desire of pleasure. Both falsehoods refuted, with the noblest eloquence and the most exquisite art, the student passes to other dialogues, not less beautiful, the 'Phædo' and 'Philebus:' and finds himself on the very threshold of those great practical structures of Plato's philosophy, which he will yet enter to little purpose, if he has not disciplined himself by all this previous investigation, to be ready to conform his will to objective laws of action, which shall be to him the measure of virtue; and his reason to objective forms of belief, which shall be to him all-powerful truths, real, absolute, existing.

But at this point we rest for the present: in the hope that on a future occasion the reader will not be unwilling to enter with us.

Duelling.—Our attention has been directed to an announcement in the *Standard*, from which we learn that a step has at length been taken in the only effectual direction for the suppression of that one of the chivalric institutions which has haunted the field of modern society with most pertinacity and least argument; — a rude, barbaric figure, stripped by centuries of all the costumes and accessories which made it picturesque, or gracious, or valuable, and looking monstrous amid the lights and forms of advanced civilization. An Association has been got up for the extermination of Duelling—composed of members influential in the precise classes within which, and for whose benefit, the murderous nuisance was supposed more especially to act. It consists of 326 members, of whom 34 are noblemen and their sons, 15 are baronets, and 16 members of the Lower House. What is more important still, the army and navy, hitherto the head-quarters of conventionalism, furnish a large contingent to this demonstration. In its ranks are 30 admirals and generals, 23 colonels and lieutenant-colonels, 44 captains and 24 lieutenants in the navy; and of the army, 17 majors and 26 captains. The bar furnishes a detachment of 24: and the association denounces the unmeaning modern "wager of battle" as sinful, irrational, and contrary to the laws of God and man; and pledges itself to discountenance the same by its example and all its influence. An institution, attacked by every other species of argument, and sustained against them all only by opinion, was to be successfully assailed by opinion alone; and this measure at once knocks away the sole stay which held the ugly figure against the pressure of modern sense and modern arrangements.—*Athenæum, 8th July.*

THE LAST FRIENDS.

One of the United Irishmen, who lately returned to his country, after many years of exile, being asked what had induced him to revisit Ireland when all his friends were gone, answered, "I came back to see the mountains."

I come to my country, but not with the hope
That brightened my youth like the cloud-lighting bow,
For the vigor of soul that seemed mighty to cope
With Time and with Fortune, hath fled from me now;
And Love, that illumined my wanderings of yore,
Hath perished, and left but a weary regret
For the star that can rise on my midnight no more—
But the hills of my country they welcome me yet!

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still,
When my path was afar by the Tanais' lone track;
From the wide-spreading deserts and ruins, that fill
The lands of old story, they summoned me back;
They rose on my dreams through the shades of the West,
They breathed upon sands which the dew never wet.
For the echoes were hushed in the home I loved best—
But I knew that the mountains would welcome me yet!

The dust of my kindred is scattered afar,
They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave,
For serving the strangers through wandering and war,
The isle of their memory could grant them no grave.
And I, I return with the memory of years,
Whose hope rose so high though in sorrow it set;
They have left on my soul but the trace of their tears—
But our mountains remember their promises yet!

Oh, where are the brave hearts that bounded of old,
And where are the faces my childhood hath seen?
For fair brows are furrowed, and hearts have grown cold,
But our streams are still bright and our hills are still green;
Aye, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,
When brothers in heart in their shadows we met;
And the hills have no memory of sorrow or death
For their summits are sacred to liberty yet!

Like ocean retiring, the morning mists now
Roll back from the mountains that girdle our land;
And sunlight encircles each heath-covered brow
For which Time hath no furrow and tyrants no brand:
Oh, thus let it be with the hearts of the isle,
Efface the dark seal that oppression hath set;
Give back the lost glory again to the soil,
For the hills of my country remember it yet!

Francis Brown.

June 16, 1843.

MAGIC AND MESMERISM.

From Tait's Magazine.

A Tale. In 3 volumes. Saunders and Otley.

Mesmerism, and Phreno-Mesmerism, seem the prevailing popular frenzy of the hour. The epidemic is, we presume, on the decline in America, where it broke out fiercely about four years back; but it has had a powerful revival in France, where the belief in Mesmerism has languished on for sixty years; while in Britain, in every town, village, and hamlet, adepts of both sexes, professional and amateur, are mesmerizing, and being mesmerized, hypnotizing, or being hypnotized; lecturing (for money) and exhibiting, in illustration of their lectures, the varied phenomena of Animal Magnetism, from the simple rigidity of a finger or a limb up to the highest achievements of phreno-magnetism, extatic delirium, and *clairvoyance.* Tailors, hand-loom weavers, sempstresses, and females of no ostensible calling, are all (for money) exhibiting the Mesmeric phenomena in various degrees of perfection, to select private circles—consisting of ladies, idlers, and men of science; while the less profoundly initiated, or the less enterprising, are content to perform before thin or crowded audiences, as it may happen, and generally at very moderate rates. The first crop of these itinerant lecturers and exhibitors in this quarter have been peculiarly unfortunate in their staff; that is, in the adepts who accompany them; clumsy, ill-trained, maladroit rogues, whose bungling performances were enough to ruin any professor, if the great majority of the audiences had not been in the humor of being gulled, while the minority viewed the thing in the light of a broad, acted piece of farce, too absurd to require exposure, and which served to laugh out the hour as well as any thing else. It is not easy to say which class of society has been the most tickled with the excitement and palpable humbug of these edifying exhibitions. We restrict these remarks to the platform and private exhibitions in Edinburgh and the neighboring towns; pronouncing no opinion upon genuine Mesmeric phenomena; a matter for grave and searching investigation, and one quite unconnected with the tom-fooleries and egregious humbug to which we allude. Meanwhile, we have reached a stage in Scotland which may well make England envious. If *clairvoyance* arose in France, and has made a distinguished progress in America, it ought to be remembered that second-sight, and second-hearing, though extinct for generations, was an exclusive attribute of the Scottish Highlanders, and chiefly of the Hebrideans; and, consequently, that modern *clairvoyance* is, in Scotland, but a recovered faculty. Scotland, also, has a prior claim to "The Tongues," though there were powerful "manifestations" both in London and Oxford. The only remarkable difference is, that science now pretends to explain the phenomena which formerly were said to be produced by supernatural influence, or the agency of the Devil. *Clairvoyance* is, we understand, at present as fashionable in Paris as ever was fortune-telling in the palmy days of Le Normand; and *clairvoyance*, we prophesy, will get fast ahead at home; while, instead of the magistrate sending the prophetesses to Bridewell as cheats and impostors, they are petted and well-paid by the ladies, and every encouragement afforded to keep up the deception, and attain greater proficiency in their art.—We therefore apprehend that any thing we have witnessed in *clairvoyance* will be utterly eclipsed by what is to come hereafter, if proper encouragement be given. We have heard of a female whom a Frenchman, her mesmerizer, for a length of time exhibited at private parties in Boston, at twelve dollars for each exhibition, whose doings take the shine completely out of all that we have yet attained in Scotland. No doubt, after exhibiting in that intellectual city, the American far-seer must have been accredited to every town in the Union, and may still be prosperously pursuing her career. We are not here entering upon the question of the possibility, by certain means, of inducing artificial somnambulism, and even the cataleptic state: which is nothing new, and for which there seems an explicable cause. The agency by which this abnormal condition is produced, is, however, still the subject of controversy, some rejecting Animal Magnetism, who yet, under another name, recognize the Mesmeric phenomena to an extent at which others hesitate. The state of coma being produced, all besides may be resolved into the power of imagination, which has effected greater marvels, even of a curative sort, than have yet been attributed to Mesmerism.

Having, however, in the North, made a hopeful beginning in the development of the sublimer phenomena, and already got far beyond the poor lengths of allaying or curing disease, bringing out "the organs," and rendering patients insensible to pain during the most severe, painful, and protracted surgical operations, we are naturally unwilling to retrograde from our high vantage ground until we shall be driven from it. We have also, as a *moral nation*, laid strong hold on the *moral uses* of Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism. We confess, individually, that we are not prepared all at once to live in a house of glass, and have our curious or prying neighbors looking after all our movements, reading our very thoughts, and depriving us of the useful power

> Still to keep something to oursel
> We scarcely tell to ony.

That belief in Mesmerism has reached this length among us, may be gathered from the consolation administered by a correspondent of one of our ablest newspapers—consolation under the novel and extraordinary condition impending over society. One might have tolerated such lucubrations in one of the mushroom towns of the Far West, overrun with all sorts of lecturers; but in Edinburgh, in June 1843, it does astonish, not to say humble us, to hear any man gravely saying, "Great terror has been expressed of the extraordinary power of *clairvoyance*. This can only be felt by the wicked; and not by the good. It is shocking to think how much we are in the habit of forgetting that God sees us, and how terrified we are lest our evil deeds should be exposed to the world's eye. Since, however, too many are unreformed by the thought of God's omniscience, is it not a proof of His extreme beneficence to His creatures to permit a discovery which will effectually check an inconceivable amount of evil, and bring mankind to a strict regard of moral duties. . . . . The power of *clairvoyance* will, doubtless, be eagerly sought after, [no doubt of it,] and, with whatever motive, a belief in its existence may have some influence in improving morals, and in establishing religion on the interpretations placed in our hands by God himself of his marvellous works." It is, at least, pleasant to find that every one can seek after and perhaps attain, this wondrous power for himself—and not be compelled to consult, and pay one of the initiated, when he wishes to peep in and see what mischief his neighbors are about in their blinded parlors and locked closets. One thing is clear: no police, or other crime-detector, should be appointed to office who does not possess *clairvoyance*—if there is to be any farther use either for them or for priestly confessors. How useful to Judges this faculty, if, like our female exhibitors, they can see what is past, as well as present—and also to physicians and lawyers, who never can get at the true facts and real symptoms of cases. There is, indeed, no end to the moral and social advantages of this new power. To a jealous or languishing lover it is exactly the magic-mirror of the ancient magician; he may always know what his absent mistress is about, and thus save anxiety, letter-writing, and postage. How pleasant, and satisfactory, for a neglected wife to look in at the Club, or elsewhere, and see what her truant husband is after—hear what he is saying, and when he thinks of moving homeward! How pleasant for the fagged reporter of the galleries to bring "the House" before his mesmerized eyes, or rather to go to it without the expense of cabs or bodily fatigue, and report all that is said without moving from the fireside! But "the discovery" opens up a field of speculation so vast, a state of society so entirely novel, that we, for the present, waive it. It is enough that men and women, who are in no immediate danger of walking into a draw-well, believe such things probable, or, rather, certain. The powers of magic, necromancy, and sorcery, were, and are believed by the vulgar, to be possessed by only a few persons in compact with the devil; but the men of science who believe to the full extent in the alleged higher Mesmeric phenomena, out-Herod the vulgar when they assert that all mankind are capable of *clairvoyance*. But, if not capable, on how unequal a footing are human beings placed! Those who possess, or have power to acquire the extraordinary faculty, must be supreme masters of the destinies of those shut out from participating in it. What would be an ordinary physician, however able, when compared with one who can look minutely into his patient's viscera, and examine his brain or spine; or Talleyrand himself to the statesman who, instead of employing spies, and tampering with seals, could at once Mesmerize himself, and be transported, in spirit, or by exalted sense, to the privy councils and cabinets of St. Petersburg, Madrid, or the Tuileries?—To come to our tale of *Magic and Mesmerism*, which, in the present fantastic humor of the public, is likely, we think, to make a favorable *debût*.

The tale is said to be founded on facts that occurred about a hundred years ago, when a Jesuit priest, who had atrociously abused his office of confessor, was tried for sorcery. He had corrupted the minds of many young women whose confessor he was, robbed them of their innocence, and obtained an extraordinary influence over them, which was, at last, imputed to magic and sorcery, though the phenomena exhibited were, it is said, precisely those which are witnessed in persons under the influence of Animal Magnetism. — The singular trial of the Jesuit is said to be found among the *Causes Célèbres;* though we do not remember it. The author of the tale appears to be a believer in Mesmerism, to the extent of extatic delirium and *clairvoyance*. He concludes, that what in former ages was attributed to sorcery, magic, demoniac possession, and witchcraft, was, in fact, the consequences of Animal Magnetism, or, as others think, of nervous disease, imagination, and trick. The tale is written with considerable power and skill, and has a certain Mesmeric influence. Although it is felt repulsive, and even unwholesome, one is constrained to follow it out. The scene is Toulon; the principal heroine is Catherine Cadières, the inspired and Holy Maid, who, like Isabella Campbell of Row, and other persons laboring under nervous disease, foretold future events, possessed the most exalted *clairvoyance*, and was followed and worshipped as a prophetess, until it was found, too late, that all was delusion, and that the weak-minded and weak-nerved excitable girl, who at last awoke to reason, had been the dupe and victim of a consummate villain and hypocrite. Remarkable instances are not wanting of the power of both priests and presbyters over women, through merely natural magic. But the Jesuit s magic was not simply the art of playing with and inflaming the passions, exciting the mind, and unhinging the reason, but that art or science afterwards named Mesmerism, in which he was a proficient. Protestant young ladies, of enthusiastic temperament and weak nerves and understanding, who are in danger of losing their sober-mindedness and retiring modesty from the ambition to make a distinguished figure in the religious world, or who, through the delusions of vanity, are betrayed into wild fantastical pretensions, may find a useful lesson in the fate of the Holy Maid of Toulon. She was constitutionally a natural somnambulist, and from childhood she had a decided vocation, and was, partly through her mother's excessive vanity, led to imagine that she was born to be a saint. Saintship, it should be noticed, was at that period the only passport possessed by the middle class in France for admission into the society of the aristocracy.

> "Such was the power of the priesthood, that what nothing else could effect, religion could; and before its members all doors flew open, all artificial barriers fell. Royalty itself was fain to humble its head before the cowl, and the veil had precedence of the coronet. Hence, perhaps, the secret of many a misnamed religious calling, the source of many a fervent devotion, and of a certain mania for saintship, a prevailing distemperature of mind at that epoch, which was a convenient channel for female ambition."

The young saint was exceedingly beautiful, and the object of the passionate attachment of a young lawyer of great worth and abilities. But spiritual vanity and delusion had shut up the womanly springs of her heart; though she was fluctuating between her natural affections and her imaginary spiritual vocation, when the Jesuit appeared on the scene, and began his magnetic and other practices, under the veil of the most stern and rigid sancity, the most exalted spiritualism. His first object and his last was the honor of his Order;—to raise the Jesuits of Toulon above the Carmelites of that city, who had the best preachers, the care of the most fashionable souls in the place, and enjoyed more of the favor of the bishop. The ruin, soul and body, of the Holy Maid, was but an episode in the life of the wily Jesuit, who fell under the temptation of her beauty, though his master-passion was the exaltation of his Order. Before the arrival in Toulon of this star of the Order, rumor was busy about his talents, eloquence, and exalted piety. The Jesuits were triumphant by anticipation; the Carmelites incredulous and scornful. When the decisive Sunday arrived, the Carmelites were fairly routed, old and ugly as the Jesuit champion was found to be:

> "Already past fifty, his tall, gaunt, emaciated frame made him look considerably older. His skin, sallow and drawn like parchment, adhered tightly to the frontal and cheek bones, giving to their cavities beneath a remarkably ascetic appearance—his pallor, contrasting with harsh, heavy unintellectual brows—his large mouth, and ears that stuck to his head like two plates, formed alogether one of the coarsest and most ungainly exteriors imaginable. His eye was the only redeeming point about the man—large, dark, and fiery, it scanned the assembled crowd with a glance of fierce assurance that seemed the prologue to success, and was not devoid of a sort of rude dignity.
>
> "His voice was at first husky, but cleared by degrees, until it became loud and full, and, like, his glance, seemed to search every conscience. and descend into every heart. . . . . .

The Carmelites were routed; and the Jesuits looked that ineffably humble and meek triumph of which women and monks only have the secret."

The fame of Father Girard increased every day:

"Gradually, the churches of the bare-footed Carmelites were deserted, their preachers voted tame, their confessors unsatisfactory, and the tide of public favor was rapidly ebbing from them. Father Girard understood, marvellously, the art of warming the zeal of elderly ladies, and making them denounce and renounce the pleasures in which they could scarcely continue to take a share; but he had for some time no opportunity of exercising his power over the minds of the junior members of the community."

But this time came. Catherine had, in piety, always been the pattern of her young companions, and she, constrained by the will of Heaven, [by Animal Magnetism,] had chosen the Jesuit for her confessor, telling her friends—

"It is not Father Girard's brilliant eloquence that has touched me, nor am I dazzled by his great reputation; for I should have resisted both these impulses, as being too worldly to induce me to resign my soul into the keeping of a stranger. No! it is the will of Heaven. You all remember St. John's Day, when Father Girard preached at the church of the Carmelites. The service being over, I was about to depart, when, crossing the porch, I happened to meet him, and caught his eye, as I had often done before, resting upon me. At the same instant, an angel form appeared visibly to me, pointing towards him, and a voice distinctly murmured in my ear—'This is the man who is to lead thee unto Heaven.' I well-nigh fainted with surprise, and can well imagine yours in listening to this extraordinary fact. Yet, when we remember how of yore the will of God was revealed in visions to his chosen, we may wonder, but may not doubt. His voice bids me seek Father Girard, to whom, alone, the mission of my salvation is given. I follow not, therefore, my own blind, erring judgment, which might deceive, but the guidance of Providence, which I obey with joyful confidence."

Father Girard had thenceforward the care of the tender consciences of all the young ladies of Toulon, save the soul of one clear-headed and soberly religious girl, who stuck to the old Carmelite confessor, who from childhood had trained them all, and benefited them in many ways. Mademoiselle Raymond told her companions—

"This, I regret to say, seems, to me at least, a mere love of change, caprice, imitation. I, for one, am quite certain of having no part or parcel in Catherine's vision, and I am not likely to be visited by one myself. I shall not, therefore, attend Father Girard either at the confessional or even at mass, though I allow him to be an excellent preacher."

"A murmur of disapprobation went round the circle, and the word *heretic*."

To Catherine's lover Mademoiselle Raymond remarked, as they walked home together:

"You, I am sure, are not bigoted, and will not misunderstand me if I tell you, that I object to Father Girard as a confessor for Catherine on account of his zeal. The good fathers who have until now guided us, used all their efforts to maintain my poor friend within the bounds of real piety, and prevent her imagination from taking too wild a flight. They thought of her happiness and their duty only, and were not, like this idol of the day, struggling for notoriety. I hear that of him which convinces me he will be but too glad to have such a disciple, and will make of her an instrument for the advancement of his own vain-glory and ambition. But I am afraid," she added hesitatingly, "you will think it very bold in one so young, so inexperienced, to advance such opinions."

Being reassured on this point, she continued—

"Next to the danger of over-exciting a young person so predisposed to religious enthusiasm as Catherine is, there will be another and very serious evil attendant upon this. There will arise among these young ladies an emulation of holiness, a struggle to get furthest in the esteem and good graces of their teacher, who will know how to turn this rivalship to the advantage of his reputation. His disciples will no longer consider religion a duty, but desecrate it into an occupation—an amusement to fill up the void that must at times be felt in such a quiet life as ours. The loftier feeling of religion will be lost, in the hearts of many, amid its grimaces."

This is among the lessons that we consider excellently adapted to Protestant as well as Catholic young devotees. The greatest change in the character of these girls was soon visible. Some of them had been previously engaged to be married; but their approaching nuptials seemed, by a tacit understanding, to be something savoring of worldliness and levity, which should be altogether eschewed.

"They walked as though they dreaded the contact of any thing so material as earth, even with the soles of their feet; and their eyes sought the ground as if to avoid the subjects of scandal with which the air around must be filled. Confession, communion, and penance, employed all their days—holy converse with each other their evenings — and melancholy meditations their nights. The great reform that the rector had wrought in these lovely young pupils soon became known, and his power in reclaiming and purifying souls was the theme of every tongue.

"The Jesuits deemed their triumph complete; but the Carmelites bided their time with that quiet, untiring patience of which men of the world cannot even form a conception."

But the individual most changed was Catherine:

> "Her manner was strange and fantastic. Whenever the subject mentioned before her had no reference to religion, she either sat abstracted, with folded hands and uplifted eyes, the image of pious meditation, or testified, by fretful tones, her impatience of the topic. Instead, however, of listening with lively interest—as might naturally enough have been concluded—when religious discourse was introduced, she was restless and dissatisfied until she had the lead in the conversation. Then she would break out in the most flighty rhapsodies about visions and martyrdoms, saints and devils, temptations and submissions; in short, her language was mystic, and her ideas confused. She assumed a loftiness, a triumph in look, word, and action that seemed plainly to intimate her consciousness of angel wings fast growing and spreading around her, shortly to waft her to the world of fleecy clouds above, which alone now filled her mind waking or sleeping. Her feet scarcely touched the earth when she walked; a painter must have been struck with the light buoyancy of her figure when in motion. so dreamy was its grace, and he might have borrowed inspiration from the heaven-wrapt expression of her countenance. . . . . . . She delighted now in the society of none but those who, like herself, were under Father Girard's direction. The intimacy of these young ladies, but lately differing so much from each other in temper, taste, and prospects, was—to borrow their own quaint, exaggerated style of expression—a bond of union; they were but as one in submission and love to Heaven and Father Girard, and through him and with him, of Heaven's elect. It was, indeed, clear enough to the meanest comprehension, that he was the corner-stone of this alliance; for they met, as it seemed, merely for the pleasure of talking of him, and spent all their powers of figurative language in the ever-renewed struggle of out-stripping one another in the most fulsome and extravagant adulation of his sanctity!"

They were already under his Mesmeric influence:

> "The imagination of poor Catherine was fast ripening at the fires of Saint Theresa's extasies of divine love, and Saint Anthony's temptations in the desert—both which, to the reflective mind, must appear but the self-deceits of poor, erring mortals, who had lost their path in life in seeking that to heaven. Her mind naturally weak, yielding, and affectionate, requiring, to maintain its equilibrium, a calm, serene state, was, by this constant effervescence of thought, wearied beyond its power, and in danger of being destroyed altogether. Already her health began to suffer from this feverish excitement: her nights were restless, or visited by the most appalling visions; and her mother, so obtuse in the ordinary matters of life, soon became painfully sensible, by the state of her daughter's nerves, of the necessity of medical assistance, and earnestly consulted Father Girard on the subject. But the rector, who saw, or pretended to see, in the altered state, sinking frame, and disturbed slumbers of his young penitent, nothing but the workings of the Divine Spirit, strongly opposed the intervention of an earthly power, proposed his own aid—a measure joyfully accepted,—and, finally, established himself as a constant visitor at the house of the Cadières."

Catherine's earthly lover was now tacitly forbidden the house. The Holy and seraphic Maid was no fit object of an earthly love. The slang of people, whether Papist or Protestant, who are in this condition, is well hit off in the subjoined speech made by Catherine's mother, whose vanity in having given birth to so bright a Saint, was now boundless. She was recommending a wife to her saintly daughter's dejected lover, and mentioned several young ladies:

> "There remains, it is true, that half-pagan, half-heretic, Mademoiselle Raymond," she continued, with a frown,—"she has plenty of money to make one forget her uncomeliness; but ah! what can efface the uncomeliness of the heart that comes not unto God?"
>
> "I thought Mademoiselle Raymond gave full satisfaction to the directors of her conscience?"
>
> "The Fathers Carmelite! Lukewarm, drowsy set, as they are—Catherine's soul languished beneath their care, like a flower in the shade. No warming up—no elevating—they understood nothing, felt and saw nothing—they would rather have turned away my Catherine from the glorious path she is about to tread. than, like Father Girard, borne her onward in it with a mighty hand."

The plain-featured, but handsome, sensible, kind, and excellent Mademoiselle Raymond, glided by degrees into the warmest affections of the young lawyer, and they were now often drawn together by their common pity and regard for the unhappy Catherine. One day he inquired of Mademoiselle Raymond, with some curiosity, what spell could have been exercised over the female imagination, to attract these young women to so austere and uncomely a person as the Jesuit:

> "His very austerity, she said, was, to many women, a charm. Their weakness required a stay, which his severity afforded; their self-love was flattered by the importance which he attached to every trifle connected with his penitents; there was a species of voluptuousness in this petty sinning, constant reproof, performance of daily penance, and the necessity of satisfying his exalted notions of righteousness. It was a perpetual excitement, which chased away all languor from the mind, and kept it in unwearied exercise. The divine love, in short, as taught by Father Girard, had in some sort the advantage of an earthly one. It kept its votaries awake."

Mademoiselle Raymond was still unsuspicious of any *spells* being employed; but she knew the force of that passion for excitement among unoccupied women, which is often attended by even worse consequences than the excitement of worldly dissipation; as, in attending balls, plays, and operas, no woman fancies she is performing any very meritorious, and much less any exalted religious duty.

The sanctity of Catherine now became the theme of every tongue. There had been a signal *revival* among all the young ladies of Toulon: but she was supreme.

> "Her visions, too, and celestial colloquies, were much talked of—all crowded the Jesuit's church to obtain a glimpse of this beautiful and holy maid; and Father Girard's reputation spread like a mighty shadow, veiling completely the radiance of Mount Carmel—at least in Toulon. . . . . . Poor Catherine held on her course; from visions she passed to miracles, and grew every day more sick, and more saintly, drawing towards her all the praise the town could spare from Father Girard."

About this time Mademoiselle Raymond, unswerving in her attachment to her doomed friend, forced a visit upon Catherine.

> "Catherine was reclining, listlessly, on a couch, her head propped up by a deep crimson cushion, which, by its harsh contrast, caused the paleness of her features to be more apparent. At the slight noise caused by Eleonore's entrance she started up in nervous alarm, and on perceiving who was the intruder on her solitude, she became yet more agitated. Uncertainty, hesitation, a sort of reluctant shame, seemed to overwhelm her; but when Eleonore approached with open arms, she threw herself into them, and sobbed aloud on her bosom. Mademoiselle Raymond gently led her back to the couch, sat by her side, and still retaining her hand in hers, with the other stroked down her hair with a soothing fondness. Her manner was impressed with an eloquence that needed no words; Catherine evidently felt and understood it, for when she could control the vehemence of her first emotion, she said, in a tone of gentle reproach—
>
> "Oh! Eleonore, why did you leave me for so long, or ever!"

Her friend fancied that poor Catherine felt remorse for having treated her ill, and she tried to soothe her with the kindest expressions of unchanging affection. But she had not touched the true cause of Catherine's grief.

> "O! it is not that!" she impatiently exclaimed—"not that which torments me—not of that I would speak! Had I but followed your advice from the first, and never come near that *man*, or that you had never left me!"
>
> "It was not my choice," gently remonstrated Eleonore; "you must not forget *that*. Leave Father Girard."

It is said that the unfortunate Edward Irving, awaking from his delusions on his death-bed, expressed a desponding doubt which, under such solemn circumstances, amounted to certainty, "that it was all delusion!" In like manner, poor Catherine began to be troubled with doubts about her extatic spiritual condition, and her singular feelings for her confessor, whom she alternately loathed and liked. But here she reveals the secret of his influence, and her own Mesmeric subjugation to the will of her magnetizer.

> "He has taught me the holiness of self-abasement—the necessity of sinning in order to repent—of yielding in all things to the will of Heaven, blindly, darkly, with the heart, not with the understanding."
>
> "And *he*, I suppose," said Eleonore, with a flashing eye and contracted brow—"he is the oracle of that will?"
>
> "Not he alone, he merely expounds it—it is revealed to me in visions, in extacies; and the palpable signs of these supernatural communions remain with me!"
>
> "The palpable signs?—I don't understand you!" said the amazed listener.
>
> "Yes, I can show them to you as I have to my mother and brothers. Look here!" and, removing the hair that clustered over her brow and neck, she exposed to view some rather severe and but recently healed wounds."
>
> Eleonore was mute with surprise.
>
> "Yes," continued Catherine, "these are the inflictions with which the devils are permitted to visit me, during my trances; but do not look so shocked, there is more fear than pain attending them—my soul alone is conscious at such times, my body lies in a state of torpor that deadens feeling."
>
> "This is passing strange," said Mademoiselle Raymond, as she closely examined the marks thus subjected to her observation. "These are but too real, and cannot well have been self-inflicted, even in the worst fit of—of——"
>
> "Insanity, you would say," added Catherine, with a mournful smile. "I am not insane—but, oh! I often dread becoming so!"
>
> "Do these fits—these trances, come over you by day or by night?"
>
> "Both: they sometimes rouse me from my sleep, but, strange to say, it is but to another sort of slumber—a numbness steals over my frame whilst my mind wakens to activity."
>
> "You describe but the state of dreaming, which is common to all," remarked Eleonore.
>
> "Aye," resumed her companion, "but dreams do not extend to the waking moments. This phenomenon overtake me when I least expect it—whilst talking or walking—even at meals."
>
> "I have read of people being drugged into a forced sleep," said Eleonore, thoughtfully.
>
> "But Father Girard gives me nothing, nor is he always present at such times. When he is, my slumber is more peaceful, and I feel more tranquil on waking. In his absence, the fits are torture; and on their leaving me, I am totally exhausted."

"If you do not attribute these accidents to Father Girard, how do you account for them unto yourself and others?" demanded Eleonore, who was desirous to sift the matter to the bottom, and to probe her friend's feelings to the uttermost, before venturing on advice, or even on conclusions.

"I have already told you, I sometimes fancy he has charmed me; but am more often inclined to think myself, like Saint Theresa, one of those elected to suffer and to love, and unto whom mysteries are revealed in visions—through whom and upon whom miracles are wrought."

"This is a most extraordinary delusion," observed Eleonore, carried away by the feeling of the moment beyond the reserve which it was her desire to maintain until the close of the conference. . . . .

"An unnameable, unaccountable feeling of repulsion at times possessed me, which I could with difficulty control. Well, this was again counteracted by his alternate severity and praise. Thus, even whilst secretly disliking him personally, I derived great benefit from his spiritual guidance. It is remarkable that Marie Langières, Anne Guyol, and all his penitents, have felt exactly like me in this respect. The bright side of my existence—I may even call it its glorious sunshine—was the hope I entertained of treading in the footsteps of the blessed virgins who adorn our church. He taught me to believe myself called to the same path as that of my holy patroness, sweet St. Catherine of Sienna. All the bright dreams of my childhood came back to my heart with renewed freshness. I was like one suddenly transported to the summit of a high mountain, whence the eye could bathe itself in the blue of the heavens, the green of the valleys, the radiance of the setting sun. I looked beyond the very heavens, and I was proud and very happy. My mother and brothers also encouraged me in my new vocation, to the utmost of their power. They already saw the halo of canonization encircling my brow; but we were all too vain-glorious—I especially. In vain did Father Girard warn me of the dangers of this self-exaltation; nothing could damp my glowing ardor; the warning was overlooked, but the punishment was not long in overtaking the fault. One day—I had already been a whole year under his care—he breathed gently on my brow, and looked full into my eyes as he did so. From that hour I have been his slave. He often repeated this form, and each time it drew the chain tighter that bound me to him, until I had no will but his. I could neither act nor feel as I pleased, nor even think. Thus I became, if I may so express it, estranged from my own self. Oh!—but you cannot understand me—indeed. how should you? I cannot myself,—this perpetual struggle between my own will and that of another, gliding into my very being, was the dark side of that period of my existence."

As Catherine thus unbosomed herself to her friend, she became hardly intelligible. After a time, her beatific visions completely changed their character.

"I had already had many visions of a mystic and holy character, all of a nature to flatter my inordinate vanity; but now came one predicted by Father Girard, in which I was told I should be possessed for more than a year by evil spirits, to whom the power of tormenting me should be given, in order that a soul in much pain should be freed from purgatory. From that time, my trances have changed their heavenly form,—foul fiends have haunted me under every shape, and burnt wounds into my flesh, which, upon waking, I still found there. Father Girard told me this was necessary to my soul's weal and to the perfection of my character, as well as implicit blind obedience to him in all things. . . .

"Father Girard must know best. He has forbidden me prayer; saying, that it is not an efficient means of binding myself to God: that has cost me the severest pang of all. But since I have fallen into the power of the spirits of darkness, I *can* no longer pray, even when I feel most the necessity for so doing. There is a moral impossibility, a clog on my thoughts, a seal on my lips, which all the warm impulses of my heart, and even the force of habit, are inadequate to vanquish. This is one of my greatest torments, which I am sure you, who knew me when the outpourings of my spirits flowed as freely from my lips as water from its source, will be well able to imagine."

"There may be a remedy to all this," said Eleonore, thoughtfully. "Have you thought of none?"

"Exorcism might afford a relief to my soul, and a physician to my enfeebled frame; but it is for my own future weal and glory that all this should be unflinchingly borne. How high the price at which both are bought, none shall ever know but myself. Oh! Eleonore, conceive, if you can, what are my feelings; when, in spite of all that *he* can say, I sometimes doubt if my path is a right one,—dread that I am altogether misguided,—that Father Girard is the only evil spirit which torments me! When that idea crosses my brain, I am for hours the prey to despairing regrets and the bitterest remorse. Then he comes and talks me over, or barely looks at me—for he reads my thoughts at a glance,—and I repent my miserable guilty doubts, so that my soul is ever dark and troubled as the most tempestuous night"

"It was once clear as a summer morning," said Eleonore, spiritedly; "why should not the mists that obscure it clear up again?"

Here every detail and circumstance of Father Girard's power over his penitents is referred to the agency afterwards named Mesmerism. Of that principle, a character in the story—the individual, indeed, who relates it to a young German officer long after the events—thus argues,

It is worthy of remark, indeed, that in the exposition of practical magnetism, Mesmer's directions tally so completely with some of the fantastic assertions of the talented secretary of

Charles V., [Cornelius Agrippa,] in his occult philosophy, that on these points, at least, it may be said they have treated one and the same subject. And it is a no less remarkable fact, that every detail which has transpired concerning Father Girard and his penitents can be referred to that system, and, in my opinion, to nothing else.

You may adduce, and with truth, that by playing upon the mind—especially in youth—exalting and debasing it by turns, it is easy, without the assistance of any extraneous agency, to affect the reason, if not actually to destroy its equilibrium. You may further urge, and with equal truth, that so complete is the power which he who wields skillfully the dangerous weapon called enthusiasm may obtain over his miserable victims, it remains no difficult task to sway, not only their judgment, but their feelings also. It is, indeed, the knowledge of numerous cases handed down to us in history, and even still of daily occurrence, in which fanaticism conducts to crime,—to madness,—even to death, that has caused me sometimes to hesitate in my conclusions.

Had this, however, been the Jesuit's real hold on Mademoiselle Cadières, it is not likely that she would have struggled so painfully with the influence he exercised over her; she would rather have yielded cheerfully and wholly to it. But it is averred by the most experienced writers on the subject of magnetism, that the operator has an unlimited power over the patient, obtained by the concentration of his own thoughts, and their transfusion into the mind of the person subjected to this process, either by means of manipulation, which supposes consent in the party concerned; or by the mere attraction of gaze, and sympathy with surrounding objects submitted to the ordeal of magnetism by the one party, and unconsciously much used by the other; which does not imply connivance. This was the case with Mademoiselle Cadières and all the worthy Father's penitents, who yielded to, or rather suffered by an artifice whose very nature and existence was totally unknown to them.

When once affinity is established between the master and the patient,—or victim, as the case may be,—that strange psychological phenomenon takes place, of which I have often read in works on magnetism, but which I have never witnessed, or even heard of in real life, except in the case of Mademoiselle Cadières,—I mean that state of high exaltation of the nerves, which permits spirit to commune with spirit without the grosser intervention of the organs of speech,—when the half-formed thought is met by a corresponding thought, and the unspoken, unspeakable feelings are, at once, conveyed to a heart that throbs,—that *must* throb with sympathy;—a communion so full of harmony that, when we first contemplate its nature, we are excusable in believing it to belong to spheres and to beings of a higher order than ourselves, and the little world that contains us; but when we bethink ourselves of the further consequences of this latitude, and perceive that the will of man, the noblest, holiest of his attributes, is also to be enchained by the same mysterious link between a stronger and a weaker mind, while both are yet clothed within their frail human tenements, liable to be shaken and riven by human passion, we shudder and turn away from the picture of mental degradation which this subject may offer to our view.

The antagonists of Mesmer have advanced a fact which, if true—as it seems likely enough to be—would bear me out in my supposition of his science being applicable to this particular case. They assert that magnetism is highly prejudicial to the health, and, by over-exciting, is apt to cause the most serious derangements of the nervous system,—that the senses are frequently brought to a state betwixt waking and sleeping, which can hardly be said to be either, and yet partakes of both,—that this unnatural condition, in which the intellect is constantly struggling betwixt its perceptions of the real and the unreal, is most dangerous alike to mind and body, and that magnetism can produce other consequences as fatal to the sufferer as the convulsions which are its usual accompaniment.

After this meeting of Catherine and her friend, it was rumored that the Holy Maid was about to retire to a convent and take the veil. Such was the fiat of the Jesuit. The seducer willed to immure his victim; and when dragged to the convent, the care of the soul of the beautiful saint—the Holy Maid—still occupied so much of his time, that his other fair penitents became jealous and discontented because they saw so little of him. Catherine was meanwhile rapidly advancing towards canonization.

Serious rumors now began to circulate about miracles having been wrought upon Catherine, visibly and palpably impressing her with the sign-manual of special election; and they soon became not only universally discussed, but credited in every circle, drawing the attention of the clergy and the great, in a marked manner, towards the convent. . . . . At Ollioules, as at Toulon, Catherine had trances, extasies, and fits, of a character that almost bordered on epilepsy. At other times, she seemed to walk, talk, and exist, like one in a perpetual dream. The miracles spoken of had indeed wrought visibly on her person. She received the communion, and confessed almost daily with Father Girard; and the fame of her sanctity spread far and wide over the country, so that priests and *laics*, grandees and beggars, devotees of all classes, ages, and sexes, were daily entreating admittance to this new saint, of whom the strange fact is recorded, that she could read the thoughts, and guess the ailings or troubles, of those who approached her, before they had even spoken them.

Miraculous cures and heaven-inspired advice was soon reported to have emanated from her, and curiosity attracted even those to see the lovely saint of Ollioules whom credulity did not bring to her shrine.

Fashionable ladies came from Paris and the court to see and listen to the inspired novice, quite as much excited as are the Parisian ladies at this moment about Mesmerism, and women pretending to *clairvoyance*. Catherine's former lover now began to think that in this grand imposture she must herself be the arch-deceiver, and the Jesuit her dupe. He was far from suspecting the atrocity of the priest, and he had not yet wholly ceased to love her. Her friend Eleonore, at this time, magnanimously volunteered to repair to the convent, and bring him a report of the real condition of the prophetess. Eleonore Raymond went and was a witness of many things precisely similar to those exhibitions of *clairvoyance* which have long been naturalized in France, and which—thanks to the march of mind—may now be witnessed in every considerable town in our own country, at very reasonable cost. Catherine's revelations were, however, more imaginative and poetical; and, unlike the modern oracles, she never failed, which, spite of all the charitable help voluntarily, and involuntarily given, our prophetesses often do.

The abbess and nuns began to indulge strange worldly suspicions; and, though they durst not question the supernatural powers of the Holy Maid, they fairly wished her out of their house before scandal arose, and begged her spiritual director to take her away. Father Girard still visited her frequently, and claimed the privilege of being left for hours shut up with his penitent. He now saw the necessity of withdrawing her to another and more remote convent, in which the rule was much more austere than among the kind nuns with whom the unhappy girl had performed her noviciate. She, however, found means to send a note to her mother, imploring to be taken home, else she would perish! When visited at this time, she was found by her two faithful friends, now betrothed lovers, apparently dying, her person meagre and neglected, her beauty despoiled, her mind shattered, or utterly crushed and prostrate. She acknowledged that she would like to go home, if Father Girard would allow her—but he never would. "Exert your own will," said her friend.

"Why should this redoubted Jesuit wish to immure you here, or anywhere else?"

"Because he wishes my speedy death now he has ceased to like me; that is why he wishes me to go to Saletta. He may cheat others with fair words, but from *me* he cannot hide his thoughts."

"I dare say you know him thoroughly. But knowing him and his purposes well, why not defeat them?"

"I may not," muttered the novice, with a slight shudder.

"Then why write to your mother to take you away?"

"I don't know," was the disconsolate answer.

"If Father Girard be persuaded to let you go,—if he gave his free consent, what then?"

"Then—then I should be saved!" exclaimed Catherine, with some vivacity. "But, no: he never will consent!"

"He must have strange reasons for this insistance, Catherine."

"Of course he has. It would never do if the world at large were to learn that he is a magician—a sorcerer—and has bewitched me! But the lady abbess and all this community know it, and do not approve of my vocation, nor of him,—that is why I am to be withdrawn hence."

Catherine was brought home, suffered severely, and was tortured by the exorcisms of the Carmelites; but at length she was emancipated from the Mesmeric influences of the Jesuit, who, when the truth came out, was, through the intrigues of the jealous Carmelites, brought to trial for sorcery, seduction, and *Quietism*. This charge was met by the Jesuits, by that of Catherine having been a sacrilegious impostor who had deceived her spiritual director; and it was rumored that the Bishop was about to prosecute her and her family for conspiracy, and for the defamation of Father Girard the Jesuit.

This news was the more startling, that it was well known throughout all coteries and classes that Catherine was no more of an impostor than any of the other young females who had come within the fangs of the wily priest; that all had been alike seduced from the path of innocence and honor, many of whom were even more unfortunate in the consequences of their fault than poor Catherine. All these were facts too well established to be disputed; and public opinion altogether flowed in her favor.

The singular trial was one of interest in France, equal to that of Madame Laffarge. People came all the way from Paris to attend it. The Lady Abbess and the mother of the novices were important witnesses for Catherine, and so were her young companions, the other victims of the Jesuit; while the Jesuits did every thing that money or intrigue could effect, to screen their fallen brother from conviction.

They were moving heaven and earth; exhausting at once their credit and their treasury, to save a wretch whom it would have been wiser, cheaper, more honest, to have left to the justice of his countrymen. The most shameless and persevering corruption was tried upon the witnesses. Some, whom promises could not seduce, were intimidated by threats—anonymous letters were despatched to those who could not be openly addressed in the strains in which they were penned—in short, every engine was at work to crush, if possible, the accusers along with the accusation. . . . . . Catherine, whom they had threatened with the rack and the faggot if she persisted in her vile falsehoods—thus the Jesuits were pleased to style her artless admissions, so unwelcome and disparaging to themselves—menaces, which she well knew were not idle breath, yet remained unshaken in her high resolve of unmasking vice and villany, let the consequences of her bold but virtuous deed be what they might.

The trial, as detailed, is full of interest. Catherine's former lover,—now the affianced husband of her friend,—unable to avert the exposure of her dishonor, which the envy of the Carmelites forced on, was her zealous and able advocate. The evidence in the extraordinary case was strong and clear; and that of the other young women whose confessor Father Girard had been, fully confirmed Catherine's testimony.

In admitting their individual dishonor, they one and all, like her, swore to breathings on the brow, fixed and prolonged gazes that bewildered their senses, and declared their conviction that their ruin had been accomplished by means of foul, dark acts of magic. Indeed, in spite of the enlightenment of that or any other period, it was next to impossible to assign a rational cause for the errors of so many youthful maidens in favor of the prisoner at the bar. It was difficult to believe these young victims, all equally perjured, willing abettors of a detestable fraud; and yet human reason was confounded in the inextricable labyrinth into which their disclosures were well calculated to involve it.

Thus ended the first day; and with perturbed, agitated spirit, did every single individual of that countless throng return to his home or his inn, as the case might be, to discuss throughout the livelong night possibilities that seemed to verge on the impossible; and dreamy questions, that led to any thing but the sweet oblivion of slumber.

Had Mesmer but been there to give a new name to that mysterious phenomenon of nature, whose definition in darker ages, by their few and much calumniated philosophers, has become a despised and contemptible by-word,—had Mesmer proclaimed his startling propositions to those whose minds the artless revelations of a few simple, uneducated young women had so much perplexed,—all would have been explained. Father Girard had been held a magician no longer; but a perfect adept in Animal Magnetism would have been unmasked at once.

The trial occupied many days, and all went favorably for Catherine. The Abbess and sisters established, by indisputable evidence, the motives which the confessor had, or might have, to practise magical arts on his penitent, and

The singular phenomenon of an exalted state of *clairvoyance* and artificial somnambulism of which the unfortunate Catherine had furnished so striking an example, was deposed to by physicians, doctors in divinity, nuns, and chance witnesses of every grade and station, and details were furnished which, as might well have been imagined, excited the court even more than all that had gone before. In short, to avoid wearying your patience as much as possible, no case was ever more complete as to evidence. There was not the least shadow of a doubt left wherein to conceal Father Girard's shame, nor outlet, however small, for him to creep through.

The Jesuit, when examined, completely broke down, subdued in mind and body; while Catherine acquitted herself nobly.

The Jesuits, ever since the beginning of the affair, had scarcely ventured to pass through the mob, so intense was the execration in which they were held at that moment by the very people who had worshipped them with slavish respect but a few short days before. The excitement within and without the court was at its height.

The spectators had nosegays of white flowers at their breasts, as if in joyous expectation of the triumph of that innocence for whose emblem they had been selected. Catherine looked still more beautiful than on the previous days, though somewhat more moved than usual; a slight blush suffused her face at almost every alternate minute, and her eyes more frequently sought those of her trembling mother, who was scarcely less an object of deep sympathy and interest than herself.

The judges seemed more perturbed and gloomy than ever, and turned no friendly glances towards the plaintiff and her advocate.

Once, and once only, did that advocate's eye light upon the Jesuit's countenance, whose every movement he had hitherto watched, nevertheless, most carefully. He seemed moody and absorbed, but in great measure recovered from the abject consternation and terror which had overwhelmed him throughout the proceedings of this harassing trial. The advocate remarked, that in the course of that morning he had helped himself repeatedly from a water-flask that stood near, in order, as he thought, to calm his inward perturbation; and when his glance fell on him, he was in the very act of raising a glassful of the pure element to his lips. There was nothing in this simple movement to excite any attention, and the advocate soon turned his thoughts to other objects. Shortly afterwards, Catherine feeling much exhausted, one of the inferior officers about the court approached her with a tumbler of fresh water, which was accepted, and drained at a draught. . .

The examination of other witnesses went on, and, finally, Catherine was again confronted with Father Girard. Her behaviour in public had been, until that moment, in such perfect accordance with the sentiments she expressed in private, that her advocate no longer watched her with the same keen, sickening apprehension which at first his doubts of her stability had occasioned. But now there was something so strange and unsteady in the sound of her voice, as to cause him to start and look round, when the change that he beheld in her whole mien and bearing riveted at once his eye and his attention.

Had the wand of an enchanter touched her, and that wand been invested with all the mysterious qualities ever bestowed on it by the most generous imagination, it could not have wrought a change more complete, and to her friends and well-wishers mere appalling. Her eyes wandered with uncertain, dreamy gaze, from object to object, or sought the ground, not, however, from natural bashfulness, but from a heaviness that seemed to press the lids forcibly down; her lips and brow were contracted as if by an intense effort at collecting thought; her answers were broken, dark, vague, unconnected; and the light from within, that had irradiated her countenance and diffused its brightness into every lineament, seemed fading away from her perplexed brow, on which the mists that had lain so heavy on it at St. Claire's were slowly again gathering.

Gradually as Catherine lost her self-command—and that, too, at the most critical moment of her fate,—Father Girard assumed an air of growing courage, as much at variance with his hitherto abject timidity and unmanly incoherency. His manner grew proportionably assured, as that of his opponent lost firmness; the advocate gazed in speechless amazement; whilst the judges exchanged smiles, that showed how much this change relieved their minds at that decisive hour.

The rest passed with the rapidity and with the indistinctness of a dream. The advocate more than once made a violent effort as if to awake from some troubled vision, as he heard Catherine, in a hurried, confused manner, recant, one by one, every word she had before spoken, deny every fact that had been proved by irrefragable evidence,—assert herself a mean impostor, the tool of a vile conspiracy,—Father Girard, an injured saint,—herself, her friends, and supporters, the vilest of sinners that ever trod the earth.

When Catherine was next day visited in her dungeon by her advocate, she asserted that the glass of water alone had produced such extraordinary effects, and he was more than ever bewildered. Father Girard, she said, had by some means charmed it.

"Scarcely had the draught passed my lips, when I felt its intoxicating qualities mount to my brain. I was lost in a world of deception; every thing appeared under a new light—myself a monster; *he* was again, for the hour, the master of my soul, and I felt, thought, and spoke as he desired; the spell was again on my brain, on my heart, and my lips obeyed its suggestions. Oh! how could you imagine that of my own free will I could have uttered such horrid falsehoods--have thrown shame and danger on the innocent to save the guilty--sacrificed Father Nicholas, my brothers, my poor mother, for whom?—For that monster? No! surely you cannot think that, left to my own free will, I could ever have done this. It is impossible!"

A second trial was with difficulty obtained before the Parliament of Aix, and truth triumphed over Jesuitry and sorcery or *Mesmerism* combined; though, while Catherine was pronounced *innocent*, Father Girard was declared *not guilty*, and made over to his superiors. The whole phenomena and incidents of the singular case, are represented as coinciding in every particular with the phenomena of modern Mesmerism; the trances, the visions, the *clairvoyance*, the fits and convulsions, the breathings on the brow, the signs of the cross, or wavings over her person and head; all were similar to the operations and effects of what is now named *Animal Magnetism.* It is said, "the charm that bound a young and lovely girl to an old, disgusting monk, and the magical influence of the glass of water, and even the vision which made Catherine choose Father Girard for her confessor, are completely in the course of Mesmerism."

Starting from the fact of her being from childhood upwards afflicted with natural somnambulism, thus predisposed to magnetic slumber, and by her constitutional delicacy laid open to every attack on the nerves, how easy for a man like Father Girard to practise upon her the dangerous skill which he had, doubtless, long before acquired by a close study of the old occult philosophers and mediciners.

As has already been seen in the course of the narrative, the advocate had no doubt but that primarily the Jesuit used this powerful agency merely as a means of exalting and guiding the human susceptibilities, in such a manner as to confer honor upon himself and his Order; but that his unbridled licentiousness, in spite of his better reason, led him away from his original design. Such a supposition is, however, but speculative.

It is easy, in many instances, to trace the numerous miracles and saintships that agitated France about that period to the same cause; showing that Father Girard was by no means the first monk who had made himself master of this mystery, though, perhaps, few ever adapted it to such vile ends.

But where unfair means are put into the hands of weak, erring mortals, who can vouch for the purposes to which they may be applied? The moral of my tale is, therefore, that though I most firmly believe in the existence of such an agency as Mesmerism, and even think it might, in some cases, be turned to a good account, it is my conviction that it would for the most part be made an abuse and a nuisance of; perhaps even, as I have shown, admit of crime to which, unhappily, there are but too many inlets into the world without human ingenuity seeking to add to them.

Yes, I know that such a science exists; but I am of opinion *that no government should allow it to be in any way practised within its boundaries; that no conscientious person should meddle with it, and that no prudent one should expose himself, or any member of his family, to its influence; and that, as a thing more likely to lead to evil than to good, it should be just sufficiently accredited to put people on their guard against it, but certainly not made the object of particular research or inquiry; its eventual utility to mankind not being sufficiently established to make it worth the student's while.*

The moral is sound, but too weak to counteract the influence of this attractive but unhealthy tale; though, while Mesmerism is so much in vogue, it may be right to supply a popular antidote.

Unregulated enthusiasm, and the magical power of the passions in vain and unstable minds, is equal to every thing alleged here to have been produced by Mesmerism. It would not do to absolve women from their moral responsibilities, nor to burn men as sorcerers, because, to take a familiar case, and one quite in point, a Dr. Lardner may seem to have enchanted or magnetized a Mrs. H——, a case that Mesmerism, were it true, would at once satisfactorily account for. It will not do to shift the blame of errors, once conveniently laid upon the stars, to the Mesmerizers. Dr. Elliotson, though pretty far gone in the science, disclaims the alleged power of the Mesmerizer over the will of the Mesmeree, who is compelled, it is averred, to act, think, suffer, taste, smell, and feel, as the more potent spirit chooses to ordain; to be in complete subjection to his absolute will. No one, he says, can be mesmerized against their will; though, by his own account, Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield surely took Miss O'Key at vantage when he was suddenly converted. What power of resistance—what *will* could a poor half-conscious girl, dangling over a balustrade, oppose to a gentleman who stole on, and made passes at her behind her back, unless she could, like others in her condition, see with the back of her head—and so apprehend her danger?

Mr. Wakefield had been induced to witness one of Dr. Elliotson's wonderful exhibitions of Mesmerism. He had gone an unbeliever; and, when the experiments were over, was retiring at least skeptical, when, in passing through a gallery of the Hospital, "he accidentally noticed one of the O'Keys, with her back to him, hanging over the balusters, and still in the Mesmeric delirium, and therefore highly susceptible. He thought this a most favorable opportunity to test her, because he was satisfied that she could not see any thing that he did. He made a pass behind her back at some distance, and she was instantly fixed and rigid, and perfectly senseless. He had sense enough to believe his senses; was satisfied of the truth of Mesmerism, and has since mesmerized many hundred persons, and spread the truth widely."

This was indeed a sudden and remarkable conversion; but how, we again ask, could Miss O'Key's *will* have protected her from the magnetic influence of Mr. Wakefield? The wonder was, that thus left to roam about alone, she had not tumbled over the balusters and broken her neck.

THE MESSENGER DOVE.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

No rest for thy foot, oh, Dove,
Thou mayest no further go,
There's an angry sky above,
And a raging deep below;
Though wildly toss the weary ark—
Though drear and dull its chambers be—
Return, return, 'tis a sheltering bark,
And a resting-place for thee!

'Twas vain to send thee forth,
To tire thy downy wing;
From the drowned and sunken earth,
What tidings canst thou bring?
Oh, thus the human heart sends out
Its pilgrims on a lonely track,
And after years of pain and doubt,
Receives them wearied back!

No rest for thy foot, oh, Hope,
Sent forth on pinion fleet,
Though vale and sunny slope
Lie spread beneath thy feet.
There are tempests still of fear and scorn,
To rend the plumage of thy breast—
Clouds following on, and a piercing thorn,
Where'er thy foot would rest.

No rest for thy foot, oh, Peace,
If sent to find some leaf—
Sign that earth's tempests cease,
And are dried her springs of grief;
No rest for thee!—return, return!—
The soul that sent thee vainly forth,
To keep thee safe, must cease to yearn
For the flowers and toys of earth!

Least rest for thy foot, oh, Love,
With thy pinion pure and strong,
All earth's wild waters move
To do thee deadly wrong.
Back to the deep, fond heart, whose sighs
Have all too much of "passion's leaven,"
And if thou *must* go forth, arise
On an angel's wing to heaven!

Dublin University Magazine.

MEMOIR OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

From the World of Fashion.

[WE are indebted for the following sketch to Dr. Madden, the Author of "*Travels in the East*," "*Lives and Times of the United Irishmen.*" It is to ourselves, personally, a subject of pride, that we should be honored by this contribution, and feel assured that our readers will feel equal gratification in the perusal.]

FEW persons whose names are unconnected with literary labors or political movements, have acquired so much notoriety, and excited so much curiosity, not only in this country but in every part of Europe, as the late Lady Hester Stanhope. The published accounts, which we have had occasionally given us, of her mode of life, her opinions, and her acts, still leave some of the most singular traits in her character as mysterious and inexplicable as they were before.

It remains to be seen whether any additional light can be thrown on this subject, by one intimately acquainted with her Ladyship's peculiar opinions, and those favorite speculations of hers to which the latter years of her life were devoted.

Her communication with persons who appreciated her noble qualities, (for, with all her eccentricities, she possessed many,) was divested of a great deal of that glare of coloring, which her Ladyship thought it necessary to give to conversation, the object of which was to maintain an influence over those around her, by exciting wonder, and keeping up a belief in her astrological attainments. Travellers have given ample details of her career in the East, her habits of life in her latter years, and the devotion of her faculties to mystical and metaphysical inquiries, in the mazes of which an understanding of less original vigor must have been totally bewildered. The delusions of Lady Hester Stanhope resembled, in one particular, those which *Hamlet* was conscious of laboring under, and careful to magnify the indications of, and to exhibit as tokens of insanity, for the accomplishment of one fixed design—the aim and end of every act and thought. In time, however, these half delusions, half impositions change their character—

> "And he that will be cheated to the last,
> Delusion strong at length will bind him fast."

The one fixed object of Lady Hester's ambition, was dominion over the minds of the people by whom she was surrounded. All the tendencies of her nature, and of her altered position at the death of Mr. Pitt—the distinction then lost—the falling off of friends, the worshippers of place and power—the preferment of her uncle's foes—the grown power of democracy, hateful to the proud and lofty spirit of one whose aristocratic ideas were formed in times when the privileges of her Order were upheld with a high hand—her admiration of the extraordinary powers of Mr. Pitt—her experience of the influence which he exerted over the minds of his fellow-men, and over the destinies of Europe; and, finally, perhaps, the disappointment of hopes at home on which her heart was set—these tended to isolate her mind in the midst of European society—to render the latter distasteful to her, and eventually contributed to the determination she came to of fixing her abode in the East.

Shortly after her arrival in the Levant, she resided among the mountains of Lebanon, and in the dreary wilderness of D'Joun, where she had been hospitably received by the wild inhabitants of those mountains, where the generosity, nobleness, and benevolence of her disposition, and above all—the heroism of her character—were calculated to make a deep impression on the minds of a bold, simple, hospitable, and unsubjugated people like the Druses of the Mountains of Lebanon, and the Arabs of the adjoining desert, she fixed her abode. The science of the stars, to use an expression of Lady Hester's, was "cradled in the East." Every form of mysticism or magic which in later times we find served up in new shapes and systems, in the works especially of the great Magister Magistrorum Paracelsus, traces are to be found of in the writings of the Arab illuminati of an earlier age. Their works are still in request with the modern literati of Syria and Egypt, of all creeds—Jews, Christians, and Mahommedans; magic, in fact, is held in the same estimation (as a branch of learning of the highest description) as the profoundest attainment in mathematics is considered in this country. Lady Hester was surrounded by the Sheiks, Effendis, Hakkims, Malims, Dervishes, Priests, and Rabbis of the Druses, Arabs, Turks, Maronites, and Jews of Lebanon, and its adjacent borders. These men of learning, are like "the Mystery Men" of North America; they combine the exercise of all the learned professions with pretensions to the knowledge of magic, and the exercise of supernatural power.

Curiosity, in all probability, first directed the attention of Lady Hester to the subjects which are the never failing topics of oriental conversations among the learned. Shut out from communication, as she was, with Europeans, the inquiries that were entered into for the employment of her leisure, or which afforded amusement at first on account of their novelty, deepened in their interest as her time and thoughts became devoted to them; and where truth was not to be found, nor falsehood often to be easily detected, she suffered her mind to acquiesce in much which she could not comprehend, and which she could not controvert, if she were able and inclined to do so, without losing that ascendency over the people about her, which was essential to her power.

In such a position, those who are partially deluded, endeavor often to deceive themselves: and even when they fail, it becomes a sort of intellectual exercise to try how far they may succeed with others in the attempt which has proved unsuccessful with themselves. If this be madness, there is a method in it which resembles Hamlet's—if it be frenzy, then Cromwell's fanaticism had nothing in it of a stimulated fervor in behalf of the interests of religion, when he harangued his troopers about heaven, and their matchlocks in the same breath. The

Arabs have "their philosophical persons to make familiar things seem strange and causeless."

The knowledge she possessed of the speculations of the Arab adepts, was obtained in conversation with the persons distinguished for their abstruse learning and acquaintance with its recondite authors who frequented her house. With these persons her time was chiefly spent, and on them her means were unfortunately profusely lavished. When her circumstances became embarrassed, the Arab philosophers carried their secret love and the juggling of the fiends in the interests of avarice and cupidity elsewhere. Her pecuniary difficulties, for the last ten years of her life, rendered her situation one that few other persons would have been able to have borne up against. Her friends fell off one after another, her servants deserted her, her enemies scoffed at her forlorn condition, and on some occasions basely took advantage of it to terrify the few within her walls, who remained faithful to her. They attempted to break into her house—they ravaged the country in the immediate neighborhood of her solitary establishment. On several occasions her life was placed in the most imminent danger, and in one instance at the hand of one of her own slaves. There, however, she continued to reside forsaken and forlorn—impoverished, slighted, and maltreated—unsubdued, though surrounded by dangers and utterly unprotected. Things were strangely altered from what they had been when, in the days of her prosperity, she had "her thousand and her tens of thousands" of the children of the desert at her command; when she was held as an equal by the Emirs, the Sheiks, and scherifs of the land, when she received their messengers and ministers with all the pomp and circumstances of Oriental state—when the lawless Bedouins and the wild men of the mountains, the tribes of the Druses and Ansari were accustomed to bring their domestic strife and border feuds to the foot of her divan for arbitration and adjustment—when the "Sittee Inglis" was wont to ride forth at the head of a goodly retinue to meet the multitude of Arabs of some encampment newly made in her vicinity, mounted on her favorite charger "of the sacred race of the steed of Solomon," conscious of her power "to witch the world with noble horsemanship." Poor Lady Hester's proud spirit met, indeed, with rubs enough to break it down in her latter years, but she struggled against them with a brave spirit. When the object of her ambition ceased to be attainable—when her influence declined, and the power that, in reality, was based on the reputation of her wealth, no longer was acknowledged by the people around her, she shut herself up in the seclusion of her desolate abode at D'Joun; she communed with none, she sought no sympathy, and she ceased to be importuned, even by travellers, for permission to be admitted to her presence. Her fame seemed to have vanished with her affluence. The breaking down of such a being was not suited for the observation of strangers. Conscious of her pending ruin, sensible of her inability to impede its progress, and having nothing but scorn to oppose to her enemies, prudence in vain suggested the last resource that was left to her—a return to her own country; but this course to Lady Hester appeared nothing less than flying from her enemies; and the idea, carrying with it to her mind that of dishonor, she spurned at its entertainment. The last flash of that proud spirit was elicited on the occasion of the communication made to her by Government, respecting the appropriation of a part of her pension* to the payment of her numerous debts in the Levant.

In this correspondence, the characteristic qualities of Lady Hester are plainly seen in the haughty defiance hurled at the menaced interference in her affairs, the reference to the power and influence, in by-gone times, of her celebrated relatives—the appeal to the Queen Victoria of England, as from one sovereign to another, from one who felt that she had once been looked upon as an Eastern Princess, and now that she was in adversity, was entitled to consider the protection of a sovereign whom she seemed to consider as a sister Queen. This poor lady did not long survive the occurrence which we have referred to. She died at D'Joun the 23d December, 1839, in the 64th year of her age. The father of Lady Hester was the third Earl of Stanhope, a nobleman distinguished for his mechanical genius and scientific researches. His lordship married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Chatham, by whom he had issue Hester Lucy, born the 12th of March, 1776; Griselda, married in 1800 to John Teckell, Esq., of Hambleton in Hans; and Lucy Rachel, married in 1796, to Thomas Taylor, Esq., of Seven Oaks, in Kent. The Earl married, secondly, the daughter of Henry Grenville, Esq., (cousin to the Marquis of Buckingham,) by whom he had issue, Philip Henry, Viscount Mahon, and two other sons.

If, in the few preceding observations, the peculiarities and eccentricities of Lady Hester's character are noticed at some length—and the noble qualities of her nature, her active benevolence, above all, her charitableness to the poor, her enthusiasm in the service of the injured and oppressed, are less dwelt on than the former topic—it is not that the writer of this slight notice of her character was unacquainted with these excellencies, or ignorant of the claim which they give the memory of Lady Hester Stanhope to the regard of all who knew her, and to the sympathy of those who are only acquainted with those deviations of hers from ordinary modes and customs, and habits of life, which obtained a temporary celebrity at the cost of peace and happiness. R. R. M.

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* "The Pension to Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, the niece of the Right Hon William Pitt, was £900 per annum, secured on the 4½ per cent duties."

COLONEL TORRENS ON FREE TRADE.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *Letter to the Right Honorable Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M. P., on the Condition of England, and on the Means of Removing the Causes of Distress.* By R. Torrens, Esq., F. R. S.
2. *Postscript to a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., on the Condition of England, and on the Means of Removing the Causes of Distress.* By R. Torrens, Esq., F. R. S.

The first of these pamphlets takes up the subject of Emigration as the remedy, and the only remedy, for the distress under which this country has long been suffering. This is a subject of vast importance, into the consideration of which it is not our intention to enter at this time; and we content ourselves with respect to it, by simply stating our dissent from many of the positions assumed and the conclusions adopted by Colonel Torrens.

Our business on this occasion is with the "Postscript," which has little or nothing to do with the contents of the preceding "Letter"—in fact, has nothing in common with it, save its parentage and the wildness of its assumptions.

In this postscript Colonel Torrens has brought forward views which he had previously offered to the world in certain pamphlets published anonymously, but since avowed by him, under the title of "The Budget." Having been known during many years as a writer on economical science, his opinions are calculated to influence persons accustomed to avail themselves of the studies of others rather than enter for themselves upon the task of investigation. It therefore appears desirable to examine the doctrines thus authoritatively put forward, and to exhibit their fallacious character.

The main proposition brought forward, and which meets us in the first page of the Postscript, is thus solemnly introduced by Colonel Torrens:—

> "I would beg to submit for your consideration what appears to amount to a mathematical demonstration, that a reduction of the duties upon foreign productions, unaccompanied by a corresponding mitigation of the duties imposed by foreign countries upon British goods, would cause a further decline of prices, of profits, and of wages, and would render it doubtful whether the taxes could be collected, and faith with the public creditor maintained."—P. 1.

To any one who considers Colonel Torrens an authority upon questions of political economy, such a proposition must be startling, and as there may be such persons, who consequently will look with alarm at the free-trade movement now in progress, it may be worth while to examine his positions, and to ascertain how far they are tenable.

To illustrate his theory, Colonel Torrens has assumed the existence of circumstances which have not, and which never could have, existence, and in common with all reasoners upon false premises, he has arrived at erroneous conclusions. We will not bespeak for ourselves, as Colonel Torrens has done, a favorable hearing for theories by averring their agreement with the writings of political economists, some of whom are probably surprised enough at the support they are made thus to give to doctrines "never dreamt of in their philosophy." Having endeavored to understand the principles which regulate the commercial intercourse of different countries, we are persuaded that the fears expressed by Colonel Torrens are without even a shadow of foundation, and may be completely allayed by bringing his theories to the test of experience and common sense. The principal difficulty in the performance of this task will consist in rendering intelligible the propositions of Colonel Torrens, which, as they stand, lead us inevitably to conclude that the mind whence they emanate is any thing but logical or "mathematical." What, it may be asked, can be made of the following?—

> "At any given time, the demand for foreign articles must be a definite quantity, and the supply of such articles must also be a definite quantity, and the value of domestic productions, in relation to foreign productions, will be as the quantity of the demand is to the quantity of the supply. For example:—If in England the demand for foreign produce should consist of 1,000 bales of finished goods, while the supply of such produce consisted of 1,000 hogsheads, then a bale of finished goods, and a hogshead of foreign produce, would be the equivalents of each other."—P. 6.

We apprehend it is not meant either that the *demand* at any given time is a *quantity*, still less that it is a fixed quantity, or that the supply at that time is equally a fixed quantity—nor that they are known quantities—nor that they are quantities that *can* be defined. How, then, can they be definite? Further, it can hardly be meant that the value of domestic productions which a country has to offer in exchange for foreign productions, is at any given moment of time the measure and limit of the demand for such foreign productions. Thus much for the propositions. How does the "example" given afford us any explanation? How can a "demand for foreign produce consist of" that which we have to offer? We may guess at the meaning which Colonel Torrens intends to convey, and which probably is, that if England has 1,000 bales of goods, and Cuba has 1,000 hogsheads of produce, and they wish to barter the one for the other, then a bale of goods will be the equivalent for a hogshead of produce. The proposition in itself is of little value. It could be true only if the figment created by Colonel Torrens were also true, of England and Cuba being the only countries having commercial intercourse each with the other. The passage may serve to suggest whether its author is fitted to become the expounder of doctrines, and may afford means for accounting for the effect which his recent writings are said to have produced upon people unaccustomed to the examination of subjects connected with economical science, and unused to detect the fallacies that are pretty sure to lurk under a style for describing which there is no legitimate English word, so that we are driven to the columns of the *slang dictionary*, and to borrow from it the expression *rigmarole.*

It betrays a most singular want of congruity in the mind of Colonel Torrens that he should have chosen for the illustration of his theory our intercourse with Cuba. Had he known any thing of the nature of that intercourse, he must have been conscious that it affords in itself a perfect answer to that theory; for if it be true, our trade must have long since have consummated the ruin of the island, seeing that its tariff is far less hostile to us than our tariff is to it, for it takes of our manufactures a very large amount, while we wholly exclude its produce by prohibitory duties.

The case of Switzerland, too, might have suggested a doubt as to the truth of Colonel Torrens's "mathematical demonstration," seeing that on every side the Cantons have to encounter hostile tariffs, while they are wholly without any tariff, and yet manage under conditions otherwise disadvantageous to carry on prosperously their manufactures and their foreign commerce.

Before proceeding at greater length to show that the theory brought forward by Colonel Torrens has no true foundation, it may be well still further to expose the want of clearness of his mind as seen in the manner of enunciating his positions. At page 8 of this Postscript we find the following passage:—

> "Let us now vary our supposition, and assume that England and Cuba impose upon the productions of each other an import duty of 100 per cent. The effect of this duty would be to diminish, by one half, the demand in each country for the products of the other. Consumers in England would have as before 1,000 bales of finished goods with which to purchase Cuba produce; but 500 bales would now be paid into the Treasury on account of the duty, and consequently, no more than the remaining 500 bales could be exported in payment of the foreign produce. In like manner, the producers in Cuba would have as before 1,000 hogsheads of produce to lay out in the purchase of British goods; but out of the 1,000 hogsheads which they paid to the importing merchant, 500 hogsheads would be transferred by him to the Treasury of Cuba, and only the remaining 500 exported to England. In England, the value of tropical produce estimated in finished goods would be doubled; and in Cuba the value of finished goods in relation to raw produce would be doubled."

By his manner of thus stating his propositions, Colonel Torrens converts the import duty of Cuba into an export duty of England, and *vice versâ.* But the operation, independent of this jumble, would not be conducted as stated. By the hypothesis, England has made 1,000 bales of goods and Cuba 1,000 hogsheads of produce more than each requires, and it would not result from the imposition of duties as assumed, that an increased demand would arise in England for 500 bales of goods, nor in Cuba for 500 hogsheads of produce. The 1,000 bales and the 1,000 hogsheads, respectively, must still be exported, and if the inhabitants of Cuba had nothing to give in exchange but their 1,000 hogsheads, and the merchants of England nothing to offer but their 1,000 bales, the importers in the two countries would pay the duties upon the 1,000 packages imported by them respectively, and those duties would not be in diminution of the net proceeds. By the hypothesis the rate of duty is 100 per cent.; it will therefore result that finished goods in Cuba and "produce" in England will be dearer to the respective consumers than they were before the duties were imposed, possibly by the full amount of the duty, but probably by the greatest part of the impost; but the duty collected in each country would of course relieve the inhabitants of each from an equal weight of taxation in some other direction, and each would thus, after paying the duty, have the same means of consuming the finished goods and the "produce" as before.

Colonel Torrens is of a different opinion. He says—

> "In the above case, the trade between England and Cuba would be diminished one half—half the former quantity of raw produce would be imported into England, and half the former quantity of finished goods into Cuba. But it would not necessarily follow that the aggregate wealth or the aggregate consumption of either country would diminish by this contraction of its foreign trade. In England, though the quantity of sugar would be diminished one half, yet one half of the goods formerly sent out in exchange for sugar would be retained in the country, and consumed by those for whose services the tax might be advanced; and in Cuba, while the quantity of British goods would be diminished one half, one half of the domestic products formerly sent out in payment of British goods, would be retained in payment of the duty, and would augment the public revenue by the amount abstracted from the revenues of the consumers of British fabrics."—Pp. 8, 9.

So that the English government is to intercept 500 bales of goods which would otherwise go to Cuba, to keep them at home where they are not wanted, and where their presence can only operate to reduce the price of the like goods made for home use, and to distribute them among "those for whose services the tax might be advanced." Who those persons might be does not appear; indeed, the whole passage partakes in a very great degree of the confusion that marks throughout this "mathematical demonstration." If this interception took place, the effect must be to reduce the price of the then redundant goods in the home market, and thus to occasion the future production of a smaller quantity, until we should have only 500 bales to send to Cuba.

To proceed in the examination of Colonel Torrens's assumptions. He says—

> "Let us now alter the circumstances of the case, and assume that England repeals the duty upon Cuba produce, while Cuba retains the duty upon British goods. The effect of this remission of duty upon one hand, and retention on the other, requires to be carefully and accurately traced."—P. 9.

Let us see the amount of care and accuracy brought to the task.

> "Previous to the remission of the duty," says Colonel Torrens, "the consumers in England were able and willing to give 1,000 bales of goods for Cuba produce, but of those 1,000 bales, 500 were abstracted as duty; and therefore the actual quantity of British goods which constituted the demand (quære, the means of payment?) for Cuba produce was only 500 bales. On the remission of the duty by England, the quantity of British goods constituting the demand for Cuba produce is doubled. No portion of the goods which the consumer pays for tropical produce will now be abstracted by the Treasury; the whole will be given to the merchant in exchange for the imported produce. The imported produce is 500 hogsheads. A double quantity of domestic commodities is offered in exchange for the same quantity of foreign commodities. Two bales of British goods, which previous to the repeal of the British duties were worth, at the import price, two hogsheads of Cuba produce, will now be worth only one hogshead. Cuba will obtain for the 500 hogsheads of produce which she sends to England, the same quantity of finished goods which under the system of free trade on both sides she had formerly obtained in return for 1,000 hogsheads of produce. The whole of the amount of the duty charged by Cuba upon British goods is therefore paid by England."—P. 9.

By the former hypothesis, of the 1,000 bales and 1,000 hogsheads, 500 of each were to be seized by the respective Custom houses, leaving 500 of the one to be exchanged for 500 of the other. It is not, therefore, correct to say that two bales are exchanged for two hogsheads, since the producers parted each with 1,000 and received 500, or gave two for one. From what has already been said, it appears that the respective quantities of 1,000 would continue to be sent and received. The remission of the duty on the part of England would make no alteration in this respect — the 1,000 surplus bales would be sent, and the 1,000 surplus hogsheads would be received, irrespective of the imposition of the duty or its remission. What, then, would be the effect of the one-sided remission assumed? Let us examine the question, not on the absurd basis of England and Cuba being the only countries in the world, but with reference to existing circumstances.

England sends to Cuba goods valued at one million sterling, and takes in return—*nothing*, the duties chargeable upon the produce of Cuba amounting to prohibition. How, then, is England paid? Cuba sends her produce to Germany, Spain, &c.; and England receives the value in wool, timber, grain, wine, &c.

Cuba imposes import duties upon English goods, which duties are paid by the consumers, who pay to England besides the same price for the goods as is paid by other countries, *i. e.* their cost of production and transport, with the ordinary rate of mercantile profit.

If Cuba took off this duty, and the consequent cheapening of the goods occasioned a greater consumption, the increased demand might for a time occasion an advance of profits in England upon certain branches of manufacture; but in the first place, this increase of demand would be but trifling with reference to the whole production of those manufactures in England, and therefore the increase of profit would be trifling also; and secondly, it would soon cease, through the flowing of more capital into the so favored branches of employment.

If Cuba should increase the duty, so as to diminish the use of English goods, the reverse effect would follow; but the degree must be equally proportioned to the amount of our trade with Cuba, as compared with the entire trade of England in the particular branches affected, which branches would be in the receipt of a smaller rate of profits only until the adjustment should be effected by the withdrawal of capital and its employment in some other channel.

In the meantime, the cheapening of the goods in question might cause greater sales to other countries, and thus enable England to draw her supplies of wool, timber, grain, wine, &c., from Germany, Spain, &c., in payment for the goods themselves, instead of such German and Spanish produce being paid for the produce of Cuba, sent to those countries in order to provide funds in payment for the goods of England sent to Cuba.

If England shall reduce her duty upon Cuban produce so as to allow of its consumption in England, the immediate effect would be, in our actual circumstances, to give Cuba a higher price for that produce, and then a smaller quantity will pay for the English goods actually consumed in Cuba. If Cuba contents herself with the same quantity of English goods she will have a surplus quantity of produce to exchange for something else, either in England or elsewhere, and so far will benefit; but will that which causes her benefit be productive of loss to England?

The admission into consumption of any additional quantity of an article necessarily lowers the price in the market, and England receiving an additional quantity of produce by admitting that of Cuba, will either obtain the same quantity of produce from Cuba, the West Indies, &c., for a smaller quantity of manufactures, or will bring a larger quantity of produce for the same quantity of manufactures, and in either case England will be benefited.

Let us, in order to subject our opinion upon this subject to the most searching test, inquire what would be the effect if England should abolish all customs and excise duties, while other countries maintained their tariffs?

It would still be necessary to raise the same revenue for payment of the public creditor, and for carrying on the government establishments. To take the amount directly from the people might occasion some saving in the collection, but the difference in that respect could not be very great, and may for simplicity be left out of the calculation. The people, then, would pay the same amount in taxes, and would have no more net income to spend upon articles of necessity or convenience than at present. The price, then, without the duty, of imported articles would not rise in our markets—we should consume no more, and should pay the same amount, *i. e.* should give the same quantity of our products in exchange, as at present. For example:—a cotton spinner has now 1 lb. of yarn to exchange for 2 lbs. of sugar. One half of the value of the yarn remains with the importer of sugar, and the other half is paid over by him to the government for duty. If the sugar is admitted duty free, and the same amount of taxation is taken direct from the cotton spinner, he still gives half to the state and half to the importer of sugar. There will be no difference either to him, or to the importer of sugar, from the change.

If we allow for a moment that Colonel Torrens has, indeed, proved his hypothesis "to a mathematical demonstration," who is to determine the means of apportioning our Customs duties so that the people of England, already sufficiently taxed for national purposes, shall not be made to pay the taxes of foreign countries? We import from France wine and brandy and silk goods, and export to France linen, linen-yarns, and metals, and the duties are collected upon weight and measure, *i. e.* they are what are called *rated duties.* The rates upon wine and brandy, estimated according to the value of the articles, are out of all proportion greater than any duties charged upon British goods in France. According to Colonel Torrens we must, therefore, render by this means France tributary to the public revenue of England; and if his theory should meet with assent on the part of our neighbors, we may speedily expect to see the tariff of France made still more restrictive than it is.

It is a fact, however, which should cause Colonel Torrens to doubt the "mathematical" accuracy of his conclusions, that in the face of this inequality in their tariff, England every year exports the precious metals to France to a greater value than she imports them from that country.

Let us take another case. We import cotton from the United States of America and from Brazil, at the same rate of duty for both. But the United States charge 40 per cent. duties upon our manufactures, and Brazil charges 20 per cent. Either then, we are tributary to the United States for 20 per cent. of the revenue derived there from British goods, or we are drawing part of our revenues from the people of Brazil; and how are we to prevent one or other of these things from happening—*i. e.* if the theory be a true one? The thing is manifestly impossible—may we not say that the theory is manifestly untrue?

We have said that the circumstances assumed by Colonel Torrens in illustration of his theory have not, and never could have, existence. He has assumed, "that England and Cuba have no commercial intercourse except with each other," the effect of which assumption is to substitute Cuba for the whole world, England excepted; and by this assumption and its application, he implies that England is in the condition, by its wants on the one hand and its surplus productions on the other, to monopolize the whole of the foreign trade of every other country in the world—a palpable absurdity, and yet the granting of this absurdity is necessary in order to give even a semblance of plausibility to his theory.

If Cuba were the only country producing sugar, and if England were the only country making cotton goods, it is clear that each might enjoy all the advantages attendant upon monopoly, and that the other must either forego the use of sugar or of calicoes, or must take them upon the terms imposed by the producer. But it is a question of political economy, and not a question of monopoly, that Colonel Torrens has undertaken to argue.

Let us, then, go back to the proposition laid down at page 9 of the Postscript—viz., that England repeals the duty upon Cuba produce, while Cuba retains the duty upon British goods. Will England send to Cuba her calicoes to get thence in exchange a less quantity of sugar than she could get for those goods from Brazil? Of course she will not, and of course the duty charged upon English goods by the government of Cuba must be paid by the consumers in that island, or they must forego their use, and forego likewise the sale of their sugar.

Colonel Torrens expresses it as his opinion that—

> "There is an important difference as regards the effect of demand and supply upon exchangeable value, between the commodities which are produced in the same country, and the commodities that are produced in different countries. In the same country, the cost of production adjusts the relation of demand to supply, and consequently becomes the ultimate regulator of exchangeable value with respect to all those domestic commodities which are not subject to monopoly; while, as regards different countries, cost of production has a slight and frequently an imperceptible influence in adjusting supply to demand, and consequently cannot be regarded as the ultimate principle which regulates the terms of international exchanges."—P. 5.

This opinion calls for examination. In some cases, where countries are the exclusive producers of articles desired in other countries, they may be able to obtain a considerable advantage. For example, China enjoys the monopoly of supply in the article of tea, and by means of an export duty may obtain for a quantity of that article representing the labor of ten men, a quantity of woolen cloth from England which represents the labor of fifteen men. It is the advantage enjoyed by the several countries of the world over other countries in the cost of producing different articles of commerce that is the foundation of all foreign trade; but, except in cases partaking of the nature of monopoly, like that of China with regard to tea, this will not give an advantage to one country over another. Let us suppose that England produces coals with such advantages, that, at the cost of ten days' labor, a quantity may be delivered in France equal to that which can be produced in that country by the labor of a man during twelve days. It will manifestly be to the advantage of France to import coals from England, rather than to raise them at home. On the other hand, let it be supposed that France raises flax with greater advantage than England, so that a quantity, the result of ten days' labor, may be delivered in England, which quantity demands for its production, here, twelve days' labor. It will therefore be better for England to import than to raise flax. If these exchanges are not prevented by fiscal regulations, there will result an economy of labor—a profit—equal to 20 per cent. to both countries, and not at the expense of either. If England were the only coal-producing country, she might obtain an undue advantage, so that the cost of production would not regulate the terms of the exchange. Or if France were the only flax-producing country, the same advantage might be obtained by her.

But there is another country—Belgium—

which produces both coal and flax; and on the supposition that the cost of production, *i. e.* the labor expended in their production, is equal to that expended in France for the production of flax, and in England for the production of coal, it is clear that another element, that of competition, is thus provided, and that it must regulate the terms of the exchanges between France and England. And this state of things exists more or less with regard to almost every article that helps to make up the sum of international exchanges.

Let us suppose that all fiscal obstacles to commerce are removed—that England is free to send to France her various manufactures, and to receive from that country its various products, without restriction and free of duty; in the course of trade we should then take from France the wine which we do not produce, and should send to that country in exchange something that we do produce on better terms than France—say cotton goods. According to Colonel Torrens, the cost of production would have but a slight or imperceptible influence in regulating the terms of the exchange. Let us suppose, that to produce a given quantity of cotton goods in England requires the labor of ten days, and that to produce the like goods in France would require the labor of fifteen days; in this case England might, as Colonel Torrens seems to infer, obtain an advantage in the French market of 50 per cent., and "the difference of language, of religion, and of climate, would interpose an insuperable obstacle to such a transferrence of labor as would cause the international exchange of commodities to be ultimately determined by productive cost." But other markets are open to France whence to obtain cotton goods, and if England insists upon demanding the value of fifteen days' labor, while the like goods can be procured elsewhere for the value of twelve days' labor, England, of course, will lose the trade. France will obtain her supply of cotton goods from some other market—suppose America—and will pay for them with the wine which would have formed the return made to England. It may, however, happen that England will still buy the quantity of wine which she would have paid for in cotton goods, and that America will not increase her purchases of wine from France. In this case, France will pay for the cottons by bills on England, drawn in payment for her wine, and the transaction may be adjusted by the export of British goods, say of iron, to America. Thus:—

America sells cotton goods to France, and is paid in iron from England.

France sells wine to England, and is paid in cotton goods from America.

England sells iron to America, and is paid in wine from France.

Let us vary the case, and suppose that France demands an inordinate profit from England for her wines—that she sends that which has caused ten days' labor, and demands in payment that which has caused fifteen days' labor. But wine may be procured from Portugal, and for that which represents ten days' labor, Portugal may be contented to receive that which has cost in England twelve days' labor. In this case, France must reduce her price or yield to the successful competition of Portugal.

In this way it arises, that competition among nations becomes, notwithstanding "the difference of language, of religion, and of climate," as effectually the regulator of international exchanges, as competition among capitalists at home is made to regulate the exchangeable value of domestic commodities.

If there were but two countries in the world having commercial intercourse the one with the other, and if, consequently, there were but two tariffs, it might be possible to adjust these in such a way as to attain the balance which Colonel Torrens declares to be so desirable, not to say so indispensable. That such an adjustment is indispensable, we do not admit. If Customs duties were allowed to work out their only legitimate end—that of producing revenue, they would have no effect whatever in limiting foreign commerce, provided they could be and were so adjusted as not to give an advantage to one article over another. This we shall endeavor to explain. It is, however, useless to argue the question upon the hypothesis of the existence of only two countries and two tariffs assumed by Colonel Torrens. There are many countries and many tariffs, and it would be a hopeless—nay, an impossible—task, to set ourselves to adjust the tariff of one country so that it would countervail the varying tariffs of different countries. Adopting, for the moment, the theory of Colonel Torrens, it will be apparent that a duty upon wine, for example, which might be adequate to meet the taxation of Portugal as applied to British manufactures, might be quite inadequate to meet the taxation of France as applied to those manufactures, and what shall we say as to its meeting the prohibitions of France? Such an adjustment is manifestly impossible; and why should we argue upon an impossible case?

We have said that if Customs duties were confined to the single and legitimate object of raising revenue, and if they were so adjusted as to fall equally upon all imported articles, they would not in any degree limit foreign commerce. The difficulty of thus adjusting a tariff would be nearly as great as that of making it to countervail equally the different tariffs of various countries; but we may, for argument, suppose it to be possible, or at any rate may assume that to approximate to such a result is possible. In such circumstances, the effect of Customs duties would be to collect from the people the taxes necessary for the affairs of government, and if we put out of consideration the greater cost of collection, as well as the greater amount of capital required by the dealers, and which would still further advance the charge upon the public beyond the benefit to the revenue, it must be indifferent to the people whether they paid the taxes in this form, or as a direct money payment. If the income of the country were one hundred millions, and the taxation twenty millions, it could then make no difference whether this were raised by an income tax of 20 per cent., or by Customs duties equivalent to that rate, equally imposed, and bearing equally upon the community. In either case 80 per cent. would remain after the tax collector should be satisfied; the amount paid to foreigners would be the same, and consequently the amount of traffic would be the same: *e. g.*—the duty upon coffee is 4d. per pound; every consumer of a pound of coffee, therefore, now pays 4d. to the revenue through the grocer; whereas, if the duty were abolished and a direct tax substituted, he would pay the 4d. direct to the State, and would buy his pound of coffee for 4d. less than when burthened with the duty.

The difficulty of so dressing a tariff for revenue as to act equally, is increased by the various and continually varying circumstances of different classes in the community, and altogether it may be affirmed, that it would require superhuman wisdom to invent a tariff that should bear thus equally, or that should not act injuriously, upon some branches of industry. A tariff for protection is, by its very nature, incapable of this adjustment, and injurious to industry, so that there need be raised no question in regard to such a tariff; but in the case of a tariff for revenue, one article may be made to bear more than its due proportion of taxation, by which means another is made to bear less than that proportion. Let us take two articles of consumption, differing widely in the conditions attending upon them, and suppose that each is charged with a duty equal to 100 per cent. on the value. Let these articles be sugar and spices. A duty of 100 per cent. on sugar, which is used in large quantities, will fall more heavily and act more injuriously upon commerce than a duty of the same rate on spices, which are used in small quantities. This will be made to appear if we suppose that an addition is made to the duty in both cases equal to 50 per cent. on the value. Such an addition to the cost of sugar would, without doubt, limit materially the consumption, while its imposition on spices would have no perceptible influence upon the quantity demanded. If, on the other hand, 50 per cent. were abated from the duty on both, the use of sugar would be greatly extended, while that of spices would remain nearly stationary.

In either case the alteration would exercise an important influence upon the sugar trade, and scarcely any upon the trade in spices, which, being in minute quantities, the effect of even considerable variations in the duty would be hardly appreciable by consumers, while a small change in the duty on sugar would be immediately perceptible.

It does not follow, because the abatement made in the rate of duty upon an article of general use causes a greatly increased consumption of that article, that such abatement must be desirable—apart even from moral considerations which may apply in some cases, as, for example, in respect to intoxicating liquors. A greatly increased consumption of any article causes a larger outlay of money, which must necessarily be drawn from the purchase of some other articles, the commerce in which may be quite as important or even more important than is the commerce in the article in favor of which the decrease in the duty occurs. If the increased consumption is experienced only to such an extent that the same amount of money, including the reduced duty, shall be spent on the article as was spent before the reduction of the duty, then, although the consumption of other articles would not be affected in the same way, there will be a deficiency in the revenue which must be compensated by increasing the rate upon some other article or articles possibly but little qualified to bear it, and thus their consumption will be lessened, and an injury may be done to foreign commerce.

For these reasons it appears that it must be a very delicate matter to alter a tariff, and that to effect any changes which shall, on the whole, prove beneficial, requires the greatest amount of practical knowledge on commercial questions.

It is highly probable that the duties imposed by our tariff, even where they apply only to revenue objects, are not so levied as to yield the greatest amount to the exchequer that can be obtained without injury to foreign commerce, and that a judicious re-adjustment of duties would prove highly advantageous to trade, although the same amount of duties should continue to be collected as at present. A great number of articles is named in our tariff, the trade in which is wholly insignificant: and that it is so, may be owing to the exorbitancy of the duties imposed. If these duties were reduced, the effect might be to allow of the consumption of such articles, and so to create revenue where none is at present obtained. On the other hand, the money spent by consumers in such articles would be withdrawn from the purchase of some other articles, and the amount of duty collected upon these would be diminished, while the trade of the country in them would be diminished also. We may, however, fairly assume that in such case there would result a balance of benefit, since the public would not, without advantage, forego the use of one article in favor of another.

There is another case where the result does not so clearly present itself. Let us suppose two commodities, the consumption of each of which under existing rates of duty is, relatively, the one to the other, precisely what it would be if there were no duty upon either—this is supposing them to be dealt with in their mutual relation, precisely as it is desirable that all articles should be dealt with, fiscally, in relation to all other articles. Let us then suppose that upon one of these commodities an abatement is made in the duty which stimulates consumption, while the old rate is left upon the other, and the tariff immediately operates to disturb the natural condition, i. e. there will be more of one thing and less of another thing consumed than would be the case in the absence of all duties. It is fair to assume that under the natural condition people would adopt the course that should be most for their advantage, and, consequently, that the disturbance of that course must be disadvantageous.

The foregoing remarks apply solely to a tariff for revenue—that is, to such a tariff as seldom, if ever, has had existence, and which assuredly is not to be found in existence at present.

A tariff which should in every case apply the same rate of duty to the same article upon its importation, without reference to its origin, would still not be a tariff for revenue only, unless it imposed the same rate of duties upon the like articles when of home production. A duty upon imported timber that should make no distinction between the places of its growth, would still be a duty for protection, unless the same rate were imposed upon all timber of home growth that should be felled in the United Kingdom. The imposition of the import duty upon foreign and colonial timber, while it left fiscally free home-grown timber, would raise the price of the latter by the amount of the duty beyond what it would be if no such import duty were imposed, and in that way, and to that extent, would be a duty for protection in favor of home-grown timber. This position has been questioned by high authorities upon such matters, and it is therefore necessary to examine it. For this purpose we will, however, quit the article of timber, and apply the inquiry to wheat, that being the article in respect of which the particular doctrine in question has been controverted.

If wheat were, like coals, produced by us in constant superabundance, any duty that might be imposed on it would be inoperative, as are the rates of one shilling per ton actually chargeable upon coals when imported from foreign countries, and sixpence per ton when brought from British colonies. There are seasons during which, as in 1835, we do produce a superabundance of wheat, and, in such circumstances, the effect of a duty of any amount on importation is wholly without influence upon prices. But such seasons form the exception, the rule being that we require a yearly supply of wheat beyond our home growth for the nourishment of the people. It will be convenient for our present purpose to consider this as being the case universally, and then the price of wheat in this country must necessarily be higher than it is in the countries whence the deficiency would be supplied, by the amount of the charges incurred in its conveyance. Any duty then placed upon it at our custom-house would have the same effect as if the cost of conveyance were increased—the duty would form part of the expenses upon importation, and would have precisely the same effect as any other item of those expenses. If the freight and other expenses of bringing wheat from Dantzig to London were ten shillings per quarter, it is clear that there must be a difference in price equal at least to that amount between Dantzig and London, to admit of the importation of any quantity whatever into London. If, then, by any means the freight and charges of importation were reduced to six shillings, it is equally clear that six shillings per quarter would be the necessary difference of price; but if, concurrently with this reduction of import charges, there were imposed a duty of four shillings, is it not also equally clear that things would remain as they were before the reduction in the freight and charges, and that there must continue a difference of price equal at least to ten shillings per quarter?

If the duty imposed were very great, say forty or fifty shillings per quarter, the price in England might not rise so as to cover the cost of conveyance added to the duty, but in this case there could be no importation, and the duty would act as a prohibition; which result would be brought about only through the privation and misery of the poorer classes in England.

To say that England produces less wheat than is required for the consumption of its inhabitants, is to say that, without importation, there must be a part of the people who will be deprived of bread, or restricted to an insufficient quantity, and neither of these results can be experienced except through a high price, which makes bread difficult or impossible of attainment on the part of the poor. If the deficiency is very great, the demand of that part of the community who can pay a high price will raise the price so as to allow of the importation of wheat from abroad, burdened even with the most exorbitant rate of duty, and the price in England will then again be greater by all the charges of conveyance added to the amount of the duty, than it would be in the market of supply if there were no import duty.

This is a case not likely to happen. It never could occur that, while suffering from high prices through scarcity, the legislature would maintain so high a rate of duty as to prevent, or even in any important degree to limit, importation. In the face of such a scarcity, a moderate fixed duty might however be collected, since it would not prevent importations while the price should be rising, and these importations would tend to check, if they did not prevent, a progressive and very considerable advance in our markets, and would be accompanied by a corresponding advance in the markets of supply, so as to maintain a difference in price about equal to the charges of importation added to that moderate duty.

Under these circumstances the scarcity must be very severe to allow of any distressing rise of prices, since with every advance in our markets we should command a more liberal supply from abroad, either by enlarging the circle whence it would be drawn, or by tempting our nearer neighbors to part with a larger quantity of their wheat, or by a combination of both these causes.

A permanently higher price of wheat in England as compared with other countries, which should be in any great degree brought about through the imposition of an import duty, might raise the profits of the wheat growers beyond the ordinary rate of profits, and thus cause more capital to be applied to the production of wheat, by which means the price would be lowered through the increased supply, and thus a limit would speedily be put to such employment of additional capital; but to whatever extent this were carried, it would to that extent cause a withdrawal of capital from other pursuits, and raise the profits obtained in those other pursuits at the expense of the community in general; and even if by this fresh distribution of capital, the price of wheat were brought down so nearly to a level with the prices of other countries as to prevent importation, so that it could not be said that the difference in the prices here and abroad amounted to the charges of conveyance *plus* all the amount of duty; it might still be, that whatever was wanting to make up the sum of those charges and duty, would be lost to the community through the greater prices paid for articles, the production of which had been limited in quantity through the withdrawal of the capital whereby the greater production of wheat had been caused. It is evident that a protecting duty afforded to wheat would thus occasion an injurious interference with the employment of capital, and that it must be hurtful to the community so long as it should thus operate. But this could not be the case long. In the actual circumstances of this country, with its continually increasing population, a continually greater amount of capital would also be required in order to produce other articles in sufficient abundance; an equalization in the rate of profits would again be established, and the demand for wheat would again so far exceed the supply as to raise the price, until this would again come to exceed the price of foreign markets by the charges of conveyance and the rate of duty.

If an effect of imposing a duty for protection should be to cause more land to be brought into cultivation, which land would necessarily be of inferior fertility, it must result that higher rents would be paid for all the more fertile lands already in cultivation; and this would necessarily add to the cost of agricultural produce generally. In this case, as well as in that of the application of more capital to land already under cultivation, the unavoidable result must be, that prices will be higher than they would be if the stimulus of a duty had not been applied. The effect of bringing more land into cultivation, and of applying more capital to land already under tillage, undoubtedly is to increase the gross produce of the country; and as it is the quantity offering for sale in proportion to the demand that regulates the price, this will, of course, be lower than it would have been if such additional produce had not been raised, provided we in either case kept out the produce of other countries. But it is precisely this produce of foreign countries—its admission or its exclusion; the effects of its free importation or of protecting duties laid upon it, that constitutes the whole question.

If we assume that wheat is produced abroad at a cost which allows of its importation into England under a duty of five shillings, and that it is actually so introduced, then, as already shown, the price must be higher in England than in the countries of production, by all the expenses of conveyance *plus* the duty. If this protecting duty should act as a stimulus to production in England, so as to cause the raising of such a quantity as to keep the price higher than that of foreign countries, by the expense of conveyance, and by a further sum less than the duty, say 4s. 11d. per quarter more, it is clear that no importations will take place; the country will produce as much as there is power in the people to consume at continental prices, *plus* the expenses of conveyance, and *plus* the sum of 4s. 11d. per quarter. In this case it will surely be granted that the protecting duty has the effect of raising the price of all the wheat grown in England to the extent of 4s. 11d. per quarter. But it will do more than this. By raising the price it will limit the power of consumption, and thus will cause privation and misery.

For the sake of simplicity, one article—wheat—has been considered; but it must be evident that any legislative measure which permanently affects the price of one article of agricultural produce, will equally affect the price of every other article of such produce.

If, instead of putting a tax upon imported wheat, while grain of home production should be exempted from it, the tax were taken at the mill, that would be strictly a duty for revenue, and if the country were free to adopt any plan that it might judge advantageous for raising its needed amount of revenue,—that is, if there were among the people no contracts, either positive or implied, that had been formed under a different plan, this might be as good a mode of providing the revenue as any that could be adopted, since every one would pay the tax, and the wages of labor would come to be so adjusted under it, as to cause it to bear equitably upon every class of the community. Such a tax would not raise the price of home-grown corn over that of other countries, nor would it in any way add to the burthens of the people. The amount collected in this manner would be remitted to the public in other shapes, and probably by this means, international exchanges of productions might come to be more profitably and more extensively carried on.

We are not in such a condition as to render a tax of this kind desirable, nor indeed would it be possible, with the existing amount of knowledge upon the subject, for any government to impose it. The suggestion of it has been made only as an additional means for showing the injury that is inflicted upon consumers by the imposition of a tax which, while it is received by the government upon a part only—and probably a very small part—of what is used, has the unavoidable effect of raising the price of the whole, and further, of producing to a portion of the people, those who are the least able to help themselves—the evils of dearth, at times when, but for mischievous legislation, they might be in the enjoyment of plenty.

We have said that it is a delicate matter to alter a tariff, and that to do so beneficially requires a vast amount of practical commercial knowledge. Had we confined ourselves to the enforcement of this opinion, it might have suggested an excuse for eschewing all further legislation on commercial subjects, lest in remedying an evil on one hand we should produce a greater evil in another direction. We trust that no one will pervert what we have brought forward to so baleful a purpose. That there are difficulties to be encountered in the performance of any useful task, should indeed make us cautious in the steps we take, but should never be suffered to deter us from entering upon the work. That the task of reforming our tariff calls for so great an amount of knowledge, while this knowledge has not presided at its original construction, and to a great extent has been absent also from the modifications which it has undergone, affords grounds for the conviction that such a reform, if intrusted to competent hands, might be rendered productive of a very great amount of benefit.

We are not sanguine enough to hope that with the existing amount of knowledge changes can be suddenly made in our tariff which would bring it to the desirable condition of bearing equally in all directions; but some of its more glaring inequalities might surely be at once removed, while every judicious change effected would open the way for other reforms by enlightening our minds upon the subject of taxation, one of the most important branches of statesmanship, but which has hitherto been dealt with by legislators in a spirit of the wildest empiricism.

If, with the experience before him of all the evils produced by levying duties upon articles of use and consumption, any statesman deserving of the name, were called upon to establish a system of taxation for some newly-formed community, the imposition of such duties would assuredly be the last expedient to which he would have recourse. If even he should be possessed of all the knowledge requisite for the production of a perfect tariff, and had power to procure its adoption, he could take no security against its perversion by those who would come after him, to serve the purposes of selfishness, until it might be rendered, that which almost every tariff in the world has been made, a fruitful source of more crime and misery than have resulted from ill-judged legislative interference in all other directions. U.

A new Speciality in Periodical Literature has been projected in France, by M. Moreau Christophe, Inspector General of Prisons, under the title of the *Revue Pénitenciaire*, having as its objects of publication a critical exposition of doctrines, a digested analysis of facts, and the text of official documents relating to the science and discipline of prisons. It is the further intention of the projectors of this Review, to form themselves into a society, to be called "The Howard and Saint Vincent Association," for the purpose of collecting a fund to be appropriated to the composition or purchase of works proper for the reading of the prisoners and the poor. A volume is also announced by M. Capefigue, entitled *Les Diplomates Européens*, and containing notices of Metternich, Pozzo di Borgo, Talleyrand, Pasquier, Wellington, Richelieu, Hardenberg, Nesselrode and Castlereagh.—*Athenæum.*

The Lord Pivot.—Poor, dear Lord Brougham! If there were any lawful or unlawful means of easing his mind of the one overwhelming, overshadowing belief which haunts him, we would at all risks suggest it. That belief is his Ephialtes—his terror—his three single furies rolled into one. What can we say for Lord Brougham?

That belief is, that the whole House of Lords, the whole legislature, the executive, the nation itself, represented and unrepresented, the Colonies, and the eastern and western dominions of the British crown, Christendom itself—nay, the whole world, "the new nations called into existence," and the thousand isles and islets scattered up and down the seas, and around the continents, form one grand and tremendous revolving wheel—which wheel turns upon one pivot—which pivot is Henry, Lord Brougham.

Yes, that is his secret—his pivotism; and until he shall be cured of that monomania there will be no peace for the wicked, and very little for the righteous. While that one idea fills his mind, we shall have nothing but unparliamentary Geysers—eruptions of boiling water—like those which broke forth in the House of Lords the other night. Until the world declares that it could go on without Brougham, Brougham declares that he will never let it go on at all. It were well to hasten, and, by some decided and national Anti-Brougham demonstration, to put Brougham and ourselves out of misery.

We must take some steps for convincing our Pivot that he is no Pivot at all, but only a fly; or, as Dean Smith would say, a bee; or, as Lord Sugden would have it, a wasp—upon the wheel, and by no means an ornamental fly, bee, or wasp. We must show him that the world can go on without him; that Princesses can marry and pensions be allowed them, though he never peruse the marriage settlements; that Poor-Law Unions can be built, and the poor be starved to death, though he never settle the dietary; that newspapers—nay, the very *Times* of his love—can go forth, though he never sit in the editor's office till three in the morning; that Rebecca riots can be quelled, though he never review the troops; that ballets can be produced, though he never instruct Cerito; that sermons can be preached, though he never disciple Croly; that we are not all mere emanations of the Brougham-head, but have a distinct corporeity, and are independent atoms

But how or by whom Henry shall be told this, is a parlous question. No one dared go near Henry the Eighth to tell him of his situation, who then shall approach Henry the Ninth? Is there no slave to be found in any factory, who, not setting his dried and shrivelled life at a pin's fee, can be set on to cry—"Henry, thou art a mortal." Is there no secret tribunal, not even at Somerset House, whose messenger can affix upon the toilet table of Henry Brougham a scroll, fastened by three daggers, and inscribed—"Thou shalt be nothing!" as in old days. Can no warning be got up at Charing-cross, as was got up at some Scotch cross for James the Fourth; and can no blue and livid fires crawl and hiss round the Nelson column, while a terrible voice of thunder from the top advises Brougham not to make a fool of himself? The warning ought to be given, and if nobody else will give it, we will.—*Court Journal.*

STELLA AND VANESSA.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THESE two names will suggest to many of our readers a chapter of romance in the life of Swift, which was long almost unknown to the world, and is even yet shrouded in mystery.* It is generally known that the aspect of this illustrious author was as harsh and repulsive as his abilities were great, and that, partly from nature and partly from bad habits, his manners were by no means amiable. At least he was not consistently amiable: he could be kind and benevolent at times, but he was often otherwise; and perhaps the most disqualifying of all things for social life is want of uniformity of temper. It is also evident from his writings that his mind was as coarse as it was powerful. Though cleanly in his person to a degree of singularity—insomuch that he would exhaust himself with long walks under an idea that perspiration had a purifying effect on the skin—and though he was, to all appearance, practically a rigid moralist, he indulged, in his compositions, and, it is to be feared, in his conversation also, in a strain of grossness which cannot now be regarded otherwise than with absolute loathing. Notwithstanding these qualities, there have been few men so much distinguished by the attachment of amiable and virtuous women as this great satirist. It forms the grand feature of his domestic history. Fully beloved thrice—devotedly, passionately, twice—and on both of these last occasions by women far beyond the average of their sex in personal elegance and mental accomplishments—we are lost in wonder at the unaccountable fascination which he seems to have exercised over the female heart; nor does the feeling cease till it is absorbed in one of another kind, astonishment at the coldness with which he rewarded affection so pure and so true, and at which most men would have been eager to grasp.

Swift's first love affair was with a Miss Waryng, the sister of a fellow-student. He was under thirty, and unsettled in life when it began and the too frequent result of a *long engagement* attended it: what was postponed at first from prudence, was finally (after seven years) abandoned in consequence of changed affections, or changed views, on the part of the lover. One fact, however, of some importance, is established by the slender records of this attachment. It fully appears that Swift earnestly loved Varina, as he called Miss Waryng, and at one time urged her to marry him in spite of fortune. This makes us sure of what might have otherwise been doubtful, that he was not absolutely deficient in those affections on which the matrimonial state is founded, however much they might be obscured and weakened in the latter part of his life.

When residing at Moorpark, in his early years, as secretary to Sir William Temple, he had been employed to take some charge of the education of a beautiful young girl named Johnson, who with her mother lived there in consequence of some tie of friendship on the part of Sir William's sister towards them. They seem to have been the widow and daughter of a London merchant of reduced fortune. As the child grew up, Swift, although removed from Moorpark, kept up an intimacy with them, and, in 1701, when the mother had died, he invited Miss Johnson to come and reside near his parsonage in Ireland, along with a friend who was her senior, by name Mrs. Dingley. The pretence was, that the small incomes of the two ladies—Mrs. Dingley had only twenty-seven pounds a-year—would go a great deal farther in Ireland than in England. But there can be no doubt that the real cause of the invitation, and of its being acted upon, was the mutual regard which existed between the parties. Miss Johnson was at this time a blooming creature of eighteen, with silky black hair, brilliant eyes, a complexion fair and delicate, features regular, soft, and animated, and an elegant shape; her manners being at the same time graceful and pleasing, while her voice was natural music, and kind feelings breathed through her whole deportment. Afterwards, she was noted as a writer of sprightly verses, and a wit, though a good-natured one; and it was allowed of her, particularly by Swift himself, that she never failed to say the best thing that was said in any company in which she was, although amongst the rest might be included some of the ablest men of the age. Swift was sixteen years older than Miss Johnson, or as he chose to call her in their correspondence, *Stella;* he was thirty-four, an age by no means necessarily displeasing to girlhood, though not what girlhood would in general select. She and Mrs. Dingley settled in his neighborhood at Laracor. She saw him often in his own house, but never otherwise than in the presence of Mrs. Dingley. When Swift visited Dublin or England, they removed into his house, and left it again at his return. The world thought their acquaintance a strange one, but obtained no real insight into it. Swift at this time, and long afterwards, gave out that he considered himself too poor to marry. The notion was a false, or at least exaggerated one; but it might be not the less sincerely entertained. And certainly the next twelve years of his life were devoted with such an exclusiveness to ambitious objects, that he may well be supposed to have thought that marriage were better delayed till he had obtained further preferment. One thing is clear, that if he did not contemplate marrying Miss Johnson, he ought not to have allowed her to come to his neighbourhood, as she could not well take such a step without forfeiting the prospect of obtaining another suitor. It is nevertheless remarkable that she did attract a new lover while at Laracor. He was a respectable young clergyman named Tisdall, and she seems to have given him some encouragement, probably for the purpose of stimulating her elder lover. Swift's conduct is here utterly indefensible. On being consulted by her on the subject, he advised her to propose conditions to which the young man could not agree, and thus broke off the match. This was of course calculated to renew her hopes, if they had ever fallen, and from that moment he was more bound than ever to take her as his wife. Yet years passed on, without bringing about this event.

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* Swift was born in 1667—a posthumous son, ushered into life in the midst of destitution, but descended from an ancient family, some members of which still possessed landed wealth and rank. At thirty-five he had surmounted the poverty of his original lot, and attained church preferments sufficient to put him at ease as to his future subsistence. He began at the same time to lay the foundations of that fame which he has since maintained as one of the great masters of English prose. He was soon after the confidential friend of the Tory ministry of Queen Anne, who gave him the further preferment of the deanery of St Patrick's. At that particular time he enjoyed a political importance, as the secret adviser and public defender of the ministry, such as few merely literary men have ever enjoyed. All this was changed when the Hanover succession and Whig ministry came in. Swift then retired to brood over his disappointed ambition in Dublin, where he dragged out the remainder of his life in a state which must, upon the whole be described as unhappy. He died in a state of mania in 1745.

During the whole of the brief but active political career of Swift, as an ally of the Harley and Bolingbroke faction, he wrote constantly and copiously to Stella, treating her always as a most intimate friend, though perhaps more a friend of the soul than of the heart. In 1709, while residing in London, he formed a new friendship, of much the same kind, with a Miss Vanhomrigh, destined to be afterwards imortalized under the name of Vanessa. She was the elder of two daughters of a Dutch gentleman, who had realized a small fortune as commissary of the army in Ireland. The two young ladies lived with their widowed mother in Bury-street, St. James's, where Swift often called upon them in an easy and familiar way. Vanessa, young, beautiful, and clever, fixed his attention, if she did not move his affections, and he willingly took pains to guide her mind in the efforts which it was making to acquire knowledge. She, on the other hand, beheld the acknowledged chief of English wits with a veneration which was soon transformed into love. She surprised him one day with a frank offer of her hand. If we are to believe the poetical record of this intimacy, "Cadenus and Vanessa," written by Swift at the time, but not published, the pleasure he took in the society of Miss Vanhomrigh was only that of a preceptor in the company of his brightest pupil.

——Time, and books, and state affairs,
Had spoiled his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.

He represents himself as taken with incredulous surprise by the avowed attachment of the young lady, and as setting it down to raillery. She, on the other hand, endeavors to convince him of the possibility of her passion being real, as well as natural and proper. The utmost he can allow himself to promise is—

——friendship at its greatest height,
A constant rational delight,
On virtue's basis fixed to last,
When love's allurements long are past;
Which gently warms, but cannot burn.

Ultimately, he professes to leave us in doubt as to the position of the parties—

Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To love with less seraphic ends;
Or to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

This mystery is not altogether successful. Taking what is here told in connexion with what afterwards became known, it appears tolerably clear that Swift did not give the positive denial to the hopes of Vanessa which, considering his attachment to Stella, he ought to have done. He still kept up the intimacy, either culpably heedless of a danger which such an avowal might have warned him of, or too happy in the enjoyment of Vanessa's society, in his present circumstances, when living at a distance from Stella, to be able to remove himself from the young lady's sight. On Vanessa's part, the attachment conceived at first seems never after to have for one moment known abatement.

About the time when Swift returned to Ireland (1714), the pecuniary affairs of the Misses Vanhomrigh (their mother was now dead) became embarrassed, insomuch that their personal liberty was endangered. The bulk of their father's remaining property was situated in Ireland, and there, accordingly, the arrangement of their affairs was to be accomplished. Perhaps all might have been put to rights without the personal presence of Vanessa, but she professed to think otherwise, and to consider her liberty as safer on the other side of St. George's Channel. With such ostensible reasons, but, in reality, led by the same fatal fascination which had attracted Stella, Vanessa followed her lover to Ireland. Swift now resided in Dublin as Dean of St. Patrick's, Stella and Mrs. Dingley occupying lodgings in the neighborhood of the deanery, and seeing him as before every day. The arrival of Vanessa in the same city was felt by him as most embarrassing. He was now in the singular situation for a man of his character and profession, of having two ladies in the bloom of life actually besieging him for the favor of his hand. The letters of Vanessa show constant dissatisfaction on her part with the shortness and rarity of his visits. They are, however, full of tenderness, and display an attachment of the most ardent and devoted kind. His letters, on the other hand, seem to have been written in the spirit of caution; he speaks much of the gossip of the idle, and the danger there was of their friendship being misconstrued. He was not so willing to go to consult about her affairs, as he was to place his purse at her disposal, which he did without reserve. We find her thus addressing him in 1714:—"You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray, what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know that your frowns make my life insupportable. You have taught me to distinguish [meaning, his own superiority to the rest of mankind], and then you leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that kind indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties." A little after is the following more impassioned epistle:—"You bid me be easy, and you'd see me as often as you could; you had better have said as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much, or as often as you remembered there was such a person in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. 'Tis impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last; I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more, but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long; for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it, and *beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it.* The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it you, should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may but have so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you. Forgive me, and *believe I cannot help telling you this, and live.*"

Meanwhile, every little act of attention which he bestowed upon Vanessa was a wound to the jealous soul of Stella, who having already waited eleven years in vain, saw her prospect of a union with the dean apparently more remote than ever. Long she suffered in silence: indeed the resolution he made of never seeing her alone, almost precluded her making her sufferings known to him. Seeing her spirits at length completely prostrated, and her health giving way, he commissioned his friend Bishop Ashe to inquire into the cause; "and he received the answer," says Scott,* "which his conscience must have anticipated—it was her sensibility to his recent indifference, and to the discredit which her own character sustained from the long subsistence of the dubious and mysterious connexion between them. To convince her of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of calumny, there was but one remedy. To this communication Swift replied, that he had formed two resolutions concerning matrimony: one, that he would not marry till possessed of a competent fortune; the other, that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence proposed, he said, he had not yet achieved, being still embarrassed by debt; and on the other hand, he was past that term of life, after which he had determined never to marry. Yet he was ready to go through the ceremony for the ease of Mrs. Johnson's mind, providing it should remain a strict secret from the public, and that they should continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as formerly. To these hard terms Stella subscribed; they relieved her own mind, at least, from all scruples on the impropriety of their connexion; and they soothed her jealousy, by rendering it impossible that Swift should ever give his hand to her rival. They were married in the garden of the deanery, by the Bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716."

From this time there was no change in the manner of life of either, and the secret of the marriage was carefully kept. Not long after, Vanessa retired from Dublin to her house near Celbridge, to nurse her hopeless passion in seclusion from the world. To pursue the narrative of Scott, which is at once minute and candid, "Swift seems to have foreseen and warned her against the consequences of this step. His letters uniformly exhort her to seek general society, to take exercise, and to divert, as much as possible, the current of her thoughts from the unfortunate subject which was preying upon her spirits. He even exhorts her to leave Ireland. But these admonitions are mingled with expressions of tenderness, greatly too warm not to come from the heart, and too strong to be designed merely to soothe the unfortunate recluse. Until the year 1720, he does not appear to have visited her at Celbridge; they only met when she was occasionally in Dublin. But in that year, and down to the time of her death, Swift came repeatedly to Celbridge; and, from the information of a most obliging correspondent, I am enabled to give account of some minute particulars attending them.

Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint.* He said she seldom went abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighborhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention; and he added that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the dean, she always planted, with her own hand, a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favorite seat, still called Vanessa's Bower. Three or four trees, and some laurels indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbor. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them.

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* Life of Swift, prefixed to edition of his works.

Vanessa, besides musing over her unhappy attachment, had, during her residence in this solitude, the care of nursing the declining health of her younger sister, who at length died about 1720. This event, as it left her alone in the world, seems to have increased the energy of her fatal passion for Swift; while he, on the contrary, saw room for still greater reserve, when her situation became that of a solitary female, without the society or the countenance of a female relation. But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of a union with the object of her affections, to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connexion with Mrs. Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her had doubtless long excited her secret jealousy, although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him, then in Ireland, 'If you are so very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*' Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty, for no less than eight years, must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly perhaps to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed; and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connexion. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the dean; and, full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogation, and without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table; and instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks."

One circumstance of some importance is here omitted, namely, that Vanessa, during her residence in Ireland, had two excellent offers of marriage, both of which she rejected on account of the man to whom she was so infatuatedly attached—a man, we must recollect, who numbered fifty-six years at the time of her death. Some resentment may be presumed to have not unnaturally mingled with the last despairs of poor Vanessa, under which feeling it probably was that she changed the destination of her fortune from Swift to her two executors, one of whom was the celebrated Bishop Berkeley, and directed the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, and her correspondence with Swift, to be published, only the first part of which injunction was complied with.

Mortified by the death of Vanessa and the flight of Stella, or rather, perhaps, by the public talk to which the two events gave rise, Swift absented himself from home for two months, during which no one knew where he was. By the intervention of a friend, Stella was induced to return, and resume her ordinary mode of life: he hailed her with a poem full of sarcastic allusion to the fine style in which she had been living at Wood Park, in contrast with that to which she had returned—

> "Small beer, a herring, and the Dean."

She must have been more than woman if she could have complacently heard the name of Vanessa. It is said that, about this time, a gentleman, ignorant of her situation in life, began to speak of the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, then just published, and observed, that surely the heroine must have been an admirable creature to have inspired the dean to write so finely. "That does not follow," answered she with bitterness; "it is well-known that the dean could write finely on a broomstick!" "Ah!" says a female writer, "how must jealousy, and long habits of intimacy with Swift, have poisoned the mind and temper of this unhappy woman, before she could have uttered this cruel sarcasm!"*

The dubious position in which Stella was still forced to live, continued to prey upon her spirits, and it could not be expected beforehand that a woman so situated could live long. She sunk under her sorrows, four years after Vanessa, when only forty-four years of age. An affecting anecdote of one of her last days has been preserved: "When Stella was in her last weak state, and one day had come in a chair to the deanery, she was with difficulty brought into the parlor. The dean had prepared some mulled wine, and kept it by the fire for her refreshment. After tasting it, she became very faint; but having recovered a little by degrees, when her breath (for she was asthmatic) was allowed her, she desired to lie down. She was carried up stairs, and laid on a bed; the dean sitting by her, held her hand, and addressed her in the most affectionate manner. She drooped, however, very much. Mrs. Whiteway was the only third person present. After a short time, her politeness induced her to withdraw to the adjoining room, but it was necessary, on account of air, that the door should not be closed—it was half shut. The rooms were close adjoining. Mrs. Whiteway had too much honor to listen, but could not avoid observing that the dean and

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* Mrs. Jameson—Loves of the Poets.

Mrs. Johnson conversed together in a low tone; the latter, indeed, was too weak to raise her voice. Mrs. Whiteway paid no attention, having no idle curiosity; but at length she heard the dean say, in an audible voice, 'Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,' to which Stella answered with a sigh, '*It is too late.*'"

Swift survived this event eighteen years, the last three of which were spent in decided mania. and the last of all in utter silence. The most charitable construction that can be put upon his treatment of these two women, is also, we think, the only one that will account for all the circumstances—namely, that his mind was partially unsound—at least to the extent of a depravation of the affections and some of the moral feelings—during fully the latter half of his life. There was at all times a marked eccentricity in his behavior, but it increased much after the period of youth. In his desertion of his original party for not rewarding him so highly as he desired, in the savage revilings in which he indulged at party opponents, in his furious pride and unmitigable resentments, and in the towering contempt and hatred for both men and women which he was so prone to express in his later writings, we see strong traces of a disordered or corrupted nature. We thus may account in some measure for the heartlessness of his general conduct towards Stella and Vanessa. Another wonder must, however, remain—how two women so much his juniors, so elegant, amiable, and accomplished,† should have contracted each so infatuated an attachment for an object apparently so unworthy of it! Here all is dark, or if there be a spark of light, it is that alone derived from there being *two* cases of the infatuation, showing that there really was some fascination in Swift, which was calculated to hold sway over women of their stamp, notwithstanding unsuitable age, coldness of nature, harshness of manners, and every other disadvantage. If we are to believe this fascination to have been of an intellectual kind, the whole tale certainly forms as remarkable a proof of the superiority of spirit over all material concerns, as is presented in the range of biographical history.

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* The talents of Vanessa are evinced in the following Ode to Spring, in which she alludes to her unhappy attachment—

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous spring!
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and graces—smiling hours—
Balmy breezes—fragrant flowers;
Come with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew!
Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets; no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene,
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine impressed their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away:
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoined, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odors to the skies!

Those of Stella may be traced in the following lively lines, forming a part of a poem sent to Swift on his birthday, 1721, and which he declared had undergone no correction:—

When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Showed where my judgment was misplaced,
Refined my fancy and my taste,
 Behold that beauty just decayed,
Invoking art to nature's aid;
Forsook by her admiring train,
She spreads her tattered nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene changed, to change her part:
She whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hissed.
Such is the fate of female race,
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn or hated wife.
 Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong;
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or fallen hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six, * *
 Long be the day that gave you birth,
Sacred to friendship, wit and mirth;
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone—then die to-morrow!

Moorfields.—In the course of the excavations now going on to the south of Sun-street, Bishopsgate, a large quantity of horns of bullocks and rams has been dug up, together with other bones of various animals. In Peter-street, part of a peat bed was discovered, near which was a well, and in it a pump formed from the trunk of a tree. A red earthen jug was in the well, in perfect preservation. Several red earthen pipes, said to be of Roman construction, and some coins, were scattered about. It is supposed that the whole space between Bishopgate-street and the Finsbury Pavement, and north of the old Roman wall, contains similar remains. This space is said to have been a moor or marshy ground, whence the name Moorfields. It was here that much of the rubbish from the neighborhood was thrown together after the great fire, and accordingly broken bricks, tiles, &c., are mixed up with the earth, many of which are blackened as if by the action of fire.—*Athenæum.*

JOHN KNOX AND THE MURDER OF RIZZIO.

From the Westminster Review.

Tytler's History of Scotland. W. Tait: Edinburgh.

UPON the faith of a new discovery, Mr. Tytler has tried to make it out that John Knox was cognizant of the conspiracy against Rizzio's life, and, consequently, that he must have been an associate in guilt with the perpetrators of that barbarous act. This is a grave charge to have brought against the great apostle of the Scottish Reformation. It cannot be denied that Mr. Tytler's disclosures, gathered from the State Paper office, have elicited circumstances that throw a darker shade over some of the proceedings of the Reformers in their connection with the conspiracies and assassinations of that fierce and turbulent era. But that any of these discoveries tend to implicate John Knox as precognizant of, or associated in, these foul transactions, is a point which we think will require more evidence to establish than our historian has yet produced. Dr. M'Crie, the biographer of Knox, expressed his belief, long ago, that

> "There was no reason to think he was privy to the conspiracy which proved fatal to Rizzio, though it was probable he had expressed his satisfaction at an event which contributed to the safety of religion and the commonwealth; if not also his approbation of the conduct of the conspirators."

This opinion of the case we have no doubt in assuming to be the correct one. It is but fair, however, to state Mr. Tytler's presumptive proofs to the contrary, which are: 1. From Knox's principles that idolaters were punishable with death, and from the language in which he is alleged to have spoken of the murder, it is probable he approved of it, and might therefore have been admitted into the secret. 2. That as Knox fled precipitately from Edinburgh immediately after the assassination, his flight must be held as an evidence of his guilt. 3. That it is hardly credible Knox could have been kept out of a plot formed by the party of which he was the leader, and in which all his friends were implicated. 4. That the language of the prayers and sermons during the Fast immediately preceding the murder was such as to show that the preachers were apprized of it—their exhortations tending to excite violence and bloodshed, and inculcating the duty of inflicting vengeance on the persecutors of God's people.

Such are the proofs, direct and presumptive, on which Mr. Tytler has charged Knox with being privy to the Rizzio conspiracy. Some of them are mere insinuations entitled to no weight. It is admitted that Knox thought idolaters were punishable with death; that he expressed his satisfaction at this particular murder; and that, immediately after it, he fled precipitately from Edinburgh. But all this furnishes no direct evidence of his being cognizant of the plot or associated with the plotters. In fact, Rizzio's assassination was mainly, if not entirely, an affair of political and private revenge. It was concocted by persons with whom Knox was not in confidence at the time, and originated from motives in which he was not likely to participate. The prime instigator of the murder was Darnley himself, who was then leagued with the Popish faction, and not likely to make a confident of John Knox. The motives that suggested it were jealousy that Rizzio had criminally supplanted him in the queen's affection—and wounded pride that he should have been vested with powers and prerogatives equal to those enjoyed by the king himself. The nobles to whom the plot was first communicated entered into it entirely on political grounds; and though some of them were induced to join in the belief that Rizzio's death would tend to the security of the Protestant religion, this was a subsequent stipulation exacted by Morton and his associates as part of the price for which they were willing to lend their aid in accomplishing the primary object which the king had so deeply at heart.

It will thus be seen that there is nothing in the presumptive evidence to implicate this Reformer as an associate in the conspiracy. But there is one direct proof to which Mr. Tytler has attached much importance: we mean the list contained in a certain letter, which professes to give "the names of such as were consenting to the death of David;" amongst which appear those of John Knox and John Craig, preachers; both being at that time ministers in Edinburgh. Could this list be proved authentic it would settle the matter; but, unluckily for Mr. Tytler's hypothesis, it is attended with such suspicious circumstances as to destroy its credibility. 1. The letter is written in Randolph's hand, but the list is not, being pinned to it as a separate document, and said to be written by a clerk who was at that time employed in this confidential correspondence by Bedford. 2. It does not appear whether the list was pinned to the letter originally or afterwards, nor is there any proof when or by whom it was attached. 3. While Randolph's second letter, written the same day, gives a list of thirty-one conspirators in which the name of Knox does not appear, and which professes to be the "names of *such as now be gone abroad*,"—the pinned document is endorsed in the hand of Cecil's clerk, "names of *such as were consentiug to the death of David*," a discrepancy which is rather remarkable, and throws doubts on the trustworthiness of the whole document. 4. A note appended to the pinned list says of the persons named, that "their houses are taken and spoiled," a fact which cannot apply to Knox, as we find it nowhere stated that his house was taken and spoiled. Within ten days after the murder, violence was done by the military to many houses in Edinburgh, and all "who had absented themselves" were denounced rebels, and had their effects confiscated. If Knox had been among the number, his name was sufficiently notorious to have caused the fact to become publicly known; and his enemies, the Papists, would have been delighted to receive so authentic a corroboration of the report which they were propagating that the deed was committed at the instigation of the Protestant clergy. On the other hand, when the queen was induced to grant a pardon to those who had been banished for the murder, this act of grace included Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, and seventy-six other persons. Had Knox been among those to whom the royal mercy was extended, we may rest assured that the Protestant party would have hailed the circumstance as a complete and triumphant exoneration of their great champion. This silence of friends and foes may be taken as an undeniable proof of the Reformer's innocence.

With regard to Knox's flight from Edinburgh, that can be shown to have arisen from causes totally unconnected with the murder of Rizzio; but it will be enough to state one fact. If Knox was implicated, so was Craig, for both their names are on the pinned list, yet the latter did not flee, but remained in the metropolis; and so far from betraying guilt or fear, he boldly condemned the Romish idolatry from the pulpit; and when ordered to proclaim the bands between Mary and Bothwell, her husband's murderer, he denounced the marriage as a union "odious and slanderous to the world—a union against all reason and good conscience." This certainly was not the conduct of a man whose conscience told him he had participated in an act which exposed him to the peculiar vengeance of the queen.

On the whole, from all these circumstances—from the suspicious character of the pinned list—from the total silence of all other contemporary documents yet brought to light—from the satisfactory explanation of Knox's retirement from Edinburgh—and from the unblemished reputation which he continued to maintain touching that event, even among his enemies, it may fairly be concluded that some stronger proofs are required to convince the world of Knox's implication in Rizzio's murder, than this anonymous fragment of stray paper, which, however, forms the basis of the whole structure of Mr. Tytler's charge. Except this pinned document, there is not another particle of direct evidence within the whole compass of Scottish history, or in the State Paper office, or in any other repositories hitherto discovered. All other proofs consist of mere assumptions, and inferences drawn from the Reformer's actions, or from obscure and figurative expressions in his writings. Having settled this controversy, we trust to the reader's conviction, we shall now give Mr. Tytler's narrative of Rizzio's assassination—a frightful picture of the times:

> "Elizabeth knew all that was about to occur: the life of Rizzio, the liberty—perhaps, too, the life—of Mary was in her hands; Moray was at her court; the conspirators were at her devotion; they had given the fullest information to Randolph, that he might consult the queen: she might have imprisoned Moray, discomfited the plans of the conspirators, saved the life of the miserable victim who was marked for slaughter, and preserved Mary, to whom she professed a warm attachment, from captivity. All this might have been done,—perhaps it is not too much to say, that, even in these dark times, it would have been done,—by a monarch acutely alive to the common feelings of humanity. But Elizabeth adopted a very different course: she not only allowed Moray to leave her realm, she dismissed him with marks of the highest confidence and distinction; and this baron, when ready to set out for Scotland to take his part in those dark transactions which soon after followed, sent his secretary Wood to acquaint Cecil with the most secret intentions of the conspirators.
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> "While these terrible designs were in preparation against her, some hints of approaching danger were conveyed to the Scottish queen; but she imprudently disregarded them. Rizzio, too, received a mysterious caution from Damiot, an astrologer, whom he used to consult, and who bade him beware of the bastard, evidently alluding to George Douglas, the natural son of the Earl of Angus, and one of the chief conspirators; but he imagined that he pointed at Moray, then in banishment, and derided his ap-

prehensions. Meantime every thing was in readiness; a large concourse of the friends of the Reformed Church assembled at Edinburgh for the week of fasting and humiliation: directions for prayer and sermons had been previously drawn up by Knox and the ministers, and the subjects chosen were such as seemed calculated to prepare the public mind for resistance, violence, and bloodshed. They were selected from the Old Testament alone, and included, among other examples, the saying of Oreb and Zeeb, the cutting off the Benjamites, the fast of Esther, the hanging of Haman, inculcating the duty of inflicting swift and summary vengeance on all who persecuted the people of God.

"On the 3rd of March the fast commenced in the capital, and on the 4th parliament assembled. It was opened by the queen in person, and the lords of the Articles having been chosen, the statute of treason and forfeiture against Moray and the banished lords was prepared. This was on a Thursday; and on Tuesday, in the following week, the act was to be passed; but it was fearfully arrested in its progress.

"On Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, when it was dark, the Earls of Morton and Lindsay, with a hundred and fifty men bearing torches and weapons, occupied the court of the palace of Holyrood, seized the gates without resistance, and closed them against all but their own friends. At this moment Mary was at supper in a small closet or cabinet, which entered from her bedchamber. She was attended by the Countess of Argyle, the Commendator of Holyrood, Beaton, master of the household, Arthur Erskine, captain of the guard, and her secretary, Rizzio. The bedchamber communicated by a secret turnpike-stair with the king's apartment below, to which the conspirators had been admitted; and Darnley, ascending this stair, threw up the arras which concealed its opening in the wall, entered the little apartment where Mary sat, and, casting his arms fondly round her waist, seated himself beside her at table. A minute had scarcely passed when Ruthven, clad in complete armor, abruptly broke in. This man had just risen from a sick-bed, his features were sunk and pale from disease, his voice hollow, and his whole appearance haggard and terrible. Mary, who was now seven months gone with child, started up in terror, commanding him to be gone; but, ere the words were uttered, torches gleamed in the outer room, a confused noise of voices and weapons was heard, and the next moment George Douglas, Car of Faudonside, and other conspirators, rushed into the closet. Ruthven now drew his dagger, and calling out that their business was with Rizzio, made an effort to seize him; while this miserable victim, springing behind the queen, clung by her gown, and in his broken language called out, 'Giustizia, Giustizia! sauve ma vie; Madame, sauve ma vie!' All was now uproar and confusion; and though Mary earnestly implored them to have mercy, they were deaf to her entreaties: the tables and lights were thrown down, Rizzio was stabbed by Douglas over the queen's shoulder; Car of Faudonside, one of the most ferocious of the conspirators, held a pistol to her breast, and, whilst she shrieked with terror, their bleeding victim was torn from her knees, and dragged, amidst shouts and execrations, through the queen's bedroom to the entrance of the presence chamber. Here Morton and his men rushed upon him, and buried their daggers in his body. So eager and reckless were they in their ferocity, that, in the struggle to get at him, they wounded one another; nor did they think the work complete till the body was mangled by fifty-six wounds, and left in a pool of blood, with the king's dagger sticking in it, to show, as was afterwards alleged, that he had sanctioned the murder.

"Nothing can more strongly show the ferocious manners of the times than an incident which now occurred. Ruthven, faint from sickness, and reeking from the scene of blood, staggered into the queen's cabinet, where Mary still stood distracted and in terror of her life. Here he threw himself upon a seat, called for a cup of wine, and being reproached for the cruelty of his conduct, not only vindicated himself and his associates, but plunged a new dagger into the heart of the unhappy queen, by declaring that her husband had advised the whole. She was then ignorant of the completion of the murder, but suddenly one of her ladies rushed into the room and cried out that their victim was slain. 'And is it so?' said Mary; 'then farewell tears, we must now think of revenge.'

"Having finished the first act of this tragedy, the conspirators proceeded to follow out their preconcerted measures. The queen was kept a prisoner in her apartment, and strictly guarded. The king, assuming the sole power, addressed his royal letters, dissolving the parliament, and commanding the Estates to leave the capital within three hours on pain of treason; orders were despatched to the magistrates, enjoining them with their city force to keep a vigilant watch, and suffer none but Protestants to leave their houses; and to Morton, the chancellor, with his armed retainers, was intrusted the guarding the gates of the palace, with strict injunction that none should escape from it."

The Rizzio tragedy was followed soon after by the murder of Darnley, the captivity of Mary in Lochleven Castle, the abdication of the crown in favor of the infant prince, and all the subsequent intrigues and turmoils of four Regencies. It is painful to dwell on the atrocities of these times. That age has been distinguished as the era of the great Reformation in religion; but unquestionably it was an era eminent for its unprincipled statesmen, its dishonest policy, its disregard of character, its disgusting tyranny, and its savage inhumanity. From the death of James V., in 1542, to the conclusion of the civil war, in 1572, the history of Scotland is a war of parties, a struggle between factions; and there is scarcely a single event in it of any importance that has not been controverted, or distorted, to suit the peculiar views of the antagonists or the defenders of the Queen of Scots. In these intrigues Mr. Tytler has shown Elizabeth to have been an active agent, cunning and unscrupulous; and he has drawn her character in colors somewhat darker than any of his predecessors have ventured to do. We do not intend, however, to enter upon any discussion of these transactions, which are generally known, and to expatiate upon them here would only be a needless reiteration, without pleasure and without profit. In what has been written we have had chiefly in view to bring under public notice such portions of Mr. Tytler's "History" as have derived authenticity or elucidation from his discoveries in searching out materials. We might have adduced more examples from his latter volumes of his success in removing doubts and adding fresh illustrations;—for instance, the plot of the English queen for having Mary put to death in Scotland;—but the details would require more space than their interest would warrant, and than we can afford to bestow. As a fitting conclusion to a retrospect of these calamitous times, we shall give Mr. Tytler's very graphic description of the trial and execution of Mary.

"The privy council, meanwhile, had determined to take the responsibility of sending off the warrant for the execution upon themselves; and, for this purpose, intrusted it to Beal, the clerk of the council; who, on the evening of Saturday, the 4th of February, arrived with it at the seat of the Earl of Kent; and next day, being Sunday, proceeded to Fotheringay and communicated it to Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drew Drury. Intelligence was then sent to the Earl of Shrewsbury, Grand Marshal of England, who lived at no great distance from Fotheringay; and, on Tuesday morning, the 7th of February, this nobleman and the Earl of Kent came to the castle with several persons who were to give directions, or to be employed in the approaching tragedy. For some days before this, Mary's servants had suspected the worst; but the preparations which now took place, and the arrival of so many strangers, threw them into despair. On Tuesday, after dinner, at two o'clock, the two earls demanded an audience of the Queen of Scots, who sent word that she was indisposed and in bed; but if the matter were of consequence, she would rise and receive them. On their reply that it could brook no delay, they were admitted after a short interval; and Kent and Shrewsbury coming into the apartment, with Paulet, Drury, and Beal found her seated at the bottom of her bed, her usual place, with her small work-table before her. Near her stood her physician, Burgoin, and her women. When the earls uncovered, she received them with her usual tranquil grace; and Shrewsbury, in few words, informed her that his royal mistress, Elizabeth, being overcome by the importunity of her subjects, had given orders for her execution; for which she would now be pleased to hear the warrant. Beal then read the commission, to which she listened unmoved and without interrupting him. On its conclusion, she bowed her head, and, making the sign of the cross, thanked her gracious God that this welcome news had, at last, come; declaring how happy she should be to leave a world where she was of no use, and had suffered such continued affliction. She assured the lords that she regarded it as a signal happiness that God had sent her death at this moment, after so many evils and sorrows endured for his Holy Catholic Church: 'That Church,' she continued, with great fervor of expression, 'for which I have been ready, as I have often testified, to lay down my life, and to shed my blood drop by drop. Alas,' she continued, 'I did not think myself worthy of so happy a death as this; but I acknowledge it as a sign of the love of God, and humbly receive it as an earnest of my reception into the number of his servants. Long have I doubted and speculated for these eighteen or nineteen years, from day to day, upon all that was about to happen to me. Often have I thought on the manner in which the English have acted to imprison princes; and, after my frequent escapes from such snares as have been laid for me, I have scarce ventured to hope for such a blessed end as this.' She then spoke of her high rank, which had so little defended her from cruelty and injustice; born a queen, the daughter of a king, the near relative of the Queen of England, the grand-daughter of Henry VII., once Queen of France, and still Queen-dowager of that kingdom; and yet what had all this availed her? She had loved England; she had desired its prosperity, as the next heir to that crown; and, as far as was permitted to a good Catholic, had labored for its welfare. She had earnestly longed for the love and friendship of her good sister, the queen; had often informed her of coming dangers; had cherished, as the dearest wish of her heart, that for once she should meet her in person, and speak with her in confidence; being well assured that, had this ever happened, there would have been an end of all jealousies and dissensions. But all had been refused her; her enemies, who still lived and acted for their own interests, had kept them asunder. She had been treated with ignominy and injustice; imprisoned contrary to all faith and treaties; kept a captive for nineteen years; 'and, at last,' said she, laying her hand upon the New Testament which was on her table, 'condemned by a tribunal which had no power over me, for a crime of which I here solemnly declare I am innocent. I have neither invented, nor consented to, nor pursued any conspiracy for the death of the Queen of England.' The Earl of Kent here hastily interrupted her, declaring that the translation of the Scriptures on which she had sworn was false, and the Roman Catholic version, which invalidated her oath. 'It is the translation in which I believe,' answered Mary, 'as the version of our Holy Church. Does your lordship think my oath would be better if I swore on your translation, which I disbelieve?'

"She then entreated to be allowed the services of her priest and almoner, who was in the castle, but had not been permitted to see her since her removal from Chartley. He would assist her, she said, in her preparations for death, and administer that spiritual consolation, which it would be sinful to receive from any one of a different faith. To the disgrace of the noblemen, the request was refused; nor was this to be attributed to any cruelty in Elizabeth, who had given no instructions upon the subject; but to the intolerant bigotry of the Earl of Kent, who, in a long theological discourse, attempted to convert her to his own opinions; offering her, in the place of her confessor, the services of the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, whom they had brought with them. Mary expressed her astonishment at this last unexpected stroke of cruelty; but bore it meekly, as she had done all the rest, although she peremptorily declined all assistance from the dean. She then inquired what time she should die; and the earls having answered 'To-morrow, at eight in the morning,' made their obeisance, and left the room. On their departure she called her women, and bade them hasten supper, that she might have time to arrange her affairs. Nothing could be more natural, or rather playful, than her manner at this moment. 'Come, come,' said she, 'Jane Kennedy, cease weeping, and be busy. Did I not warn you, my children, that it would come to this? and now, blessed be God! it has come; and fear and sorrow are at an end. Weep not, then, nor lament, but rejoice rather that you see your poor mistress so near the end of all her troubles. Dry your eyes, then, and let us pray together.'

"Her men-servants, who were in tears, then left the room, and Mary passed some time in devotion with her ladies. After which she occupied herself in counting the money which still remained in her cabinet; dividing it into separate sums, which she intended for her servants; and then putting each sum into a little purse with a slip of paper, on which she wrote, with her own hand, the name of the person for whom it was destined. Supper was next brought in, of which she partook sparingly, as was usual with her; conversing from time to time with Burgoin, her physician, who served her; and sometimes falling into a reverie, during which it was remarked that a sweet smile, as if she had heard some good news, would pass over her features, lighting them up with an expression of animated joy, which, much changed as she was by sorrow and ill health, recalled to her poor servants her days of beauty. It was with one of these looks that, turning to her physician, she said, 'Did you remark, Burgoin, what that Earl of Kent said in his talk with me; that my life would have been the death, as my death would be the life of that religion? Oh, how glad am I at that speech! Here comes the truth at last, and I pray you remark it. They told me I was to die, because I had plotted against the queen; but then arrives this Kent, whom they sent hither to convert me, and what says he? I am to die for my religion.'

"After supper she called for her ladies, and asking for a cup of wine, drank to them all, begging them to pledge her; which they did on their knees, mingling their tears in the cup, and asking her forgiveness if they had ever offended her. This she readily gave them, bidding them farewell with much tenderness, entreating in her turn their pardon, and solemnly enjoining them to continue firm in their religion, and forget all their little jealousies, living in peace and love with each other. It would be easier to do so now, she added, since Nau, who had been so busy in creating dissensions, was no longer with them. This was the only subject on which she felt and expressed herself with something like keenness; repeating more than once, that he was the cause of her death, but adding that she forgave him. She next examined her wardrobe, and selected various dresses as presents to her servants, delivering them at the moment, with some kind expression to each. She then wrote to her almoner, lamenting that the cruelty of her enemies had refused her the consolation of his presence with her in her last moments, imploring him to watch and pray with her that night, and to send her his absolution. After this she made her will; and lastly, wrote to the King of France. By this time it was two in the morning, and finding herself fatigued, she lay down, having first washed her feet, whilst her women watched and read at her bedside. They observed that, though quite still and tranquil, she was not asleep, her lips moving, as if engaged in secret prayer. It was her custom to have her women read to her at night a portion of the 'Lives of the Saints,' a book she loved much; and this last night she would not omit it, but made Jane Kennedy choose a portion, for their usual devotions. She selected the life entitled the 'Good Thief,' which treats of that beautiful and affecting example of dying faith and divine compassion. 'Alas!' said Mary, 'he was indeed a very great sinner, but not so great as I am. May my Saviour, in memory of His Passion, have mercy on me, as He had on him, at the hour of death.' At this moment she recollected that she would require a handkerchief to bind her eyes at her execution; and bidding them bring her several, she selected one of the finest, which was embroidered with gold, laying it carefully aside. Early in the morning she rose, observing that now she had but two hours to live; and having finished her toilet she came into her oratory, and kneeling with her women before the altar, where they usually said mass, continued long in prayer. Her physician then, afraid of her being exhausted, begged her to take a little bread and wine; which she did cheerfully, thanking him, at the same time, for giving her her last meal.

"A knock was now heard at the door, and a messenger came to say that the lords waited for her. She begged to be allowed a short time to conclude her devotions. Soon after, a second summons arriving, the door was opened, and the sheriff alone, with his white wand, walked into the room, proceeded to the altar, where the queen still knelt, and informed her that all was ready. She then rose, saying simply, 'Let us go;' and Burgoin, her physician, who assisted her to rise from her knees, asking her at this moment whether she would not wish to take with her the little cross and ivory crucifix which lay on the altar, she said, 'Oh yes, yes; it was my intention to have done so: many, many thanks for putting me in mind!' She then received it, kissed it, and desired Annibal, one of her suite, to carry it before her. The sheriff, walking first, now conducted her to the door of the apartment; on reaching which, her servants, who had followed her thus far, were informed that they must now turn back, as a command had been given that they should not accompany their mistress to the scaffold. This stern and unnecessary order was received by them with loud remonstrances and tears; but Mary only observed, that it was hard not to suffer her poor servants to be present at her death. She then took the crucifix in her hand, and bade them affectionately adieu; whilst they clung in tears to her robe, kissed her hand, and were with difficulty torn from her, and locked up in the apartment. The queen, after this, proceeded alone down the great staircase, at the foot of which she was received by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, who were struck with the perfect tranquility and unaffected grace with which she met them. She was dressed in black satin, matronly, but richly; and with more studied care than she was commonly accustomed to bestow. She wore a long veil of white crape, and her usual high Italian ruff; an Agnus Dei was suspended by a pomander chain round her neck, and her beads of gold hung at her girdle. At the bottom of the staircase she found Sir Andrew Melvil, her old affectionate servant, and master of her household, waiting to take his last farewell. On seeing her, he flung himself on his knees at her feet, and bitterly lamented it should have fallen on him to carry to Scotland the heart-rending news of his dear mistress's death. 'Weep not, my good Melvil,' said she, 'but rather rejoice that an end has at last come to the sorrows of Mary Stuart. And carry this news with thee, that I die firm in my religion, true to Scotland, true to France. May God, who can alone judge the thoughts and actions of men, forgive those who have thirsted for my blood! He knows my heart; he knows my desire hath ever been, that Scotland and England should be united. Remember me to my son,' she added; 'tell him I have done nothing that may prejudice his kingdom of Scotland. And now, good Melvil, my most faithful servant, once more I bid thee farewell.' She then earnestly entreated that her women might still be permitted to be with her at her death; but the Earl of Kent peremptorily refused, alleging that they would only disturb every thing by their lamentations, and be guilty of something scandalous and superstitious; probably dipping their handkerchiefs in her blood. 'Alas, poor souls!' said Mary, 'I will give my word and promise they will do none of these things. It would do them good to bid me farewell; and I hope your mistress, who is a maiden queen, hath not given you so strait a commission. She might grant me more than this, were I a far meaner person. And yet, my lords, you know I am cousin to your queen, descended from the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married queen of France, and an anointed queen of Scotland. Surely, surely they will not deny me this last little request: my poor girls wish only to see me die.' As she said this, a few tears were observed to fall, for the first time; and, after some consultation, she was permitted to have two of her ladies and four of her gentlemen beside her. She then immediately chose Burgoin her physician, her almoner, surgeon, and apothecary, with Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle. Followed by them, and by Melvil bearing her train, she entered the great hall, and walked to the scaffold, which had been erected at its upper end. It was a raised platform, about two feet in height, and twelve broad, surrounded by a rail, and covered with black. Upon it were placed a low chair and cushion, two other seats, and the block. The queen regarded it without the least change of countenance, cheerfully mounted the steps, and sat down with the same easy grace and dignity with which she would have occupied her throne. On her right were seated the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, on her left stood the Sheriffs, and before her the two executioners. The Earl of Kent, the Dean of Peterborough, Sir Amias Paulet, Sir Drew Drury, Beal, the Clerk of the Privy-council, and others, stood beside the scaffold; and these, with the guards, officers, attendants, and some of the neighboring gentry, who had been permitted to be present, made up an assembly of about two hundred in all. Beal then read the warrant for her death, which she heard with apparent attention; but those near her could see, by the sweet and absent expression of her countenance, that her thoughts were afar off.

"When it was finished, she crossed herself, and addressed a few words to the persons round the scaffold. She spoke of her rights as a sovereign princess, which had been invaded and trampled on, and of her long sorrows and imprisonment; but expressed the deepest thankfulness to God that, being about to die for her religion, she was permitted, before this company, to testify that she died a Catholic, and innocent of having invented any plot or consented to any practices against the queen's life. 'I will here,' said she, 'in my last moments, accuse no one; but when I am gone much will be discovered that is now hid, and the objects of those who have procured my death be more clearly disclosed to the world.'

"Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough, now came up upon the scaffold, and, with the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, made an ineffectual attempt to engage Mary in their devotions; but she repelled all their offers, at first mildly, and afterwards, when they insisted on her joining with them in prayer, in more peremptory terms. It was at this moment that Kent, in the excess of his Puritanism, observing her intensely regarding the crucifix, bade her renounce such antiquated superstitions: 'Madam,' said he, 'that image of Christ serves to little purpose, if you have him not engraved upon your heart.'—'Ah,' said Mary, 'there is nothing more becoming a dying Christian than to carry in his hands this remembrance of his redemption. How impossible is it to have such an object in our hands and keep the heart unmoved!'

"The Dean of Peterborough then prayed in English, being joined by the noblemen and gentlemen who were present; whilst Mary, kneeling apart, repeated portions of the Penitential Psalms in Latin, and afterwards continued her prayers aloud in English. By this time, the dean having concluded, there was a deep silence, so that every word was heard. Amid this stillness she recommended to God his afflicted Church, her son the King of Scotland, and Queen Elizabeth. She declared that her whole hope rested on her Saviour; and, although she confessed that she was a great sinner, she humbly trusted that the blood of that Immaculate Lamb which had been shed for all sinners would wash all her guilt away. She then invoked the blessed Virgin and all the saints, imploring them to grant her their prayers with God: and finally declared that she forgave all her enemies. It was impossible for any one to behold her at this moment without being deeply affected; on her knees, her hands clasped together and raised to Heaven, an expression of adoration and divine serenity lighting up her features, and upon her lips the words of forgiveness to her persecutors. As she finished her devotions she kissed the crucifix, and making the sign of the cross, exclaimed in a clear, sweet voice, 'As thine arms, O my God, were spread out upon the cross, so receive me within the arms of thy mercy: extend thy pity, and forgive my sins!'

"She then cheerfully suffered herself to be undressed by her two women, Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, and gently admonished them not to distress her by their tears and lamentations: putting her finger on her lips, and bidding them remember that she had promised for them. On seeing the executioner come up to offer his assistance she smiled, and playfully said she had neither been used to such grooms of the chamber, nor to undress before so many people. When all was ready she kissed her two women, and giving them her last blessing, desired them to leave her, one of them having first bound her eyes with the handkerchief which she had chosen for the purpose. She then sat down, and clasping her hands together, held her neck firm and erect, expecting that she was to be beheaded in the French fashion, with a sword, and in a sitting attitude. Those who were present, and knew not of this misconception, wondered at this; and, in the pause, Mary, still waiting for the blow, repeated the psalm, 'In thee, O Lord, have I trusted: let me never be put to confusion.' On being made aware of her mistake she instantly knelt down, and, groping with her hands for the block, laid her neck upon it without the slightest mark of trembling or hesitation. Her last words were, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.' At this moment the tears and emotions of the spectators had reached their height, and appear, unfortunately, to have shaken the nerves and disturbed the aim of the executioner, so that his first blow was ill-directed, and only wounded his victim. She lay, however, perfectly still, and the next stroke severed the head from the body. The executioner then held the head up, and called aloud, 'God save the Queen!' 'So let all Queen Elizabeth's enemies perish!' was the prayer of the Dean of Peterborough; but the spectators were dissolved in tears, and one deep voice only answered Amen. It came from the Earl of Kent.

"An affecting incident now occurred. On removing the dead body, and the clothes and mantle which lay beside it, Mary's favorite little dog, which had followed its mistress to the scaffold unperceived, was found nestling under them. No entreaty could prevail on it to quit the spot; and it remained lying beside the corpse, and stained in the blood, till forcibly carried away by the attendants." A. C.

THE WOFUL VOICE.

BY MISS SKELTON.

There came a voice from a distant land, with a sad lamenting tone—
It told of war, and chains, and death, power lost, and glory gone;
A voice of pain, despair, and woe, a wild and mournful cry—
"Oh, England! mother! weep for us, a bitter death we die!

"Weary and wounded, faint and few, we fight, and fight in vain;
We die, and leave our bones to strew this desert's icy plain,
And to *thee* the memory of our blood, and our distant tomb to be
An altar and a fitting shrine for a vengeance worthy thee."

And England heard that woful voice, and bow'd her queenly head,
And there went a wail round her sacred shores, a mourning for the dead;
For many a happy heart was chill'd, and many a hope laid low,
And many a warm affection sleeps with them beneath the snow.

And England wept—well may she weep—yet doth she weep in vain;
Not all her tears, her blood, her wealth, can bring back life again,
Or change that note of utter grief, or hush that voice of shame,
Which tells of chains and bitter death, defeat, and tarnished fame.

There came a voice from a distant land, a wild and mournful cry—
"Oh, England! mother! weep for us, a bitter death we die!
And we leave to thee our desert tomb, a fitting shrine to be
For a vengeance meet for such fate as ours, a vengeance worthy thee!

"Oh, England! mourn thy fallen sons; oh! gallant hearts and brave,
Mourn hearts as gallant and as true—mourn, for ye could not save;
And let their distant, desert tomb, a deathless altar be
To vengeance worthy wrongs like theirs, to vengeance worthy ye!

Ainsworth's Magazine.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ADDISON.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Life of Joseph Addison. By LUCY AIKIN. Two volumes. 8vo. London: 1843.

SOME reviewers are of opinion that a lady who dares to publish a book renounces by that act the franchises appertaining to her sex, and can claim no exemption from the utmost rigor of critical procedure. From that opinion we dissent. We admit, indeed, that in a country which boasts of many female writers, eminently qualified by their talents and acquirements to influence the public mind, it would be of most pernicious consequence that inaccurate history or unsound philosophy should be suffered to pass uncensured, merely because the offender chanced to be a lady. But we conceive that, on such occasions, a critic would do well to imitate that courteous Knight who found himself compelled by duty to keep the Lists against Bradamante. He, we are told, defended successfully the cause of which he was the champion; but, before the fight began, exchanged Balisarda for a less deadly sword, of which he carefully blunted the point and edge.*

Nor are the immunities of sex the only immunities which Miss Aikin may rightfully plead. Several of her works, and especially the very pleasing Memoirs of the Reign of James the First, have fully entitled her to the privileges enjoyed by good writers. One of those privileges we hold to be this, that such writers, when, either from the unlucky choice of a subject, or from the indolence too often produced by success, they happen to fail, shall not be subjected to the severe discipline which it is sometimes necessary to inflict upon dunces and impostors; but shall merely be reminded by a gentle touch, like that with which the Laputan flapper roused his dreaming lord, that it is high time to wake.

Our readers will probably infer from what we have said that Miss Aikin's book has disappointed us. The truth is, that she is not well acquainted with her subject. No person who is not familiar with the political and literary history of England during the reigns of William III., of Anne, and of George I., can possibly write a good life of Addison. Now, we mean no reproach to Miss Aikin, and many will think that we pay her a compliment, when we say that her studies have taken a different direction. She is better acquainted with Shakspeare and Raleigh, than with Congreve and Prior; and is far more at home among the ruffs and peaked beards of Theobald's, than among the Steenkirks and flowing periwigs which surrounded Queen Anne's tea-table at Hampton. She seems to have written about the Elizabethan age, because she had read much about it; she seems, on the other hand, to have read a little about the age of Addison, because she had determined to write about it. The consequence is, that she has had to describe men and things without having either a correct or a vivid idea of them, and that she has often fallen into errors of a very serious kind. Some of these errors we may perhaps take occasion to point out. But we have not time to point out one half of those which we have observed; and it is but too likely that we may not have observed all those which exist. The reputation which Miss Aikin has justly earned stands so high, and the charm of Addison's letters is so great, that a second edition of this work may probably be required. If so, we hope that every paragraph will be revised, and that every date and statement of fact about which there can be the smallest doubt will be carefully verified.

To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be, which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. We trust, however, that this feeling will not betray us into that abject idolatry which we have often had occasion to reprehend in others, and which seldom fails to make both the idolater and the idol ridiculous. A man of genius and virtue is but a man. All his powers cannot be equally developed; nor can we expect from him perfect self-knowledge. We need not, therefore, hesitate to admit that Addison has left us some compositions which do not rise above mediocrity, some heroic poems hardly equal to Parnell's, some criticism as superficial as Dr. Blair's, and a tragedy not very much better than Dr. Johnson's. It is praise enough to say of a writer, that, in a high department of literature, in which many eminent writers have distinguished themselves, he has had no equal; and this may with strict justice be said of Addison.

As a man, he may not have deserved the adoration which he received from those who, bewitched by his fascinating society, and indebted for all the comforts of life to his generous and delicate friendship, worshipped him nightly, in his favorite temple at Button's. But, after full inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced, that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his character; but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, sound in the noble parts—free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy. Men may easily be named, in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than in Addison. But the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every law, not only of moral rectitude, but of moral grace and dignity, distinguish him from all men who have been tried by equally strong temptations, and about whose conduct we possess equally full information.

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* *Orlando Furioso*, xlv. 68.

His father was the Reverend Lancelot Addison, who, though eclipsed by his more celebrated son, made some figure in the world, and occupies with credit two folio pages in the "Biographia Britannica." Lancelot was sent up, as a poor scholar, from Westmoreland to Queen's College, Oxford, in the time of the Commonwealth; made some progress in learning; became, like most of his fellow-students, a violent Royalist; lampooned the heads of the university, and was forced to ask pardon on his bended knees. When he had left college, he earned a humble subsistence by reading the liturgy of the fallen Church, to the families of those sturdy squires whose manor-houses were scattered over the Wild of Sussex. After the Restoration, his loyalty was rewarded with the post of chaplain to the garrison of Dunkirk. When Dunkirk was sold to France, he lost his employment. But Tangier had been ceded by Portugal to England as part of the marriage-portion of the Infanta Catharine; and to Tangier Lancelot Addison was sent. A more miserable situation can hardly be conceived. It was difficult to say whether the unfortunate settlers were more tormented by the heats or by the rains; by the soldiers within the wall or by the Moors without it. One advantage the chaplain had. He enjoyed an excellent opportunity of studying the history and manners of Jews and Mahommedans; and of this opportunity he appears to have made excellent use. On his return to England, after some years of banishment, he published an interesting volume on the Polity and Religion of Barbary; and another on the Hebrew Customs, and the State of Rabbinical Learning. He rose to eminence in his profession, and became one of the royal chaplains, a doctor of divinity, archdeacon of Salisbury, and dean of Lichfield. It is said that he would have been made a bishop after the Revolution, if he had not given offence to the Government by strenuously opposing, in the Convocation of 1689, the liberal policy of William and Tillotson.

In 1672, not long after Dr. Addison's return from Tangier, his son Joseph was born. Of Joseph's childhood we know little. He learned his rudiments at schools in his father's neighborhood, and was then sent to the Charter House. The anecdotes which are popularly related about his boyish tricks, do not harmonize very well with what we know of his riper years. There remains a tradition that he was the ringleader in a barring-out; and another tradition that he ran away from school and hid himself in a wood, where he fed on berries and slept in a hollow tree, till after a long search he was discovered and brought home. If these stories be true, it would be curious to know by what moral discipline so mutinous and enterprising a lad was transformed into the gentlest and most modest of men.

We have abundant proof that, whatever Joseph's pranks may have been, he pursued his studies vigorously and successfully. At fifteen he was not only fit for the university, but carried thither a classical taste, and a stock of learning which would have done honor to a Master of Arts. He was entered at Queen's College, Oxford; but he had not been many months there, when some of his Latin verses fell by accident into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalene College. The young scholar's diction and versification were already such as veteran professors might envy. Dr. Lancaster was desirous to serve a boy of such promise; nor was an opportunity long wanting. The Revolution had just taken place; and nowhere had it been hailed with more delight than at Magdalene college. That great and opulent corporation had been treated by James, and by his Chancellor, with an insolence and injustice which, even in such a Prince and in such a Minister, may justly excite amazement; and which had done more than even the prosecution of the Bishops to alienate the Church of England from the throne. A president, duly elected, had been violently expelled from his dwelling: a Papist had been set over the society by a royal mandate: the Fellows who, in conformity with their oaths, refused to submit to this usurper, had been driven forth from their quiet cloisters and gardens, to die of want or to live on charity. But the day of redress and retribution speedily came. The intruders were ejected: the venerable House was again inhabited by its old inmates: learning flourished under the rule of the wise and virtuous Hough; and with learning was united a mild and liberal spirit too often wanting in the Princely Colleges of Oxford. In consequence of the troubles through which the society had passed, there had been no ele tion of new members during the year 1688. In 1689, therefore, there was twice the ordinary number of vacancies; and thus Dr. Lancaster found it easy to procure for his young friend admittance to the advantages of a foundation then generally esteemed the wealthiest in Europe.

At Magdalene, Addison resided during ten years. He was, at first, one of those scholars who are called *demies;* but was subsequently elected a fellow. His college is still proud of his name; his portrait still hangs in the hall; and strangers are still told that his favorite walk was under the elms which fringe the meadows on the banks of the Cherwell. It is said, and is highly probable, that he was distinguished among his fellow-students by the delicacy of his feelings; by the shyness of his manners; and by the assiduity with which he often prolonged his studies far into the night. It is certain that his reputation for ability and learning stood high. Many years later, the ancient Doctors of Magdalene continued to talk in their common room of his boyish compositions, and expressed their sorrow that no copy of exercises so remarkable had been preserved.

It is proper, however, to remark, that Miss Aikin has committed the error, very pardonable in a lady, of overrating Addison's classical attainments. In one department of learning, indeed, his proficiency was such as it is hardly possible to overrate. His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound. He understood them thoroughly, entered into their spirit, and had the finest and most discriminating perception of all their peculiarities of style and melody; nay, he copied their manner with admirable skill, and surpassed, we think, all their British imitators who had preceded him, Buchanan and Milton alone excepted. This is high praise; and beyond this we cannot with justice go. It is clear that Addison's serious attention, during his residence at the university, was almost entirely concentrated on Latin poetry; and that, if he did not wholly neglect other provinces of ancient literature, he vouchsafed to them only a cursory glance. He does not appear to have attained more than an ordinary acquaintance with the political and moral writers of Rome; nor was his own Latin prose by any means equal to his Latin verse. His knowledge of Greek, though doubtless such as was, in his time, thought respectable at Oxford, was evidently less than that which many lads now carry away every year from Eton and Rugby. A minute examination of his works, if we had time to make such an examination, would fully bear out these remarks. We will briefly advert to a few of the facts on which our judgment is grounded.

Great praise is due to the Notes which Addison appended to his version of the second and third books of the Metamorphoses. Yet those notes, while they show him to have been, in his own domain, an accomplished scholar, show also how confined that domain was. They are rich in apposite references to Virgil, Statius, and Claudian; but they contain not a single illustration drawn from the Greek poets. Now, if, in the whole compass of Latin literature, there be a passage which stands in need of illustration drawn from the Greek poets, it is the story of Pentheus in the third book of the Metamorphoses. Ovid was indebted for that story to Euripides and Theocritus, both of whom he has sometimes followed minutely. But neither to Euripides nor to Theocritus does Addison make the faintest allusion; and we, therefore, believe that we do not wrong him by supposing that he had little or no knowledge of their works.

His travels in Italy, again, abound with classical quotations, happily introduced: but his quotations, with scarcely a single exception, are taken from Latin verse. He draws more illustrations from Ausonius and Manilius than from Cicero. Even his notions of the political and military affairs of the Romans seem to be derived from poets and poetasters. Spots made memorable by events which have changed the destinies of the world, and have been worthily recorded by great historians, bring to his mind only scraps of some ancient Pye or Hayley. In the gorge of the Apennines he naturally remembers the hardships which Hannibal's army endured, and proceeds to cite, not the authentic narrative of Polybius, not the picturesque narrative of Livy, but the languid hexameters of Silius Italicus. On the banks of the Rubicon he never thinks of Plutarch's lively description; or of the stern conciseness of the Commentaries; or of those letters to Atticus which so forcibly express the alternations of hope and fear in a sensitive mind at a great crisis. His only authority for the events of the civil war is Lucan.

All the best ancient works of art at Rome and Florence are Greek. Addison saw them, however, without recalling one single verse of Pindar, of Callimachus, or of the Attic dramatists; but they brought to his recollection innumerable passages in Horace, Juvenal, Statius, and Ovid.

The same may be said of the "Treatise on Medals." In that pleasing work we find about three hundred passages extracted with great judgment from the Roman poets; but we do not recollect a single passage taken from any Roman orator or historian; and we are confident that not a line is quoted from any Greek writer. No person who had derived all his information on the subject of medals from Addison, would suspect that the Greek coins were in historical interest equal, and in beauty of execution far superior to those of Rome.

If it were necessary to find any further proof that Addison's classical knowledge was confined within narrow limits, that proof would be furnished by his "Essay on the Evidences of Christianity." The Roman poets throw little or no light on the literary and historical questions which he is under the necessity of examining in that Essay. He is, therefore left completely in the dark; and it is melancholy to see how helplessly he gropes his way from blunder to blunder. He assigns as grounds for his religious belief, stories as absurd as that of the Cock-Lane ghost, and forgeries as rank as Ireland's "Vortigern;" puts faith in the lie about the thundering legion; is convinced that Tiberius moved the senate to admit Jesus among the gods; and pronounces the letter of Agbarus, King of Edessa, to be a record of great authority. Nor were these errors the effects of superstition; for to superstition Addison was by no means prone. The truth is that he was writing about what he did not understand.

Miss Aikin has discovered a letter, from which it appears that, while Addison resided at Oxford, he was one of several writers whom the booksellers engaged to make an English version of Herodotus; and she infers that he must have been a good Greek scholar. We can allow very little weight to this argument, when we consider that his fellow-laborers were to have been Boyle and Blackmore. Boyle is remembered chiefly as the nominal author of the worst book on Greek history and philology that ever was printed; and this book, bad as it is, Boyle was unable to produce without help. Of Blackmore's attainments in the ancient tongues, it may be sufficient to say that, in his prose, he has confounded an aphorism with an apophthegm, and that when, in his verse, he treats of classical subjects, his habit is to regale his readers with four false quantities to a page!

It is probable that the classical acquirements of Addison were of as much service to him as if they had been more extensive. The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else even attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well. Bentley was so immeasurably superior to all the other scholars of his time that very few among them could discover his superiority. But the accomplishment in which Addison excelled his contemporaries was then, as it is now, highly valued and assiduously cultivated at all English seats of learning. Every body who had been at a public school had written Latin verses; many had written such verses with tolerable success; and were quite able to appreciate, though by no means able to rival, the skill with which Addison imitated Virgil. His lines on the Barometer, and the Bowling-Green, were applauded by hundreds, to whom the 'Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris' was as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics on an obelisk.

Purity of style, and an easy flow of numbers, are common to all Addison's Latin poems. Our favorite piece is the Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies; for in that piece we discern a gleam of the fancy and humor which many years later enlivened thousands of breakfast tables. Swift boasted that he was never known to steal a hint; and he certainly owed as little to his predecessors as any modern writer. Yet we cannot help suspecting that he borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, one of the happiest touches in his Voyage to Lilliput from Addison's verses. Let our readers judge.

'The Emperor,' says Gulliver, 'is taller by about the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders.'

About thirty years before Gulliver's

travels appeared, Addison wrote these lines:—

> 'Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
> Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus,
> Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes
> Mole gigantea, mediamque exsurgit in ulnam.'

The Latin poems of Addison were greatly and justly admired both at Oxford and Cambridge, before his name had ever been heard by the wits who thronged the coffee-houses round Drury-Lane theatre. In his twenty-second year, he ventured to appear before the public as a writer of English verse. He addressed some complimentary lines to Dryden, who, after many triumphs and many reverses, had at length reached a secure and lonely eminence among the literary men of that age. Dryden appears to have been much gratified by the young scholar's praise; and an interchange of civilities and good offices followed. Addison was probably introduced by Dryden to Congreve, and was certainly presented by Congreve to Charles Montagu, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons.

At this time Addison seemed inclined to devote himself to poetry. He published a translation of part of the fourth Georgic, Lines to King William, and other performances of equal value; that is to say, of no value at all. But in those days, the public was in the habit of receiving with applause, pieces which would now have little chance of obtaining the Newdigate prize, or the Seatonian prize. And the reason is obvious. The heroic couplet was then the favorite measure. The art of arranging words in that measure, so that the lines may flow smoothly, that the accents may fall correctly, that the rhymes may strike the ear strongly, and that there may be a pause at the end of every distich, is an art as mechanical as that of mending a kettle, or shoeing a horse: and may be learned by any human being who has sense enough to learn any thing. But, like other mechanical arts, it was gradually improved by means of many experiments and many failures. It was reserved for Pope to discover the trick, to make himself complete master of it, and to teach it to every body else. From the time when his 'Pastorals' appeared, heroic versification became matter of rule and compass; and, before long, all artists were on a level. Hundreds of dunces who never blundered on one happy thought or expression, were able to write reams of couplets which, as far as euphony was concerned, could not be distinguished from those of Pope himself, and which very clever writers of the reign of Charles the Second—Rochester, for example, or Marvel, or Oldham—would have contemplated with admiring despair.

Ben Jonson was a great man, Hoole a very small man. But Hoole, coming after Pope, had learned how to manufacture decasyllable verses; and poured them forth by thousands and tens of thousands, all as well turned, as smooth, and as like each other, as the blocks which have passed through Mr. Brunell's mill, in the dockyard at Portsmouth. Ben's heroic couplets resemble blocks rudely hewn out by an unpractised hand, with a blunt hatchet. Take as a specimen his translation of a celebrated passage in the Æneid:—

> 'This child our parent earth, stirred up with spite
> Of all the gods, brought forth, and, as some write,
> She was last sister of that giant race
> That sought to scale Jove's court, right swift of pace,
> And swifter far of wing, a monster vast
> And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed
> On her huge corpse, so many waking eyes
> Stick underneath, and, which may stranger rise
> In the report, as many tongues she wears.'

Compare with these jagged misshapen distichs the neat fabric which Hoole's machine produces in unlimited abundance. We take the first lines on which we open in his version of Tasso. They are neither better nor worse than the rest:—

> 'O thou, whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led
> By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread,
> No greater wonders east or west can boast
> Than yon small island on the pleasing coast.
> If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,
> The current pass, and seek the further shore.'

Ever since the time of Pope there has been a glut of lines of this sort; and we are now as little disposed to admire a man for being able to write them, as for being able to write his name. But in the days of William the Third such versification was rare; and a rhymer who had any skill in it passed for a great poet; just as in the dark ages a person who could write his name passed for a great clerk. Accordingly, Duke, Stepney, Granville, Walsh, and others, whose only title to fame was that they said in tolerable metre what might have been as well said in prose, or what was not worth saying at all, were honored with marks of distinction which ought to be reserved for genius. With these Addison must have ranked, if he had not earned true and lasting glory by performances which very little resembled his juvenile poems.

Dryden was now busied with Virgil, and obtained from Addison a critical preface to the Georgics. In return for this service, and for other services of the same kind, the veteran poet, in the postscript to the translation of the Æneid, complimented his young friend with great liberality, and indeed with more liberality than sincerity. He affected to be afraid that his own performance would not sustain a comparison with the version of the fourth Georgic, by 'the most ingenious Mr. Addison, of Oxford.' 'After his bees,' added Dryden, 'my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving.'*

The time had now arrived when it was necessary for Addison to choose a calling. Every thing seemed to point his course towards the clerical profession. His habits were regular, his opinions orthodox. His college had large ecclesiastical preferment in its gift, and boasts that it has given at least one bishop to almost every see in England. Dr. Lancelot Addison held an honorable place in the Church, and had set his heart on seeing his son a clergyman. It is clear, from some expressions in the young man's rhymes, that his intention was to take orders. But Charles Montagu interfered. Montagu had first brought himself into notice by verses, well timed and not contemptibly written, but never, we think, rising above mediocrity. Fortunately for himself, and for his country, he early quitted poetry, in which he could never have attained a rank as high as that of Dorset or Roscommon, and turned his mind to official and parliamentary business. It is written that the ingenious person who undertook to instruct Rasselas, prince of Abysinnia, in the art of flying, ascended an eminence, waved his wings, sprang into the air, and instantly dropped into the lake. But it is added that the wings which were unable to support him through the sky, bore him up effectually as soon as he was in the water. This is no bad type of the fate of Charles Montagu, and of men like him. When he attempted to soar into the regions of poetical invention, he altogether failed; but, as soon as he had descended from his ethereal elevation into a lower and grosser element, his talents instantly raised him above the mass. He became a distinguished financier, debater, courtier, and party leader. He still retained his fondness for the pursuits of his early days; but he showed that fondness, not by wearying the public with his own feeble performances, but by discovering and encouraging literary excellence in others. A crowd of wits and poets, who would easily have vanquished him as a competitor, revered him as a judge and a patron. In his plans for the encouragement of learning, he was cordially supported by the ablest and most virtuous of his colleagues, the Lord Keeper Somers. Though both these great statesmen had a sincere love of letters, it was not solely from a love of letters that they were desirous to enlist youths of high intellectual qualifications in the public service. The Revolution had altered the whole system of government. Before that event, the press had been controlled by censors, and the Parliament had sat only two months in eight years. Now the press was free, and had begun to exercise unprecedented influence on the public mind. Parliament met annually and sat long. The chief power in the State had passed to the House of Commons. At such a conjuncture, it was natural that literary and oratorical talents should rise in value. There was danger that a Government which neglected such talents might be subverted by them. It was, therefore, a profound and enlightened policy which led Montagu and Somers to attach such talents to the Whig party, by the strongest ties both of interest and of gratitude.

It is remarkable that, in a neighboring country, we have recently seen similar effects follow from similar causes. The Revolution of July 1830, established representative government in France. The men of letters instantly rose to the highest importance in the state. At the present moment, most of the persons whom we see at the head both of the Administration and of the Opposition have been Professors, Historians, Journalists, Poets. The influence of the literary class in England, during the generation which followed the Revolution, was great; but by no means so great as it has lately been in France. For, in England, the aristocracy of intellect had to contend with a powerful and deeply rooted aristocracy of a very different kind. France has no Somersets and Shrewsburies to keep down her Addisons and Priors.

It was in the year 1699, when Addison had just completed his twenty-seventh year, that the course of his life was finally determined. Both the great chiefs of the Ministry were kindly disposed towards him. In political opinions he already was, what he continued to be through life, a firm, though a moderate Whig. He had addressed the most polished and vigorous of his early English lines to Somers; and had dedicated to Montagu a Latin poem, truly Virgilian, both in style and rhythm, on the peace of Ryswick. The wish of the young poet's great friends was, it should seem, to employ him in the service of the crown abroad. But an intimate knowledge of the French language was a qualification indispensable to a diplomatist; and this qualification Addison had not acquired. It was, therefore, thought desirable that he should pass some time on the Continent in preparing himself for official employment. His own means were not such as would enable him to travel; but a pension of £300 a-year was procured for him by the interest of the Lord Keeper. It seems to have been apprehended that some difficulty might be started by the rulers of Magdalene College. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote in the strongest terms to Hough. The State—such was the purport of Montagu's letter—could not, at that time, spare to the Church such a man as Addison. Too many high civil posts were already occupied by adventurers, who, destitute of every liberal art and sentiment, at once pillaged and disgraced the country which they pretended to serve. It had become necessary to recruit for the public service from a very different class, from that class of which Addison was the representative. The close of the Minister's letter was remarkable: 'I am called,' he said, 'an enemy of the Church. But I will never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it.'

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* Miss Aikin makes this compliment altogether unmeaning, by saying that it was paid to a translation of the second Georgic, (i. 30.)

This interference was successful; and, in the summer of 1699, Addison, made a rich man by his pension, and still retaining his fellowship, quitted his beloved Oxford, and set out on his travels. He crossed from Dover to Calais, proceeded to Paris, and was received there with great kindness and politeness by a kinsman of his friend Montagu, Charles Earl of Manchester, who had just been appointed Ambassador to the Court of France. The Countess, a Whig and a toast, was probably as gracious as her lord; for Addison long retained an agreeable recollection of the impression which she at this time made on him, and, in some lively lines written on the glasses of the Kit-Cat club, described the envy which her cheeks, glowing with the genuine bloom of England, had excited among the painted beauties of Versailles.

Louis XIV. was at this time expiating the vices of his youth by a devotion which had no root in reason, and bore no fruit of charity. The servile literature of France had changed its character to suit the changed character of the prince. No book appeared that had not an air of sanctity. Racine, who was just dead, had passed the close of his life in writing sacred dramas; and Dacier was seeking for the Athanasian mysteries in Plato. Addison described this state of things in a short but lively and graceful letter to Montagu. Another letter, written about the same time to the Lord Keeper, conveyed the strongest assurances of gratitude and attachment. 'The only return I can make to your Lordship,' said Addison, 'will be to apply myself entirely to my business.' With this view he quitted Paris and repaired to Blois; a place where it was supposed that the French language was spoken in its highest purity, and where not a single Englishman could be found. Here he passed some months pleasantly and profitably. Of his way of life at Blois, one of his associates, an Abbé named Philippeaux, gave an account to Joseph Spence. If this account is to be trusted, Addison studied much, mused much, talked little, had fits of absence, and either had no love affairs, or was too discreet to confide them to the Abbé. A man who, even when surrounded by fellow-countrymen and fellow-students, had always been remarkably shy and silent, was not likely to be loquacious in a foreign tongue, and among foreign companions. But it is clear from Addison's letters, some of which were long after published in the 'Guardian,' that, while he appeared to be absorbed in his own meditations, he was really observing French society with that keen and sly, yet not ill-natured side-glance, which was peculiarly his own.

From Blois he returned to Paris; and, having now mastered the French language, found great pleasure in the society of French philosophers and poets. He gave an account, in a letter to Bishop Hough, of two highly interesting conversations, one with Malbranche, the other with Boileau. Malbranche expressed great partiality for the English, and extolled the genius of Newton, but shook his head when Hobbes was mentioned, and was indeed so unjust as to call the author of the 'Leviathan' a poor silly creature. Addison's modesty restrained him from fully relating, in his letter, the circumstances of his introduction to Boileau. Boileau, having survived the friends and rivals of his youth, old, deaf, and melancholy, lived in retirement, seldom went either to Court or to the Academy, and was almost inaccessible to strangers. Of the English and of English literature he knew nothing. He had hardly heard the name of Dryden. Some of our countrymen, in the warmth of their patriotism, have asserted that this ignorance must have been affected. We own that we see no ground for such a supposition. English literature was to the French of the age of Louis XIV. what German literature was to our own grandfathers. Very few, we suspect, of the accomplished men who, sixty or seventy years ago, used to dine in Leicester Square with Sir Joshua, or at Streatham with Mrs. Thrale, had the slightest notion that Wieland was one of the first wits and poets, and Lessing, beyond all dispute, the first critic in Europe. Boileau knew just as little about the 'Paradise Lost,' and about 'Absalom and Ahitophel;' but he had read Addison's Latin poems, and admired them greatly. They had given him, he said, quite a new notion of the state of learning and taste among the English. Johnson will have it that these praises were insincere. 'Nothing,' says he, 'is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin; and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation.' Now, nothing is better known of Boileau than that he was singularly sparing of compliments. We do not remember that either friendship or fear ever induced him to bestow praise on any composition which he did not approve. On literary questions, his caustic, disdainful, and self-confident spirit rebelled against that authority to which every thing else in France bowed down. He had the spirit to tell Louis XIV. firmly and even rudely, that his Majesty knew nothing about poetry, and admired verses which were detestable. What was there in Addison's position that could induce the satirist, whose stern and fastidious temper had been the dread of two generations, to turn sycophant for the first and last time? Nor was Boileau's contempt of modern Latin either injudicious or peevish. He thought, indeed, that no poem of the first order would ever be written in a dead language. And did he think amiss? Has not the experience of centuries confirmed his opinion? Boileau also thought it probable, that, in the best modern Latin, a writer of the Augustan age would have detected ludicrous improprieties. And who can think otherwise? What modern scholar can honestly declare that he sees the smallest impurity in the style of Livy? Yet is it not certain that, in the style of Livy, Pollio, whose taste had been formed on the banks of the Tiber, detected the inelegant idiom of the Po? Has any modern scholar understood Latin better than Frederic the Great understood French? Yet is it not notorious that Frederic the Great, after reading, speaking, writing French, and nothing but French, during more than half a century—after unlearning his mother tongue in order to learn French, after living familiarly during many years with French associates—could not, to the last, compose in French, without imminent risk of committing some mistake which would have moved a smile in the literary circles of Paris? Do we believe that Erasmus and Fracastorius wrote Latin as well as Dr. Robertson and Sir Walter Scott wrote English? And are there not in the Dissertation on India, (the last of Dr. Robertson's works,) in Waverley, in Marmion, Scotticisms at which a London apprentice would laugh? But does it follow, because we think thus, that we can find nothing to admire in the noble alcaics of Gray, or in the playful elegiacs of Vincent Bourne? Surely not. Nor was Boileau so ignorant or tasteless as to be incapable of appreciating good modern Latin. In the very letter to which Johnson alludes, Boileau says—'Ne croyez pas pourtant que je veuille par là blâmer les vers Latins que vous m'avez envoyés d'un de vos illustres académiciens. Je les ai trouvés fort beaux, et dignes de Vida et de Sannazar, mais non pas d'Horace et de Virgile.' Several poems, in modern Latin, have been praised by Boileau quite as liberally as it was his habit to praise any thing. He says, for example, of the Père Fraguier's epigrams, that Catullus seems to have come to life again. But the best proof that Boileau did not feel the undiscerning contempt for modern Latin verses which has been imputed to him, is, that he wrote and published Latin verses in several metres. Indeed it happens, curiously enough, that the most severe censure ever pronounced by him on modern Latin, is conveyed in Latin hexameters. We allude to the fragment which begins—

> "Quid numeris iterum me balbutire Latinis,
> Longe Alpes citra natum de patre Sicambro,
> Musa, jubes?"

For these reasons we feel assured that the praise which Boileau bestowed on the *Machinæ Gesticulantes*, and the *Gerano-Pygmæomachia*, was sincere. He certainly opened himself to Addison with a freedom which was a sure indication of esteem. Literature was the chief subject of conversation. The old man talked on his favorite theme much and well; indeed, as his young hearer thought, incomparably well. Boileau had undoubtedly some of the qualities of a great critic. He wanted imagination; but he had strong sense. His literary code was formed on narrow principles; but in applying it, he showed great judgment and penetration. In mere style, abstracted from the ideas of which style is the garb, his taste was excellent. He was well acquainted with the Greek writers; and, though unable fully to appreciate their creative genius, admired the majestic simplicity of their manner, and had learned from them to despise bombast and tinsel. It is easy, we think, to discover in the "Spectator" and the "Guardian," traces of the influence, in part salutary and in part pernicious, which the mind of Boileau had on the mind of Addison.

While Addison was at Paris, an event took place which made that capital a disagreeable residence for an Englishman and a Whig. Charles, second of the name, King of Spain, died; and bequeathed his dominions to Philip, Duke of Anjou, a younger son of the Dauphin. The King of France, in direct violation of his engagements both with Great Britain and with the States-General, accepted the bequest on behalf of his grandson. The house of Bourbon was at the summit of human grandeur. England had been outwitted, and found herself in a situation at once degrading and perilous. The people of France, not presaging the calamities by which they were destined to expiate the perfidy of their sovereign, went mad with pride and delight. Every man looked as if a great estate had just been left him. "The French conversation," said Addison, "begins to grow insupportable; that which was before the vainest nation in the world is now worse than ever." Sick of the arrogant exultation of the Parisians, and probably foreseeing that the peace between France and England could not be of long duration, he set off for Italy.

In December, 1700,* he embarked at Marseilles. As he glided along the Ligurian coast he was delighted by the sight of myrtles and olive-trees, which retained their verdure under the winter solstice. Soon, however, he encountered one of the black storms of the Mediterranean. The captain of the ship gave up all for lost, and confessed himself to a capuchin who happened to be on board. The English heretic, in the mean time, fortified himself against the terrors of death with devotions of a very different kind. How strong an impression this perilous voyage made on him, appears from the ode—"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" which was long after published in the Spectator. After some days of discomfort and danger, Addison was glad to land at Savona, and to make his way, over mountains where no road had yet been hewn out by art, to the city of Genoa.

At Genoa, still ruled by her own Doge, and by the nobles whose names were inscribed on her Book of Gold, Addison made a short stay. He admired the narrow streets overhung by long lines of towering palaces, the walls rich with frescoes, the gorgeous temple of the Annunciation, and the tapestries whereon were recorded the long glories of the house of Doria. Thence he hastened to Milan, where he contemplated the Gothic magnificence of the cathedral with more wonder than pleasure. He passed Lake Benacus while a gale was blowing, and saw the waves raging as they raged when Virgil looked upon them. At Venice, then the gayest spot in Europe, the traveller spent the Carnival, the gayest season of the year, in the midst of masques, dances, and serenades. Here he was at once diverted and provoked, by the absurd dramatic pieces which then disgraced the Italian stage. To one of those pieces, however, he was indebted for a valuable hint. He was present when a ridiculous play on the death of Cato was performed. Cato, it seems, was in love with a daughter of Scipio. The lady had given her heart to Cæsar. The rejected lover determined to destroy himself. He appeared seated in his library, a dagger in his hand, a Plutarch and a Tasso before him; and, in this position, he pronounced a soliloquy before he struck the blow. We are surprised that so remarkable a circumstance as this should have escaped the notice of all Addison's biographers. There cannot, we conceive, be the smallest doubt that this scene, in spite of its absurdities and anachronisms, struck the traveller's imagination, and suggested to him the thought of bringing Cato on the English stage. It is well known that about this time he began his tragedy, and that he finished the first four acts before he returned to England.

On his way from Venice to Rome, he

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* It is strange that Addison should, in the first line of his travels, have misdated his departure from Marseilles by a whole year, and still more strange that this slip of the pen, which throws the whole narrative into inextricable confusion, should have been repeated in a succession of editions, and never detected by Tickell or by Hurd.

was drawn some miles out of the beaten road, by a wish to see the smallest independent state in Europe. On a rock where the snow still lay, though the Italian spring was now far advanced, was perched the little fortress of San Marino. The roads which led to the secluded town were so bad that few travellers had ever visited it, and none had ever published an account of it. Addison could not suppress a good-natured smile at the simple manners and institutions of this singular community. But he observed, with the exultation of a Whig, that the rude mountain tract which formed the territory of the republic, swarmed with an honest, healthy, and contented peasantry; while the rich plain which surrounded the metropolis of civil and spiritual tyranny, was scarcely less desolate than the uncleared wilds of America.

At Rome, Addison remained on his first visit only long enough to catch a glimpse of St. Peter's, and of the Pantheon. His haste is the more extraordinary, because the Holy Week was close at hand. He has given no hint which can enable us to pronounce why he chose to fly from a spectacle which every year allures from distant regions persons of far less taste and sensibility than his. Possibly, travelling, as he did, at the charge of a Government distinguished by its enmity to the Church of Rome, he may have thought that it would be imprudent in him to assist at the most magnificent rite of that church. Many eyes would be upon him; and he might find it difficult to behave in such a manner as to give offence neither to his patrons in England, nor to those among whom he resided. Whatever his motives may have been, he turned his back on the most august and affecting ceremony which is known among men, and posted along the Appian way to Naples.

Naples was then destitute of what are now, perhaps, its chief attractions. The lovely bay and the awful mountain were indeed there. But a farm-house stood on the theatre of Herculaneum, and rows of vines grew over the streets of Pompeii. The temples of Pæstum had not indeed been hidden from the eye of man by any great convulsion of nature; but, strange to say, their existence was a secret even to artists and antiquaries. Though situated within a few hours' journey of a great capital, where Salvator had not long before painted, and where Vico was then lecturing, those noble remains were as little known to Europe as the ruined cities overgrown by the forests of Yucatan. What was to be seen at Naples, Addison saw. He climbed Vesuvius, explored the tunnel of Posilipo, and wandered among the vines and almond-trees of Capreæ. But neither the wonders of nature, nor those of art, could so occupy his attention as to prevent him from noticing, though cursorily, the abuses of the government and the misery of the people. The great kingdom which had just descended to Philip V. was in a state of paralytic dotage. Even Castile and Arragon were sunk in wretchedness. Yet, compared with the Italian dependencies of the Spanish crown, Castile and Arragon might be called prosperous. It is clear that all the observations which Addison made in Italy tended to confirm him in the political opinions which he had adopted at home. To the last, he always spoke of foreign travel as the best cure for Jacobitism. In his Freeholder, the Tory fox-hunter asks what travelling is good for, except to teach a man to jabber French, and to talk against passive obedience.

From Naples, Addison returned to Rome by sea, along the coast which his favorite Virgil had celebrated. The felucca passed the headland where the oar and trumpet were placed by the Trojan adventurers on the tomb of Misenus, and anchored at night under the shelter of the fabled promontory of Circe. The voyage ended in the Tiber, still overhung with dark verdure, and still turbid with yellow sand, as when it met the eyes of Æneas. From the ruined port of Ostia, the stranger hurried to Rome; and at Rome he remained during those hot and sickly months when, even in the Augustan age, all who could make their escape fled from mad dogs and from streets black with funerals, to gather the first figs of the season in the country. It is probable that when he, long after, poured forth in verse his gratitude to the providence which had enabled him to breathe unhurt in tainted air, he was thinking of the August and September which he passed at Rome.

It was not till the latter end of October, that he tore himself away from the masterpieces of ancient and modern art, which are collected in the city so long the mistress of the world. He then journeyed northward, passed through Sienna, and for a moment forgot his prejudices in favor of classic architecture as he looked on the magnificent cathedral. At Florence he spent some days with the Duke of Shrewsbury, who, cloyed with the pleasures of ambition, and impatient of its pains, fearing both parties, and loving neither, had determined to hide in an Italian retreat, talents and accomplishments which, if they had been united with fixed principles and civil courage, might have made him the foremost man of his age. These days, we are told, passed pleasantly; and we can easily believe it. For Addison was a delightful companion when he was at his ease; and the Duke, though he seldom forgot that he was a Talbot, had the invaluable art of putting at ease all who came near him.

Addison gave some time to Florence, and especially to the sculptures in the Museum, which he preferred even to those of the Vatican. He then pursued his journey through a country in which the ravages of the last war were still discernible, and in which all men were looking forward with dread to a still fiercer conflict. Eugene had already descended from the Rhætian Alps, to dispute with Catinat the rich plain of Lombardy. The faithless ruler of Savoy was still reckoned among the allies of Louis. England had not yet actually declared war against France. But Manchester had left Paris; and the negotiations which produced the grand Alliance against the house of Bourbon, were in progress. Under such circumstances, it was desirable for an English traveller to reach neutral ground without delay. Addison resolved to cross Mont Cenis. It was December; and the road was very different from that which now reminds the stranger of the power and genius of Napoleon. The winter, however, was mild, and the passage was, for those times, easy. To this journey Addison alluded when, in the ode which we have already quoted, he said that for him the Divine Goodness had 'warmed the hoary Alpine hills.'

It was in the midst of the eternal snow that he composed his Epistle to his friend Montagu, now Lord Halifax. That Epistle, once widely renowned, is now known only to curious readers; and will hardly be considered by those to whom it is known as in any perceptible degree heightening Addison's fame. It is, however, decidedly superior to any English composition which he had previously published. Nay, we think it quite as good as any poem in heroic metre which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the publication of the 'Essay on Criticism.' It contains passages as good as the second-rate passages of Pope, and would have added to the reputation of Parnell or Prior.

But, whatever be the literary merits or defects of the Epistle, it undoubtedly does honor to the principles and spirit of the author. Halifax had now nothing to give. He had fallen from power, had been held up to obloquy, had been impeached by the House of Commons; and, though his Peers had dismissed the impeachment,* had, as it seemed, little chance of ever again filling high office. The Epistle, written at such a time, is one among many proofs that there was no mixture of cowardice or meanness in the suavity and moderation which distinguished Addison from all the other public men of those stormy times.

At Geneva, the traveller learned that a partial change of ministry had taken place in England, and that the Earl of Manchester had become secretary of state.† Manchester exerted himself to serve his young friend. It was thought advisable that an English agent should be near the person of Eugene in Italy; and Addison, whose diplomatic education was now finished, was the man selected. He was preparing to enter on his honorable functions, when all his prospects were for a time darkened by the death of William III.

Anne had long felt a strong aversion, personal, political, and religious, to the Whig party. That aversion appeared in the first measures of her reign. Manchester was deprived of the seals, after he had held them only a few weeks. Neither Somers nor Halifax was sworn of the Privy Council. Addison shared the fate of his three patrons. His hopes of employment in the public service were at an end; his pension was stopped; and it was necessary for him to support himself by his own exertions. He became tutor to a young English traveller; and appears to have rambled with his pupil over great part of Switzerland and Germany. At this time he wrote his pleasing treatise on 'Medals.' It was not published till after his death; but several distinguished scholars saw the manuscript, and gave just praise to the grace of the style, and to the learning and ingenuity evinced by the quotations.

From Germany Addison repaired to Holland, where he learned the melancholy news of his father's death. After passing some months in the United Provinces, he returned about the close of the year 1703 to England. He was there cordially received by his friends, and introduced by them into the Kit-Cat Club—a society in which were collected all the various talents and accomplishments which then gave lustre to the Whig party.

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* Miss Aikin says, (i. 121,) that the Epistle was written before Halifax was justified by the Lords. This is a mistake. The Epistle was written in December, 1701; the impeachment had been dismissed in the preceding June.

† Miss Aikin misdates this event by a year, (i. 93.)

Addison was, during some months after his return from the Continent, hard pressed by pecuniary difficulties. But it was soon in the power of his noble patrons to serve him effectually. A political change, silent and gradual, but of the highest importance, was in daily progress.* The accession of Anne had been hailed by the Tories with transports of joy and hope; and for a time it seemed that the Whigs had fallen never to rise again. The throne was surrounded by men supposed to be attached to the prerogative and to the Church; and among these none stood so high in the favor of the Sovereign, as the Lord-Treasurer Godolphin, and the Captain-General Marlborough.

The country gentlemen and country clergymen had fully expected that the policy of these ministers would be directly opposed to that which had been almost constantly followed by William; that the landed interest would be favored at the expense of trade; that no addition would be made to the funded debt; that the privileges conceded to Dissenters by the late King, would be curtailed, if not withdrawn; that the war with France, if there must be such a war, would, on our part, be almost entirely naval; and that the Government would avoid close connexions with foreign powers, and, above all, with Holland.

But the country gentlemen and country clergymen were fated to be deceived, not for the last time. The prejudices and passions which raged without control in vicarages, in cathedral-closes, and in the manor-houses of fox-hunting squires, were not shared by the chiefs of the ministry. Those statesmen saw that it was both for the public interest, and for their own interest, to adopt a Whig policy; at least as respected the alliances of the country and the conduct of the war. But if the foreign policy of the Whigs were adopted, it was impossible to abstain from adopting also their financial policy. The natural consequences followed. The rigid Tories were alienated from the Government. The votes of the Whigs became necessary to it. The votes of the Whigs could be secured only by further concessions; and further concessions the Queen was induced to make.

At the beginning of the year 1704, the state of parties bore a close analogy to the state of parties in 1826. In 1826, as in 1704, there was a Tory ministry divided into two hostile sections. The position of Mr. Canning and his friends in 1826 corresponded to that which Marlborough and Godolphin occupied in 1704. Nottingham and Jersey were, in 1704, what Lord Eldon and Lord Westmoreland were in 1826. The Whigs of 1704, were in a situation resembling that in which the Whigs of 1826 stood. In 1704, Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, Cowper, were not in office. There was no avowed coalition between them and the moderate Tories. It is probable that no direct communication tending to such a coalition had yet taken place; yet all men saw that such a coalition was inevitable, nay, that it was already half formed. Such, or nearly such, was the state of things when tidings arrived of the great battle fought at Blenheim, on the 13th August, 1704. By the Whigs the news was hailed with transports of joy and pride. No fault, no cause of quarrel, could be remembered by them against the Commander whose genius had, in one day, changed the face of Europe, saved the Imperial throne, humbled the House of Bourbon, and secured the Act of Settlement against foreign hostility. The feeling of the Tories was very different. They could not, indeed, without imprudence, openly express regret at an event so glorious to their country; but their congratulations were so cold and sullen, as to give deep disgust to the victorious general and his friends.

Godolphin was not a reading man. Whatever time he could spare from business he was in the habit of spending at New-market or at the card-table. But he was not absolutely indifferent to poetry; and he was too intelligent an observer not to perceive that literature was a formidable engine of political warfare; and that the great Whig leaders had strengthened their party, and raised their character, by extending a liberal and judicious patronage to good writers. He was mortified, and not without reason, by the exceeding badness of the poems which appeared in honor of the battle of Blenheim. One of those poems has been rescued from oblivion by the exquisite absurdity of three lines.

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* We are sorry to say that, in the account which Miss Aikin gives of the politics of this period, there are more errors than sentences. Rochester was the Queen's uncle; Miss Aikin calls him the Queen's cousin. The battle of Blenheim was fought in Marlborough's third campaign; Miss Aikin says that it was fought in Marlborough's second campaign. She confounds the dispute which arose in 1703, between the two Houses, about Lord Halifax, with the dispute about the Aylesbury men, which was terminated by the dissolution of 1705. These mistakes, and four or five others, will be found within the space of about two pages, (i. 165, 166, 167.)

'Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
And each man mounted on his capering beast;
Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals.'

Where to procure better verses the Treasurer did not know. He understood how to negotiate a loan, or remit a subsidy. He was also well versed in the history of running horses and fighting cocks; but his acquaintance among the poets was very small. He consulted Halifax; but Halifax affected to decline the office of adviser. He had, he said, done his best, when he had power, to encourage men whose abilities and acquirements might do honor to their country. Those times were over. Other maxims had prevailed. Merit was suffered to pine in obscurity; the public money was squandered on the undeserving. "I do know," he added, "a gentleman who would celebrate the battle in a manner worthy of the subject. But I will not name him." Godolphin, who was expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and who was under the necessity of paying court to the Whigs, gently replied, that there was too much ground for Halifax's complaints, but that what was amiss should in time be rectified; and that in the mean time the services of a man such as Halifax had described should be liberally rewarded. Halifax then mentioned Addison, but, mindful of the dignity as well as of the pecuniary interest of his friend, insisted that the Minister should apply in the most courteous manner to Addison himself; and this Godolphin promised to do.

Addison then occupied a garret up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised, on the morning which followed the conversation between Godolphin and Halifax, by a visit from no less a person than the Right Honorable Henry Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Carleton.* This high-born minister had been sent by the Lord-Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addison readily undertook the proposed task, a task which, to so good a Whig, was probably a pleasure. When the poem was little more than half finished, he showed it to Godolphin, who was delighted with it, and particularly with the famous similitude of the Angel. Addison was instantly appointed to a Commissionership with about two hundred pounds a-year, and was assured that this appointment was only an earnest of greater favors.

The 'Campaign' came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the Minister. It pleases us less on the whole than the 'Epistle to Halifax.' Yet it undoubtedly ranks high among the poems which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the dawn of Pope's genius. The chief merit of the 'Campaign,' we think, is that which was noticed by Johnson—the manly and rational rejection of fiction. The first great poet whose works have come down to us sang of war, long before war became a science or a trade. If, in his time, there was enmity between two little Greek towns, each poured forth its crowd of citizens, ignorant of discipline, and armed with implements of labor rudely turned into weapons. On each side appeared conspicuous a few chiefs, whose wealth had enabled them to procure good armor, horses, and chariots, and whose leisure had enabled them to practise military exercises. One such chief, if he were a man of great strength, agility, and courage, would probably be more formidable than twenty common men; and the force and dexterity with which he hurled his spear might have no inconsiderable share in deciding the event of the day. Such were probably the battles with which Homer was familiar. But Homer related the actions of men of a former generation—of men who sprang from the Gods, and communed with the Gods face to face—of men, one of whom could with ease hurl rocks which two sturdy hinds of a later period would be unable even to lift. He therefore naturally represented their martial exploits as resembling in kind, but far surpassing in magnitude, those of the stoutest and most expert combatants of his own age. Achilles, clad in celestial armor, drawn by celestial coursers, grasping the spear which none but himself could raise, driving all Troy and Lycia before him, and choking Scamander with dead, was only a magnificent exaggeration of the real hero, who, strong, fearless, accustomed to the use of weapons, guarded by a shield and helmet of the best Sidonian fabric, and whirled along by horses of Thessalian breed, struck down with his own right arm foe after foe. In all rude societies similar notions are found. There are at this day countries where the Life-guardsman Shaw would be considered as a much greater warrior than the Duke of Wellington. Buonaparte loved to describe the astonishment with which the Mamelukes looked at his diminutive figure. Mourad Bey, distinguished above all his fellows by his bodily strength, and by the skill with which he managed his horse and his sabre, could not believe that a man who was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, was the greatest soldier in Europe.

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* Miss Aikin says that he was afterwards Lord Orrery. This is a mistake.

Homer's descriptions of war had therefore as much truth as poetry requires. But truth was altogether wanting to the performances of those who, writing about battles which had scarcely any thing in common with the battles of his times, servilely imitated his manner. The folly of Silius Italicus, in particular, is positively nauseous. He undertook to record in verse the vicissitudes of a great struggle between Generals of the first order: and his narrative is made up of the hideous wounds which these Generals inflicted with their own hands. Asdrubal flings a spear which grazes the shoulder of the consul Nero; but Nero sends his spear into Asdrubal's side. Fabius slays Thuris and Butes and Maris and Arses, and the long-haired Adherbes, and the gigantic Thylis, and Sapharus and Monæsus, and the trumpeter Morinus. Hannibal runs Perusinus through the groin with a stake, and breaks the backbone of Telesinus with a huge stone. This detestable fashion was copied in modern times, and continued to prevail down to the age of Addison. Several versifiers had described William turning thousands to flight by his single prowess, and dyeing the Boyne with Irish blood. Nay, so estimable a writer as John Phillips, the author of the 'Splendid Shilling,' represented Marlborough as having won the battle of Blenheim merely by strength of muscle and skill in fence. The following lines may serve as an example:—

> 'Churchill, viewing where
> The violence of Tallard most prevailed,
> Came to oppose his slaughtering arm. With speed
> Precipitate he rode, urging his way
> O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fallen steeds
> Rolling in death. Destruction, grim with blood,
> Attends his furious course. Around his head
> The glowing balls play innocent, while he
> With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
> Among the flying Gauls. In Gallic blood
> He dyes his reeking sword, and strews the ground
> With headless ranks. What can they do? Or how
> Withstand his wide-destroying sword?'

Addison, with excellent sense and taste, departed from this ridiculous fashion. He reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great, energy, sagacity, military science. But, above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined and disposed every thing with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence.

Here it was that he introduced the famous comparison of Marlborough to an Angel guiding the whirlwind. We will not dispute the general justice of Johnson's remarks on this passage. But we must point out one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which this simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis—

> 'Such as, of late, o'er pale Britannia pass'd.'

Addison spoke, not of a storm, but of *the* storm. The great tempest of November 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One Prelate had been buried beneath the ruins of his Palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses, still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast. The popularity which the simile of the angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries, has always seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general.

Soon after the Campaign, was published Addison's Narrative of his Travels in Italy. The first effect produced by this Narrative was disappointment. The crowd of readers who expected politics and scandal, speculations on the projects of Victor Amadeus, and anecdotes about the jollities of convents and the amours of cardinals and nuns, were confounded by finding that the writer's mind was much more occupied by the war between the Trojans and Rutulians than by the war between France and Austria; and that he seemed to have heard no scandal of later date than the gallantries of the Empress Faustina. In time, however, the judgment of the many was overruled by that of the few; and, before the book was reprinted, it was so eagerly sought that it sold for five times the original price.

It is still read with pleasure: the style is pure and flowing; the classical quotations and allusions are numerous and happy; and we are now and then charmed by that singularly humane and delicate humor in which Addison excelled all men. Yet this agreeable work, even when considered merely as the history of a literary tour, may justly be censured on account of its faults of omission. We have already said that, though rich in extracts from the Latin poets, it contains scarcely any references to the Latin orators and historians. We must add that it contains little, or rather no information, respecting the history and literature of modern Italy. To the best of our remembrance, Addison does not mention Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Boiardo, Berni, Lorenzo de' Medici, or Machiavelli. He coldly tells us, that at Ferrara he saw the tomb of Ariosto, and that at Venice he heard the gondoliers sing verses of Tasso. But for Tasso and Ariosto he cared far less than for Valerius Flaccus and Sidonius Apollinaris. The gentle flow of the Ticin brings a line of Silius to his mind. The sulphurous steam of Albula suggests to him several passages of Martial. But he has not a word to say of the illustrious dead of Santa Croce; he crosses the wood of Ravenna without recollecting the Spectre Huntsman; and wanders up and down Rimini without one thought of Francesca. At Paris, he eagerly sought an introduction to Boileau; but he seems not to have been at all aware, that at Florence he was in the vicinity of a poet with whom Boileau could not sustain a comparison, of the greatest lyric poet of modern times, of Vincenzio Filicaja. This is the more remarkable, because Filicaja was the favorite poet of the all-accomplished Somers, under whose protection Addison travelled, and to whom the account of the Travels is dedicated. The truth is, that Addison knew little, and cared less, about the literature of modern Italy. His favorite models were Latin. His favorite critics were French. Half the Tuscan poetry that he had read seemed to him monstrous, and the other half tawdry.

His Travels were followed by the lively Opera of 'Rosamond.' This piece was ill set to music, and therefore failed on the stage; but it completely succeeded in print, and is indeed excellent in its kind. The smoothness with which the verses glide, and the elasticity with which they bound, is, to our ears, at least, very pleasing. We are inclined to think that if Addison had left heroic couplets to Pope, and blank verse to Rowe, and had employed himself in writing airy and spirited songs, his reputation as a poet would have stood far higher than it now does. Some years after his death, 'Rosamond' was set to new music by Dr. Arne; and was performed with complete success. Several passages long retained their popularity, and were daily sung, during the latter part of George the Second's reign, at all the harpsichords in England.

While Addison thus amused himself, his prospects, and the prospects of his party, were constantly becoming brighter and brighter. In the spring of 1705, the ministers were freed from the restraint imposed by a House of Commons, in which Tories of the most perverse class had the ascendency. The elections were favorable to the Whigs. The coalition which had been tacitly and gradually formed was now openly avowed. The Great Seal was given to Cowper. Somers and Halifax were sworn of the Council. Halifax was sent in the following year to carry the decorations of the order of the garter to the Electoral Prince of Hanover, and was accompanied on this honorable mission by Addison, who had just been made under Secretary of State. The Secretary of State under whom Addison first served was Sir Charles Hedges, a Tory. But Hedges was soon dismissed to make room for the most vehement of Whigs, Charles, Earl of Sunderland. In every department of the state, indeed, the High Churchmen were compelled to give place to their opponents. At the close of 1707, the Tories who still remained in office strove to rally, with Harley at their head. But the attempt, though favored by the Queen, who had always been a Tory at heart, and who had now quarrelled with the Duchess of Marlborough, was unsuccessful. The time was not yet. The Captain-General was at the height of popularity and glory. The Low-Church party had a majority in Parliament. The country Squires and Rectors, though occasionally uttering a savage growl, were for the most part in a state of torpor, which lasted till they were roused into activity, and indeed into madness, by the prosecution of Sacheverell. Harley and his adherents were compelled to retire. The victory of the Whigs was complete. At the general election of 1708, their strength in the House of Commons became irresistible; and, before the end of that year, Somers was made Lord President of the Council, and Wharton Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.*

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* Miss Aikin has not informed herself accurately as to the politics of that time We give a single

Addison sat for Malmsbury in the House of Commons which was elected in 1708. But the House of Commons was not the field for him. The bashfulness of his nature made his wit and eloquence useless in debate. He once rose; but could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent. Nobody can think it strange that a great writer should fail as a speaker. But many, probably, will think it strange that Addison's failure as a speaker should have had no unfavorable effect on his success as a politician. In our time, a man of high rank and great fortune might, though speaking very little and very ill, hold a considerable post. But it is inconceivable that a mere adventurer, a man who, when out of office, must live by his pen, should in a few years become successively under Secretary of State, chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State, without some oratorical talent. Addison, without high birth, and with little property, rose to a post which Dukes, the heads of the great houses of Talbot, Russell, and Bentinck, have thought it an honor to fill. Without opening his lips in debate, he rose to a post, the highest that Chatham or Fox ever reached. And this he did before he had been nine years in Parliament. We must look for the explanation of this seeming miracle to the peculiar circumstances in which that generation was placed. During the interval which elapsed between the time when the Censorship of the Press ceased, and the time when parliamentary proceedings began to be freely reported, literary talents were, to a public man, of much more importance, and oratorical talents of much less importance, than in our time. At present, the best way of giving rapid and wide publicity to a statement or an argument, is to introduce that statement or argument into a speech made in Parliament. If a political tract were to appear superior to the Conduct of the Allies, or to the best numbers of the Freeholder, the circulation of such a tract would be languid indeed when compared with the circulation of every remarkable word uttered in the deliberations of the legislature. A speech made in the House of Commons at four in the morning, is on thirty thousand tables before ten. A speech made on the Monday is read on the Wednesday by multitudes in Antrim and Aberdeenshire. The orator, by the help of the short-hand writer, has to a great extent superseded the pamphleteer. It was not so in the reign of Anne. The best speech could then produce no effect except on those who heard it. It was only by means of the press that the opinion of the public without doors could be influenced; and the opinion of the public without doors could not but be of the highest importance in a country governed by parliaments; and indeed at that time governed by triennial parliaments. The pen was therefore a more formidable political engine than the tongue. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox contended only in Parliament. But Walpole and Pulteney, the Pitt and Fox of an earlier period, had not done half of what was necessary, when they sat down amidst the acclamations of the House of Commons. They had still to plead their cause before the country, and this they could do only by means of the press. Their works are now forgotten. But it is certain that there were in Grub Street few more assiduous scribblers of thoughts, letters, answers, remarks, than these two great chiefs of parties. Pulteney, when leader of the Opposition, and possessed of £30,000 a year, edited the 'Craftsman.' Walpole, though not a man of literary habits, was the author of at least ten pamphlets; and retouched and corrected many more. These facts sufficiently show of how great importance literary assistance then was to the contending parties. St. John was, certainly, in Anne's reign, the best Tory speaker; Cowper was probably the best Whig speaker. But it may well be doubted whether St. John did so much for the Tories as Swift, and whether Cowper did so much for the Whigs as Addison. When these things are duly considered, it will not be thought strange that Addison should have climbed higher in the State, than any other Englishman has ever by means merely of literary talents, been able to climb. Swift would, in all probability, have climbed as high, if he had

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specimen. We could easily give many. 'The Earl of Sunderland,' she says, 'was not suffered long to retain his hardwon secretaryship. In the last month of 1708 he was dismissed to make room for Lord Dartmouth, who ranked with the Tories. Just at this time the Earl of Wharton, being appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, named Mr. Addison his chief secretary,' (i. 235.) Sunderland was not dismissed to make room for Dartmouth till June 1710; and most certainly Wharton would never have been appointed Lord Lieutenant at all, if he had not been appointed long before Sunderland's dismissal. Miss Aikin's mistake exactly resembles that of a person who should relate the history of our times as follows: 'Lord John Russell was dismissed in 1839 from the Home-Office to make room for Sir James Graham, who ranked with the Tories; but just at this time Earl Fortescue was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, with Lord Morpeth for his secretary.' Such a narrative would give to posterity rather a strange notion of the ministerial revolutions of Queen Victoria's days.

not been encumbered by his cassock and his pudding-sleeves. As far as the homage of the Great went, Swift had as much of it as if he had been Lord-Treasurer.

To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents, was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of needy political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions, and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that, in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and thathis only faults were a too sensitive delicacy,and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness.

He was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of his time; and much of his popularity he owed, we believe, to that very timidity which his friends lamented. That timidity often prevented him from exhibiting his talents to the best advantage. But it propitiated Nemesis. It averted that envy which would otherwise have been excited by fame so splendid, and by so rapid an elevation. No man is so great a favorite with the public, as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity; and such were the feelings which Addison inspired. Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing his familiar conversation, declared with one voice that it was superior even to his writings. The brilliant Mary Montagu said, that she had known all the wits, and that Addison was the best company in the world. The malignant Pope was forced to own, that there was a charm in Addison's talk, which could be found nowhere else. Swift, when burning with animosity against the Whigs, could not but confess to Stella, that, after all, he had never known any associate so agreeable as Addison. Steele, an excellent judge of lively conversation, said that the conversation of Addison was at once the most polite, and the most mirthful, that could be imagined;—that it was Terence and Catullus in one, heightened by an exquisite something which was neither Terence nor Catullus, but Addison alone. Young, an excellent judge of serious conversation, said, that when Addison was at his ease, he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every hearer. Nor were his great colloquial powers more admirable than the courtesy and softness of heart which appeared in his conversation. At the same time, it would be too much to say that he was wholly devoid of the malice which is, perhaps, inseparable from a keen sense of the ludicrous. He had one habit which both Swift and Stella applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill received, he changed his tone, 'assented with civil leer,' and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity. That such was his practice we should, we think, have guessed from his works. The Tatler's criticisms on Mr. Softly's sonnet, and the Spectator's dialogue with the politician, who is so zealous for the honor of Lady Q—p—t—s, are excellent specimens of this innocent mischief.

Such were Addison's talents for conversation. But his rare gifts were not exhibited to crowds or to strangers. As soon as he entered a large company, as soon as he saw an unknown face, his lips were sealed, and his manners became constrained. None who met him only in great assemblies, would have been able to believe that he was the same man who had often kept a few friends listening and laughing round a table, from the time when the Play ended, till the clock of St. Paul's in Covent-Garden struck four. Yet, even at such a table, he was not seen to the best advantage. To enjoy his conversation in the highest perfection, it was necessary to be alone with him, and to hear him, in his own phrase, think aloud. 'There is no such thing,' he used to say, 'as real conversation, but between two persons.'

This timidity, a timidity surely neither ungraceful nor unamiable, led Addison into the two most serious faults which can with justice be imputed to him. He found that wine broke the spell which lay on his fine intellect, and was therefore too easily seduced into convivial excess. Such excess was in that age regarded, even by grave men, as the most venial of all peccadilloes; and was so far from being a mark of ill-breeding, that it was almost essential to the character of a fine gentleman. But the smallest speck is seen on a white ground; and almost all the biographers of Addison have said something about this failing. Of any other statesman or writer of Queen Anne's reign, we should no more think of saying that he sometimes took too much wine, than that he wore a long wig and a sword.

To the excessive modesty of Addison's nature, we must ascribe another fault which generally arises from a very different cause. He became a little too fond of seeing himself surrounded by a small circle of admirers, to whom he was as a King or rather as a God. All these men were far inferior to him in ability, and some of them had very serious faults. Nor did those faults escape his observation; for, if ever there was an eye which saw through and through men, it was the eye of Addison. But with the keenest observation, and the finest sense of the ridiculous, he had a large charity. The feeling with which he looked on most of his humble companions was one of benevolence, slightly tinctured with contempt. He was at perfect ease in their company; he was grateful for their devoted attachment; and he loaded them with benefits. Their veneration for him appears to have exceeded that with which Johnson was regarded by Boswell, or Warburton by Hurd. It was not in the power of adulation to turn such a head, or deprave such a heart, as Addison's. But it must in candor be admitted, that he contracted some of the faults which can scarcely be avoided by any person who is so unfortunate as to be the oracle of a small literary coterie.

One member of this little society was Eustace Budgell, a young Templar of some literature, and a distant relation of Addison. There was at this time no stain on the character of Budgell, and it is not improbable that his career would have been prosperous and honorable, if the life of his cousin had been prolonged. But when the master was laid in the grave, the disciple broke loose from all restraint; descended rapidly from one degree of vice and misery to another; ruined his fortune by follies; attempted to repair it by crimes; and at length closed a wicked and unhappy life by self-murder. Yet, to the last, the wretched man, gambler, lampooner, cheat, forger, as he was, retained his affection and veneration for Addison; and recorded those feelings in the last lines which he traced before he hid himself from infamy under London Bridge.

Another of Addison's favorite companions was Ambrose Phillipps, a good Whig and a middling poet, who had the honor of bringing into fashion a species of composition which has been called after his name, *Namby Pamby*. But the most remarkable members of the little senate, as Pope long afterwards called it, were Richard Steele and Thomas Tickell.

Steele had known Addison from childhood. They had been together at the Charter House and at Oxford; but circumstances had then, for a time, separated them widely. Steele had left college without taking a degree, had been disinherited by a rich relation, had led a vagrant life, had served in the army, had tried to find the philosopher's stone, and had written a religious treatise and several comedies. He was one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. His temper was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak. His life was spent in sinning and repenting; in inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong. In speculation, he was a man of piety and honor; in practice he was much of the rake and a little of the swindler. He was, however, so good-natured that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him, and that even rigid moralists felt more inclined to pity than to blame him, when he diced himself into a spunging-house, or drank himself into a fever. Addison regarded Steele with kindness not unmingled with scorn—tried, with little success, to keep him out of scrapes, introduced him to the great, procured a good place for him, corrected his plays, and, though by no means rich, lent him large sums of money. One of these loans appears, from a letter dated in August, 1708, to have amounted to a thousand pounds. These pecuniary transactions probably led to frequent bickerings. It is said that, on one occasion, Steele's negligence, or dishonesty, provoked Addison to repay himself by the help of a bailiff. We cannot join with Miss Aikin in rejecting this story. Johnson heard it from Savage, who heard it from Steele. Few private transactions which took place a hundred and twenty years ago, are proved by stronger evidence than this. But we can by no means agree with those who condemn Addison's severity. The most amiable of mankind may well be moved to indignation, when what he has earned hardly, and lent with great inconvenience to himself, for the purpose of relieving a friend in distress, is squandered with insane profusion. We will illustrate our meaning by an example, which is not the less striking because it is taken from fiction. Dr. Harrison, in Fielding's 'Amelia,' is represented as the most benevolent of human beings; yet he takes in execution, not only the goods, but the person of his friend Booth. Dr. Harrison resorts to this strong measure because he has been informed that

Booth, while pleading poverty as an excuse for not paying just debts, has been buying fine jewelry, and setting up a coach. No person who is well acquainted with Steele's life and correspondence, can doubt that he behaved quite as ill to Addison as Booth was accused of behaving to Dr. Harrison. The real history, we have little doubt, was something like this:—A letter comes to Addison, imploring help in pathetic terms, and promising reformation and speedy repayment. Poor Dick declares that he has not an inch of candle, or a bushel of coals, or credit with the butcher for a shoulder of mutton. Addison is moved. He determines to deny himself some medals which are wanting to his series of the Twelve Cæsars; to put off buying the new edition of 'Bayle's Dictionary;' and to wear his old sword and buckles another year. In this way he manages to send a hundred pounds to his friend. The next day he calls on Steele, and finds scores of gentlemen and ladies assembled. The fiddles are playing. The table is groaning under Champagne, Burgundy, and pyramids of sweetmeats. Is it strange that a man whose kindness is thus abused, should send sheriff's officers to reclaim what is due to him?

Tickell was a young man, fresh from Oxford, who had introduced himself to public notice by writing a most ingenious and graceful little poem in praise of the opera of 'Rosamond.' He deserved, and at length attained, the first place in Addison's friendship. For a time Steele and Tickell were on good terms. But they loved Addison too much to love each other; and at length became as bitter enemies as the rival bulls in Virgil.

At the close of 1708 Wharton became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and appointed Addison Chief Secretary. Addison was consequently under the necessity of quitting London for Dublin. Besides the chief secretaryship, which was then worth about two thousand pounds a-year, he obtained a patent appointing him keeper of the Irish Records for life, with a salary of three or four hundred a-year. Budgell accompanied his cousin in the capacity of private Secretary.

Wharton and Addison had nothing in common but Whigism. The Lord-Lieutenant was not only licentious and corrupt, but was distinguished from other libertines and jobbers by a callous impudence which presented the strongest contrast to the Secretary's gentleness and delicacy. Many parts of the Irish administration at this time appear to have deserved serious blame. But against Addison there was not a murmur. He long afterwards asserted, what all the evidence which we have ever seen tends to prove, that his diligence and integrity gained the friendship of all the most considerable persons in Ireland.

The parliamentary career of Addison in Ireland has, we think, wholly escaped the notice of all his biographers. He was elected member for the borough of Cavan in the summer of 1709; and in the journals of two sessions his name frequently occurs. Some of the entries appear to indicate that he so far overcame his timidity as to make speeches. Nor is this by any means improbable; for the Irish House of Commons was a far less formidable audience than the English House; and many tongues which were tied by fear in the greater assembly, became fluent in the smaller. Gerard Hamilton, for example, who, from fear of losing the fame gained by his 'single speech,' sat mute at Westminster during forty years, spoke with great effect at Dublin when he was Secretary to Lord Halifax.

While Addison was in Ireland, an event occurred to which he owes his high and permanent rank among British writers. As yet his fame rested on performances which, though highly respectable, were not built for duration, and would, if he had produced nothing else, have now been almost forgotten, on some excellent Latin verses, on some English verses which occasionally rose above mediocrity, and on a book of Travels, agreeably written, but not indicating any extraordinary powers of mind. These works showed him to be a man of taste, sense, and learning. The time had come when he was to prove himself a man of genius, and to enrich our literature with compositions which will live as long as the English language.

In the spring of 1709, Steele formed a literary project, of which he was far indeed from foreseeing the consequences. Periodical papers had during many years been published in London. Most of these were political; but in some of them questions of morality, taste, and love-casuistry had been discussed. The literary merit of these works was small indeed; and even their names are now known only to the curious.

Steele had been appointed Gazetteer by Sunderland, at the request, it is said, of Addison; and thus had access to foreign intelligence earlier and more authentic than was in those times within the reach of an ordinary news-writer. This circumstance seems to have suggested to him the scheme of publishing a periodical paper on a new plan. It was to appear on the days on which the post left London for the country, which were, in that generation, the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. It was to contain the foreign news, accounts of theatrical representations, and the literary gossip of Will's and of the Grecian. It was also to contain remarks on the fashionable topics of the day, compliments to beauties, pasquinades on noted sharpers, and criticisms on popular preachers. The aim of Steele does not appear to have been at first higher than this. He was not ill qualified to conduct the work which he had planned. His public intelligence he drew from the best sources. He knew the town, and had paid dear for his knowledge. He had read much more than the dissipated men of that time were in the habit of reading. He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. His style was easy and not incorrect; and, though his wit and humor were of no high order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an air of vivacity which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from comic genius. His writings have been well compared to those light wines which, though deficient in body and flavor, are yet a pleasant small drink, if not kept too long, or carried too far.

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was an imaginary person, almost as well known in that age as Mr. Paul Pry or Mr. Pickwick in ours. Swift had assumed the name of Bickerstaff in a satirical pamphlet against Partridge, the almanack-maker. Partridge had been fool enough to publish a furious reply. Bickerstaff had rejoined in a second pamphlet, still more diverting than the first. All the wits had combined to keep up the joke, and the town was long in convulsions of laughter. Steele determined to employ the name which this controversy had made popular; and, in April, 1709, it was announced that Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was about to publish a paper called the 'Tatler.'

Addison had not been consulted about this scheme; but as soon as he heard of it, he determined to give it his assistance. The effect of that assistance cannot be better described than in Steele's own words. 'I fared,' he said, 'like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.' 'The paper,' he says elsewhere, 'was advanced indeed. It was raised to a greater thing than I intended it.'

It is probable that Addison, when he sent across St. George's Channel his first contributions to the Tatler, had no notion of the extent and variety of his own powers. He was the possessor of a vast mine, rich with a hundred ores. But he had been acquainted only with the least precious part of his treasures; and had hitherto contented himself with producing sometimes copper and sometimes lead, intermingled with a little silver. All at once, and by mere accident, he had lighted on an inexhaustible vein of the finest gold.

The mere choice and arrangement of his words would have sufficed to make his essays classical. For never, not even by Dryden, not even by Temple, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility. But this was the smallest part of Addison's praise. Had he clothed his thoughts in the half French style of Horace Walpole, or in the half Latin style of Dr. Johnson, or in the half German jargon of the present day, his genius would have triumphed over all faults of manner.

As a moral satirist, he stands unrivalled. If ever the best Tatlers and Spectators were equalled in their own kind, we should be inclined to guess that it must have been by the lost comedies of Menander.

In wit, properly so called, Addison was not inferior to Cowley or Butler. No single ode of Cowley contains so many happy analogies as are crowded into the lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller; and we would undertake to collect from the 'Spectators' as great a number of ingenious illustrations as can be found in 'Hudibras.' The still higher faculty of invention Addison possessed in still larger measure. The numerous fictions, generally orginal, often wild and grotesque, but always singularly graceful and happy, which are found in his essays, fully entitle him to the rank of a great poet—a rank to which his metrical compositions give him no claim. As an observer of life, of manners, of all the shades of human character, he stands in the first class. And what he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims, as well as Clarendon. But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence, and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find any thing more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakspeare or to Cervantes.

But what shall we say of Addison's humor, of his sense of the ludicrous, of his power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents which occur every day, and from little peculiarities of temper and manner, such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm. We give ourselves up to it. But we strive in vain to analyze it.

Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry, is to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great satirists. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule, during the eighteenth century, were, we conceive, Addison, Swift, and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme. Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes his sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment, while the Dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect; and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the commination-service.

The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own, a look of demure serenity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lip. His tone is never that either of a Jack Pudding or of a Cynic. It is that of a gentleman, in whom the quickest sense of the ridiculous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding.

We own that the humor of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavor than the humor of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison. The letter of the Abbé Coyer to Pansophe is Voltaire all over, and imposed, during a long time, on the Academicians of Paris. There are passages in Arbuthnot's satirical works which we, at least, cannot distinguish from Swift's best writing. But of the many eminent men who have made Addison their model, though several have copied his mere diction with happy effect, none has been able to catch the tone of his pleasantry. In the World, in the Connoisseur, in the Mirror, in the Lounger, there are numerous papers written in obvious imitation of his Tatlers and Spectators. Most of those papers have some merit; many are very lively and amusing; but there is not a single one which could be passed off as Addison's on a critic of the smallest perspicacity.

But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art, nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the Great First Cause, nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see any thing but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistophiles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. If, as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of Seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison;—a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The highest proof of human virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and by Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in all the volumes which he has left us a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind. Yet he had detractors, whose malignity might have seemed to justify as terrible a revenge as that which men, not superior to him in genius, wreaked on Bettesworth and on Franc de Pompignan. He was a politician; he was the best writer of his party; he lived in times of fierce excitement—in times when persons of high character and station stooped to scurrility such as is now practised only by the basest of mankind. Yet no provocation and no example could induce him to return railing for railing.

Of the service which his Essays rendered to morality it is difficult to speak too highly. It is true that, when the Tatler appeared, that age of outrageous profaneness and licentiousness which followed the Restoration had passed away. Jeremy Collier had shamed the theatres into something which, compared with the excesses of Etherege and Wycherley, might be called decency. Yet there still lingered in the public mind a pernicious notion that there was some connexion between genius and profligacy—between the domestic virtues and the sullen formality of the Puritans. That error it is the glory of Addison to have dispelled. He taught the nation that the faith and the morality of Hale and Tillotson might be found in company with wit more sparkling than the wit of Congreve, and with humor richer than the humor of Vanbrugh. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the sure mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and most salutary ever effected by any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon.

In the early contributions of Addison to the Tatler, his peculiar powers were not fully exhibited. Yet from the first, his superiority to all his coadjutors was evident. Some of his later Tatlers are fully equal to any thing that he ever wrote. Among the portraits, we most admire Tom Folio, Ned Softly, and the Political Upholsterer. The proceedings of the Court of Honor, the Thermometer of Zeal, the story of the Frozen Words, the Memoirs of the Shilling, are excellent specimens of that ingenious and lively species of fiction in which Addison excelled all men. There is one still better paper of the same class. But though that paper, a hundred and thirty-three years ago, was probably thought as edifying as one of Smalridge's sermons, we dare not indicate it to the squeamish readers of the nineteenth century.

During the session of Parliament which commenced in November 1709, and which the impeachment of Sacheverell has made memorable, Addison appears to have resided in London. The Tatler was now more popular than any periodical paper had ever been; and his connexion with it was generally known. It was not known, however, that almost every thing good in the Tatler was his. The truth is, that the fifty or sixty numbers which we owe to him, were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best, that any five of them are more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share.

He required, at this time, all the solace which he could derive from literary success. The Queen had always disliked the Whigs. She had during some years disliked the Marlborough family. But, reigning by a disputed title, she could not venture directly to oppose herself to a majority of both Houses of Parliament; and, engaged as she was in a war on the event of which her own crown was staked, she could not venture to disgrace a great and successful general. But at length, in the year 1710, the causes which had restrained her from showing her aversion to the Low Church party ceased to operate. The trial of Sacheverell produced an outbreak of public feeling scarcely less violent than those which we can ourselves remember in 1820, and in 1831. The country gentlemen, the country clergymen, the rabble of the towns, were all, for once, on the same side. It was clear that, if a general election took place before the excitement abated, the Tories would have a majority. The services of Marlborough had been so splendid, that they were no longer necessary. The Queen's throne was secure from all attack on the part of Louis. Indeed, it seemed much more likely that the English and German armies would divide the spoils of Versailles and Marli, than that a Marshal of France would bring back the Pretender to St. James's. The Queen, acting by the advice of Harley, determined to dismiss her servants. In June the change commenced. Sunderland was the first who fell. The Tories exulted over his fall. The Whigs tried, during a few weeks, to persuade themselves that her Majesty had acted only from personal dislike to the secretary, and that she meditated no further alteration. But, early in August, Godolphin was surprised by a letter from Anne, which directed him to break his white staff. Even after this event, the irresolution or dissimulation of Harley kept up the hopes of the Whigs during another month; and then the ruin became rapid and violent. The Parliament was dissolved. The Ministers were turned out. The Tories were called to office. The tide of popularity ran violently in favor of the High Church party. That party, feeble in the late House of Commons, was now irresistible. The power which the Tories had thus suddenly acquired, they used with blind and stupid ferocity. The howl which the whole pack set up for prey and for blood, appalled even him who had roused and unchained them. When at this distance of time, we calmly review the conduct of the discarded ministers, we cannot but feel a movement of indignation at the injustice with which they were treated. No body of men had ever administered the government with more energy, ability, and moderation; and their success had been proportioned to their wisdom. They had saved Holland and Germany. They had humbled France. They had, as it seemed, all but torn Spain from the house of Bourbon. They had made England the first power in Europe. At home they had united England and Scotland. They had respected the rights of conscience and the liberty of the subject. They retired, leaving their country at the height of prosperity and glory.* And yet they were pursued to their retreat by such a roar of obloquy as was never raised against the government which threw away thirteen colonies; or against the government which sent a gallant army to perish in the ditches of Walcheren.

None of the Whigs suffered more in the general wreck than Addison. He had just sustained some heavy pecuniary losses, of the nature of which we are imperfectly informed, when his Secretaryship was taken from him. He had reason to believe that he should also be deprived of the small Irish office which he held by patent. He had just resigned his Fellowship. It seems probable that he had already ventured to raise his eyes to a great lady; and that, while his political friends were all-powerful, and while his own fortunes were rising, he had been, in the phrase of the romances which were then fashionable, permitted to hope. But Mr. Addison the ingenious writer, and Mr. Addison the chief Secretary, were, in her ladyship's opinion, two very different persons. All these calamities united, however, could not disturb the serene cheerfulness of a mind conscious of innocence, and rich in its own wealth. He told his friends, with smiling resignation, that they ought to admire his philosophy, that he had lost at once his fortune, his place, his fellowship, and his mistress, that he must think of turning tutor again, and yet that his spirits were as good as ever.

He had one consolation. Of the unpopularity which his friends had incurred, he had no share. Such was the esteem with which he was regarded, that while the most violent measures were taken for the purpose of forcing Tory members on Whig corporations, he was returned to Parliament without even a contest. Swift, who was now in London, and who had already determined on quitting the Whigs, wrote to Stella in these remarkable words:—'The Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be king, he would hardly be refused.'

The good will with which the tories regarded Addison is the more honorable to him, because it had not been purchased by any concession on his part. During the general election he published a political Journal, entitled the 'Whig Examiner.' Of that Journal it may be sufficient to say that Johnson, in spite of his strong political prejudices, pronounced it to be superior in wit to any of Swift's writings on the other side. When it ceased to appear, Swift, in a letter to Stella, expressed his exultation at the death of so formidable an antagonist. 'He might well rejoice,' says Johnson, 'at the death of that which he could not have killed.' 'On no occasion,' he adds, 'was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and in none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear.'

The only use which Addison appears to have made of the favor with which he was regarded by the Tories, was to save some of his friends from the general ruin of the Whig party. He felt himself to be in a situation which made it his duty to take a decided part in politics. But the case of Steele and of Ambrose Phillipps was different. For Phillipps, Addison even condescended to solicit; with what success we have not ascertained.* Steele held two places. He was Gazetteer, and he was also a Commissioner of Stamps. The gazette was taken from him. But he was suffered to retain his place in the Stamp-Office, on an implied understanding that he should not be active against the new government; and he was, during more than two years, induced by Addison to observe this armistice with tolerable fidelity.

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* Miss Aikin attributes the unpopularity of the Whigs, and the change of government, to the surrender of Stanhope's army, (ii. 13.) The fact is, that the Ministry was changed, and the new House of Commons elected, before that surrender took place.

* Miss Aikin mentions the exertions which Addison made in 1710, before the change of Ministry, to serve Phillipps, and adds that 'Phillipps appears some time afterwards to have obtained a mission to Copenhagen, which enabled him to gratify the world with his poetical description of a frozen shower,' (ii. 14.) This is all wrong. The poem was written in March 1709, and printed in the Tatler of the 6th of May following.

Isaac Bickerstaff accordingly became silent upon politics, and the article of News, which had once formed about one third of his paper, altogether disappeared. The Tatler had completely changed its character. It was now nothing but a series of essays on books, morals, and manners. Steele therefore resolved to bring it to a close, and to commence a new work on an improved plan. It was announced that this new work would be published daily. The undertaking was generally regarded as bold, or rather rash; but the event amply justified the confidence with which Steele relied on the fertility of Addison's genius. On the 2d of January 1711, appeared the last Tatler. On the 1st of March following, appeared the first of an incomparable series of papers, containing observations on life and literature by an imaginary spectator.

The Spectator himself was conceived and drawn by Addison; and it is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter. The Spectator is a gentleman who, after passing a studious youth at the university, has travelled on classic ground, and has bestowed much attention on curious points of antiquity. He has, on his return, fixed his residence in London, and has observed all the forms of life which are to be found in that great city;—has daily listened to the wits of Will's, has smoked with the philosophers of the Grecian, and has mingled with the parsons at Child's, and with the politicians at the St. James's. In the morning, he often listens to the hum of the Exchange; in the evening, his face is constantly to be seen in the pit of Drury Lane theatre. But an insurmountable bashfulness prevents him from opening his mouth, except in a small circle of intimate friends.

These friends were first sketched by Steele. Four of the club, the templar, the clergyman, the soldier, and the merchant, were uninteresting figures, fit only for a background. But the other two, an old country baronet and an old town rake, though not delineated with a very delicate pencil, had some good strokes. Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, colored them, and is in truth the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar.

The plan of the Spectator must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England, had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing birds' nests. Smollet was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the Spectator's Essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labor. The events were such events as occur every day. Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, as the worthy baronet always calls Prince Eugene, goes with the Spectator on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the Abbey, is frightened by the Mohawks, but conquers his apprehension so far as to go to the theatre, when the 'Distressed Mother' is acted. The Spectator pays a visit in the summer to Coverley Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler, and the old chaplain, eats a jack caught by Will Wimble, rides to the assizes, and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy. At last a letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will Honeycomb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up; and the Spectator resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humor, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel, on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered, not only as the greatest of the English Essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English Novelists.

We say this of Addison alone; for Addison is the Spectator. About three-sevenths of the work are his; and it is no exaggeration to say, that his worst essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety. His invention never seems to flag; nor is he ever under the necessity of repeating himself, or of wearing out a subject. There are no dregs in his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is withdrawn, and a fresh draught of nectar is at our lips. On the Monday we have an allegory as lively and ingenious as Lucian's Auction of Lives; on the Tuesday an Eastern apologue, as richly colored as the Tales of Scherezade; on the Wednesday, a character described with the skill of La Bruyere; on the Thursday, a scene from common life, equal to the best chapters in the Vicar of Wakefield; on the Friday, some sly Horatian pleasantry on fashionable follies—on hoops, patches, or puppet-shows; and on the Saturday a religious meditation, which will bear a comparison with the finest passages in Massillon.

It is dangerous to select where there is so much that deserves the highest praise. We will venture however to say, that any person who wishes to form a just notion of the extent and variety of Addison's powers, will do well to read at one sitting the following papers:—the two Visits to the Abbey, the Visit to the Exchange, the Journal of the Retired Citizen, the Vision of Mirza, the Transmigrations of Pug the Monkey, and the Death of Sir Roger de Coverley.*

The least valuable of Addison's contributions to the Spectator are, in the judgment of our age, his critical papers. Yet his critical papers are always luminous, and often ingenious. The very worst of them must be regarded as creditable to him, when the character of the school in which he had been trained is fairly considered. The best of them were much too good for his readers. In truth, he was not so far behind our generation as he was before his own. No essays in the Spectator were more censured and derided than those in which he raised his voice against the contempt with which our fine old ballads were regarded; and showed the scoffers that the same gold which, burnished and polished, gives lustre to the Æneid and the Odes of Horace, is mingled with the rude dross of Chevy Chace.

It is not strange that the success of the Spectator should have been such as no similar work has ever obtained. The number of copies daily distributed was at first three thousand. It subsequently increased, and had risen to near four thousand when the stamp tax was imposed. That tax was fatal to a crowd of Journals. The Spectator, however, stood its ground, doubled its price, and, though its circulation fell off, still yielded a large revenue both to the state and to the authors. For particular papers, the demand was immense; of some, it is said, twenty thousand copies were required. But this was not all. To have the Spectator served up every morning with the bohea and rolls, was a luxury for the few; the majority were content to wait till essays enough had appeared to form a volume. Ten thousand copies of each volume were immediately taken off, and new editions were called for. It must be remembered, that the population of England was then hardly a third of what it now is. The number of Englishmen who were in the habit of reading, was probably not a sixth of what it now is. A shopkeeper or a farmer who found any pleasure in literature, was a rarity. Nay, there was doubtless more than one knight of the shire whose country seat did not contain ten books—receipt-books, and books on farriery included. Under these circumstances, the sale of the Spectator must be considered as indicating a popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Dickens in our own time.

At the close of 1712, the Spectator ceased to appear. It was probably felt that the short-faced gentleman and his club had been long enough before the town; and that it was time to withdraw them, and to replace them by a new set of characters. In a few weeks the first number of the 'Guardian' was published.* But the Guardian was unfortunate both in its birth and in its death. In began in dulness, and disappeared in a tempest of faction. The original plan was bad. Addison contributed nothing till sixty-six numbers had appeared; and it was then impossible even for him to make the Guardian what the Spectator had been. Nestor Ironside and the Miss Lizards were people to whom even he could impart no interest. He could only furnish some excellent little essays, both serious and comic; and this he did.

Why Addison gave no assistance to the Guardian during the first two months of its existence, is a question which has puzzled the editors and biographers, but which seems to us to admit of a very easy solution. He was then engaged in bringing his Cato on the stage.

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* Nos. 26, 329, 69, 317, 159, 343, 517. These papers are all in the first seven volumes. The eighth must be considered as a separate work.

* Miss Aikin says that the Guardian was launched in November, 1713, (ii. 106.) It was launched in March, 1713, and was given over in the following September.

The first four acts of this drama had been lying in his desk since his return from Italy. His modest and sensitive nature shrank from the risk of a public and shameful failure; and, though all who saw the manuscript were loud in praise, some thought it possible that an audience might become impatient even of very good rhetoric; and advised Addison to print the play without hazarding a representation. At length, after many fits of apprehension, the poet yielded to the urgency of his political friends, who hoped that the public would discover some analogy between the followers of Cæsar and the Tories, between Sempronius and the apostate Whigs, between Cato, struggling to the last for the liberties of Rome, and the band of patriots who still stood firm round Halifax and Wharton.

Addison gave the play to the managers of Drury-Lane theatre, without stipulating for any advantage to himself. They, therefore, thought themselves bound to spare no cost in scenery and dresses. The decorations, it is true, would not have pleased the skilful eye of Mr. Macready. Juba's waistcoat blazed with gold lace; Marcia's hoop was worthy of a duchess on the birthday; and Cato wore a wig worth fifty guineas. The prologue was written by Pope, and is undoubtedly a dignified and spirited composition. The part of the hero was excellently played by Booth. Steele undertook to pack a house. The boxes were in a blaze with the stars of the Peers in Opposition. The pit was crowded with attentive and friendly listeners from the Inns of Court and the literary coffee-houses. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Governor of the Bank of England, was at the head of a powerful body of auxiliaries from the city;—warm men and true Whigs, but better known at Jonathan's and Garroway's than in the haunts of wits and critics.

These precautions were quite superfluous. The Tories, as a body, regarded Addison with no unkind feelings. Nor was it for their interest—professing, as they did, profound reverence for law and prescription, and abhorrence both of popular insurrections and of standing armies—to appropriate to themselves reflections thrown on the great military chief and demagogue, who, with the support of the legions and of the common people, subverted all the ancient institutions of his country. Accordingly, every shout that was raised by the members of the Kit-Cat was re-echoed by the High Churchmen of the October; and the curtain at length fell amidst thunders of unanimous applause.

The delight and admiration of the town were described by the Guardian in terms which we might attribute to partiality, were it not that the Examiner, the organ of the Ministry, held similar language. The Tories, indeed, found much to sneer at in the conduct of their opponents. Steele had on this, as on other occasions, shown more zeal than taste or judgment. The honest citizens who marched under the orders of Sir Gibby, as he was facetiously called, probably knew better when to buy and when to sell stock than when to clap and when to hiss at a play; and incurred some ridicule by making the hypocritical Sempronius their favorite, and by giving to his insincere rants louder plaudits than they bestowed on the temperate eloquence of Cato. Wharton, too, who had the incredible effrontery to applaud the lines about flying from prosperous vice and from the power of impious men to a private station, did not escape the sarcasms of those who justly thought that he could fly from nothing more vicious or impious than himself. The epilogue, which was written by Garth, a zealous Whig, was severely and not unreasonably censured as ignoble and out of place. But Addison was described, even by the bitterest Tory writers, as a gentleman of wit and virtue, in whose friendship many persons of both parties were happy, and whose name ought not to be mixed up with factious squabbles.

Of the jests by which the triumph of the Whig party was disturbed, the most severe and happy was Bolingbroke's. Between two acts, he sent for Booth to his box, and presented him, before the whole theatre, with a purse of fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator.*

It was April; and in April, a hundred and thirty years ago, the London season was thought to be far advanced. During a whole month, however, Cato was performed to overflowing houses, and brought into the treasury of the theatre twice the gains of an ordinary spring. In the summer, the Drury-Lane company went down to the Act at

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* 'The long sway of the Duke of Marlborough,' says Miss Aikin, 'was here glanced at.' Under favor, if Bolingbroke had meant no more than this, his sarcasm would have been pointless. The allusion was to the attempt which Marlborough had made to convert the Captain-Generalship into a patent office, to be held by himself for life. The patent was stopped by Lord Cowper.

Oxford, and there, before an audience which retained an affectionate remembrance of Addison's accomplishments and virtues, his tragedy was acted during several days. The gownsmen began to besiege the theatre in the forenoon, and by one in the afternoon all the seats were filled.

About the merits of the piece which had so extraordinary an effect, the public, we suppose, has made up its mind. To compare it with the masterpieces of the Attic stage, with the great English dramas of the time of Elizabeth, or even with the productions of Schiller's manhood, would be absurd indeed. Yet it contains excellent dialogue and declamation; and, among plays fashioned on the French model, must be allowed to rank high; not indeed with Athalie, Zaire, or Saul, but, we think, not below Cinna; and certainly above any other English tragedy of the same school, above many of the plays of Corneille, above many of the plays of Voltaire and Alfieri, and above some plays of Racine. Be this as it may, we have little doubt that Cato did as much as the Tatlers, Spectators, and Freeholders united, to raise Addison's fame among his contemporaries.

The modesty and good-nature of the successful dramatist had tamed even the malignity of faction. But literary envy, it should seem, is a fiercer passion than party-spirit. It was by a zealous Whig that the fiercest attack on the Whig tragedy was made. John Dennis published Remarks on Cato, which were written with some acuteness and with much coarseness and asperity. But Addison neither defended himself nor retaliated. On many points he had an excellent defence; and nothing would have been easier than to retaliate; for Dennis had written bad odes, bad tragedies, bad comedies: he had, moreover, a larger share than most men of those infirmities and eccentricities which excite laughter; and Addison's power of turning either an absurd book or an absurd man into ridicule was unrivalled. Addison, however, serenely conscious of his superiority, looked with pity on his assailant, whose temper, naturally irritable and gloomy, had been soured by want, by controversy, and by literary failures.

But among the young candidates for Addison's favor there was one distinguished by talents above the rest, and distinguished, we fear, not less by malignity and insincerity. Pope was only twenty-five. But his powers had expanded to their full maturity; and his best poem, the 'Rape of the Lock,' had recently been published. Of his genius, Addison had always expressed high admiration. But Addison had clearly discerned, what might indeed have been discerned by an eye less penetrating than his, that the diminutive, crooked, sickly boy was eager to revenge himself on society for the unkindness of nature. In the Spectator, the Essay on Criticism had been praised with cordial warmth; but a gentle hint had been added, that the writer of so excellent a poem would have done well to avoid ill-natured personalities. Pope, though evidently more galled by the censure than gratified by the praise, returned thanks for the admonition, and promised to profit by it. The two writers continued to exchange civilities, counsel, and small good offices. Addison publicly extolled Pope's miscellaneous pieces, and Pope furnished Addison with a prologue. This did not last long. Pope hated Dennis, whom he had injured without provocation. The appearance of the Remarks on Cato, gave the irritable poet an opportunity of venting his malice under the show of friendship; and such an opportunity could not but be welcome to a nature which was implacable in enmity, and which always preferred the tortuous to the straight path. He published, accordingly, the 'Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.' But Pope had mistaken his powers. He was a great master of invective and sarcasm. He could dissect a character in terse and sonorous couplets, brilliant with antithesis. But of dramatic talent he was altogether destitute. If he had written a lampoon on Dennis, such as that on Atticus, or that on Sporus, the old grumbler would have been crushed. But Pope writing dialogue resembled—to borrow Horace's imagery and his own—a wolf which, instead of biting, should take to kicking, or a monkey which should try to sting. The narrative is utterly contemptible. Of argument there is not even the show; and the jests are such as, if they were introduced into a farce, would call forth the hisses of the shilling gallery. Dennis raves about the drama; and the nurse thinks that he is calling for a dram. 'There is,' he cries, 'no peripetia in the tragedy, no change of fortune, no change at all.' 'Pray, good Sir, be not angry,' says the old woman; 'I'll fetch change.' This is not exactly the pleasantry of Addison.

There can be no doubt that Addison saw through this officious zeal, and felt himself deeply aggrieved by it. So foolish and spiteful a pamphlet could do him no good, and, if he were thought to have any hand in it, must do him harm. Gifted with incomparable powers of ridicule, he had never, even in self-defence, used those powers inhumanly or uncourteously; and he was not disposed to let others make his fame and his interests a pretext under which they might commit outrages, from which he had himself constantly abstained. He accordingly declared that he had no concern in the 'Narrative,' that he disapproved of it, and that, if he answered the 'Remarks,' he would answer them like a gentleman; and he took care to communicate this to Dennis. Pope was bitterly mortified; and to this transaction we are inclined to ascribe the hatred with which he ever after regarded Addison.

In September, 1713, the Guardian ceased to appear. Steele had gone mad about politics. A general election had just taken place; he had been chosen member for Stockbridge, and fully expected to play a first part in Parliament. The immense success of the Tatler and Spectator had turned his head. He had been the Editor of both those papers; and was not aware how entirely they owed their influence and popularity to the genius of his friend. His spirits, always violent, were now excited by vanity, ambition, and faction, to such a pitch that he every day committed some offence against good sense and good taste. All the discreet and moderate members of his own party regretted and condemned his folly. 'I am in a thousand troubles,' Addison wrote, 'about poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself. But he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I may give him in this particular, will have no weight with him.'

Steele set up a political paper called 'The Englishman,' which, as it was not supported by contributions from Addison, completely failed. By this work, by some other writings of the same kind, and by the airs which he gave himself at the first meeting of the new Parliament, he made the Tories so angry that they determined to expel him. The Whigs stood by him gallantly; but were unable to save him. The vote of expulsion was regarded by all dispassionate men as a tyrannical exercise of the power of the majority. But Steele's violence and folly, though they by no means justified the steps which his enemies took, had completely disgusted his friends; nor did he ever regain the place which he had held in the public estimation.

Addison about this time conceived the design of adding an eighth volume to the Spectator. In June 1714, the first number of the new series appeared, and during about six months three papers were published weekly. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the Englishman and the eighth volume of the Spectator—between Steele without Addison, and Addison without Steele. The 'Englishman' is forgotten; the eighth volume of the Spectator contains, perhaps, the finest Essays, both serious and playful, in the English language.

Before this volume was completed, the death of Anne produced an entire change in the administration of public affairs. The blow fell suddenly. It found the Tory party distracted by internal feuds, and unprepared for any great effort. Harley had just been disgraced. Bolingbroke, it was supposed, would be the chief minister. But the Queen was on her deathbed before the white staff had been given, and her last public act was to deliver it with a feeble hand to the Duke of Shrewsbury. The emergency produced a coalition between all sections of public men who were attached to the Protestant succession. George the First was proclaimed without opposition. A Council, in which the leading Whigs had seats, took the direction of affairs till the new King should arrive. The first act of the Lords Justices was to appoint Addison their secretary.

There is an idle tradition that he was directed to prepare a letter to the King, that he could not satisfy himself as to the style of this composition, and that the Lords Justices called in a clerk who at once did what was wanted. It is not strange that a story so flattering to mediocrity should be popular; and we are sorry to deprive dunces of their consolation. But the truth must be told. It was well observed by Sir James Mackintosh, whose knowledge of these times was unequalled, that Addison never, in any official document, affected wit or eloquence; and that his despatches are, without exception, remarkable for unpretending simplicity. Every body who knows with what ease Addison's finest essays were produced must be convinced, that if well-turned phrases had been wanted, he would have had no difficulty in finding them. We are, however, inclined to believe, that the story is not absolutely without a foundation. It may well be that Addison did not know, till he had consulted experienced clerks, who remembered the times when William was absent on the Continent, in what form a letter from the Council of Regency to the King ought to be drawn. We think it very likely, that the ablest statesmen of our time, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, for example, would, in similar circumstances, be found quite as ignorant. Every office has some little mysteries which the dullest man may learn with a little attention; and which the greatest man cannot possibly know by intuition. One paper must be signed by the chief of the department, another by his deputy. To a third the royal sign-manual is necessary. One communication is to be registered, and another is not. One sentence must be in black ink, and another in red ink. If the ablest Secretary for Ireland were moved to the India Board, if the ablest President of the India Board were moved to the War Office, he would require instruction on points like these; and we do not doubt that Addison required such instruction when he became, for the first time, Secretary to the Lords Justices.

George the First took possession of his kingdom without opposition. A new ministry was formed, and a new Parliament favorable to the Whigs chosen. Sunderland was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Addison again went to Dublin as Chief Secretary.

At Dublin Swift resided, and there was much speculation about the way in which the Dean and the Secretary would behave towards each other. The relations which existed between these remarkable men form an interesting and pleasing portion of literary history. They had early attached themselves to the same political party and to the same patrons. While Anne's Whig ministry was in power, the visits of Swift to London and the official residence of Addison in Ireland had given them opportunities of knowing each other. They were the two shrewdest observers of their age. But their observations on each other had led them to favorable conclusions. Swift did full justice to the rare powers of conversation which were latent under the bashful deportment of Addison. Addison, on the other hand, discerned much good nature under the severe look and manner of Swift; and, indeed, the Swift of 1708 and the Swift of 1738 were two very different men.

But the paths of the two friends diverged widely. The Whig statesmen loaded Addison with solid benefits. They praised Swift, asked him to dinner, and did nothing more for him. His profession laid them under a difficulty. In the state they could not promote him; and they had reason to fear that, by bestowing preferment in the church on the author of the Tale of a Tub, they might give scandal to the public, which had no high opinion of their orthodoxy. He did not make fair allowance for the difficulties which prevented Halifax and Somers from serving him; thought himself an ill-used man; sacrificed honor and consistency to revenge; joined the Tories, and became their most formidable champion. He soon found, however, that his old friends were less to blame than he had supposed. The dislike with which the Queen and the heads of the Church regarded him was insurmountable; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained an ecclesiastical dignity of no great value, on condition of fixing his residence in a country which he detested.

Difference of political opinion had produced, not indeed a quarrel, but a coolness between Swift and Addison. They at length ceased altogether to see each other. Yet there was between them a tacit compact like that between the hereditary guests in the Iliad.

> Ἔγχεα δ' ἀλλήλων ἀλεώμεθα καὶ δί ὁμίλου
> Πολλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἐμοὶ Τρῶες κλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι,
> Κτείνειν, ὅν κε θεός γε πόρῃ καὶ ποσσὶ κιχείω,
> Πολλοὶ δ' αὖ σοὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐναιρέμεν, ὅν κε δύνηαι.

It is not strange that Addison, who calumniated and insulted nobody, should not have calumniated or insulted Swift. But it is remarkable that Swift, to whom neither genius nor virtue was sacred, and who generally seemed to find, like most other renegades, a peculiar pleasure in attacking old friends, should have shown so much respect and tenderness to Addison.

Fortune had now changed. The accession of the house of Hanover had secured in England the liberties of the people, and in Ireland the dominion of the Protestant caste. To that caste Swift was more odious than any other man. He was hooted and even pelted in the streets of Dublin; and could not venture to ride along the strand for his health without the attendance of armed servants. Many whom he had formerly served now libelled and insulted him. At this time Addison arrived. He had been advised not to show the smallest civility to the Dean of St. Patrick's. But he answered with admirable spirit, that it might be necessary for men whose fidelity to their party was suspected to hold no intercourse with political opponents; but that one who had been a steady Whig in the worst times might venture, when the good cause was triumphant, to shake hands with an old friend who was one of the vanquished Tories. His kindness was soothing to the proud and cruelly wounded spirit of Swift; and the two great satirists resumed their habits of friendly intercourse.

Those associates of Addison, whose political opinions agreed with his, shared his good fortune. He took Tickell with him to Ireland. He procured for Budgell a lucrative place in the same kingdom. Ambrose Phillipps was provided for in England. Steele had injured himself so much by his eccentricity and perverseness, that he obtained but a very small part of what he thought his due. He was, however, knighted. He had a place in the household; and he subsequently received other marks of favor from the court.

Addison did not remain long in Ireland. In 1715 he quitted his Secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade. In the same year his comedy of the Drummer was brought on the stage. The name of the author was not announced; the piece was coldly received; and some critics have expressed a doubt whether it were really Addison's. To us the evidence, both external and internal, seems decisive. It is not in Addison's best manner; but it contains numerous passages which no other writer known to us could have produced. It was again performed after Addison's death, and, being known to be his, was loudly applauded.

Towards the close of the year 1715, while the Rebellion was still raging in Scotland,* Addison published the first number of a paper called the 'Freeholder.' Among his political works the Freeholder is entitled to the first place. Even in the Spectator there are few serious papers nobler than the character of his friend Lord Somers, and certainly no satirical papers superior to those in which the Tory fox-hunter is introduced. This character is the original of Squire Western, and is drawn with all Fielding's force, and with a delicacy of which Fielding was altogether destitute. As none of Addison's works exhibits stronger marks of his genius than the Freeholder, so none does more honor to his moral character. It is difficult to extol too highly the candor and humanity of a political writer, whom even the excitement of civil war cannot hurry into unseemly violence. Oxford, it is well known, was then the stronghold of Toryism. The High Street had been repeatedly lined with bayonets in order to keep down the disaffected gownsmen; and traitors pursued by the messengers of the Government had been concealed in the garrets of several colleges. Yet the admonition which, even under such circumstances, Addison addressed to the University, is singularly gentle, respectful, and even affectionate. Indeed, he could not find it in his heart to deal harshly even with imaginary persons. His fox-hunter, though ignorant, stupid, and violent, is at heart a good fellow, and is at last reclaimed by the clemency of the King. Steele was dissatisfied with his friend's moderation, and, though he acknowledged that the Freeholder was excellently written, complained that the ministry played on a lute when it was necessary to blow the trumpet. He accordingly determined to execute a flourish after his own fashion; and tried to rouse the public spirit of the nation by means of a paper called the Town Talk, which is now as utterly forgotten as his Englishman, as his Crisis, as his Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge, as his Reader—in short, as every thing that he wrote without the help of Addison.

In the same year in which the Drummer was acted, and in which the first numbers of the Freeholder appeared, the estrangement of Pope and Addison became complete. Addison had from the first seen that Pope was false and malevolent. Pope had discovered that Addison was jealous. The discovery was made in a strange manner. Pope had written the Rape of the Lock, in two cantos, without supernatural machinery. These two cantos had been loudly applauded, and by none more loudly than by Addison. Then Pope thought of the Sylphs and Gnomes, Ariel, Momentilla, Crispissa, and Umbriel; and resolved to interweave the Rosicrucian mythology with the original fabric. He asked Addison's advice. Addison said that the Poem as it stood was a delicious little thing, and entreated Pope not to run the risk of marring what was so excellent in trying to mend it. Pope afterwards declared that this insidious counsel first opened his eyes to the baseness of him who gave it.

Now there can be no doubt that Pope's plan was most ingenious, and that he afterwards executed it with great skill and success. But does it necessarily follow that Addison's advice was bad? And if Addison's advice was bad, does it necessarily follow that it was given from bad motives? If a friend were to ask us whether we would advise him to risk a small competence in a lottery of which the chances were ten to one against him, we should do our best to dissuade him from running such a risk. Even if he were so lucky as to get the thirty thousand pound prize, we should not admit that we had counselled him ill; and we should certainly think it the height of injustice in him to accuse us of having been actuated by malice. We think Addison's advice good advice. It rested on a sound principle, the result of long and wide experience. The general rule undoubtedly is that, when a successful work of imagination has been produced, it should not be recast. We cannot at this moment call to mind a single instance in which this rule has been transgressed with happy effect; except the instance of the Rape of the Lock. Tasso recast his Jerusalem. Akenside recast his Pleasures of the Imagination, and his Epistle to Curio. Pope himself, emboldened no doubt by the success with which he had expanded and remodeled the Rape of the Lock, made the same experiment on the Dunciad. All these attempts failed. Who was to foresee that Pope would, once in his life, be able to do what he could not himself do twice, and what nobody else has ever done?

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* Miss Aikin has been most unfortunate in her account of this Rebellion. We will notice only two errors which occur in one page. She says that the Rebellion was undertaken in favor of James II, who had been fourteen years dead, and that it was headed by Charles Edward, who was not born, (ii. 172.)

Addison's advice was good. But had it been bad, why should we pronounce it dishonest? Scott tells us that one of his best friends predicted the failure of Waverley. Herder adjured Goëthe not to take so unpromising a subject as Faust. Hume tried to dissuade Robertson from writing the History of Charles V. Nay, Pope himself was one of those who prophesied that Cato would never succeed on the stage; and advised Addison to print it without risking a representation. But Scott, Goethe, Robertson, Addison, had the good sense and generosity to give their advisers credit for the best intentions. Pope's heart was not of the same kind with theirs.

In 1715, while he was engaged in translating the Iliad, he met Addison at a coffee house. Phillipps and Budgell were there. But their sovereign got rid of them, and asked Pope to dine with him alone. After dinner, Addison said that he lay under a difficulty which he had for some wished to explain. 'Tickell,' he said, 'translated some time ago the first book of the Iliad. 'I have promised to look it over and correct it. I cannot therefore ask to see yours, for that would be double-dealing.' Pope made a civil reply, and begged that his second book might have the advantage of Addison's revision. Addison readily agreed, looked over the second book, and sent it back with warm commendations.

Tickell's version of the first book appeared soon after this conversation. In the preface, all rivalry was earnestly disclaimed. Tickell declared that he should not go on with the Iliad. That enterprise he should leave to powers which he admitted to be superior to his own. His only view, he said, in publishing this specimen, was to bespeak the favor of the public to a translation of the Odyssey, in which he had made some progress.

Addison, and Addison's devoted followers, pronounced both the versions good, but maintained that Tickell's had more of the original. The town gave a decided preference to Pope's. We do not think it worth while to settle such a question of precedence. Neither of the rivals can be said to have translated the Iliad, unless, indeed, the word translation be used in the sense which it bears in the Midsummer Night's Dream. When Bottom makes his appearance with an ass's head instead of his own, Peter Quince exclaims, 'Bless thee! Bottom, bless thee! thou art translated.' In this sense, undoubtedly, the readers of either Pope or Tickell may very properly exclaim, 'Bless thee! Homer; thou art translated indeed.'

Our readers will, we hope, agree with us in thinking that no man in Addison's situation could have acted more fairly and kindly, both towards Pope and towards Tickell, than he appears to have done. But an odious suspicion had grown up in the mind of Pope. He fancied, and he soon firmly believed that there was a deep conspiracy against his fame and his fortunes. The work on which he had staked his reputation was to be depreciated. The subscription, on which rested his hopes of a competence, was to be defeated. With this view Addison had made a rival translation; Tickell had consented to father it, and the wits of Button's had united to puff it.

Is there any external evidence to support this grave accusation? The answer is short. There is absolutely none.

Was there any internal evidence which proved Addison to be the author of this version? Was it a work which Tickell was incapable of producing? Surely not. Tickell was a fellow of a College at Oxford, and must be supposed to have been able to construe the Iliad; and he was a better versifier than his friend. We are not aware that Pope pretended to have discovered any turns of expression peculiar to Addison. Had such turns of expression been discovered, they would be sufficiently accounted for by supposing Addison to have corrected his friend's lines, as he owned that he had done.

Is there any thing in the character of the accused persons which makes the accusation probable? We answer confidently—nothing. Tickell was long after this time described by Pope himself as a very fair and worthy man. Addison had been, during many years, before the public. Literary rivals, political opponents, had kept their eyes on him. But neither envy nor faction, in their utmost rage, had ever imputed to him a single deviation from the laws of honor and of social morality. Had he been indeed a man meanly jealous of fame, and capable of stooping to base and wicked arts for the purpose of injuring his competitors, would his vices have remained latent so long? He was a writer of tragedy: had he ever injured Rowe? He was a writer of comedy: had he not done ample justice to Congreve, and given valuable help to Steele? He was a pamphleteer: have not his good nature and generosity been acknowledged by Swift, his rival in fame and his adversary in politics?

That Tickell should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. That Addison should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. But that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villany seems to us improbable in a tenfold degree. All that is known to us of their intercourse tends to prove, that it was not the intercourse of two accomplices in crime. These are some of the lines in which Tickell poured forth his sorrow over the coffin of Addison:

'Or dost thou warn poor mortals left beihnd,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thine aid, thou guardian genius, lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.'

In what words, we should like to know, did this guardian genius invite his pupil to join in a plan such as the Editor of the Satirist would hardly dare to propose to the Editor of the Age?

We do not accuse Pope of bringing an accusation which he knew to be false. We have not the smallest doubt that he believed it to be true; and the evidence on which he believed it he found in his own bad heart. His own life was one long series of tricks, as mean and as malicious as that of which he suspected Addison and Tickell. He was all stiletto and mask. To injure, to insult, and to save himself from the consequences of injury and insult by lying and equivocating, was the habit of his life. He published a lampoon on the Duke of Chandos; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a lampoon on Aaron Hill; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a still fouler lampoon on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; he was taxed with it; and he lied with more than usual effrontery and vehemence. He puffed himself and abused his enemies under feigned names. He robbed himself of his own letters, and then raised the hue and cry after them. Besides his frauds of malignity, of fear, of interest, and of vanity, there were frauds which he seems to have committed from love of fraud alone. He had a habit of stratagem—a pleasure in outwitting all who came near him. Whatever his object might be, the indirect road to it was that which he preferred. For Bolingbroke, Pope undoubtedly felt as much love and veneration as it was in his nature to feel for any human being. Yet Pope was scarcely dead when it was discovered that, from no motive except the mere love of artifice, he had been guilty of an act of gross perfidy to Bolingbroke.

Nothing was more natural than that such a man as this should attribute to others that which he felt within himself. A plain, probable, coherent explanation is frankly given to him. He is certain that it is all a romance. A line of conduct scrupulously fair, and even friendly, is pursued towards him. He is convinced that it is merely a cover for a vile intrigue by which he is to be disgraced and ruined. It is vain to ask him for proofs. He has none, and wants none, except those which he carries in his own bosom.

Whether Pope's malignity at length provoked Addison to retaliate for the first and last time, cannot now be known with certainty. We have only Pope's story, which runs thus. A pamphlet appeared containing some reflections which stung Pope to the quick. What those reflections were, and whether they were reflections of which he had a right to complain, we have now no means of deciding. The Earl of Warwick, a foolish and vicious lad, who regarded Addison with the feelings with which such lads generally regard their best friends, told Pope, truly or falsely, that this pamphlet had been written by Addison's direction. When we consider what a tendency stories have to grow, in passing even from one honest man to another honest man, and when we consider that to the name of honest man neither Pope nor the Earl of Warwick had a claim, we are not disposed to attach much importance to this anecdote.

It is certain, however, that Pope was furious. He had already sketched the character of Atticus in prose. In his anger he turned this prose into the brilliant and energetic lines which every body knows by heart, or ought to know by heart, and sent them to Addison. One charge which Pope has enforced with great skill is probably not without foundation. Addison was, we are inclined to believe, too fond of presiding over a circle of humble friends. Of the other imputations which these famous lines are intended to convey, scarcely one has ever been proved to be just, and some are certainly false. That Addison was not in the habit of 'damning with faint praise,' appears from innumerable passages in his writings; and from none more than from those in which he mentions Pope. And it is not merely unjust, but ridiculous, to describe a man who made the fortune of almost every one of his intimate friends, as 'so obliging that he ne'er obliged.'

That Addison felt the sting of Pope's satire keenly, we cannot doubt. That he was conscious of one of the weaknesses with which he was reproached, is highly probable. But his heart, we firmly believe, acquitted him of the gravest part of the accusation. He acted like himself. As a satirist he was, at his own weapons, more than Pope's match; and he would have been at no loss for topics. A distorted and diseased body, tenanted by a yet more distorted and diseased mind—spite and envy thinly disguised by sentiments as benevolent and noble as those which Sir Peter Teazle admired in Mr. Joseph Surface—a feeble sickly licentiousness—an odious love of filthy and noisome images—these were things which a genius less powerful than that to which we owe the Spectator could easily have held up to the mirth and hatred of mankind. Addison had, moreover, at his command other means of vengeance which a bad man would not have scrupled to use. He was powerful in the state. Pope was a Catholic; and, in those times, a minister would have found it easy to harass the most innocent Catholic by innumerable petty vexations. Pope, near twenty years later, said, that 'through the lenity of the government alone he could live with comfort.' 'Consider,' he exclaimed, 'the injury that a man of high rank and credit may do to a private person, under penal laws and many other disadvantages.' It is pleasing to reflect that the only revenge which Addison took was to insert in the Freeholder a warm encomium on the translation of the Iliad: and to exhort all lovers of learning to put down their names as subscribers. There could be no doubt, he said, from the specimens already published, that the masterly hand of Pope would do as much for Homer, as Dryden had done for Virgil. From that time to the end of his life, he always treated Pope, by Pope's own acknowledgment, with justice. Friendship was, of course, at an end.

One reason which induced the Earl of Warwick to play the ignominious part of tale-bearer on this occasion, may have been his dislike of the marriage which was about to take place between his mother and Addison. The Countess-Dowager, a daughter of the old and honorable family of the Myddletons of Chirk, a family which, in any country but ours, would be called noble, resided at Holland House. Addison had, during some years, occupied at Chelsea a small dwelling, once the abode of Nell Gwyn. Chelsea is now a district of London, and Holland House may be called a town residence. But, in the days of Anne and George I., milkmaids and sportsmen wandered, between green hedges and over fields bright with daisies, from Kensington almost to the shore of the Thames. Addison and Lady Warwick were country neighbors, and became intimate friends. The great wit and scholar tried to allure the young Lord from the fashionable amusements of beating watchmen, breaking windows, and rolling women in hogsheads down Holborn Hill, to the study of letters and the practice of virtue. These well-meant exertions did little good, however, either to the disciple or to the master. Lord Warwick grew up a rake, and Addison fell in love. The mature beauty of the Countess has been celebrated by poets in language which, after a very large allowance has been made for flattery, would lead us to believe that she was a fine woman; and her rank doubtless heightened her attractions. The courtship was long. The hopes of the lover appear to have risen and fallen with the fortunes of his party. His attachment was at length matter of such notoriety that, when he visited Ireland for the last time, Rowe addressed some consolatory verses to the Chloe of Holland House. It strikes us as a little strange that, in these verses, Addison should be called Lycidas; a name of singularly evil omen for a swain just about to cross St. George's Channel.

At length Chloe capitulated. Addison was indeed able to treat with her on equal terms. He had reason to expect preferment even higher than that which he had attained. He had inherited the fortune of a brother who died Governor of Madras. He had purchased an estate in Warwickshire, and had been welcomed to his domain in very tolerable verse by one of the neighboring squires, the poetical fox-hunter, William Somervile. In August, 1716, the newspapers announced that Joseph Addison, Esquire, famous for many excellent works both in verse and prose, had espoused the Countess-Dowager of Warwick.

He now fixed his abode at Holland House—a house which can boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England. His portrait now hangs there. The features are pleasing; the complexion is remarkably fair; but, in the expression, we trace rather the gentleness of his disposition than the force and keenness of his intellect.

Not long after his marriage he reached the height of civil greatness. The Whig Government had, during some time, been torn by internal dissensions. Lord Townshend led one section of the Cabinet; Lord Sunderland the other. At length, in the spring of 1717, Sunderland triumphed. Townshend retired from office, and was accompanied by Walpole and Cowper. Sunderland proceeded to reconstruct the Ministry; and Addison was appointed Secretary of State. It is certain that the Seals were pressed upon him, and were at first declined by him. Men equally versed in official business might easily have been found; and his colleagues knew that they could not expect assistance from him in debate. He owed his elevation to his popularity, to his stainless probity, and to his literary fame.

But scarcely had Addison entered the Cabinet when his health began to fail. From one serious attack he recovered in the autumn; and his recovery was celebrated in Latin verses, worthy of his own pen, by Vincent Bourne, who was then at Trinity College, Cambridge. A relapse soon took place; and, in the following spring, Addison was prevented by a severe asthma from discharging the duties of his post. He resigned it, and was succeeded by his friend Craggs; a young man whose natural parts, though little improved by cultivation, were quick and showy, whose graceful person and winning manners had made him generally acceptable in society, and who, if he had lived, would probably have been the most formidable of all the rivals of Walpole.

As yet there was no Joseph Hume. The Ministers, therefore, were able to bestow on Addison a retiring pension of £1500 a-year. In what form this pension was given we are not told by the biographers, and have not time to inquire. But it is certain that Addison did not vacate his seat in the House of Commons.

Rest of mind and body seemed to have re-established his health; and he thanked God, with cheerful piety, for having set him free both from his office and from his asthma. Many years seemed to be before him, and he meditated many works—a tragedy on the death of Socrates, a translation of the Psalms, a treatise on the evidences of Christianity. Of this last performance, a part, which we could well spare, has come down to us.

But the fatal complaint soon returned, and gradually prevailed against all the resources of medicine. It is melancholy to think that the last months of such a life should have been overclouded both by domestic and by political vexations. A tradition which began early, which has been generally received, and to which we have nothing to oppose, has represented his wife as an arrogant and imperious woman. It is said that, till his health failed him, he was glad to escape from the Countess-Dowager and her magnificent dining-room, blazing with the gilded devices of the House of Rich, to some tavern where he could enjoy a laugh, a talk about Virgil and Boileau, and a bottle of claret, with the friends of his happier days. All those friends, however, were not left to him. Sir Richard Steele had been gradually estranged by various causes. He considered himself as one who, in evil times, had braved martyrdom for his political principles, and demanded, when the Whig party was triumphant, a large compensation for what he had suffered when it was militant. The Whig leaders took a very different view of his claims. They thought that he had, by his own petulance and folly, brought them as well as himself into trouble; and though they did not absolutely neglect him, doled out favors to him with a sparing hand. It was natural that he should be angry with them, and especially angry with Addison. But what above all seems to have disturbed Sir Richard, was the elevation of Tickell, who, at thirty, was made by Addison under Secretary of State; while the Editor of the Tatler and Spectator, the author of the Crisis, the member for Stockbridge who had been persecuted for firm adherence to the House of Hanover, was at near fifty, forced, after many solicitations and complaints, to content himself with a share in the patent of Drury-Lane theatre. Steele himself says in his celebrated letter to Congreve, that Addison, by his preference of Tickell, 'incurred the warmest resentment of other gentlemen;' and every thing seems to indicate that, of those resentful gentlemen, Steele was himself one.

While poor Sir Richard was brooding over what he considered as Addison's unkindness, a new cause of quarrel arose. The Whig party, already divided against itself, was rent by a new schism. The celebrated Bill for limiting the number of Peers had been brought in. The proud Duke of Somerset, first in rank of all the nobles whose religion permitted them to sit in parliament, was the ostensible author of the measure. But it was supported, and, in truth, devised by the Prime Minister.

We are satisfied that the Bill was most pernicious; and we fear that the motives which induced Sunderland to frame it were not honorable to him. But we cannot deny that it was supported by many of the best and wisest men of that age. Nor was this strange. The royal prerogative had, within the memory of the generation then in the vigor of life, been so grossly abused, that it was still regarded with a jealousy which, when the peculiar situation of the House of Brunswick is considered, may perhaps be called immoderate. The prerogative of creating peers had, in the opinion of the Whigs, been grossly abused by Queen Anne's last ministry; and even the Tories admitted that her Majesty, in swamping, as it has since been called, the Upper House, had done what only an extreme case could justify. The theory of the English constitution, according to many high authorities, was, that three independent powers, the monarchy, the nobility, and the commons, ought constantly to act as checks on each other. If this theory were sound, it seemed to follow that to put one of these powers under the absolute control of the other two, was absurd. But if the number of peers were unlimited, it could not be denied that the Upper House was under the absolute control of the Crown and the Commons, and was indebted only to their moderation for any power which it might be suffered to retain.

Steele took part with the Opposition; Addison with the Ministers. Steele, in a paper called the 'Plebeian,' vehemently attacked the bill. Sunderland called for help on Addison, and Addison obeyed the call. In a paper called the 'Old Whig,' he answered, and indeed refuted, Steele's arguments. It seems to us that the premises of both the controversialists were unsound, that, on those premises, Addison reasoned well and Steele ill; and that consequently Addison brought out a false conclusion, while Steele blundered upon the truth. In style, in wit, and in politeness, Addison maintained his superiority, though the Old Whig is by no means one of his happiest performances.*

At first, both the anonymous opponents observed the laws of propriety. But at length Steele so far forgot himself as to throw an odious imputation on the morals of the chiefs of the administration. Addison replied with severity; but, in our opinion, with less severity than was due to so grave an offence against morality and decorum; nor did he, in his just anger, forget for a moment the laws of good taste and good breeding. One calumny which has been often repeated, and never yet contradicted, it is our duty to expose. It is asserted in the Biographia Britannica, that Addison designated Steele as 'little Dicky.' This assertion was repeated by Johnson, who had never seen the Old Whig, and was therefore excusable. It has also been repeated by Miss Aikin, who has seen the Old Whig, and for whom therefore there is less excuse. Now, it is true that the words 'little Dicky' occur in the Old Whig, and that Steele's name was Richard. It is equally true that the words 'little Isaac' occur in the Duenna, and that Newton's name was Isaac. But we confidently affirm that Addison's little Dicky had no more to do with Steele, than Sheridan's little Isaac with Newton. If we apply the words 'little Dicky' to Steele, we deprive a very lively and ingenious passage, not only of all its wit, but of all its meaning. Little Dicky was evidently the nickname of some comic actor who played the usurer Gomez, then a most popular part, in Dryden's Spanish Friar.†

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* Miss Aikin says that these pieces, never having been reprinted, are now of extreme rarity. This is a mistake. They have been reprinted, and may be obtained without the smallest difficulty. The copy now lying before us bears the date of 1789.

† We will transcribe the whole paragraph. How it can ever have been misunderstood is unintelligible to us.

'But our author's chief concern is for the poor House of Commons, whom he represents as naked

The merited reproof which Steele had received, though softened by some kind and courteous expressions, galled him bitterly. He replied with little force and great acrimony; but no rejoinder appeared. Addison was fast hastening to his grave; and had, we may well suppose, little disposition to prosecute a quarrel with an old friend. His complaint had terminated in dropsy. He bore up long and manfully. But at length he abandoned all hope, dismissed his physicians, and calmly prepared himself to die.

His works he intrusted to the care of Tickell; and dedicated them a very few days before his death to Craggs, in a letter written with the sweet and graceful eloquence of a Saturday's Spectator. In this, his last composition, he alluded to his approaching end in words so manly, so cheerful, and so tender, that it is difficult to read them without tears. At the same time he earnestly recommended the interests of Tickell to the care of Craggs.

Within a few hours of the time at which this dedication was written, Addison sent to beg Gay, who was then living by his wits about town, to come to Holland House. Gay went and was received with great kindness. To his amazement his forgiveness was implored by the dying man. Poor Gay, the most good-natured and simple of mankind, could not imagine what he had to forgive. There was, however, some wrong, the remembrance of which weighed on Addison's mind, and which he declared himself anxious to repair. He was in a state of extreme exhaustion; and the parting was doubtless a friendly one on both sides. Gay supposed that some plan to serve him had been in agitation at Court, and had been frustrated by Addison's influence. Nor is this improbable. Gay had paid assiduous court to the royal family. But in the Queen's days he had been the eulogist of Bolingbroke, and was still connected with many Tories. It is not strange that Addison, while heated by conflict, should have thought himself justified in obstructing the preferment of one whom he might regard as a political enemy. Neither is it strange that, when reviewing his whole life, and earnestly scrutinizing all his motives, he should think that he had acted an unkind and ungenerous part, in using his power against a distressed man of letters, who was as harmless and as helpless as a child.

One inference may be drawn from this anecdote. It appears that Addison, on his deathbed, called himself to a strict account; and was not at ease till he had asked pardon for an injury which it was not even suspected that he had committed—for an injury which would have caused disquiet only to a very tender conscience. Is it not then reasonable to infer, that, if he had really been guilty of forming a base conspiracy against the fame and fortunes of a rival, he would have expressed some remorse for so serious a crime? But it is unnecessary to multiply arguments and evidence for the Defence, when there is neither argument nor evidence for the Accusation.

The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die!" The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings, is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all powerful friend, who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings, by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake of them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favorite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with the love which casteth out fear. He died

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and defenceless, when the Crown, by losing this prerogative, would be less able to protect them against the power of a House of Lords. Who forbears laughing when the Spanish Friar represents little Dicky, under the person of Gomez, insulting the Colonel that was able to fright him out of his wits with a single frown? This Gomez, says he, flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado on bastinado, and buffet on buffet, which the poor Colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience. The improbability of the fact never fails to raise mirth in the audience; and one may venture to answer for a British House of Commons, if we may guess from its conduct hitherto, that it will scarce be either so tame or so weak as our author supposes.'

on the 17th of June, 1719. He had just entered on his forty-eighth year.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sung a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honored the most accomplished of the Whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torchlight, round the shrine of Saint Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. On the north side of that Chapel, in the vault of the house of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montagu. Yet a few months; and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened; and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison.

Many tributes were paid to the memory of Addison. But one alone is now remembered. Tickell bewailed his friend in an elegy which would do honor to the greatest name in our literature; and which unites the energy and magnificence of Dryden to the tenderness and purity of Cowper. This fine poem was prefixed to a superb edition of Addison's works, which was published in 1721, by subscription. The names of the subscribers proved how widely his fame had been spread. That his countrymen should be eager to possess his writings, even in a costly form, is not wonderful. But it is wonderful that, though English literature was then little studied on the Continent, Spanish Grandees, Italian Prelates, Marshals of France, should be found in the list. Among the most remarkable names are those of the Queen of Sweden, of Prince Eugene, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Dukes of Parma, Modena, and Guastalla, of the Doge of Genoa, of the Regent Orleans, and of Cardinal Dubois. We ought to add, that this edition, though eminently beautiful, is in some important points defective; nor, indeed, do we yet possess a complete collection of Addison's writings.

It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow, nor any of his powerful and attached friends, should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skilfully graven, appeared in Poet's Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlor at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's Spectator, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.

HER NAME.

VICTOR HUGO.

A lily's pure perfume; a halo's light;
The Evening's voices mingling soft above;
The hour's mysterious farewell in its flight;
The plaintive story told
By a dear friend who grieves, yet is consoled;
The sweet soft murmur of a kiss of love;

The Scarf, seven-tinted, which the Hurricane
Leaves in the clouds, a trophy to the sun;
The well-remembered tone
Which, scarcely hoped for, meets the ear again;
The pure wish of a virgin heart; the beam
That hovers o'er an infant's earliest dream;

The voices of a distant choir, the sighs
That fabulous Memnon breathed of yore to greet
The coming dawn; the tone whose murmurs rise,
Then, with a cadence tremulous, expire;—
These, and all else the spirit dreams of sweet,
Are not so sweet as her sweet name, oh lyre;

Pronounce it very softly, like a prayer;
Yet, be it heard, the burden of the song:
Ah! let it be a sacred light to shine
In the dim fane; the secret word, which there,
Trembles for ever on one faithful tongue,
In the lone, shadowy silence of the shrine.

But oh! or ere, in words of flame,
My muse, unmindful, with the meaner crowd
Of names, by worthless pride revealed aloud,
Should dare to blend the dear and honored name
By fond affection set apart,
And hidden, like a treasure in my heart;

My strain, soft syllabled, should meet the ear
Like sacred music heard upon the knees;
The air should vibrate to its harmonies,
As if light hovering in the atmosphere,
An angel, viewless to the mortal eye,
With his fine pinions shook it, rustling nigh.

Dublin University Magazine.

NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES.

From the Monthly Review.

Nelsonian Reminiscences; Leaves from Memory's Log. By G. S. PARSONS, Lieut. R. N. Saunders & Otley.

THESE Reminiscences appeared originally in the Metropolitan Magazine, but are now brought together in a connected and compact form, in the hope that they will be received with favor in the shape of a volume. Of this cordial reception there can be little doubt. The period in our national history, over which Mr. Parsons's pages extend is the most stirring and interesting in our annals, or in naval history; and the hero under whom the Lieutenant served during the Mediterranean cruise, maintains a hold on the imagination, admiration, and grateful feelings of the people, that is more terse and tender, that has more of the undying principle in it, than any man that has ever existed. The book, too, is attractive merely as a book, or a literary performance. It becomes the Lieutenant well; for it shows much of the heart and spirit of the sailor, is in a straight-forward tone—at times laughter-moving, and at others grave or touching—but always entertaining. The style, to be sure, is in rather a more youthful and modern cast than might have been looked for in 1843, from one who was in the action off St. Vincent, *albeit* only eleven years old at the time. "Memory's Log," too, is marvellously fresh and particular in details, giving us conversations just as if they had made their first impression in the course of yesterday's doings, and as if the dialogues of sailors had always the picturesque and the dramatic in them. However, the reader is to bear in mind that the Reminiscences have been got up for magazine papers, and that the main question is, whether the essence of truth is presented—whether the pictures and sentiments be faithful and true in spirit and in manner. Tested and interpreted in this way, the Log, we think, may be taken as an authority so far as it pretends to go, and therefore it has its value in a more important sense, than being merely an amusement for an idle hour.

The book consists of narrative and anecdote—of descriptions, sketches and yarns, all relating to nautical affairs, and naval experience. Many are the adventures, the scenes, and the pieces of portraiture to be met with in the Lieutenant's volume; and all that we are called on now to do, is to transfer samples to our pages, in order to enliven them, and also to tempt to a fuller and more leisurely reading.

We first of all are introduced to the author in Naples Bay, the time 1799; and the first of his recorded reminiscences relates to a tragical event, the execution of prince Carraciolli, admiral of the Neapolitan fleet; the king of Naples and his court having taken up their quarters in the Foudroyant shortly after the old admiral had been hanged and consigned to the deep. Our extract speaks for itself.

Some days after the execution, when the name of Admiral Carraciolli had ceased to be remembered among the great and noble of the land, I was roused from my slumbers with an account of the king being on deck. Wondering at his bad taste for early rising, I hurried up, and found his majesty gazing with intense anxiety on some distant object. At once he turned pale, and letting his spyglass fall on deck, uttered an exclamation of horror. My eyes instinctively turned in the same direction, and under our larboard quarter, with his face full upon us, much swollen and discolored by the water, and his orbs of light started from their sockets by strangulation, floated the ill-fated prince. All the superstition of the Italian school was called into play by this extraordinary (and, in truth, it was a fearful) apparition. The old man's gray hair streamed in the light breeze that rippled the placid waters of this lovely bay; the king and court were alarmed, and looked very pale; the priesthood, who were numerous on board, were summoned; when one, more adroit than his brethren, told the king that the spirit of his unfortunate admiral could not rest without his forgiveness, which he had risen to implore. This was freely accorded; and on Lord Nelson (who was suffering from ill health) being awakened from his uneasy slumbers by the agitation of the court, he ordered a boat to be sent from the ship to tow the corpse on shore.

Nelson's conduct at Naples presents passages that we have no mind to review; and Lady Hamilton did not always, Lieutenant Parsons hints, "sympathize in the manner expected from her generous and noble nature." Still, he declares that she has been most grossly calumniated. "Her generosity and good nature were unbounded—her talents and spirit unequalled; and, to my knowledge, her heart was of softer materials than to rejoice in the sufferings of the enemies of the (Neapolitan) court, to whom both she and Lord Nelson were bound by the strongest ties of gratitude and affection." She served the country with unwearied zeal and activity, and in a greater degree than any female ever before had the power." This service, of course, consisted chiefly in the way which she took with her influence over the hero. "She was the cause of saving millions of British property from the grasp of the Spanish king, in 1797; she enabled Lord Nelson to fight the battle of Aboukir, and kept steady to our interest the fickle and dissolute court of Naples, from her influence over the daughter of Maria Theresa, then queen of that place." "Memory's Log" contains an anecdote worth quoting, referrible to the period of Prince Carraciolli's execution, which, together with some other acts, much to be lamented, our author attributes to a high sense of gratitude for benefits conferred by the Neapolitan court. "Lady Hamilton, with his lordship, (conspicuous from the star-like decorations that occasioned his death,) were skirting the sea-board at Naples, when a shot from the castle of St. Elmo disarranged the glossy curls of the beautiful Emma. 'On *board!*' said the hero and genius of victory. 'Not so, my dear lord,' said her ladyship. 'Let it never be said that Nelson and Bronté were turned by a Frenchman's ball.'"

Mr. Parsons says very little about Sir William Hamilton. In one place he mentions that he lived with his lady on board, and that "he was a spare, gentlemanly old man, kind to every person, and much beloved." But *anent* the hero: the capture of the Genereux is thus dramatized in the chapter headed the Chase.

"Deck, there! the stranger is evidently a man-of-war—she is a line-of-battle-ship, my lord, and going large on the starboard tack."

"Ah! an enemy, Mr. Stains. I pray God it may be Le Genereux. The signal for a general chase, Sir Ed'ard, (the Nelsonian pronunciation of Edward,) make the Foudroyant fly!"

Thus spoke the heroic Nelson; and every exertion that emulation could inspire was used to crowd the squadron with canvass, the Northumberland taking the lead, with the flag-ship close on her quarter.

"This will not do, Sir Ed'ard; it is certainly Le Genereux, and to my flag ship she can alone surrender. Sir Ed'ard we must and shall beat the Northumberland."

"I will do the utmost, my lord; get the engine to work on the sails—hang butts of water to the stays—pipe the hammocks down, and each man place shot in them—slack the stays, knock up the wedges, and give the masts play—start off the water, Mr. James, and pump the ship. The Foudroyant is drawing a-head, and at last takes the lead in the chase. The admiral is working his fin (the stump of his right arm,) do not cross his hawse, I advise you."

The advice was good, for at that moment Nelson opened furiously on the quarter-master at the conn. "I'll knock you off your perch, you rascal, if you are so inattentive.—Sir Ed'ard, send your best quarter-master to the weather-wheel."

"A strange sail a-head of the chase!" called the look-out man.

"Youngster, to the mast-head. What! going without your glass? Let me know what she is immediately."

"A sloop of war, or frigate, my lord," shouted the young signal-midshipman.

"Demand her number."

"The Success, my Lord."

"Captain Peard; signal to cut off the flying enemy—great odds, though—thirty-two small guns to eighty large ones."

"The Success has hove to athwart-hawse of the Genereux, and is firing her larboard broadside. The Frenchman has boisted his tri-color, with a rear-admiral's flag!"

"Bravo—*Success, at her again.*"

"She has wore round, my lord, and firing her starboard broadside. It has winged her, my lord—her flying kites are flying away altogether. The enemy is close on the Success, who must receive her tremendous broadside." The Genereux opens her fire on her little enemy, and every person stands aghast, afraid of the consequences. "The smoke clears away, and there is the Success, crippled, it is true, but bull dog like, bearing up after the enemy."

"The signal for the Success to discontinue the action, and come under my stern," said Lord Nelson; "she has done well for her size. Try a shot from the lower-deck at her, Sir Ed'ard."

"It goes over her."

"Beat to quarters, and fire coolly and deliberately at her masts and yards."

Le Genereux at this moment fired upon the British; and, as a shot passed through the mizen stay-sail, Lord Nelson, patting one of the youngsters on the head, asked him jocularly how he relished the music; and observing something like alarm depicted on his countenance, consoled him with the information, that Charles XII. ran away from the first shot he heard, though afterwards he was called "The Great," and deservedly, from his bravery. "I therefore," said Lord Nelson, "hope much from you in future."

Here the Northumberland opened her fire, and down came the tri-colored ensign, amidst the thunder of our united cannon. "The signal to discontinue the firing." And Sir Edward Berry boarded the prize. Very shortly he returned with Rear-Admiral Père's sword, who, he stated, was then dying on his quarter-deck, with the loss of both legs, shot off by the raking broadsides of the little Success. This unfortunate Frenchman was under the imputation of having broken his parole, and was considered lucky in having redeemed his honor by dying in battle.

The landing of the British army in Egypt, in 1801, affords Lieut. Parsons an opportunity of detailing some of his most arresting reminiscences. The mere achievement of debarkation, of getting a footing on the beach, must figure whilst historical records last; old Sir Ralph, "the good and the brave"—as the song, "O the broad swords of old Scotland," has it,—coming out in the picture in all his proper dimensions and attributes. All the boats of the British fleet under the command of Lord Keith are assembled in a triple line, "extending about a mile and a half at a league distance from their intended place of debarkation." The centre line is composed of flats and launches, crowded to excess with the flower of the British army. These are towed by barges and pinnaces, with a line of jolly-boats in the rear to assist the disabled. The signal is given to advance leisurely, "but to keep strictly in line till under fire, and then use every exertion to land the troops." But all that military skill could effect had been done to render the place of debarkation invulnerable; the French having for eight days been preparing for the event. The French Governor of Alexandria is reported to have said, "that nothing with life could be thrown on his shores but a cat." Immediately in front, too, lies the enemy's army on hills which are strongly fortified, while between these ridges, peep out the flying artillery, the cavalry also showing themselves in numbers between the masses of infantry, sufficient, they look, to devour our small band.

Imagine ten thousand of England's hardy sons, full of life and vigor, rushing into an unequal contest that, in the space of one hour, would decimate them. Hark! the first shell from Nelson's island; the roar, the whistle, and explosion among the boats, answered by the heart-stirring cheers of the British lines. The heavy artillery from the ridge of sand hills in front open their iron throats on the devoted boats. "Give way fore and aft!" is the respondent cry to the shrieks of the wounded, the heavy groans of the dying, and the gurgling sounds of the drowning. Gaps are seen in our lines. * * * Now their flying artillery, with their long train of horses, gallop to the beach, and open their brazen mouths on our advancing boats. That most venerable and veteran son of war, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, commander in-chief, in the Kent's barge, moving in the rear, now desired the officer of that boat to pass through the gaps in our line, and place him in front of the fire. "I command you, sir," said the veteran; my personal safety is nothing compared with the national disgrace of the boats turning back. Example is needful in this tremendous fire, which exceeds all I ever saw. Oh, God! they waver,—onward, brave Britons, onward!" This apparent wavering was occasioned by a shell sinking the Foudroyant's flat boat with sixty soldiers in her, and by the rush of smaller ones to pick up the sinking soldiery. The lieutenant in command of the barge respectfully said he had the orders of Sir Richard Bickerton, not to expose the general-in-chief unnecessarily to the fire, or land him till the second division were on shore. The British lines, closing, to cover their heavy losses, rapidly approached the landing-place. The French infantry in heavy masses now lined the beach, and the roar of musketry was incessant and tremendous. Sir Ralph, in great agitation, again ordered the officer to put his boat in front of the triple line, and was met by that officer respectfully declaring that "he would obey the orders of his admiral alone." The old general made an abortive attempt to jump overboard, saying, "Without some striking example, human nature could not face such a fire;" and indeed the sea was ploughed and strongly agitated by the innumerable balls that splashed among the boats, sometimes hiding them altogether by the spray they created. This was a most painful scene for a spectator: our friends mown down like corn before the reaper. But now a change comes over it. A heart-stirring cheer is given on the prows touching the beach; the soldiers, heartily tired of being shot at like rooks, spring from the boats with great alacrity; that effective instrument, the bayonet, &c. &c.

The death of Abercrombie:—

The Hon. Captain Proby, now addressing the commander-in-chief, to whom he was aide-de-camp, reported the enemy to be retreating, covered by their cavalry. "But good God, general, you are seriously wounded, your saddle is saturated with blood. Let me support you to the rear, and for all our sakes let the surgeons examine you."

"Captain Proby, I thank you," said the veteran, with a faint voice; "but in these stirring times the general should be the last person to think of self. Captain Proby, order a forward movement, and hang fiercely on the retiring foe. Desire Hompesh's dragoons to cut through their rear-guard, and follow them closely to the walls of Alexandria." Seeing hesitation and great concern in the ingenuous, youthful countenance of Captain Proby, Sir Ralph added with sternness, "See my orders instantly obeyed, Sir."

And the aide-de-camp, dashing his spurs into the flanks of the swift Arabian, flew along the line, vociferating the orders of "Forward! forward!" at the same time despatching the first dragoon he met with to Colonel Abercrombie, stating his opinion that his father was bleeding to death on the field with a gunshot wound. Sir Ralph, seeing Sir Sidney Smith's horse shot under him, now desired his orderly to remount him. Sir Sidney, thinking it would inconvenience the general, refused to mount, till a ball from the retreating artillery decided the question by killing the orderly. While Sir Sidney (who was wounded) was thanking the general, Colonel Abercrombie galloped up—"Dear father, has your wound been examined?"

Sir Ralph, who was sinking fast from loss of blood, now turned affectionately to the manly form of his son, who stood at his side in a visible agony of suspense, muttered the words—"A flesh wound—a mere scratch!" and fell fainting into his arms.

He was quickly borne by orderly sergeants to the rear, where the wound was pronounced of a dangerous nature. Fortunately the Foudroyant's launch had just reached the beach with boats of the fleet to convey the wounded off to the shipping; and the hero of sixty-three, in an insensible state, was consigned to the tender care of his son, exposed to the fierce sun, whose rays shot down hot enough to melt him. Colonel Abercrombie held one of his hands, while tender commiseration clouded his manly brow. I saw this gallant and good old warrior extended on a grating, coming alongside the flag ship, his silvery hair streaming in the breeze that gently rippled the waters—his venerable features convulsed with agony, while the sun darted fiercely on him its intense rays, combining with his wound to occasion the perspiration to pour down his forehead like heavy drops of rain; yet he commanded not only his groans, but even his sighs, lest they should add to the evident anguish depicted in Colonel Abercrombie's countenance, as he wiped the perspiration from his father's face.—"We are near the Foudroyant, my dear sir; swallow a little of the contents of my canteen, it will enable you the better to bear the motion of being hoisted in."

"Send the quarter-master below to sling the general," said Lord Keith, "and select careful hands to the whip," and his lordship's countenance expressed the deepest commiseration. "Now, whip handsomely,—bear off the side, gentlemen,—for God's sake do not let the grating come in contact with any thing. High enough—lower handsomely—see that the bearers are equally tall. Now rest the grating gently on their shoulders:" and his lordship gazed on the suffering countenance of the ancient soldier.

"I am putting you to great inconvenience," said Sir Ralph; and added in faltering accents, "I am afraid I shall occasion you much more trouble."

"The greatest trouble, general," and Lord Keith took hold of one of the wounded man's hands, "is to see you in this pitiable situation."

Lord Keith pressed, relinquished the hand, and burst into tears; nor was there a dry eye that witnessed the sufferings of this venerated and venerable warrior. He lingered in acute pain three days, and his body was sent down to Malta.

We meet with "the breeze that gently rippled the waters," and similar repetitions of fine writing rather too frequently to accord well with a veteran sailor's phraseology. But, to let that pass, we hasten to glean some notices and anecdotes of another warrior, whose name will live long in history, the chivalrous but eccentric Sir Sidney Smith. This knight of the sword, says Lieut. Parsons, "I remember well, and have him in 'my mind's eye,' as he stepped on the quarter-deck of H. M. frigate 'El Carmen,' lying in Aboukir Bay, Egypt, in the latter part of the year 1801. He was then of middling stature, good looking, with tremendous moustachios, a pair of penetrating black eyes, an intelligent countenance, with a gentlemanly air, expressive of good nature and kindness of heart." Captain Selby of the El Carmen was ordered to England, to announce the British success in Egypt. The frigate however made tardy progress, having, by the advice of Sir Sidney, "hugged the Barbary coast close," in hopes of receiving the landwind at night. The leewind, however, "blew hard upon us and nearly wrecked the old tub off Cape Dern." The hero of Acre was coming home a passenger in the frigate. The extract now to be presented exhibits him characteristically, volunteering to board an American vessel in distress during a gale:—

On the following morning, the wind having moderated, we bore up and shook a reef out of the topsails, dropped the foresail, and stood under the stern of a large ship laboring heavily, with top-gallant yards across, on a topping sea, and American colors reversed.

"I am in a sinking state," said brother Jonathan, "and I calculate I shall only be able to keep her up two hours or so: the people are frightened and I am in a bit of a shake, therefore, Britisher, I will take it as a compliment if you will send your boat (mine are washed away) and save us from being drowned like rats in this tarnation leaky hooker."

"I will stay by you," said Captain Selby, "but no boat will live in this sea."

Upon this declaration Jonathan Corncob spat twice as fast as ever, and observed, "You might oblige us with a boat, Captain."

His passengers and crew did not take it in the same cool way their master did, but raised a great outcry, and threw up their hands to a superior power for aid, while, despairingly, they tried to induce us to send a boat. Sir Sidney's kind heart was touched by the scene.

"Captain Selby, if you will risk your lee-quarter cutter I will save, by the help of Heaven, those despairing creatures. Give me choice men,—good boatmen, Mr. Landon, and with your captain's permission, I will take you in the boat."

This speech relieved me from a heavy weight of care, for, as officer of the watch, it was my duty to share the risk with Sir Sidney, but I had no inclination to be drowned even in such good company, and his choice fell on the first lieutenant, (there is no accounting for taste.) It set both heart and mind at rest, for I fully concurred with my captain in opinion that no boat could live. Sir Sidney was the first man to spring into the lee-cutter. Captain Selby having remonstrated against his risking so valuable a life, was answered gaily by the gallant hero calling to our first luff, "Mr Landon, if your tackle-falls give way you will be drowned for your carelessness, as I intend to be lowered in the boat, and her tackle-falls should always be ready to bear any weight. Now for a bow and stern-fast well attended, and your two best quartermasters at the falls. Watch her roll, men, when I give the word, for on your attention and skill depend the lives of the cutter's crew, your first luff, to say nothing of my own, and Chips, the carpenter, whom with your leave, Captain Selby, I will take on board Jonathan, who I suspect is not so bad as stated, but rather lost in his reckoning. Additional stretchers in the boat, Mr. Landon,—each man with these in his hands to bear us off the side. Now, Captain Selby, place your frigate close on her weather quarter, to make a lee for us." And every man held his breath with consternation, as the gallant hero, watching the lee roll, loudly gave the word to lower away roundly, still louder to let go and unhook, on the celerity of which depended all their lives. I drew my breath freely when the boat showed her stern to the mountainous waves, impelled by her oars, as each billow threatened to engulph her, and the cool magnanimity of Sir Sidney, as he steered alongside the wall-sided monster of a Yankee, who rolled awfully as he sprang on board.

"I guess you are the captain of that there Britisher," said Jonathan Corncob, addressing the hero of Acre, "and I take your conduct as most particularly civil."

"I am only a passenger in yon frigate, and am called Sir Sidney Smith. But let your carpenter show mine where he thinks the leak is, and I shall be glad to look at your chart."

"You shall see it, Sidney Smith, (we do not acknowledge titles in our free country,") and Jonathan unrolled a very greasy chart before Sir Sidney.

"I do not see any track pricked off. What was your longitude at noon yesterday? and what do you think your drift has been since that time?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Sidney Smith, I havn't begun to reckon yet, but mate and I was about it when the gale came on; I think we are about here;" and Jonathan Corncob covered many degrees with the broad palm of his hand; "Mate thinks we are more to the eastward."

This convinced Sir Sidney that he rightly guessed that the man was lost. Americans, long, long ago, were not pre-eminent as now in navigation, and were generally and irreverently called God's ships. The carpenter by this time had diminished the leak, and Sir Sidney, giving Captain Corncob the bearings and distance of Brest, only a day's sail dead to leeward, offered to take him and his crew on board the El Carmen, leaving the boat's crew to run the tarnation leaky hooker into Brest, and claiming half her value as salvage.

But Jonathan gravely demurred; and calling to mate, "Reverse our stripes and place our stars uppermost again where they should be," while he kindly slapped Sir Sidney on the shoulder, calling him an honest fellow from the old country, and in the fulness of his gratitude offered him a quid of tobacco and a glass of brandy.

Sir Sidney got on board without accident, and Jonathan Corncob made sail for Brest, where I trust (but never heard) that he safely arrived.

Sir Sidney's manners, we are told, "would have done honor to Lord Chesterfield's tuition." "He was the life of the ship, composed songs and sang them; full of anecdote, so well told, that you lost sight of the little bit of egotism they smacked of." He "shortened his moustachios daily, according to our run made in the night, fully determined to get rid of them by our arrival in England." Sir Sidney "asserted that rats fed cleaner and were better eating than pigs or ducks, and, agreeably to his wish, a dish of these beautiful vermin were caught daily with fish-hooks, well-baited, in the provision hold, for the ship was infested with them, and served up at the captain's table." The knight, we are also informed, was a perfect Nimrod at running; for so fleet a-foot he was, that when reconnoitering the French army before Acre, and the enemy's sharp shooters had been thrown forward with a desire to make him their target, "he would enter the breach in the walls, where Jezza Pacha made his bed every night during the siege, before his companions were half way."

We have now given samples of the staple of the "Reminiscences." What more can we do to insure the popularity of the book?

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

WHERE art thou *not*, fair spirit, in this world
Of light and shade?—there may be those who say
They see thee not, nor feel thy glorious sway:
But these are few. Beneath thy pow'r unfurl'd
We walk this earth. Ah! even when we deem
The sunshine of thy presence far removed,
A thought, a hope, will show us that thy beam
Is near us still. How often hast thou proved
Our saving guide!—the heart led on by thee
Has found at last what worldly wisdom ne'er
Could give alone—a spring of faith—to be
For ever tasted and for ever clear.
And mirror'd on its waters we behold
All that the heart hath laid within its inmost fold.

EMMA B.

WHAT PLEASURE IT IS TO PAY ONE'S DEBTS.—I remember to have heard Sir T. Lyttleton make the same observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence which is so very interesting to an honest mind; it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions; it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue; and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound economy. Finally, it is the main support of simple reputation.—*Shenstone.*

A FIGHT IN THE DARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLON CLINK," "TEXIANA," ETC. ETC.

From Ainswoth's Magazine.

Frankly admitting that duels of every common kind, and some of a very uncommon description also, have been written upon until the very name, when seen in print, bears very much the unsavory character of a literary nuisance, I yet venture to add another to the number, since it may deservedly be considered the crowning fight, both for its singularity and its barbarity, of all hitherto placed on record. Savage and deadly as is the general character of duelling in the Southern States of America—epidemical as it is decidedly stated to be in some places, (Orleans, for instance,) increasing materially in the heats of summer, and declining as the weather cools,—and in the face of all we have heard concerning Kentucky "gouging" and biting off of ears and noses,—this "Fight in the Dark," which took place in Florida, stands pre-eminent and alone. Germany cannot match it, and by its side, an English duel is mere child's play! That poor humanity should ever become excited to such an act will appear marvellous—but it is no less true. At least, it is no fiction of mine—and a very savage kind of imagination must any novelist have possessed who could have purely invented it.

The parties in this affair were Colonel —— and a young man, I believe a surgeon, whom he chanced accidentally to meet, one evening, at a liquor-store. Whether the colonel was of the "regular army," as Webb, of New York, designates himself, or only one of those very numerous colonels in America who never either handled a sword or rode in the field, even of a review, my informant did not state; though, from his insolent and quarrelsome disposition, I should, as an Englishman, naturally conclude he was no soldier. This, however, at least he was—one of those not uncommon characters to be met with in the South—a man who had accquired for himself a "first-rate" reputation as not only a dead shot with either pistol or rifle, but also as being equally *au fait* and formidable in the uses of the bowie-knife. Whichever he might fight with, was a matter of perfect indifference to him—as in any one of the three cases, his antagonist generally enjoyed some three or four chances, to the colonel's one, of losing his life. Hence, few cared to receive an insult from him, or, under almost any circumstances, to offer him one. He became, in his neighbourhood, (and as far as a man can become such, in that part of the world,) an object at once fearful, detestable, and arrogant in the extreme. Few men but wished him killed off-hand, or hoped, that at the earliest convenient opportunity, he might find his match.

The young man, who, on the occasion I am about to relate, eventually entered the field with this uncivilized fellow, happened, neither by reputation nor in fact, to possess the horrible accomplishments of the colonel. He was a quiet, unassuming citizen, with no further title to the character of a duellist than many attach to the majority of his fellow-men in those fighting regions.

The inn, or liquor-store, in which the scene took place, stood by the forest, although an extensive patch of roughly-cleared ground surrounded it, and the night of its occurrence having suddenly proved very rainy and dark, many of those who had previously assembled there were detained beyond their time, while occasional wayfarers, to avoid the storm, added to their numbers. Amongst these latter were two individuals, one of whom, before his entrance, was overheard, by some in the entrance, to say to his companion, with a fearful oath peculiar to certain people in the South—

"By——! Major, I'll raise a fight to-night, before I go!"

"No, no, colonel!" replied the other—"stop a moment. Is there any man here you have a difficulty with?"

"No—not that I know of; but what does that matter?"

"Then why go into a bar for the sake of picking a quarrel with a stranger, either to kill him or get killed yourself?"

"Kill me!—ah! ah! major, don't grind coffee on my nose!—you couldn't do it yourself! Let any man try, and the way I'll use him up shall be a caution, I tell you!"

And so saying, the colonel strode in, and made his way towards the bar, where he ordered brandy, and while drinking it, cast his eyes around upon a respectable body of men there assembled—a body commonly called, according to this kind of classical American, "a tallish kind of a crowd."

His general insolence of demeanor soon attracted attention, but for a while he failed to fix upon any particular individual as his intended victim.

Meantime, his friend the major,—probably another such major as he himself a colonel—was observed to address him earnestly, but in a low tone of voice, though seemingly with the intention of keeping him quiet. These efforts failed—and with more brandy came more determination. Eventually, his eye fell upon two persons, one the young man who was to be slaughtered, to whom allusion has already been made, and the other an aged one—perhaps his father. They were engaged in close private conversation, the younger of the two being then the speaker. The colonel seemed to listen attentively, and having drawn somewhat nearer, very soon exclaimed aloud—

"It is *not* the case!"

Many turned their heads towards the speaker, with a slight expression of surprise, as being unconscious who he was addressing; his friend, who now stood aloof, but kept his eyes upon him,beckoned him back, but in vain, while the individual really most interested in this commencement of the attack was too absorbed in his own discourse to hear, or to remark, the exclamation at all.

By and by, the colonel a second time spoke, but in a louder key—

"I say it's false!"

On this occasion, the young man almost involuntarily looked up, and his eyes met those of the colonel, for towards him were many directed. But he seemed not yet to comprehend that *his* private conversation with his aged friend was alluded to. It was, therefore, immediately afterwards continued.

By this time, scarcely another voice in the room was heard—suspense as to the result, and curiosity concerning this unaccountable conduct, having produced considerable silence.

For the third time, the colonel exclaimed—

"I say it's a lie!" and at the same instant, fixing his eyes, with an expression of perfect ferocity, upon his predetermined antagonist. Many others also looked in the same direction. The young man could no longer remain deceived. He mildly but determinedly asked—

"Is that addressed to me?"

"It is!" roared the colonel. "I say again, it's all a lie!"

A steady look of utter contempt was the only answer he received; and he that gave it resumed his discourse as before.

Several now shrunk back, confident that a fight would ensue, and anxious to keep out of the way. Some minutes elapsed ere the intending murderer opened his lips for the fourth time, and then it was to denounce his victim as "himself a liar and a coward!" The latter, thereupon, deliberately rose from his seat, and advancing, with the utmost apparent composure, towards his antagonist, (who, probably, had no idea of such a salutation from such a man,) struck him boldly in the face with his fist, and instantly fell back, to stand upon his defence with the knife.

The colonel rushed forwards, like a tiger, but his friend, the major, seized him, and all interfered to prevent the immediate effusion of blood. This being effected, a challenge was immediately given by the colonel, and accepted, and the morrow morning was proposed as the period for the meeting. To the surprise, however, of some of the bystanders, the challenged party insisted on an immediate decision, and that the combat should terminate only with life. "To kill or be killed," said he, "is now my only alternative, and the sooner one or the other is done the better."

On hearing this, the colonel also furiously demanded an instantaneous settlement of the affair, said his friends had no right to prevent it, and swore that if he did not conclude the business at the first shot, he would consent to stand as a target only the following two times. Both parties were, of course, by this period, highly excited. Different propositions were loudly vociferated by as many different parties present, until more than one case of "difficulty" of this kind appeared likely to be brought to its "sum total" before the morning sun. It was suggested that they should go out on to the clearing, have two blazing fires made at a proper distance, the combatants being placed between them, so that they could see each other against the light behind—or that they should fight by the blaze of pitch-pine splinters—or decide the question, at once, across a table.

In the midst of all this uproar, the young man challenged was questioned, by several of the more temperate persons present, as to his knowledge of the character and reputation enjoyed by his antagonist, the colonel. He replied that he knew nothing whatever concerning him, and had never even seen him before; two facts which, in his opinion, highly aggravated the repeated and intentional insults he had received. They accordingly advised him on the subject of the colonel's prowess, and urgently recommended him to adopt the following two courses,—to select no other weapon than the rifle, and to defer the decision until daylight. By no other arrangement could he possibly have a chance.

All was in vain, as he firmly adhered to his previously expressed determination; and equally vain were the painful and even pathetic remonstrances of his aged friend.

Reconciliation, even during the space of a few hours, being thus rendered impossible, and all the already proposed modes of fighting being rejected or unattended to, a new proposition was made. It was distinctly—that in order to disarm one of the parties of his decided general advantages as a duellist—to prevent the other, as far as possible, from being butchered as well as wantonly insulted,—and, in short, to place both upon as perfect an equality as possible, the following articles ought to be agreed to:—That the landlord should give up the use of a large, empty room, that extended over the whole top of his house, and allow every window to be closely blocked up with shutters or boards. That, when this was done, the duellists should be divested of every particle of clothing, armed each with a brace of pistols and a bowie-knife,* and then be let into the room—three minutes being given, after the closing of the door, before hostilities commenced, the expiration of the time being announced to them by three rapid knocks upon the door.

Will it be believed that this arrangement was instantly agreed to? But so it was. And a tolerable party immediately proceeded up stairs, some to make the needful arrangements, and others to listen to this unseen fight, and await its exciting result.

Savage as men's spirits may be, such a scene of preparation as this was enough to silence, if not to awe them. While it was passing, no man spoke, but all looked curiously upon the fine muscular persons that were soon, in all probability, about to cut up each other alive.

All things being ready, the door, which had cautiously been kept closed, to prevent the interior of the place from being seen by the duellists, was opened, and they entered the room of death together. The old man, whose friend one of them was, wept in silent bitterness, but by an involuntary action, as the young man passed out of his sight, evidently besought heaven to assist the insulted and the innocent. The door was closed. The time-keeper drew out his watch, and kept his eyes steadily fixed upon it. The assembled party employed that brief period in offering and accepting (in whispers) bets of from one to five hundred and more dollars, as to the result. According to sporting phrase, "the colonel was the favorite," though the backers of neither one nor the other appeared inclined to offer very long odds.

The time-keeper closed his watch, and gave the signal; at the same moment all the lights on the landing and staircase were extinguished, in order that no ray might pass through the least crevice into the inside of the room.

Every body expected, upon the giving of the signal, to hear the commencement of the strife; but they listened in dead silence to no purpose; not the remotest sound, even of a footstep, could be heard. And thus they waited five minutes, and ten, and twenty, and yet the combatants gave no sign. After the lapse, as near as might be conjectured, of half an hour or thereabouts, one pistol was discharged; and although the listeners had been in the continued expectation of it so long, yet when it did come, a sudden start of surprise ran through them, as though each man had instantly felt that he might have received the contents himself. And then followed a hasty step across the floor—another pistol report—the clashing of knives, and a brief but seemingly desperate attempt to wrestle, which quickly terminated, and all again was quiet.

"It's all up!" whispered one—"I'll bet drinks for the crowd!"

"Taken!" said another—"I begin to want a julep!"

"Fifty to forty the colonel has killed him!" remarked a third;—"he was a very nice young man, but he can't come in this time!"

And thus would they have gone on, had not the third report been just then heard, followed by a prolonged conflict hand to hand, and knife to knife, in the course of which the fourth pistol was exploded. The strokes of the knives began to grow less frequent, and more faint in sound; but ere they had entirely ceased, a heavy body dropped with a dead sound upon the floor of the room. Another instant, and there followed another fall.

Some individuals present were for opening the door immediately; but this proposition was overruled, on the ground that if the fight were not yet over, the most able might take advantage of the appearance of the light to kill the other, even lying on the boards.

About half an hour was, if I recollect aright, allowed to pass in close and attentive listening to catch the most distant sound from within. None was heard; and at the expiration of that period, amidst a crowd of the most horrible of anxious faces, the door was opened, and the whole party rushed in. Towards the remoter end, and not far from the wall, lay a heap like red cloth. It was composed of the gashed and bloody bodies of the duellists! One lay across the other. They were taken up, and something like a distant murmur of applause followed, when it was discovered that THE COLONEL WAS UNDERMOST!

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* The knife would, in all probability, be held between the teeth.

But many who best knew him spoke outright their gladness, when an examination proved that he was perfectly dead. Both bodies were so mangled, that it was next to impossible to handle them without touching the wounds.

The best of it was, however, that the conqueror of this fearful white savage was found to be still alive. He was taken down stairs instantly; stimulants were given, and he began to revive. His body was then carefully washed; after which, being cautiously wrapped up, he was conveyed away to the nearest surgeon's, some time after midnight.

The room exhibited a spectacle not to be described.

The young man eventually recovered entirely of all his wounds, and was often congratulated on having rid the country of a monster whom few dared to attack.

This was not all. During his convalescence, inquiries were frequently made of him as to the mode in which the fight was managed; and he accordingly gave the following curious account, as nearly as the writer can remember:—

"When the door was closed," said he, "we were surrounded by the most profound darkness. It seemed for some moments to confound the senses, and be close to my eyes. During the three minutes allowed before the battle might begin, my principal aim was to get away from my antagonist into another part of the room, without his knowledge, and to stand there by the wall until, perhaps, he should make some movement, by the sound of which I could be directed in my attack. The crowd outside was as still as death. I held my breath, and treading so lightly that I could not hear my own footfalls, I stole away towards that side of the room on which I entered. Whether he had calculated that I should naturally do so, and had therefore taken the same direction, nobody can now tell; but no sooner had I stood still to listen for him, than I found he was somewhere about me —I could hear his breathing. With the greatest caution and silence, I hastened to another part, expecting every moment either that he would run against me, or I against him. And in this kind of manœuvering, sometimes to get away, and sometimes to approach, if I fancied, though why I know not, that an advantage might be gained, the greatest part of the silent half hour you speak of was spent.

"At length, having safely reached the opposite side, I stood still, resolved not to move again until he either approached, having perhaps found me out, or by some means or other I could discover his position in the room. Having now got beyond his reach, I felt that to be motionless on my part was the wisest step; and calculated that his passion and fury would soon lead him on to the exhibition of less caution. Nothing of the kind occurred, and yet the first ball discharged was mine. A mouse could have been heard to stir; but we were perfectly lost to each other.

"Eventually, whether my eyes had become more accommodated to the blackness, or from whatever cause, but true enough it is, I perceived a pair of eyes on the other side nearly opposite to me. They shone like those of a hyena in the night. I fired instantly, and rushed forward. The flash showed me the colonel crouched down against the wall, and must equally have directed him to me. He fired as he advanced, but missed. We were almost close together. The empty pistols were thrown down, and the knives used. He rushed on with great ferocity, and tried to grapple with me, but I slipped out of his arms; and for an instant, being quite separated, both stood still, listening for the place of the other. I think he must have heard me, for he fired a second time with such effect as you all have seen. Nothing but his knife now remained; I had knife and pistol. We were so close together, that he was upon me almost as soon as his pistol-ball. The latter staggered me a little at the moment, but I met him with the knife, and from that time we never separated again. My object was to keep him from closing upon me, until I could be as certain as darkness would permit of using my last ball to advantage. In consequence of that, I retreated in various ways, both still fighting, sometimes on the open floor, and sometimes knocking ourselves with violence against the wall.

"I was growing faint. I found my strength failing, and then I fired my second pistol. The light instantaneously made, showed both men redder than the Indian in the field of battle. I heard that he staggered, and rushed with all my strength upon him. He still fought a little, but suddenly dropped before me, and more than that I do not know."

Such is the tale, as nearly as the writer can remember, that was related to him. Should it be said that he met with a romancist, in that case, his only hope is that he may meet with another such every day of his life; though his firm and well-founded belief is, that all the details are perfectly true.

TALES OF THE COLONIES.

From the Monthly Review.

Tales of the Colonies; or, the Adventures of an Emigrant. Edited by a late Colonial Magistrate.

We last month had merely the opportunity of noticing in the briefest fashion these "Tales of the Colonies," but drew copiously from some of the earlier sketches and adventures of the Emigrant. On further acquaintanceship with the work we are prepared not only to reiterate, but to go beyond our former praise and recommendation of its contents. It is decidedly original: for it traverses a country that is new, pictures the most striking scenes and objects in nature as met with in untamed or partially cultured regions, and presents contrasts of the boldest character. It is a penetrating guide even in such a luxuriantly wild country, abounding with retrospective as well as prospective glimpses that are clear and strong, drawing forcibly upon one's sympathies, and arousing to healthful flow and action the sentiments. It is an original work in manner of treatment as well as in respect of subject. As narratives, seldom has human writing been more truthful than these tales, more fresh in regard to life and nature, more various yet faithful in respect of character, or more exciting in point of incident; the author having gone on in his strength and glee with perfect self-confiding, and with a perfect knowledge of what he wrote about.

Let no one suppose that because the work passes under the name of Tales, that therefore nothing better than feigned things, merely to amuse the devourer of novels, enter into these volumes; for the fact is that the reader can no more doubt of the truth of the narratives than were it a book of De Foe's that he had before him, nor rise from the perusal of a single passage, be the subject gay or sad,—of beautiful civilization or of savage features—without being instructed and bettered. It is very remarkable that where there is so much of simplicity and also of particular detail as the late Colonial Magistrate deals in, there should be so many points and so great attraction; the reason partly at least being that the author is full of the subject that may happen to be in hand, as well as having a full view of it: that his contemplation of it is direct; and that his purpose is manly and far-reaching. We do not hesitate to say, that for a settler in a new country, and especially if similarly circumstanced with Van Diemen's land, a truer, a more informing, or a more inspiriting publication does not exist. Every thing seems to be shown and taught that is necessary, or can offer itself to the emigrants' observation or necessities. And then there are such healthfulness of principle, such traits of genuine humanity, and so many touches of well-timed humor, good-natured wit, and sly satire, that the book contains large quantities of food for every phase of feeling and order of appetite. But on all occasions when speaking of a work of sterling merit, and large abundance, nothing is more unsatisfactory than the vague eulogy, and the generalities which one must utter if limited to a few sentences. We therefore without further preface introduce a story that is exceedingly well told, besides being illustrative of some of the more terrible experiences in colonial history, during the infancy of settlement.

Had we room and time it would be easy to give many specimens in which the writer surpasses, whether viewed as a person of literary skill, of mental vigor, or of raciness of description and portraiture. But we must desist.

"My presence of mind almost forsook me at this crisis. Escape seemed impossible; and I felt that I was doomed to the most horrible of deaths—that of being burnt alive!

"The light of the flames increased, and the smoke inside the hut became almost insufferable! Feeling that if I remained where I was, death was certain, I determined to make a desperate effort to escape. There was a little wind, which blew the smoke in the direction of the back of the hut; the natives, as I knew by their cries, were assembled in the front.

"I determined to attempt my escape by the back window, hoping that the smoke in that direction would serve to conceal my exit at the moment of getting out of the window, when my position would be defenceless. I hastily tore down my barricade of logs, and jumped through the opening into the smoke. I was almost suffocated, but, with my gun in my hand, I dashed through it.

"For the moment I was not perceived; but the natives soon got sight of me, and a volley of spears around me, one of which struck me in the back, but dropped out again, proclaimed that they were in chase. I kept on running as long as I could towards a tree that was in the middle of the little plain over which I was passing, intending to make that my fighting place, by setting my back to it, and so to protect myself in the rear.

"The spears flew around me and near me, but I reached the tree, and instantly turning round, I fired among the advancing natives. This checked them, for they were now becoming afraid of my formidable weapon, and seeing that I stood resolute and prepared for them, they retreated to some distance; but they continued to throw some spears, most of which fell short, and kept up a shouting and yelling in a frightful manner, capering and dancing about in a sort of frenzy,—ferocious to get at me, but kept at bay by my terrible gun.

"My blood was now up! I was excited to a pitch of joyful exultation by my escape from the burning hut, and I felt that courage of excitement which almost prompted me to rush on my enemies, and to bring the matter to an issue by a bodily conflict with my broadsword. But prudence prevailed; and I placed my hope and my dependence on my trusty gun, which had already done me such good service.

"Taking advantage of the temporary inaction of the natives, I felt for my powder-horn, to reload the barrel which I had discharged. To my unspeakable horror and disappointment it was missing! I searched every pocket in vain! I had laid it on the table in the hut, and there I had left it! To recover it was impossible, as the hut was all in flames, and while I gazed on the burning mass, a dull report and a burst of sparks from the building made known to me that the powder had become ignited, and was lost to me for ever!

"In my agony of mind at this discovery, my hair seemed to bristle up; and the sweat ran down my forehead and obscured my sight! I now felt that nothing but a miracle could save me: but the love of life increasing in proportion to the danger of losing it, I once more summoned up my failing energies for a last effort. I had three barrels loaded; one in my fowling-piece and two in my pistols; I had also my broadsword, but that would not avail me against their spears.

"If I could hold out till night, I thought I might be able then to elude my savage enemies, as the natives have a fear of moving about at night, believing that in the darkness an evil spirit roams about, seeking to do them mischief. and who then has power over them. Casting my eyes upwards to the branches of the tree under which I was standing, I observed that it was easy to climb, and there appeared to me indications of a hollow in the trunk between the principal branches, which might serve me for a place of shelter till the night should enable me, under the cover of its darkness, to escape from my pursuers.

"I formed my plan on the instant, and without losing a moment I slung my gun behind me, and, catching hold of a branch within reach, I clambered up. The natives who were watching my motions, renewed their shouts and yells at this manœuvre, and rushed towards the tree in a body.

"I scrambled as fast as I could to the fork of the tree, and found to my infinite relief that my anticipation was right; there was a hollow large enough to admit my whole body, and effectually to shield me from the spears of the savages. As my foot reached the bottom, it encountered some soft body, which I quickly learnt was an opossum, the owner of the habitation, which asserted its rights by a sharp attack on the calf of my leg with teeth and claws; I was not in a humor to argue the matter with my new assailant, so with my thick bush shoes I trampled the creature down into a jelly, though it left its remembrances on my torn flesh, which smarted not a little. When I recovered my breath, I listened to ascertain the motions of my enemies outside.

"They had ceased their yells, and there was a dead silence, so that I could hear my own quick breathing within the trunk of the tree. 'What are they about?' thought I. While I mentioned ejaculately this thought, I felt an agitation of the tree, from which I guessed that some venturous savage was climbing up to attack me in my retreat. I cautiously raised myself up to look around me, but the appearance of my hat above the hole was the signal for half-a-dozen spears, three of which passed through it, one of them grazing the scalp of my head. 'That plan will not do,' thought I; 'I must keep close.'

"As I crouched myself down, I thought I heard a breathing above me. I looked up, and behold the hideous visage of one of the savages glaring on me with his white eyeballs, which exhibited a ferocious sort of exultation. He had his waddie in his hand, which he slowly raised to give me a pat on the head, thinking that he had me quite safe, like an opossum in his hole. 'You're mistaken, my beauty,' thought I; 'I'm not done for yet.' Drawing out one of my pistols from my pocket, which was rather a matter of difficulty in my confined position, I fired. The ball crashed through his face and skull, and I heard his dead body fall heavily to the ground.

"A yell of fear and rage arose from his black companions. I took advantage of the opportunity, and raised myself up so as to look about me, but their threatening spears soon drove me back to my retreat. There was now another pause and a dead silence; and I flattered myself with the hope that the savages, having been so frequently baffled, and having suffered so much in their attacks, would now retire. But the death and the wounds of their comrades, it appears, only whetted their rage, and stimulated them to fresh endeavors; and the cunning devices of that devilish savage Musqueeto were turned in a new and more fatal direction.

"As I lay in my retreat, I heard a sound as if heavy materials were being dragged towards the tree. I ventured to peep out, and beheld the savages busy in piling dead wood round the trunk, with the intention as I immediately surmised, of setting fire to it, and of burning me in my hole.

"My conjectures were presently verified. I saw emerging from the wood one of their females, bearing the lighted fire-sticks which the natives always carry with them in their journeys. I looked on these preparations as a neglected but not indifferent spectator, the natives disregarding my appearance above the opening, and waiting with a sort of savage patience for the sure destruction which they were preparing for me.

"The native women approached with the fire, and the natives, forming a circle round the tree, performed a dance of death as a prelude to my sacrifice. I was tempted to fire on them; but I did not like to part with my last two shots, except in an extremity even greater than this.

"In the meantime the natives continued their dance, seeming to enjoy the interval between me and death, like the epicure who delays his attack on the delicious feast before him, that he may the longer enjoy the exciting pleasure of anticipation. Presently, however, their death-song broke out into loud cries of fury; they applied the fire to the faggots, and as the blaze increased, they danced and yelled around the tree in a complete delirium of rage and exultation.

"The fire burned up!—the smoke ascended! I already felt the horrid sensation of being stifled by the thick atmosphere of smoke before the flames encompassed me. In this extremity, I determined, at least, to inflict some vengeance on my savage persecutors.

"I scrambled up from my hiding-place, and crawled as far as I could on one of the branches which was most free from the suffocating smoke and heat, and fired the remaining barrel of my fowling-piece at the yelling wretches, which I then hurled at their heads. I did the same with my remaining pistol, when, to my amazement, I heard the reports of other guns; but whether they were the echoes of my own, or that my failing senses deceived me, I know not, for the smoke and flames now mastered me. Stifled and scorched, I remember only falling from the branch of the tree, which was not high, to the ground, when my senses left me.

"I was roused from my trance of death by copious deluges of water, and I heard a voice which was familiar to me exclaiming—

"'Well, if this is not enough to disgust a man with this horrid country, I don't know what he would have more! For years and years I have been preaching to him that nothing good could come of this wretched den of bush-rangers and natives, and now, you see, the evil is come at last!'

"I opened my eyes at these words. It was the voice of Crabb, whom heaven had directed with a party of friends to this spot to deliver me! Overcome with the intensity of my emotions, racked with pain, and sick from the very fulness of joy at my escape from death, I uttered a piercing cry of mingled pain and delight, and fainted!"

DEATH.

BY MISS PARDOE.

This is a world of care,
And many thorns upon its pathway lie;
Weep not, then, mothers, for your fond and fair—
Let the young die!

Joys are like summer flowers,
And soon the blossoms of their beauty fall;
Clouds gloom o'er both; brief are of both the hours—
Death ends them all!

This is a world of strife,
Of feverish struggles, and satiety,
And blighted enterprise—what then is life?
Let the strong die!

All human love is vain,
And human might is but an empty sound;
Power both of mind and body bringeth pain—
Death is its bound!

This is a world of wo,
Of heaviness, and of anxiety;
Why cling we then to evils that we know?
Let the old die!

Wrestlings with fell disease,
Vain lamentations o'er departed years;
Is not age rife with these?
Death dries all tears!

This is a world of pain;
There is a "better land" beyond the sky;
A humble spirit may that portion gain—
Let the just die!

But let those shrink with dread,
Whose days have been of evil, lest they find,
When all their earthly hopes are withered,
Despair behind!

Let them implore for aid,
A fitter record of their years to give;
And lean on Him who mercifully bade
The sinner live!

Calico Printing.—Great as have been the improvements in this branch of the cotton trade, there is every probability of still greater ones taking place, and which appear calculated to produce a complete revolution of the present system. There are two methods by which it is sought to be done. The first, which claims priority of notice from its great novelty, is that which is termed the galvanic process; and which those who profess to be in the secret are pleased to aver, is accomplished something after the following fashion:—Let it be supposed, then, that a piece of calico has to be printed by this process. This is done by machine and roller, in the ordinary way, but on which roller is placed or fixed (not engraven) a pattern composed of various metals, as iron, tin, brass, zinc, &c. This premised, the roller now passes through an acid (its composition a secret,) and coming in contact with the cloth, imparts thereon the desired pattern, say black, blue, green, red, &c.; and on the piece passing through the machine, and being then quickly dried, the work is perfect without being subject to any other process. The other method, and which has been successfully tried, is that of laying on the colors (supposed mineral ones) in oil. This is also effected by machine and roller, but with an engraved pattern. The colors, by either of the processes, will, it is said, be fast ones—a most important desideratum.—*Manchester Herald.*

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

From Tait's Magazine.

History of the Sandwich Islands. By James Jackson Jarves. London: Moxon.

If it be true that the Sandwich Islands have been taken formal possession of in the name of the Queen of Great Britain, this history of our newest colony appears opportunely. But independently of this circumstance, the work is one that was wanted, and, moreover, one which fairly, if not faultlessly, supplies the want felt. The author appears to be an American, who, partly "in pursuit of health and recreation," visited the Sandwich Islands in 1837, and remained for some years. He became the editor of *The Polynesian*, a weekly newspaper, published at Honolu; which vocation brought him into intimate relations with the chiefs and natives, and enlarged his opportunities of acquiring the materials which he has turned to good account in this history. He went with a strong prejudice against his countrymen, the missionaries, and imagining the natives, (the Hawaiians,) though improved in morals, a priest-ridden people. In the course of a four years' residence he completely changed this opinion. Much of the curious information which he obtained respecting the history, manners, religion, and traditions of the islands of the Hawaiian Archipelago has been derived from the missionaries, and especially from those of them who were schoolmasters. A history written in the native language by the pupils of what is called the High School at Lahainaluna has been translated by a late American missionary, and has been drawn upon for materials. The Tour of the Rev. Mr. Ellis, and the Missionary Records, have also furnished much useful information. The volume displays no fact more clearly than the extreme jealousy which the Americans feel of British interference with these islands, or with what they seem to assume as their superior claims. The Oregon Territory, according to Mr. Jarves, would ill compensate for the loss of the Sandwich Islands, and next to occupying them, the United States Government, or many of the citizens, would wish to see their independence guaranteed. There are more natives of the United States at present in the Sandwich Islands than of all other foreigners put together. Next to Yankees in number are the Chinese. The native population shows a tendency to decrease, and has decreased considerably within the last twenty years, though the rate of mortality is less within the last few years.

As the past condition of these islands is less familiar to ordinary readers than their history, since the Missionaries have labored to civilize and Christianize them, we shall select our few samples of this work from the description of the earlier period.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF HAWAII.

No regular police existed. The immediate attendants of the chiefs executed their orders. These attendants were numerous, every person of rank being supplied according to his grade. A certain number were bosom friends, who always remained privileged idlers about the persons of their lords, having no voice in political affairs; the others held different offices in the household, more or less menial, and constituted a permanent establishment. The principal of these were "pipe lighters," "spittoon carriers," "*kahili* bearers," "purloiners," "assassins," "cooks," &c. All ate, drank, and slept in common.

These retinues were formed immediately upon the birth of a chief of either sex, and each was designated by some peculiar title, generally of a whimsical character—as "the fragments," "musquitoes," "umbrellas," &c. The care of the children devolved upon "*kahus*," or nurses, who assumed the sole direction, until the child was capable of exercising its own will; a period which, as no contradiction to its caprices was allowed, soon arrived.

Rank was hereditary, and descended chiefly from the females, who frequently held the reins of government in their own right. This custom originated in the great license existing between the sexes; no child, with certainty, being able to designate his father, while no mistake could be made in regard to the mother.

Three distinct orders of nobles existed. The first embraced the kings, queens, and all branches of the royal family. It also included the chief advisers or counsellors, though of inferior birth. Governors, or chiefs of large districts, were included in the second; and the third embraced the lords of villages, priests, and those who held estates, by payment of regular taxes, which were raised by their own dependents, or those to whom they had farmed out lands.

Servile homage was paid to superiors, particularly to priests and chiefs of the highest rank. Their persons could not be touched, or their houses entered, without permission. . . . .

Among the chiefs a considerable degree of courtesy prevailed, and a difference of language and demeanor, which betokened conscious rank. Perhaps in no other point was the exclusiveness of the aristocracy more strongly characterized. In every department of life a distinction was made, as if contact with the people by touch, use of the same articles, houses, food, or bathing places, would produce contamination. From such rules and deportment, so great a physical difference arose, that many superficial observers considered the two as distinct races. The chiefs formed a conventional dialect, understood only among themselves; in it novel words were incorporated or formed, which, if they came to be understood by the common orders, were immediately discarded, and others substituted. Towards the common people their conduct was of the most oppressive character. No respect to their persons or property was shown. Their only security was to avoid their presence. To use the expressive language of their descendants, "their restrictions were like the poisoned tooth of a reptile." If a common man made use of any consecrated property belonging to a chief; or if a man walked in the shade of the house of a chief, with his head besmeared with clay, or with a wreath about it, with it wet, or wearing a *kihei*—a *kapa* mantle—or violated any one of numerous other regulations, equally whimsical and absurd, he lost his life. At sea, if their canoes interrupted their progress, they were overturned; on land, if the shadow of an individual fell upon the king, or he did not prostrate him self when any thing was carried to or from his majesty, the punishment was death. This was likewise the case, should any one place his hand upon his head, or be found in a more elevated position. The laws of etiquette were of the most varied nature, dependent greatly upon the caprices of the prince. Justice, or humanity, were utterly set aside, though, as before remarked, the personal disposition of the sovereign greatly affected the whole system of government. But the humane character of the few was but a slight relief from the cruel and capricious desires of the many. Priestcraft lent all its adventitious aids to support this system, from which it derived its own existence. So that but two classes really existed, the oppressor and oppressed—those who labored and those who reaped.

Ordeals were employed by the priests, and sorcery, witchcraft, and divination were among their arts. A peculiar superstition, "praying to death," appears to have had as strong a hold over the imaginations of the natives, as the Obi has over the Africans. "No spirit of benevolence pervaded their religion." How uniformly does this hold of every Heathen superstition!

Savage rites and blood-loving deities, a cruel priesthood and rapacious governments, inhuman faiths and absurd superstitions, were the burdens which the people were required to believe and sustain. From the perusal of the stories of this dark era, as gathered from their own lips, it would seem as if human depravity had reached its limits, and that the people must have gradually wasted away, like a mass of corruption, or have boldly cast off the slough with which they were enveloped.

Yet these people had some confused idea of a future state of rewards and punishments. The goddess *Pele*, their principal Deity, was supposed to live in the famous volcano of Kilanea.

Here, with her attendant spirits, she revelled in the flames; the unearthly noises of the burning mass were the music of their dance, and they bathed in the red surge of the fiery billows, as it dashed against the sides of the crater.

The overthrow of the goddess, which we do not find noticed in this volume, forms a remarkable event in the Missionary annals. There was no limit to the number of subordinate gods in the Sandwich Islands. The power of the priests, there as everywhere, was maintained by the severity of their rule, and by the systematic prostration of the understanding of their followers; though, like other priests, they knew human nature too well not to permit a Carnival to relieve the gloom and severities of the season of Lent. Human victims were sacrificed to the idols, and were often selected from such individuals as made themselves obnoxious to the priests. The priests held in their own hands much of the land, and taxed the whole of it; and, like the nobles of England, their rank was hereditary.

The power of the priest, though it partook more of a religious character, was scarcely inferior to that of the chiefs. Their persons were sacred, from their supposed familiarity with the gods. It sometimes happened that a chief took the sacred offices upon himself, though, perhaps, from the nature of the intimate connexion existing between the two orders, the absolute power, both in politics and religion, centered in the head of the state. . . . . One fact is everywhere apparent: the spiritual, like the temporal lords of the people, amid all their vagaries, never neglected their own interests. Every ceremony or superstition was framed to aid their already overgrown power; humanity, or a regard for the rights of their inferiors, would have been received as monstrous deviations from the true policy of government. Perhaps they governed no more harshly than could have been expected from a privileged order, nursed in selfishness and brutality.

Like the priests of some Christian countries, those of Hawaii possessed many immunities and privileges.

Offerings to the gods, or more properly to the priests, were required at definite periods, as at all religious ceremonies, and on all occasions when the people desired their services. The wants of the priesthood regulated the amount; and when the regular taxes failed in supplying their desires, the wishes of the god were called into requisition, and the coveted articles tabued for his use. Orisons, chants, and offerings, were made by the priests at their meals. Even in the care of their fowls and quadrupeds, they enjoyed remarkable privileges. When hogs were received alive, they were dedicated to the god of the order, received his marks, and were turned loose, to fatten upon the plantations of the poor cultivators; no one daring openly to injure or drive away the sacred animals.

How many common features does the history of every human tribe present!

The taboo, or *tabu*, as we find the word spelled here, is a very singular feature among the social institutions of all the Islanders of the South Seas. From its obvious utility, an improved or modified form of the *taboo* is still preserved in communities now professing Christianity.

Formerly it was applied exclusively to persons or things in a sacred sense, and was strictly a religious ceremony, imposed only by the priests; but has since come into common use in all the every-day concerns of life. Anciently, those chiefs who pretended to derive their descent from the gods, were called *alii kapu*, sacred chiefs. A temple, exclusively devoted to the abode and worship of gods, was said to be *wahi kapu*—sacred place. Any thing dedicated or reserved for the exclusive use of gods, chiefs, or priests, was considered as *kapu* for them. Certain lands and islands were *kapu*, as well as hunting-grounds, fish, fruit, or whatever the sacred classes chose to reserve for themselves. These *kapus* were occasional, or permanent—particular fruits, fish, and vegetables, being sometimes tabu both from men and women, for several successive months. The idols, temples, persons, and names of their kings, and members of the royal family; persons and property of the priests; every thing appertaining to the gods; religious devotees; the chiefs' bathing-places, or favorite springs of water; and every thing offered in sacrifice, were strictly *kapu*. In modern times, this magic term has become the property of all. A common man can tabu his house, lands, or make any partial restrictions, and all would respect the prohibition. Any forbidden article or action, is called tabued; hence, its common use in the domestic circle, and its application to laws. A captain can tabu his ship, and none dare approach. Tabued property is generally marked by small white flags, or other signs which are well understood. At the present time, any individual can impose such tabu as suits his necessities or convenience, provided they do not infringe personal rights or the laws of the kingdom.

Formerly, a religious motive was necessary for its assignment; but as the power of the chiefs increased, its use was greatly corrupted, while its influence remained the same, and may be said to have partaken of the preternatural. The bans of the Romish church, in the proudest days of that hierarchy, were not more powerful or obligatory. Every will of a chief, however monstrous, was promulgated as a tabu, and officers were appointed to see that it was observed. . . . .

Particular seasons were tabu; as on the sickness of a high chief, preparations for war, or the approach of important religious ceremonies. Their duration was indefinite, sometimes for a day only, then for months, and occasionally for years. Thirty to forty days was the ordinary period before Kamehameha's reign, when they were much reduced.

These tabus were either common or strict, and were proclaimed by criers or heralds. Men only were required to abstain from their common pursuits, and to attend prayers morning and evening at the heiau, during the former. But when the season of strict tabu was in force, a general gloom and silence pervaded the whole district or island. Not a fire or light was to be seen, or canoe launched; none bathed; the mouths of dogs were tied up, and fowls put under calabashes, or their heads enveloped in cloth; for no noise of man or animal must be heard. No persons, excepting those who officiated at the temple, were allowed to leave the shelter of their roofs. Were but one of these rules broken, the tabu would fail, and the gods be displeased.

When the sacred chiefs appeared in public, all the common people prostrated themselves, with their faces upon the earth. The food of chiefs and priests, they being interdicted from handling any thing during this tabu, was put into their mouths by their attendants.

At Hawaii there were two cities of refuge, where criminals, or those in danger of falling victims to revenge, found a sanctuary. The *breed*—the large, well-fed and lazy aristocratic race, and the stunted, meagre, lower order—were as distinctly marked as they are among the natives of the Hebrides, or among the unmixed Irish. The chiefs, as among the Higlanders,

Were almost invariably tall, stout, and well-formed, and in most instances, as age advanced, increased to unwieldy corpulence; the latter were, upon the average, middle-sized, perhaps falling somewhat short of the European standard. Six feet and upwards were common to the stature of the chiefs of both sexes, with gigantic frames more capable of exerting great strength than of endurance. It is said of some that they could, by taking a man by the head and leg, break his back across their knees. While some exhibited persons so perfect, with Roman features, and with such full developmentof muscle, as to have delighted the eye of a sculptor, others were remarkable for their size and weight alone; from three to four hundred pounds being not an uncommon gravity. The female chiefs, when young, possessed interesting and intelligent features, which, however, soon became lost, as their bulk increased; this, fortunately, in the eyes of their lords, only heightened their charms. When these were most matured, they became almost as helpless as the belles of the Celestial empire. The latter tottered from want of feet of sufficient size to support frames of scarcely larger proportions; those of the former, though stout, were equally feeble to sustain the immense bulk above. Their flesh hung in deep folds about them; their walk, a majestic stagger; their carriage lofty, and betokening an innate pride of birth and rank. No aristocracy was ever more distinctly marked by nature. To a superficial observer, they might have appeared as a distinct race. The monopoly they enjoyed of the good gifts of Providence, with the greater exercise of their mental faculties, (for they did most of the thinking for the people,) served, every generation, to increase the distinction between the two classes. The great personal size was doubtless partly inherited, and partly the result of early care. . . . Did they over-eat themselves, (a common case,) menials were always ready to do that for the system, which, otherwise, active exercise could only have effected. People were especially trained to *lomi-lomi*; a kind of luxurious kneading or shampooing, and stretching and cracking the joints, which served completely to renovate the system, when suffering either from a surfeit or fatigue. The fatter the chiefs, the more they required this operation.

Their most common position was reclining upon divans of fine mats, surrounded by a retinue, devoted solely to their physical gratification. Some fanned, brushed away insects, and held spittoons; others fed them, *lomi-lomied*, or dressed their hair or persons. In short, the extremes of activity or laziness, temperance or sensuality, were wholly at their option. Ambition and apathy, superstition and avarice, love and pleasure, by turns controlled them; and war, priestcraft, and oppression, varied by occasional acts of good nature, or the ebullitions of innate benevolence, which even such an education could not wholly eradicate, were the lot of their subjects.

This was the life of a lord or of a *lurdane* in all its glory. From this sort of exalted condition must have come the common English phrase descriptive of vinous beatitude, "as drunk as a lord." Cannibalism had not long ceased prior to the visit of Cook; and infanticide was a prevailing custom, but secretly practised, for its existence was a subsequent discovery. The condition of the women was even more degraded than among other savages. Even when a woman, in right of blood, held the sovereign authority, she was not permitted to eat with the men. The lives of the sexes were more apart than that of the humbler classes of other countries and their domestic animals.

Their aliment was separately prepared. A female child from birth to death was allowed no food that had touched its father's dish. The choicest of animal and vegetable products were reserved for the male child, for the female the poorest; and the use of many kinds, such as pork, turtle, shark, bananas, and cocoa-nut, were altogether interdicted. Whatever was savory or pleasant, man reserved for his own palate, while woman was made bitterly to feel her sexual degradation. Her lot was even worse than that of her sex generally in the southern groups She was excused from no labors, excepting such as were altogether too arduous for her weaker frame. When young and beautiful, a victim of sensuality; when old and useless, of brutality.

Christianity had much to accomplish in the Sandwich Islands; and, within the last twenty years, the change is, indeed, little short of miraculous. The principal Missionaries to the Sandwich Islands have been from the United States. The overthrow of the old system came suddenly.

The example of the southern groups, in the destruction of their idols, added much to the spreading disbelief. Incontestable evidences of the falsity of their oracles, together with the increasing inconvenience of their absurd rites, confirmed the skepticism. Those interested in the continuance of paganism, redoubled their efforts; threats, prophecies, and promises were freely uttered, and as freely falsified by their own failure. Like Laocoon and his offspring in the folds of the serpent, heathenism writhed and gasped, each moment growing fainter, under the strangling embrace of public opinion. Foreigners conformed to none of their rites, yet they lived and prospered; their own countrymen who had gone abroad, lived in equal disregard of their ritual, and with like impunity. Individually, their memories convicted them of frequently breaking tabus, yet no evil had overtaken them, for they were unknown to the priests. Men and women had eaten together, and of forbidden food; still the predicted judgments slept; their priests must be, as the foreigners described them, liars, and the tabu system altogether foolish and contemptible. Drunken chiefs often had violated the most sacred injunctions; no vengeance overtook them; the female rulers had of late broken through all restrictions, yet prosperity and health were still theirs. They encouraged others to do the same; and in this way the conviction of the folly of supporting an oppressive and corrupt faith for the benefit of a few, daily strengthened.

On the very day of Kamehameha's death, a woman eat a cocoa-nut with impunity, and certain families displayed their contempt for these laws, by feasting in common.

Kaahumanu, the Queen-mother and Regent, proved the Henry VIII. of the native priests.

Kaahumanu, determined in her opposition to the priests, prepared for decisive measures. In November, she sent word to the king, that upon his arrival at Kailua, she should cast aside his god. To this he made no objection, and, with his retainers, pushed off in canoes from the shore, and remained on the water two days, indulging in a drunken revel. On the last evening, Kaahumanu despatched a double canoe for him, in which he was brought to Kailua. Between them matters were arranged for the further development of their designs. He then smoked and drank with the female chiefs. A feast was prepared, after the customs of the country, with separate tables for the sexes. A number of foreigners were entertained at the king's. When all were in their seats, he deliberately arose, went to the place reserved for the women, and seated himself among them. To complete the horror of the superstitious, he indulged his appetite in freely partaking of the viands prepared for them, directing them to do likewise; but with a violence which showed he had but half divested himself of the idea of sacrilege and habitual repugnance. This act was sufficient; the highest had set an example, which all rejoiced to follow. The gladdening cry arose, "The tabu is broken! the tabu is broken!" Feasts were provided for all, at which both sexes indiscriminately indulged. Orders were issued to demolish the heiaus, and destroy the idols; temples, images, and sacred property were burnt; the flames consumed the sacred relics of ages. . . . . . Idolatry was abolished by law; Kaumualii cordially gave his sanction, and all the islands uniting in an exulting jubilee at their deliverance, presented the singular spectacle of a nation without a religion.

The author of the History is as jealous of the Roman Catholic Missionaries, who arrived a few years after the Protestants, as if he had been a Missionary himself. It is sometimes—and very inconsiderately, as we think—said, that the Roman Catholic religion is better adapted to a barbarous people than the purer faith and simpler worship promulgated by Protestant Missionaries; as if the doctrines and teachings of the gospel in their primitive simplicity and plainness, stripped of all perversions and additions, were not the lessons best adapted to every creature possessing human reason and affections. The Sandwich Islanders are, at all events, no proof that a superstitious or ritual religion is better adapted to semi-barbarians than that which the first Missionaries to the South Seas taught. A small congregation of Catholics, foreigners, was formed after the arrival of the Catholic priests, to which the native government offered no molestation.

Curiosity attracted some natives to witness the ceremonies; they speedily reported that images were worshipped. This excited much surprise, and drew many of the chiefs to the chapel; among them went the young king. He afterwards confessed he could scarcely avoid laughing at the absurdity of worshipping a lifeless stock. This led to an investigation of the new rites: the popish doctrines of veneration of holy relics, use of images, fasts and feasts, were found strikingly analogous to their previous idolatry. To use the words of the chiefs, "This new religion was all about worshipping images and dead men's bones, and tabus on meat."

The Islanders could not comprehend the nice distinction between the worshipped symbol and the essence it signified, any more than they might the mystery of the priests' vestments, and lighted candles of the Puseyites. The new religion seemed to them, in externals, very like that idolatry which they had abjured; so much so, that the Queen began to persecute the new converts to Romanism upon an edict that had been made against the old exploded religion of the islands; nor were the American Missionaries in any way averse to the severity shown to the French "Jesuits" by "the State;" nor by their final expulsion, and the introduction, by a native official, of a system which would have delighted Sir Andrew Agnew. The natives were prohibited from attending the religious services of the Papists, which had the natural effect of sending them in greater numbers; and some of them became true martyrs, if suffering for conscience' sake, though for an absurd tenet, entitles any one to the name. About this time a prime minister, or rather a viceroy, took a very decided line of conduct.

He entered upon the duties of his station with a determination of enforcing the very letter of the law; this was done with a rigor which gave cause of offence to many foreigners; but his sternness quelled every appearance of insubordination. He was equal to the task of subduing the impertinence of lawless whites, and compelling them to keep within their proper spheres. At the same time his officers, with a rudeness which was inexcusable, entered private houses, and carried liquor from tables. Horses were seized for their owners violating the law respecting the Sabbath, but were eventually released. The violence with which the statutes were now enforced contrasted forcibly with the laxity of the previous rule. Armed bands paraded the streets; grog-shops, gaming-houses, and haunts of dissipation, were suppressed; even quiet riding on Sundays was forbidden. But the strong arm of government was not capable of infusing order and sobriety into a dissolute population; though outward decorum prevailed, far preferable to the former laxity of society, secret means of indulgence were sought out; all his measures met at first a strong opposition, and many continued to be evaded. It was proposed to sell rum to foreigners only: Kuakini replied, "to horses, cattle, and hogs, you may sell rum; but to real men you must not on these shores." A national temperance society was formed, in the objects of which the chiefs cordially united.

Entirely to suppress all opposition to government, Kuakini next determined to send away the Romish priests; on the 2d of April, 1831, they were summoned to the fort, and ordered to leave the islands in three months. As they manifested no disposition to comply, this order was repeated twice afterwards.

But "conscience," and the interests of the true faith, commanded them to remain and intrigue against the government. The story of their expulsion is well-known. Our American does the Papist priests but scanty justice, though we are not defending their deceptive conduct, and actual defiance and contempt of the government of the country they had entered uninvited and unwelcomed. A period of great laxity followed the stern ascetic rule of the viceroy.

When the young king assumed the government, it was exactly a Charles II. succeeding an Oliver Cromwell; the dissolute licentious cavalier to the rigid Puritans and Roundheads. The pertinacious "Jesuits" made other attempts; the "persecution" was renewed, and the American Missionaries still maintained their influence with the native government and their converts. This strife of rival sects is not likely soon to terminate.

The American Missionaries are not more jealous of the French Roman Catholic priests in the Sandwich Islands than is this author of English ascendency there. It is asserted in his book that the English are, at present, very unpopular in Hawaii; and the English Consul, Mr. Charlton, is run down and calumniated in a style which, perhaps, required to be modified before the work was published in England. So would the account of the death and visits of Cook. If American writers were thus fierce before, what will they be now that the Sandwich Islands, which were long since ceded to Vancouver, have been taken formal possession of. Though the book is alloyed by these jealous feelings, and some unfairness, it possesses merit, and both value and interest, as a fresh and faithful picture of a group of the great human family placed under very peculiar circumstances.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

WRITTEN IN THE AUTUMN.

Down the rosy-tinted West,
Sinking fast, effulgent star,
Whither in your regions blest
Guid'st thy tranquil course afar?
O'er the golden year presiding,
Autumn woos thy glistening light;
Still through Heaven's pure ether gliding.
Star of Eve—good night, good night.

Oh, how oft in life's soft leisure,
World-worn spirits past away
Thus have drawn a secret pleasure,
Felt thy calm, benignant ray—
Nearer, now, perchance, they view thee,
Nature's mystic veil remove,
Rapt in endless bliss pursue thee,
Through their native skies above.

Downward, lo! the sun forth speeding,
Bids thee to thy early rest,
Ere the twilight hour receding,
Shuts the crimson-curtain'd West;
Still as one last look to borrow,
Lingering on the verge of light,
Thee I trace with parting sorrow,
Faded Star of Eve, good night!

SPAIN.—Espartero has abandoned the field, and is now a refugee from Spain. The siege of Seville was raised on the night of the 27th July; having lasted twenty-one days, and the bombardment ten. Espartero himself left it for Cadiz on the night of the 26th, with an escort of three or four hundred cavalry; his retreat being covered by a stronger force. His soldiers remained true to the last, and defended the bridge of Suazo, which connects the island of Leon with the main, against Concha, who pursued the retreating chief. Concha took another road, and near Puerto Real he came up with Espartero's escort; and had a smart engagement with it, whilst Espartero, his Minister of War, (General Nogueras,) his Minister of the Interior, (Gomez de la Serna,) Van Halen, Linage, and many other officers, succeeded in embarking at Puerto de Santa Maria. The boat on board which they went soon gained an offing, and placed itself under the protection of the cannon of the Malabar British ship-of-the-line; the commander of which, Captain Sir George Sartorius, refused to admit them on board until authorized to do so by the English Consul at Cadiz. The order, however, soon reached him, and the Regent and his friends were received in the Malabar. When on board, Espartero hesitated whether or not to be landed at Cadiz, which was supposed still to hold out for him: the bells and cannon were heard, celebrating his defeat: "To Lisbon, then!" exclaimed he; and the Malabar weighed anchor and sailed for that capital. Shortly after the embarkation of Espartero, the cavalry of his escort surrendered to Concha; when Generals Juan Van Halen, (a brother of *the* Van Halen,) Alvarez, Captain-General of Granada, General Osset, Colonel of the Regiment of Luchana, General Osorio, Governor of Tarragona, and a number of other officers, were made prisoners.

On the 2d instant, a deputation left Madrid for Seville, to present a gold crown of laurel to the Ayuntamiento in the name of the Queen, together with a letter from S. Lopez, complimenting the city in the most glowing terms upon its resistance.

Seoane was a prisoner at large, in Burgos; detained as a hostage for the safety of important prisoners who might fall into the hands of Espartero or Van Halen.

A strong protest against the usurpation by the Provisional Government of the authority of the Provincial Juntas, who gave it life and support, was received from Galicia on the 2d instant, and caused such a sensation that the Government had immediately issued orders for the march of a strong force on the province. Letters from Barcelona, of the 4th, announce that the Junta of that town is in a state of open hostility with the Provisional Government of Madrid. It has refused to obey orders to stop demolishing the ramparts.

The decree convoking the new Cortes, for the 15th October, is observed to depart from the constitution, in requiring that body to be totally renewed; thus prematurely expelling two-thirds of the senators. A second decree, equally unconstitutional, had dissolved the Provisional Deputation of Madrid, and appointed other Deputies to replace those whose services were dispensed with, until another election shall take place. The President and nine other Judges of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice had been summarily dismissed for refusing, without qualification, to recognize the Revolutionary Government; and a new Tribunal, with Olozaga at its head, appointed.

Madame Blake, the widow of an officer of Irish extraction, had been appointed to succeed Madame Mina as preceptress of the Queen.—*Spectator.*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCHES IN GREECE.

From the Athenæum.

July, 1843.

THE interest you have always taken in keeping the public accurately informed concerning the progress of Archaiological Research in Greece, induces me to send you an account of all that has been done in the Hellenic kingdom since the establishment of the German government. One object of this statement is to call the attention of the friends of Greek art in England to the importance of lending some aid towards furthering these researches, which, it will be seen from the following summary, have not been without important results both to art and literature. The artists and antiquaries at Athens have had quite as great difficulties to encounter from the supineness and illiberality of the Greek government as the mercantile and agricultural classes; yet I venture to refer to the essays of Professor Ross, on various questions of Greek topography,—to the splendid work on the Temple of Victory Apteros in the Acropolis of Athens, which he published in conjunction with the architects Hausen and Schaubert,—to the learned travels of Professor Ulrichs, in Bœotia and Phocis,—to the dissertation of the late General Gordon on the pass of Thermopylæ, with his map,—to the large Greek map of the Hellenic kingdom, by the engineer Aldenhoven, and to the extensive collection of unedited inscriptions, by Messrs. Rangavé and Pittakis, published periodically, under the title of the 'Archaiological Journal,'—to these works I refer as proofs of the services which the inhabitants of modern Athens have already rendered to the cause of ancient art and literature.*

It may not be superfluous to recapitulate the various attempts made at different times to excite the attention of King Otho's government to the importance of forming a society for the purpose of pursuing a regular system of excavation. The first attempt was made by four strangers residing at Athens, as soon as it was known that the son of a monarch so devoted to the cultivation of ancient art as King Louis of Bavaria was elected sovereign of Greece. The beautiful choragic monument of Lysicrates, vulgarly called the Lantern of Demosthenes, was chosen, and the whole of this interesting building was laid open to public view, its basement having been previously concealed by an accumulation of earth to the depth of 12 to 15 feet. The intention of the excavators was to inculcate, by a practical illustration, the necessity of an excavation round most of the ancient buildings, in order to display, as far as possible, the peculiarities of their original sites. This excavation led to nothing further at the time, as the excavators were not allowed to extend their researches, and it excited the jealousy of the royal government, which has permitted the little square formed round the monument of Lysicrates to be ruined, and almost filled with rubbish, for the purpose, as it is maliciously asserted, of clearing it out again, and making such improvements as will give a specious claim to say the excavation is a government work.

Some time after this first attempt, a second was made, and the foundation of an Archaiological Society was laid. Most of the Greeks of wealth at Athens subscribed, and it was determined to make a considerable excavation in the Acropolis, in order to greet King Otho on his first arrival at his future capital, with matter to excite his enthusiasm. As Count Armansperg, Mr. Maurer, and General Heideck, the members of the regency, were also to visit Athens for the first time in his Majesty's company, it was expected that they would all join the Society as patrons and subscribers. Very liberal subscriptions were collected among the Greeks and Philhellenes; Mr. Gropius, the patriarch of Attic Archaiologists, was requested to select the ground to be examined, and Mr. Pittakis, the present conservator of antiquities in Greece, undertook to direct the operations of the workmen in person. The success of the undertaking was most encouraging, as might have been anticipated, under such able superintendence. Five portions of the frieze of the Parthenon were discovered, four of which are in an exquisite state of preservation; one belongs to the assembly of the gods at the east end, and the others to the festal procession on the north side of the temple. Several other fragments of minor interest were also found, but all the exertions of this Society met with no encouragement from the Regency,—indeed, quite the contrary; it was met with the most distinct declaration that all further exertions would be dispensed with. I had exerted myself a good deal in persuading the Greeks that their new rulers would view their liberality as a proof of great merit, and that their patriotic conduct would be highly applauded. I own I was utterly confounded, when I laid the matter before Mr. Maurer and General Heideck, who were my guests on their royal visit to Athens. I had made sure of their support at least, as the one was an accomplished artist and the other a learned scholar, and I prepared them for the sight of the Acropolis by recounting the formation of the Society and its achievements; all this was met by a very cool observation on the part of their Excellencies, that the Society need give itself no further trouble, nor incur any additional expense, as the royal government had resolved to take the antiquities under its especial care, and would appoint its own agents for excavating.

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* I may mention as a proof of my own anxiety to aid the exertions of abler men and better scholars, a map of the northern part of Attica, and an Essay printed at Athens in English, on the topography of Diacria and Oropia, as they have been adopted as authority for laying down that district in the new Topographisch-historischer Atlas of Greece and its colonies, by Kiepert.

For two years the Bavarian government did not appear to consider that the antiquities required much care. Antiquaries are, however, a persevering, obstinate race, and the regency was not allowed to rest, until at length Professor Ross was charged to make excavations in the Acropolis of Athens, in order to continue the researches commenced by the advice of Mr. Gropius. The results of these excavations were also of the greatest importance to the history of ancient art. The beautiful temple of Victory at the entrance of the Acropolis, was found to have been thrown down without its materials having been destroyed, and almost every stone of the building, with the exception of the portion of the frieze in the British Musuem, was discovered. The restoration of this elegant little treasure of Grecian art was almost completed when Professor Ross was removed from his office of conservator of antiquities, and Mr. Pittakis appointed in his place. From that day to this, the temple remains incomplete, in consequence of the jealousy which, in Greece, invariably induces every new official to adopt a totally opposite line of conduct from that pursued by his predecessor. One of the most valuable discoveries was an exquisite figure of a winged victory tying on her sandal to fly forth in attendance on the armies of the republic, which formed the last in a series of winged figures disposed in front of the temple, as a substitute for a balustrade. Many portions of the other figures have likewise been found; but all is left huddled together in a dusty magazine, or exposed carelessly in the ruined temple.

As soon as the Bavarian Regency awoke from its lethargy, it was seized with a fever for earth-scratching. The soil of almost every ancient site was rendered in turns, though for a very short space of time, the scene of a little digging. But as the object of this activity was only to supply a pretext for a series of articles in the German newspapers, by which it was thought glory and popularity would be gained in Europe, and very little reference was made to the service likely to accrue to art or literature, these excavations were without any important results. Some ground was, however, turned over at Olympia, at Tega, at Sparta, at Megalopolis, at Tenea, near Corinth, at Thera, at Anaphé, and at Delos. It would certainly have been wiser to have pursued these researches on a more regular and intelligible system; but they deserve praise, as activity is always preferable to idleness, if the cause be in itself a good one.

In 1837 a new era dawned on Greece. Public opinion extended its influence everywhere, and the government was compelled to abandon all the outworks of its antihellenic system, in order to defend Bavarianism in the central departments of public business. An Archaiological Society was then formed by the Greeks themselves, and it exists to this day, though its funds are not very large, as the annual subscription of the members is only about 10*s.* 6*d.*, and from the Report drawn up and published by the president and secretary, it appears that a large proportion have allowed even this small subscription to fall into arrear during the last two years. This Society has nevertheless rendered great service to art and literature, and its affairs have been conducted in the most popular and prudent manner. One general meeting has been held annually in the Parthenon, in the open air, and all the world has been free to attend; nor have the meetings failed to attract some of the fair dames from distant lands, who have chanced to visit Athens at the time. Indeed it must be owned, that such sights can never fail to leave agreeable reminiscences. The unrivalled splendor of the setting sun, seen from the Acropolis, has excited many a noble verse: an assembly of Greeks discussing in their own language the affairs of their ancestors—the venerable president, Mr. Rizos, eloquently expounding the new light thrown on some point of ancient history, in which he shines far more than in penning despatches as Minister of Foreign Affairs—all this makes a stranger proud on such an occasion to be a member of this Society, or even to have attended one of its meetings. At this annual meeting a committee of management is elected, the report of the proceedings of the previous year is read, and any question concerning the administration and application of the funds determined. The excavations already made have been very successful, and reflect great credit on the committee of management.

The entrance to the Acropolis has been cleared, and all the ruins and rubbish which encumbered the centre of the propylæum have been removed. All the modern buildings have been taken down which blocked up the northern wing, and the pinakotheke is now completely laid open. A considerable portion of the cella of the Erechtheium has been re-constructed, by replacing the ancient blocks which had fallen, and a sixth caryatide has been found, so that the little portico might be restored, except for the one in the British Museum.

But the most important labor of the Society is the clearing the basement of the Parthenon, and the restoration of those parts of the building which were uninjured, to the original places. The northern side has been completely cleared from the earth and rubbish which covered the fragments of the temple, which now remain exposed to view in ruined majesty. A well preserved metope, three more pieces of the frieze, and several fragments of sculpture from different parts of the temple have been found—amongst the rest a colossal owl, about whose position the Athenian antiquaries have expressed a multitude of opinions. The old mosque in the centre of the Parthenon has disappeared, but it was not removed until the fall of its portico warned the conservator of antiquities to remove all the fragments of sculpture it contained, and destroy it, lest it should destroy something valuable, by the fall of its heavy dome. The centre of the Parthenon would have presented a very meagre appearance after the removal of the mosque, and even the general appearance of the Acropolis would have lost something of its picturesque beauty, had nothing been done to enable the eye to connect the two masses of building which formed the eastern and western fronts, and which were left almost entirely unconnected by the explosion of the Turkish powder magazine, during the last siege of Athens by the Venetians. Several columns in this interval have been almost rostored from the fragments found merely overturned by the explosion; 34 drums of columns on the northern side have been replaced in their original positions, and 12 on the south side. Part of the wall of the cella, and several of the large marble flags of the pavement have likewise been replaced.

These excavations have not been made on the principle adopted by Klenze, the celebrated Bavarian architect, who visited Greece in 1834, in order to propose a plan for the restoration of the Parthenon, and choose a site for the palace of King Otho. He seems to have been equally unfortunate in his opinions on both subjects, though his hurried visit may afford some apology, if his orders were not to exceed the time he devoted to the subject. In this work, published after his return,[*] he expresses some alarm lest the actual palace should be flooded by the Ilyssus, and with regard to the restoration of the Parthenon, he considered it sufficient to take any drum of any column at hand, the diameter of which nearly corresponded with the spot it was to occupy, and replace it on the column to be restored. In this way he replaced one of the drums of a column on the northern side of the temple, where it still remains, as a specimen of the unsightly figure which the Parthenon would have been rendered had his plan been adopted. I cannot, myself, understand how a learned scholar and an architect of the classic school, like Klenze, could have entertained the idea of defacing a work of the purest architectural taste in this manner. It is well known that no two columns of the Parthenon correspond exactly. The axis of no column being exactly through its centre, every column has likewise an inclination towards the centre of the building, and the basement on which they stand, and the architrave which they support rises in the middle of the side. Since the time of Verres nothing so unclassical has been done in the way of restoration, and one would almost fancy Mr. Klenze appreciated so little the true principles of Hellenic art, that he considered it sufficient to make a column perpendicular. Cicero seems to have held that a man must have been an utter barbarian who could so utterly fail to admire one of the most distinctive beauties of the Grecian peristyle, and we subjoin the whole passage as possessing especial interest, for it has not yet been sufficiently attended to in illustrating this peculiarity of Doric architecture.[†]

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[*] Aphoristische Bemerkungen.

[†] Venit ipse in ædem Castoris: considerat templum: videt undique tectum pulcherrime laqueatum. præterea cætera nova atque integra: versat se, quærit quid agat. Dicit ei quidem ex illis canibus, quos iste Liguri dixerat esse circa se multos. *Tu Verres! hic quod moliare nihil habes nisi forte vis ad perpendiculum columnas exigere.* Homo

The Society adopted a very different principle, as they considered the plan of Mr. Klenze implied a re-making, not a restoration, of the Parthenon. No piece of marble has been replaced, unless in the position it occupied before the explosion removed it. The Athenian antiquaries consider that it will be time enough to discuss the question, how far restoration ought to be carried, when all the fragments in the Acropolis still prostrate have been reinstated in their original positions.

Numerous interesting discoveries have likewise been made, but they appertain too exclusively to the domain of the antiquary and topographer to be interesting to general readers. Part of a sculptured frieze of black Eleusinian marble belonging to the Erechtheium was found near that building. An excavation behind the propylæum has exposed to view a beautiful specimen of a building destroyed to make way for the magnificent gateway to the Acropolis, built by Pericles. Many of the sites of temples and monuments mentioned by Pausanias, have been ascertained, and the inscription on the Trojan horse has been found on a vase in the position he mentions that he read it. Much, it is to be hoped, will be found, when it is in the power of the Society to clear out the southern side of the Parthenon, as they have done the northern. Only about half of the metopes of this side are in the British Muesum, and one is in the Museum of the Louvre, so that there seems every probability that many may be found covered with the rubbish, which, from the lowness of the level of the soil on this side, has accumulated in a greater degree than on the north.

In the town, a considerable space has been cleared out round the tower of Andronicus Kyrrhestes, or the Temple of the Winds, as it was formerly called. In common conversation it is now called the Temple of Eolus, and forms an appropriate termination to one of the new streets, of course Eolus Street. An excavation was also made by the Society in the Theatre of Bacchus, and near it a curious statue of Silenus, with a young Bacchus sitting on his shoulder, and holding a mask in his hand, was found.

As a contrast to the labors of the Society, I shall now mention a proof of the archaiological zeal and judgment of the central government. For some years no one was allowed to build, nay, the houses half built, were ordered to be left unfinished, within a certain limit, and government determined to purchase all the ground for excavation. Many individuals remained ill-lodged, with half-finished houses, and paying enormous rents for upwards of eighteen months. Suddenly the government plans were changed, and orders were given to build a large barrack within the sacred inclosure; and in order to remove any respect to Hellenic ruins, part of the building was erected on one of the existing walls of the gymnasium of Hadrian, near the old Turkish bazaar, while the rest of the area was filled up with a layer of rubbish seven feet deep.

The services which the Archaiological Society of Athens has rendered to Europe, may be appreciated from this fact. It could not, however, have accomplished as much as it has already executed, had it not received several donations from Western Europe; and its labors would have been interrupted last year if his Majesty the King of the Netherlands had not sent a donation of 300 drachmas. A request was lately transmitted to Mr. Bracebridge, who has been a liberal promoter of the cause of education in Greece, to attempt the formation of a society, or the establishment of a branch of the Athenian Archaiological Society in London; but from no official authority to act having been forwarded by the committee of management, this was found to be difficult. The state of the Athenian Society was, however, communicated to Colonel Leake, who, with his usual promptness and liberality in aiding the cause of Greece, immediately sent the Society a subscription of 500 drachmas, (£18.) As it is probable that many admirers of ancient Art may be inclined to support this useful institution, I have ventured to send you this long statement of its affairs and proceedings.

It must be observed that the archaiological commission, charged with the publication of the *Ephemeris Archæologiké*, in which the ancient inscriptions are printed, is not a part of this Society. It consists of persons employed by government, though several members of the commission have been elected also members of the committee of management of the Society, from possessing the requisite qualification for the office in the highest degree. All members of the Archaiological Society are, however, entitled to receive the journal of the commission at a moderate price.

I shall now recapitulate the most re-

omnium imperitus, quærit quid sit ad perpendiculum. Dicunt ei, *fere nullam esse columnam, quæ ad perpendiculum esse possit*. Jam, mehercule, inquit, sic agamus: columnæ ad perpendiculum exigantur. —In Verr. 1. 'De Sartis Tectis exigendi,' pars ultima.

markable discoveries which have been made in the Greek provinces. An excavation made by the late General Gordon at the Heræum, near Argos, at which I was present, brought to light two interesting fragments—a portion of a marble peacock and a large fragment of a præfix of terra cotta, painted as a peacock's tail. Several trifles in terra cotta and bronzes were likewise found, and an extended excavation at this place would probably yield important results. At Delphi several fragments of the great temple, which it was supposed had entirely disappeared, were accidentally discovered; a small temple was also found, and the late Professor Miller made an excavation into the ancient treasury under the cella of the great temple.

A considerable collection of ancient statues from all parts of Greece has been assembled in the Temple of Theseus, several of them belonging to the first school of art, and rendering this little museum of great interest to antiquaries, and worthy of a visit from all admirers of classic sculpture.

One of the most curious monuments in the collection is the figure of a warrior in low relief, rather above the natural size, and executed with a degree of stiffness, which shows far more affinity to the style of the Egina marbles than to the Attic school of Phidias. Its antiquity, and the visible traces of the painting with which it was adorned, give it great value. This curious piece of sculpture was found at a place called Velanideza, on the coast of Attica, two or three miles south of Araphen, (Rafina), between Halæ and Prasiæ, in the year 1839. An ancient demos existed in this plain, and near it there were forty or fifty unopened tumuli, which had excited the attention of several antiquaries. It is said that a society of excavators received permission to open these tumuli, but I have never been able to obtain any exact information on the subject, though I have applied directly to Mr. Pittakis; and Professor Ross was also as unsuccessful as I was. Much mystery attended the whole proceedings, for the Greek government has generally been extremely averse to all private excavations, and General Gordon was requested to discontinue his at the Heræum; I suppose that many of the vases offered to travellers for sale, in 1839, were from Velanideza. Mr. Pittakis has published no account of these excavations, and the Archaiological Society took no notice of them, as it is dangerous for a body wishing to live in peace with all men to attempt penetrating where there is mystery. No account of these excavations has appeared in the Annals of the Archaiological Institute at Rome; and the only knowledge the world possesses of them, is the singular work of Aristocles, which we have noticed; this, however, is the best preserved monument of the most ancient style of Greek art when it began to rise towards perfection.

I hope that this letter will call the attention of some one in England to this subject, capable of rendering it more effectual service than lies in my power.

George Finlay.

The Chinese foot-torture.—The means taken to effect the alteration of the women's feet in China are decidedly prejudicial to the health, and frequently attended with fatal consequences. This fact was ascertained by a clever young naval surgeon who was for some time stationed at Chusan. It happened that during an excursion into the country, he one day entered a house where he found a child about eight years old very ill, and suffering under severe hectic fever; on examination, he discovered that her feet were undergoing the process of distortion; he was informed that she had been a year under this treatment. Moved by pity for the little sufferer, he proceeded to remove the bindings, and fomented the feet, which were covered with ulcers and inflammation. The change in shape had already commenced by the depression of the toes. The child was much relieved by, and evidently grateful for, his treatment. On taking his leave, he warned the mother that she would certainly lose her child if the bands were replaced; but his remonstrances were of no avail. Whenever he returned (and this happened frequently), he always found them on again, the woman urging as an excuse that her daughter had better die than remain unmarried, and that without improved feet such a calamity would be her inevitable lot. As might be expected, the child grew worse and worse. After a longer interval than usual, he once again revisited the house, but found it untenanted, and a little coffin lying at the door, in which he discovered the body of his poor young patient.—*Loch's Closing Events of the Campaign in China.* [All will feel the monstrous character of this madness of the Chinese females; but is the waist-constriction of our own any better? The extravagance is not with us, perhaps, so very great in degree, but it is equally bad in kind, and there can be no doubt that it also causes coffins to be laid down at doors for "young patients." We fear it is an extravagance not in the way of being diminished. There has been introduced of late years an atrocious piece of enginery called the *French stay*, for casing up the frames of young ladies in an artificial and unyielding shape, in which they believe the ideal of form to be realized. Specimens of it may be seen glass-cased in windows in London, and it has also travelled into the provinces. It leaves its victims hardly room to breathe, and entirely takes away the power of raising their arms above their heads. What they might deem its worst peculiarity, if they could judge of it at all, it makes one half of them round-shouldered, and thus adds a real deformity where it only creates an imaginary elegance. But we must cut short, remembering that this is *the* subject on which it is of *no use to speak*.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Jour.*

DISCOVERIES ON THE NORTH COAST OF AMERICA.

From the Athenæum.

Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America; effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company during the Years 1836—39. By Thomas Simpson, Esq. Bentley.

THIS modest, unpretending volume contains the lively history of one of the most remarkable expeditions, or rather series of expeditions, on record;—remarkable, as filling up and giving continuity to our knowledge of the northern circumpolar coasts of America, through seventy-four degrees of longitude, or, following the windings of the shore, above 2,000 miles, all explored by British enterprise; remarkable as an example of bold and comprehensive plans, carried into execution with a rare union of consummate prudence and indomitable courage, and completely successful, without a serious accident or mishap, during three trying campaigns. Without accident or mishap, we say; but alas! in the train of so signal a triumph there followed at no great distance a sad disaster, to which we shall return in the sequel. Owing to the untimely fate of the author of this narrative, the task of vindicating his share in the expedition has devolved on his brother, who says,—

> "Although Mr. Simpson's name appears only as second or junior officer of the expedition,—the senior being Mr. Peter Warren Dease, an old and experienced officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, who co-operated with Sir John Franklin on his last expedition,—yet a glance at the narrative in the following pages will prove that Mr. Simpson was really the main-spring of the expedition. He alone was at all conversant with science: and the most arduous parts of the service performed by the expedition—the completion of the survey between Mackenzie River and Point Barrow; the exploration of the country between Great Slave Lake and the Coppermine River—essential to the transport across that rugged and sterile country (well called the *Barren Grounds*) of the boats and provisions of the expedition; and the pedestrian journey along the coast, of the summer of 1838, which opened the prospect of a clear sea to the eastward, securing the success of the expedition in summer 1839,—were performed by him alone."

On the failure of Sir G. Back's attempt to reach the Polar Sea by Wager Inlet, or Repulse Bay, the Hudson's Bay Company determined to lend its aid in completing the geography of that nearly inaccessible region. It had often smiled at the expeditions fitted out by Government for Arctic discovery at an enormous expense, and composed of individuals having plenty of zeal, but who, possessing very little experience of the polar climate, necessarily found difficulty and danger in journeys which, to the practised fur-trader, would have been safe and easy. In July 1836, Messrs. Dease and Simpson received the commands of the Company to conduct an expedition northwards in the following year, and, in the first place, descending Mackenzie River, and proceeding westwards to Return Reef, the furthest point reached by Sir J. Franklin in 1826, to explore the coast onwards from that point to Point Barrow, which had been reached by Mr. Elson in Beechy's voyage. Returning from this western exploration, the expedition was to winter at the north-eastern angle of the Great Bear Lake; thence to descend, in the following summer, the Coppermine River, and to follow the coast eastwards, as far as the mouth of the Great Fish River, discovered by Back in 1834. This eastern survey eventually proved to be the work of two summers.

Mr. Simpson started to join the expedition at its first winter quarters, near Lake Athabasca, from the Red River settlement, which is situate in the heart of the North American Continent, about 300 miles W. N. W. from the remotest borders of Canada, above Lake Superior. This colony lies so far from the ordinary track of tourists, and is in itself of so interesting a character, that we cannot refuse to glean from our author's pages some information respecting it:

> "Situated under the 50th degree of north latitude, and 97th of west longitude, at an elevation of eight or nine hundred feet above the sea, and stretching for upwards of fifty miles along the wooded borders of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, which flow through a level country of vast extent, it possesses a salubrious climate and a fertile soil; but summer frosts, generated by undrained marshes, sometimes blast the hopes of the husbandman, and the extremes of abundance and want are experienced by an improvident people. Horses, horned cattle, hogs, and poultry, are exceedingly numerous. Sheep have been brought by the Company, at great expense, from England and the United States, and are reared with success. Wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, turnips, and most of the ordinary culinary vegetables, thrive well. Pumpkins, melons, and cucumbers come to maturity in the open air in favorable seasons. Maize, pease, and beans, have not been extensively cultivated; hops grow luxuriantly; flax and hemp are poor and stunted; orchards are as yet unknown. The banks of the rivers are cultivated to the width of from a quarter to half a mile. All the back level country remains in its original state—

a vast natural pasture, covered for the greater part of the year with cattle, and also furnishing the inhabitants with a sufficiency of coarse hay for the support of their herds during the winter. The length of this severe season exceeds five months, the rivers usually freezing in November and opening in April, when there is a fine sturgeon-fishery; but Lake Winipeg, the grand receptacle of the river waters, does not break up till the close of May. The most common sorts of wood are oak, elm, poplar, and maple; pines are likewise found towards Lake Winipeg. * * The generality of the settlers dwell in frame or loghouses, roofed with wooden slabs, bark, or shingles, and, for the most part, whitewashed or painted externally. Not a man, however mean or idle, but possesses a horse; and they vie in gay carioles, harness, saddles, and fine clothes. A great abundance of English goods is imported, both by the Company and by individuals, in the Company's annual ships to York Factory, and disposed of in the colony at moderate prices. Labor is dear, and produce of all kinds sells at a higher rate than could be expected in such a secluded place."

The land at the Red River colony is, in general, given gratuitously to the Hudson's Bay Company's retired servants. These traders, scattered over the country in their early years, and far removed from civilized society, usually marry Indian women, and consequently, the population of the Red River settlement, which now amounts to five thousand souls, consists, in a great degree, of half-breeds. The restless, turbulent passions of this race, have gradually driven from the Red River the original Scotch settlers, who have, for the most part, migrated to the United States; and there now remain, in the vicinity of Lake Winipeg, less persevering industry, and more wild recklessness, than might be expected in a British colony of thirty years standing. At the same time, the Red River colonists are elevated far above savage life, and as the fur-traders now take their wives from that settlement, rather than from the hut of the wild Indian, a steady improvement in the character of the half-breed population, may be looked forward to as a certain result.

On the 1st of December our author started on his journey northward. There was not yet any snow on the ground. The dogs were allowed, therefore, to draw empty sledges, while the travellers amused themselves with a wolf-hunt, a favorite pastime in the plains around the colony, where the horses are trained to the pursuit of the buffalo and wolf, and to stand fire at full speed. On the ice of the Lake of Manitobah, or the Evil Spirit, the labor of the dogs commenced. A little further on the region of oak terminated; but fine woods of elm are found much further northward, when these in turn give way to pine, poplar, and willow. Much of the country now lying desert on the western side of the Manitobah and Winipegoos lakes, is capable of producing wheat and other grains. The cold now became intense. On the 23rd, a strong westerly wind, at a temperature of at least 40° below zero, seriously threatened the safety of the party, and notwithstanding every precaution, two men were injured by the cold. After two months' toil, our author arrived at Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, and concludes this part of his narrative with the following observation:—

"Thus happily terminated a winter journey of 1277 statute miles. In the wilderness time and space seem equally a blank, and for the same reason—the paucity of objects to mark or diversify their passage; but in my opinion, the real secret of the little account which is made of distance in these North American wilds is, that there is *nothing to pay*. Every assistance is promptly rendered to the traveller without fee or reward, while health and high spirits smile at the fatigues of the way."

The forts or trading establishments of the Company, constitute so many fixed points of Indian resort. The Indian finds in them a market for the produce of the chase, a refuge in case of war, and at all times relief and instruction. It requires all the eloquence and personal influence of the trader to persuade the Indian to spare the young of the beaver, and other valuable fur animals. So obstinate are the red men in their improvident habits, so deeply seated their destructive propensities, that our author does not hesitate to pronounce them irreclaimable. He gives the following curious illustration of their innate love of slaughtering game:

"Near York Factory, in 1831, this propensity, contrary to all the remonstrances of the gentlemen of that place, led to the indiscriminate destruction of a countless herd of reindeer, while crossing the broad stream of Haye's River, in the height of summer. The natives took some of the meat for present use, but thousands of carcases were abandoned to the current, and infected the river banks, or floated out into Hudson's Bay, there to feed the sea fowl and the Polar bear. As if it were a judgment for this barbarous slaughter, in which women and even children participated, the deer have never since visited that part of the country in similar numbers."

On the shore of Athabasca lake, were built two sea boats, each twenty-four feet long, so much alike, and, in the eyes of the travellers, so handsome, as to obtain the classical appellations of Castor and Pollux. On the 1st of June, the boats being finished, the expedition commenced the descent. We shall say nothing of the ice still lingering in Great Slave Lake, nor of the cheerful verdant scenery of Mackenzie River. Barley is cultivated at Fort Simpson, in latitude 62° ; and even at Fort Norman, 200 miles lower down, European perseverance is exhibited in the cultivation of the ground ; "At this northerly spot, in latitude 64° 40′, a small quantity of green barley, and of potatoes, almost as big as pigeons' eggs, is now annually raised." The wood coal, on the banks of the Mackenzie, is, for several miles, in a state of ignition, and these natural fires appear to have extended since the time of Dr. Richardson's visit. They locally affect the climate ; a richer herbage and riper berries being found in the vicinity of the fires. Near Fort Good Hope, in latitude 66° 16′, our author writes—"The majestic river, and its high banks, were steeped in a flood of light, and except the diminutive size of the wood, there was nothing in the landscape to suggest the thought that we had penetrated so far into the regions of the North."

Let us hasten now from Mackenzie River, to the unexplored sea shores towards the west. With great exertions the boats were forced through the ice about 150 miles beyond the Return Reef of Sir J. Franklin ; but the progress being so slow, and the obstructions so formidable, it was thought advisable to prosecute the remainder of the required exploration on foot: with this view, therefore, Mr. Simpson set forth with five companions. The sequel of his story shall be told, as much as possible, in his own words:—

> "After travelling about ten miles, and wading through many a salt creek, the waters of which were at the freezing temperature, the land, to our dismay, turned off to the eastward of south, and a boundless inlet lay before us. Almost at the same instant, to our inexpressible joy, we descried four Esquimaux tents, at no great distance, with figures running about. We immediately directed our steps towards them ; but, on our approach, the women and children threw themselves into their canoes, and pushed off from the shore. I shouted 'Kabloonan teyma Inueet,' meaning 'We are white men, friendly to the Esquimaux ;' upon which glad news the whole party hurried ashore, and almost overpowered us with caresses. The men were absent, hunting, with the exception of one infirm individual, who, sitting under a reversed canoe, was tranquilly engaged in weaving a fine whalebone net. Being unable to make his escape with the rest, he was in an agony of fear; and, when I first went up to him, with impotent hand he made a thrust at me with his long knife. He was, however, soon convinced of our good intentions; and his first request was for tobacco, of which we found men, women, and even children inordinately fond. * * Confidence being now fully established, I told them that I required one of their oomiaks, or large family canoes, to take us two or three days' journey—or sleeps, as they term it—to the westward; after which we should return. These skin boats float in half a foot of water. No ice was visible from the tents; and, from the trending of the coast, it was more than doubtful that our journey could have been accomplished in any reasonable time on foot. They acceded to my demand, without a scruple. We selected the best of three oomiaks; obtained four of their slender oars, which they used as tent-poles, besides a couple of paddles: fitted the oars with lashings; and arranged our strange vessel so well that the ladies were in raptures, declaring us to be genuine Esquimaux, and not poor white men. Whilst my companions were thus employed, I procured, from the most intelligent of the women, a sketch of the inlet before us, and of the coast to the westward, as far as her knowledge extended. She represented the inlet as very deep; that they make many encampments in travelling round it; but that it receives no river. She also drew a bay of some size to the westward; and the old man added a long and very narrow projection, covered with tents, which I could not doubt to mean Point Barrow."

The wind blew violently and the sea ran high, but the Esquimaux boat rode gallantly over the waves. At night, propped on the paddles, it formed a shelter on the shore, which is here formed of frozen mud. A fine deep river, named the Bellevue, was discovered further on, and, immediately after, our author descried, with unfeigned joy, the object of his search. He thus describes his arrival at Point Barrow:—

> "We had now only to pass Elson Bay, which is for the most part shallow. It was covered with a tough coat of young ice, through which we broke a passage; and then forced our way amid a heavy pack, nearly half a mile broad, that rested upon the shore. On reaching it, and seeing the ocean spreading far and wide to the south-west, we unfurled our flag, and with three enthusiastic cheers took possession of our discoveries in his Majesty's name. Point Barrow is a long low spit, composed of gravel and coarse sand, forced up by the pressure of the ice into numerous mounds, that, viewed from a distance, might be mistaken for gigantic boulders. At the spot where we landed it is only a quarter of a mile across, but is considerably wider towards its termination, where it subsides into a reef running for some distance in an easterly direction, and partly covered by the sea. One of the first objects that presented itself, on looking around, was an immense cemetery. There the

miserable remnants of humanity lay on the ground, in the seal-skin dresses worn while alive. A few were covered with an old sledge or some pieces of wood, but far the greater number were entirely exposed to the voracity of dogs and wild animals."

Among the remarkable features of the line of coast discovered by the expedition is the River Colvile, apparently of great magnitude, for the sea opposite to its mouth was quite fresh three leagues from the shore. This river is supposed by our author to flow from the western side of the Rocky Mountains. It appears that our fur traders on the western side of those mountains, not far from the Russian lines, have heard of a great river a little farther north, the description of which suits well with the Colvile. With a glad heart, and during a gleam of fair weather, our author saw and relished whatever agreeable scenery these desolate shores possess. He thus paints the view from a hill near Demarcation Point:—

> "I ascended the nearest hill, six or seven miles distant, whence I enjoyed a truly sublime prospect. On either hand arose the British and Buckland mountains, exhibiting an infinite diversity of shade and form; in front lay the blue boundless ocean strongly contrasted with its broad glittering girdle of ice; beneath yawned ravines a thousand feet in depth, through which brawled and sparkled the clear alpine streams; while the sun, still high in the west, shed his softened beams through a rich veil of saffron-colored clouds that over-canopied the gorgeous scene. Bands of reindeer, browsing on the rich pasture in the valleys and along the brooks, imparted life and animation to the picture. Reluctantly I returned to the camp at sunset."

The mouth of the Mackenzie was regained without accident, and the wearied crews at length enjoyed repose. "The night was serene, and not a sound broke upon the solemn stillness, save the occasional notes of swans and geese calling to their mates, and the early crowing of the willow partridge, as the soft twilight melted into the blush of dawn."

From the return of the expedition to the Mackenzie, to its arrival in winter quarters at the north-eastern angle of Great Bear Lake, a month elapsed; and, in that month, the glow and serenity of autumn had given way to the immitigable severity of a northern winter. Various accidents had prevented the completion of the buildings and the accumulation of provisions, and if the whole party—men and leaders—had not been expert hunters and backwoodsmen, it is probable that the expedition would have experienced the extremities of famine. The intense cold was of unusual duration. The average temperature of the latter half of December was –33½°, that of all January –30°. In March when the average temperature was –20°, the thermometer on one occasion sank so low as –60°, or even –66° (66 degrees below zero!). Our author had the curiosity, when the thermometer was standing at –49°, to cast a pistol-bullet of quicksilver, which at ten paces passed through an inch plank, but flattened and broke against the wall a few paces beyond it. This chilling temperature, however, did not repress the gaiety nor subdue the appetites of the party, as will be manifest from what follows:—

> "On Christmas and New-Year's day we entertained our assembled people with a dance, followed by a supper, consisting of the best fare we could command. By this time we had, through our indefatigable exertions, accumulated two or three weeks' provisions in advance, and no scarcity was experienced during the remainder of the season. The daily ration served out to each man, was increased from eight to ten, and to some individuals twelve pounds of venison; or, when they could be got, four or five white-fish weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds. This quantity of solid food, immoderate as it may appear, does not exceed the average standard of the country; and ought certainly to appease even the inordinate appetite of a French Canadian."

The barren grounds or country immediately to the east of the Great Bear Lake have been explored during the winter, and, all the preparations being complete, the expedition started again in June, 1838, as soon as the ice broke up. The boats ascended the River Dease for some miles; they were then carried over a short portage to the Dismal Lakes, by means of which, and the River Kendall, they descended into the Coppermine River. This communication between the Coppermine River and Great Bear Lake was frequently examined, and four times crossed by the expedition, with all their luggage: our author must, therefore, be regarded as a competent authority, when he asserts that the descent is equal on both sides. The consequence is, that the Coppermine River, from the mouth of the Kendall River to the sea, or in a course of seventy miles, has as great a fall as the Great Bear Lake, the Great Bear River, and the Mackenzie altogether, in a line of 700 miles. The dangers of so impetuous a torrent were fully experienced by our author and his companions; their boats, however, were fortunately steered by expert Canadians well used to shoot the rapids, and thus they reached the sea in safety. A little to the west of the Coppermine River another large stream, named after Dr. Richardson, was found to discharge its waters into the same inlet.

The prosperity of this campaign may be said to have ended here. The winter had been unusually severe, the summer late. The sea was compact ice; thick fogs darkened the heavens. On the 19th of August, the boats had only reached within a league of Franklin's farthest encampment in 1821. The lateness of the season, and the appearance of new ice, forbade the attempt to navigate any further. Mr. Simpson, therefore, with a few chosen companions, volunteered to explore some distance on foot, so that their exertions hitherto might not be wholly fruitless. He had not proceeded far beyond Franklin's limit, when he descried, over the sea, land about twenty-five miles distant. On the third day, an appearance of land extending round the horizon, disheartened the explorers: but here we shall have recourse to our author's description:—

> "As we drew near in the evening to an elevated cape, land appeared all around, and our worst fears seemed confirmed. With bitter disappointment I ascended the height, from whence a vast and splendid prospect burst suddenly upon me. The sea, as if transformed by enchantment, rolled its free waves at my feet, and beyond the reach of vision to the eastward. Islands of various shape and size overspread its surface; and the northern land terminated to the eye in a bold and lofty cape, bearing east-north-east, thirty or forty miles distant, while the continental coast trended away south-east. I stood, in fact, on a remarkable headland, at the eastern outlet of an ice-obstructed strait. On the extensive land to the northward I bestowed the name of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. * * Our present discoveries were in themselves not unimportant; but their value was much enhanced by the disclosure of an open sea to the eastward, and the suggestion of a new route—along the southern coast of Victoria Land—by which that open sea might be attained, while the shores of the continent were yet environed by an impenetrable barrier of ice, as they were this season. Our portable canoe, which we had not had occasion to use, was buried in the sand at the foot of a huge round rock on the beach, and with lighter burdens we commenced retracing our steps."

In returning to the Coppermine River much hardship was endured, and the ascent of the bold rapids of that river with a fallen stream, which former travellers had pronounced impracticable, proved the consummate skill of our author's Canadian followers. The boats and part of the stores were buried in a convenient spot on the banks of the river, and the party returned once more to their old quarters at Fort Confidence, on the Great Bear Lake.

The incidents of the winter of 1838–9 exhibit the usual vicissitudes of the backwoodsman's life. There was much feasting on venison and much fear of famine. Hordes of begging Indians poured in, and numerous expert hunters brought supplies of meat to the fort, and ate more than they brought. Particulars such as these, however, cannot detain us. The manners of the native tribes will be found sharply sketched, though with no flattering lines, in our author's pages. Yet the following bold attempt to discriminate the native races of North America, may, from its brevity, be admitted here:—

> "The Esquimaux inhabiting all the Arctic shores of America, have doubtless originally spread from Greenland, which was peopled from northern Europe; but their neighbors, the Loucheux of Mackenzie River, have a clear tradition that their ancestors migrated from the westward, and crossed an arm of the sea. The language of the latter is entirely different from that of the other known tribes who possess the vast region to the northward of a line drawn from Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, across the Rocky Mountains, to New Caledonia. These, comprehending the Chipewyans, the Copper Indians, the Beaver Indians of Peace River, the Dog-ribs and Hare Indians of Mackenzie River and Great Bear Lake, the Thœcanies, Nahanies, and Dahadinnehs of the Mountains, and the Carriers of New Caledonia, all speak dialects of the same original tongue. Next to them succeed the Crees, speaking another distinct language, and occupying another great section of the continent, extending from Lesser Slave Lake through the woody country on the north side of the Saskatchewan River, by Lake Winipeg to York Factory, and from thence round the shores of Hudson and James bays. South of the fiftieth parallel, the circles of affinity contract, but are still easily traced. The Carriers of New Caledonia, like the people of Hindostan, used, till lately, to burn their dead; a ceremony in which the widow of the deceased, though not sacrificed as in the latter country, was compelled to continue beating with her hands upon the breast of the corpse while it slowly consumed on the funeral pile, in which cruel duty she was often severely scorched."

The Loucheux differ, it appears, from every other tribe of red Indians, by their bold, open, and perfectly frank demeanor. They are as free as savages can be from treacherous cunning and dissimulation, and have never yet shed the blood of white men. The Esquimaux seen by our author are not the stunted race hitherto described. Among those met with on the Circumpolar shores, there were many robust men, six feet high. He considers the Esquimaux as much superior to the Indian in intelligence, provident habits, and mechanical skill. He had the good fortune to procure, this winter, an Esquimaux interpreter from the missionary settlement of Ungava, in Labrador.

Passing over the reiterated toils of descending to the coast, it will be sufficient for us to state, that in July, 1839, the expedition found the sea, at the mouth of the Coppermine River, tolerably free from ice. The voyage eastward, therefore, was successful, though it furnished no incidents calling for especial notice. A river, larger than the Coppermine, and named the Ellice, was discovered in longitude 104° 15′ west. In his Journal of the 15th of August, our author observes:

> "All the objects for which the expedition was so generously instituted were now accomplished, but Mr. Dease and myself were not quite satisfied. We had determined the northern limits of America to the *westward* of the Great Fish River; it still remained a question whether Boothia Felix might not be united to the continent, on the other side of the estuary. The men, who had never dreamed of going any further, were therefore summoned, and the importance of proceeding some distance to the eastward explained to them; when, to their honor, all assented without a murmur."

After an interval of five days, the narrative of discovery is continued in these words:—

> "It was now quite evident to us, even in our most sanguine mood, that the time was come for commencing our return to the distant Coppermine River, and that any further foolhardy perseverance could only lead to the loss of the whole party, and also of the great object which we had so successfully achieved. The men were therefore directed to construct another monument in commemoration of our visit; while Mr. Dease and I walked to an eminence three miles off, to see the farther trending of the coast. Our view of the low main-shore was limited to about five miles, when it seemed to turn off more to the right. Far without, lay several lofty islands; and in the north-east, more distant still, appeared some high blue land: this, which we designated Cape Sir John Ross, is in all probability one of the south-eastern promontories of Boothia. We could therefore hardly doubt being now arrived at that large gulph, uniformly described by the Esquimaux as containing many islands, and, with numerous indentations, running down to the southward, till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager bays. The exploration of such a gulph, to the Strait of the Fury and Hecla, would necessarily demand the whole time and energies of another expedition, having some point of retreat much nearer to the scene of operations than Great Bear Lake; and we felt assured that the Honorable Company, who had already done so much in the cause of discovery, would not abandon their munificent work till the precise limits of this great continent were fully and finally established."

When we add that the southern shores of the great island named Victoria-land were traced through an extent of 156 geographical miles, we shall have stated all the chief results of the expedition, which, if we consider that it comprises the navigation of a tempestuous ocean, beset with ice, for a distance exceeding 1400 geographical, or 1600 statute miles, in open boats, together with all the fatigues of long land journeys and the perils of the climate, was certainly a wonderful achievement. Nor must we omit to state, that science was not neglected; good astronomical observations were made, and a list of the plants collected by Mr. Dease is appended to our author's volume. Let us add, too, that the men appear to have done their duty well and cheerfully, which reflects as much credit on their leaders as on themselves.

The merits of Mr. Simpson were at once recognized by his employers and the Government. The Hudson's Bay Company accepted his offer to conduct another expedition to the Straits of the Fury and Hecla; the Royal Geographical Society awarded him its medal; and the Government intimated its intention of bestowing on him a pension of £100 a-year. But, alas! all this cheering news arrived too late to satisfy and calm his impatient spirit. The letter of the Company was written on the 3rd of June: on the 6th of that month Mr. Simpson left the Red River Colony to proceed by the way of the Missouri to Europe. He hurried on before the rest of his party, with four men. Two of these were shot by him on the evening of the 13th or 14th of June; the other two fled, but returned with their friends on the following morning, when our author's death took place. All the circumstances of this painful tragedy are involved in deep mystery; and we feel no desire to hazard conjectures on such a matter. But one thing is certain, and will be acknowledged by all attentive readers of this volume, that in Thomas Simpson the world lost no common man.

Marlborough Papers.—It is stated that eighteen boxes full of the correspondence of the famous Duke of Marlborough during the war of the succession with Prince Eugene and all the foreign princes, statesmen, and generals, concerned in that great struggle, have been found in a house in Woodstock. These very important documents have been confided to Sir George Murray; and are said to form a collection not dissimilar to the publication of Colonel Gurwood.—*Lit. Gaz.*

MISCELLANY.

Humanity of the people of Vienna.—Mr. Kohl, in his "Hundred Days in Austria," relates that he witnessed a scene in one of the streets of Vienna which was alike honorable for the human and the feathered animals who figured in it. A couple of young sparrows, making their first essay in flying with their parents over the roofs of the capital, had fallen exhausted into the street, where they were picked up and carried off by a boy, in whose hand they fluttered and chirped most pitifully. The parent birds followed, uttering most sorrowful cries, fluttering against the walls, perching on signs of the shops, and venturing even into the turmoil of the street. I begged the lad to let the young ones go, and as the cries of the old birds had already excited his compassion, he did so; but the creatures flying awkwardly against the walls, fell a second time into the street, and were again picked up. "Give them to me for my children; give them to me," cried some women; but the remonstrances of the feathered parents were so pitiful, that in the end the whole assembled crowd (all of the lowest class) raised a general shout of "No, no; let them go; give them their liberty." There were some Jews among the populace, who cried out louder than any. Several times the birds were flung up into the air, and as often fell down again, amid the general lamentation of all present. At last a ladder was procured, all lent a hand to raise it against a small house, and hold it fast while some one mounted it and placed the little animals in safety on the roof. The parents flew to them immediately, and the whole family took wing, amid the general acclamations of the multitude; even a couple of "glacéfränzel" (*petits maîtres*) stood still at a little distance and eyed the scene smilingly through their glasses.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Jour.*

The fete of Nanterre.—An interesting ceremony takes place annually in some of the French towns and villages. Every year a young woman, who has rendered herself remarkable for general good conduct, is selected to be crowned with white roses, and to receive certain other rewards at the hands of the civic functionaries. The following account of such a ceremony is abridged from a French illustrated newspaper, called "*L'Illustration, Journal Universal.*" The scene is Nanterre, which lies between Paris and St. Germain:—

"Nanterre," commences the sprightly French reporter, "honors virtue—Nanterre crowns the fortunate candidate (called the *Rosière*) for the year of little grace and many sins, 1843. Till now, we believed that *Rosières* only existed in comic operas and in Monsieur Bouilly's tales; but Nanterre has had the honor of undeceiving us.

"The Rosière of this year is a young woman who appears to be a model of every virtue—Mademoiselle Giraud. She is only twenty-six, and supports, by her own labor, part of her family. Her conduct up to this day has been exempt from reproach; never was there brought against her the smallest tittle of slander. But, would you believe it? a formidable opposition was raised against the coronation of Mademoiselle Giraud. Monsieur, the curate of Nanterre, demanded the honors of the roseate crown for another candidate, whose great merit consisted, in his eyes, of having assiduously frequented the church and the confessional. The mayor and the municipal council stated, however, that, though they admired the piety of the priest's candidate, they thought that she who labored hard, like Mademoiselle Giraud, to support her infirm parents, was best deserving of the reward. There unhappily followed a schism between the temporal and spiritual powers of Nanterre, and the priest refused to favor the ceremony with his presence. Leaving him, therefore, we pass at once to the triumphal procession, which conducted Mademoiselle Giraud, the fortunate Rosière, to the Town Hall. The drums of the national guard struck up when it began to move, and the church bells *would* have rung merrily out, only the disaffection of the curate condemned them to silence. A double line of national guards occupied the space between Mademoiselle Giraud's house and the Town Hall, from the windows of which flags were suspended. It was a magnificent spectacle, tending to incite all mankind to virtue—had all mankind been able to witness it. Indeed, we propose that a congress from the world in general should meet at this time of year in the commune of Nanterre for that purpose.

The march was commenced by the *garde departmentale*, (police,) followed by the band of the national guard, playing pleasing and lively airs. Next appeared the Rosière, between the mayor and his deputy. Behind walked the municipal council, dressed in white, with their most showy badges, followed by a guard of honor, composed of *Messieurs*, marching in front, and armed with long pikes, such as ornament the national colors. The *Messieurs* are the principal agriculturists of the commune, who form a defensive, and often an offensive body, to make up the insufficient superintendence of the rural police, in guarding the country and in protecting the harvests against theft. Upon the steps of this yeomanry it is usual for the Rosière of the preceding year to follow, wearing on her head the crown which will soon pass from her forehead to that of the new heroine. But this time the ex-Rosière had become a defaulter; since her coronation, she exchanged the state of single blessedness for the troubles of matrimony. The office of carrying the chaste emblem, therefore, was transferred to one of the village maidens, who bore it on a velvet cushion in her place. Next appeared the members of several religious orders; amongst others that of 'the Virgin,' distinguished by the scarf of blue ribbon worn by its sisterhood. Lastly, a number of women, the relations and friends of the Rosière in their holiday dresses, walking in two lines, presently in four, and finally pressing forward in a compact crowd to form the rear of the procession.

Arrived at the town-house, the principal actors in the ceremony ranged themselves in the great hall, where marriages ordinarily take place. The mayor sat between his colleagues and the municipal councillors; the Rosière stood in front of him; the Sisters of the Virgin were placed on the right and left; behind were the friends, relations, officers of the national guards, and other great people of the village. At the bottom of the hall, amid a tableau formed of tri-colored flags, appeared in large letters this appropriate inscription, 'To Virtue.' After an impressive delay, and a silence which may almost be called religious, the mayor began to speak, and pronounced a pathetic discourse on the advantages of virtue; then, by way of peroration, he placed round the neck of the Rosière a collar of gold; handed her a pair of ear-rings, a magnificent brooch, divers other trinkets—the forms and uses of which we have forgotten—and a sum of three hundred francs (about £12): finally, he removed the crown of white roses from the cushion on which it was deposited, and placed it on the head of the damsel, saying (we write from stenographic notes,) 'Mademoiselle Giraud, receive, as the reward of virtue, the civic crown which your fellow-citizens have awarded you !" At these words the music—concealed in a vestibule of the building—struck up a spirited melody; tears suffused the eyes of the spectators, and the procession recommenced its march in the same order as it arrived. After the Rosière had been conducted back to her home, a splendid banquet—in which she and her family took part, and which the authorities of the village also honored with their presence—terminated the doings of the day."—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

Newspaper Statistics.—There are at present 138 newspapers circulated in London; the yearly circulation of which amounts to 36,271,020 papers, and the advertisement duty to 48,179*l*. 10*s*. There are 214 English country papers in circulation, the total yearly sale of which amounts to 16,857,000 papers; showing that, though the number of journals considerably exceeds the number in London, the yearly circulation does not amount to half of the circulation in the metropolis. The yearly amount of advertisement duty on the country papers is 49,766*l*. 18*s*. The yearly amount of circulation in Scotland is 1,478,940, and the advertisement duty is 12,595*l* 12*s*. In Wales there are ten papers in circulation, the highest of which averages only 1500 yer week. The circulation of the rest is uncertain, sometimes rising to 10,000 per month, and sometimes falling to 100. The total yearly circulation is 88,000, and the advertisement duty is 305*l*. 18*s*. 6*d*. There are 25 papers circulated in Dublin, the yearly sale of which amounts to 3,366,406 papers, and the advertisement duty is 4,599*l*. 8*s*. There are 58 Irish country papers, the yearly circulation of which is 2,435,068, and 12,000 supplements. The advertisement duty amounts to 3,686*l*. 16*s*.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Musical Devotion.—Yorkshire, and the adjoining counties of Lancaster and Derby, are celebrated for a love of music: its spirit pervades every rank of the people in a manner unknown and unfelt in the rest of our island. And amongst those districts famed for musical taste and skill, Halifax stands pre-eminently forward. There, as perhaps nowhere else in England, may be found, at stated periods, the justice of the peace and the artisan side by side in the orchestra, practising together their divine art, and forgetting, for a time, the artificial distinctions set up in the world of men. In an essay entitled "A Village Oratorio," by George Hogarth, justice has been done to the musicians of this part of Yorkshire. "Of these singers and players," he says, speaking of choristers and instrumental performers, "very few are professional. Most of them are industrious tradespeople, cultivating music from love of the art, and making its practice their dearest recreation." As an instance of devotion to the art, we may relate, that the Halifax Orchestral Society consists of between thirty and forty members, most of whom reside five or six miles from the town; and, for years past, it has seldom happened, even on the darkest and wildest night of winter, that any one of its rustic members has been absent from his post on the nights of rehearsal, which takes place fortnightly. An officer of the society, a respectable tradesman residing in that town, had occasion, some time ago, to visit a brother musician and a member of the society, who lives some miles from the town. His condition is humble, being a hand-loom weaver; his dwelling is of a character according with his condition, and is situate at Coldedge, an outlandish part of the parish of Halifax, bordering upon the moor of Saltonstall. To find his biding place became a task of infinite difficulty. However, after much inquiry, and many windings through a devious path, which lay over fields and through farm-yards, the distant sound of a violoncello fell upon the ear of our wandering musical votary, making him no longer doubtful of the "whereabout" of the "famous bass player," as some of the hardy mountaineers had denominated him, on inquiry being made of them touching his dwelling-house. Following the direction whence the pleasing sound issued, he was led to a mean-looking hut. He entered, and found the object of his search half dressed, engaged in the performance of one of Lindley's concertos: the room contained two pair of looms; in one of these the "guid-wife" was industriously "plying the shuttle;" and on the hearth was her lord, surrounded by two or three younkers, deeply engaged, as we have intimated, in a domestic concert of no ordinary or common-place character, for his execution of a difficult and beautiful composition is described as admirable and worthy of all praise! Thus, beneath this humble roof of poverty, and far from the haunts of cultivation and refinement, was presented a picture of simple and virtuous happiness rarely to be found in England. How truly might it be said, in this instance, that music has been given us by our bountiful Creator to assist in smoothing the path of human life!—*Bradford Observer.*

Sea of Aral.—Of the sea of Aral it is difficult to procure any particulars from a people so barbarous as the Kuzzauks, who alone are familiar with it. The water is too salt to be drunk by man or beast, excepting at the mouths of the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes. The water is shallow, but navigable by small craft. Its north-western shores are sometimes bounded by cliffs of chalk, marle, and shell-limestone, elevated about 200 feet above the level of the water. At the mouth of the Oxus are many islands, and near the centre of the sea is one of considerable extent. . . . . The boats upon the sea of Aral are merely small fishing-craft, belonging to the Aral Oozbegs and Kara Kulpauks, dwelling on its coasts: they are few in number. The name of this sea is Dungiz-i-Kahaurism, or the sea of Kahaurism. The name Aral is never applied to it by Asiatics, and belongs to a tribe of Oozbegs dwelling near that sea.—*Capt. Abbott's Khiva, etc.*

Isthmus of Panama.—In the French Chamber of Deputies, a short time since, M. Guizot, in answer to some observations throwing doubts upon the practicability of the proposed works for piercing the Isthmus of Panama, read the following letter from the Baron de Humboldt to one of the heads of the parties interested in the proposed operation:—"I learn, with regret, that you are not further advanced in your important enterprise than you were when I had last the pleasure of seeing you in Paris. For the last twenty-five years, the project of a communication between the two seas, either by the Isthmus of Panama, by Lake Nicaragua, or by the Isthmus of Capica, has been proposed, and topographically debated; and yet no beginning has been made. I should have thought that the British Embassy would have found a means of inspiring confidence in the proposal to send a scientific man (an engineer) for the purpose of examining the valley which separates the two seas, through which the canal might be dug to the western side of the Port of Chagres. Be assured that those persons who use the authority of my name in support of the opinion that the two seas have different levels, do so only to excuse themselves from engaging in the enterprise." The Minister also read an extract from a document addressed to the Academy of Sciences, by M. Warden, a distinguished American citizen, long consul for that country in Paris:—"The cutting necessary to unite the two seas, by means of the three rivers, Vino-Tinto, Bernardino, and Farren, is but twelve and a half miles in length. The fall will be regulated by four double locks of 45 mètres long. The canal will be altogether 49 miles in extent, 43 mètres 50 centimètres wide at the surface, 17 mètres 50 centimètres at the bottom, and having a depth of 6 mètres 50 centimètres. It will be navigable for vessels of from 1,000 to 1,400 tons burthen. The rivers, in those portions of them where they have from 2½ to 4½ mètres of water, will serve for the canal, by deepening to 6½ mètres; and the water will be maintained at that height by two guard-locks. All the materials necessary for the construction of the canal are found on the soil which it has to traverse; and the total cost has been estimated at 2,778,615 dollars, including the price of four steam-boats, and two iron bridges, 46 mètres long, and opening for the passage of ships." —*Athenæum.*

Animal Skeletons.—It is stated that, during the week, several enormous skeletons of the mastadon, elephant, ox, elk, hyena, wolf, etc., have been dug up, about eighteen feet from the surface, near Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, all in a good state of preservation.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Tomb of Alexander.—A communication from Mr. J. L. Stoddart, now at Cairo, relates "to the probability of the real locality of the tomb of Alexander within the walls of Alexandria being still preserved in the tradition of the Mahometan inhabitants of that city. 'Amidst the mounds of rubbish,' says the writer, 'and by the corner of one of the many gardens or palm-groves, which occupy a large portion of the space within the Arab wall, there stands an insulated bath called Hammam Hatieh. It is said to be the oldest in the place. Near to it is a small square building of unfashioned stone, very rude, very humble. Within is a rustic chapel. In the wall facing the entrance was a kiblah, or long niche, which marks the direction of Mekka. To the left, the chapel is separated by a coarse wooden rail from a hollow of nine or ten feet square, and five feet five inches below the rest of the chamber and level of the soil. Seven steps lead to the bottom, where is a common Arab tomb of rough masonry. To this spot, however mean and humble in its present state, the general tradition of the Arabs has assigned the name of the tomb of Alexander; and as such it is the common resort of the resident Arabs, who pay respect to him as a great sultan and the founder of their city.' Many of the principal points of the topography of Alexandria are already well ascertained; such as the ancient port, now called the 'New Port;' and Eunostos, now the 'Old Port;' and the Heptastadium. The Pharos is unaltered, and Cape Lochias is the point of the Pharillon. The two obelisks near the old port belonged to the Sebastium or Cæsarium, as is evident from the words of Pliny, 'Duo obelisci sunt Alexandriæ in portu ad Cæsaris templum,' (l. 36, c. 9.) The temple of Serapis, said by Strabo to be in Rhacotis, was on the site of the fortress erected by the French, and named Caffarelli, on the lofty mound of earth which commands Port Eunostos. The spot is clearly pointed out by the words of Rufinus and Sozomen; and the Persian or Egyptian temple of Mendes-Schmoum, or Ammon the generator, may be safely applied to the other high mound, now called Koum-el-Dikke.—*Lit. Gazette.*

Captain Harris's Abyssinian Embassy.—Capt. W. C. Harris, of the Engineers, accompanied by the two Abyssinian ambassadors, who arrived last month in the Victoria, left Bombay in the Sesostris in charge of the presents sent for her most gracious majesty the Queen, through the late mission, of which he was the leader, at the court of Shoa. The various articles were for some time exposed in the council-chamber, and from their novelty and savage singularity attracted great admiration, although obviously the work of a people low in the scale of civilization. Although nothing of a political nature can transpire, the arrival in Bombay of the two Abyssinians, the first of their nation who have crossed the ocean boundary, would at least prove that the most friendly relations have been established with the monarch of Shoa, who, we understand, has been induced to conclude a treaty of commerce, whereof Captain Harris is likewise the bearer to England. The extent of the zoological and botanical collection, the myrrh, the cotton, the seeds, and the splendid paintings lately exhibited, with the various rude manufactures of the countries visited, would prove that the enterprising party were not idle; and some of their accessions to geography, which have already appeared in print, may be expected to lead to very important results. We read with feelings of admiration, mingled with the proudest gratification, the fact, that upwards of seven thousand Christian slaves were liberated from galling bondage at the intercession of our countrymen, and are now blessing the name of the white man; that hundreds of doomed pagan captives, taken in the bloody forays, witnessed by the British embassy, were set at large; and that the members of the royal house of Shoa, and princes of the blood, whom a barbarous policy has, since the days of Solomon, doomed to chains and a living grave, have been liberated through the same influence—to the permanent abolition, we trust, of a system so revolting to humanity.—*Bombay Times.*

Egyptian Expedition.—Referring to the interesting particulars respecting the Lake and Labyrinth of Mœris, contained in a letter from the spot (*Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1383, pp. 480, 81,) we see it stated farther, on the authority of Dr. Lepsius, that "there are some hundreds of chambers standing, with walls of from 15 to 20 feet high; and the name of Mœris has been frequently found amongst the inscriptions. Dr. Lepsius says that the supposition of Manetho, that this monarch belonged to the twelfth dynasty, is confirmed.—*Ibid.*

Comet.—A comet has been visible, we learn from Manilla and Singapore, since the beginning of last month, but during almost all which time the weather here has been so unsettled, and the sky so continually overcast, that it was first beheld here on the night of the 28th. The comet itself is barely visible to the naked eye, but its tail is of great extent, say about forty degrees, and quite straight. At present it sets at about half-past ten in the south-west, and when first seen, disappeared soon after nightfall; it is probable, therefore, that it will remain visible a long while. We believe this to be a comet hitherto unknown. As may be supposed, the Chinese are in great consternation about it, believing that it forebodes evil.—*Canton Press*, *April* 1.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

New Meridian Instrument or Sun-dial.—On a recent visit to Mr. Dent, chronometer maker, we observed a small instrument on the mantle-piece, apparently a circular glass mirror about two inches in diameter, imbedded in a solid metallic frame, reflecting the image of a lighted taper revolving on the opposite side of the room. Our curiosity was excited, naturally, and we inquired the object of the experiment and the uses of the reflector. Mr. Dent immediately placed us in a particular position, and we beheld two reflected images of the flame approaching each other, coinciding and then receding, and so for each revolution of the taper. It was evident at once that here was a most simple and beautiful transitorial or meridian instrument. But what was its construction? merely such an arrangement of three reflecting planes, that they could be used as one single and one double reflector, and in such a manner that an observer may see two images of a distant object, when that object is near to an imaginary plane passing through the instrument; and by the coincidence of those images, the observer may know when the distant object is in that imaginary plane. The honor of this invention is due to James Mackenzie Bloxham, Esq., and to Mr. Dent jointly;—to the former, in whose name the patent is to be enrolled, for the original suggestion of the optical arrangement—and to the latter, who has become the legal patentee, for experimenting, carrying out, and perfecting the instrument to its present simple form, about one-fifth the size of the practical perfect sun-dial. The optical principles involved in the invention, however, and its construction and application, can only be understood by an illustrated description, which, together with a large woodcut of the full-sized instrument, through the kindness of Mr. Dent, we hope to be enabled to give in our next number.—*Literary Gazette.*

Duvernoy on the Teeth.—According to the theory of M. Duvernoy, the bulb, or soft core, is the producing organ of each simple tooth, at least of its principal dentary substance, or ivory, and impresses on it its form and dimensions. This bulb is composed of two distinct parts: the one, in immediate relation with the blood-vessels and nerves, which penetrate it, is a gland, the coats of which secrete and turn into the cavity which it contains the materials of the tubulous substance; it is at once the preparing organ and the reservoir of these materials; the other part of the bulb envelops the first, and is the ground-work of the tubulous substance of the tooth, which hardens, so that the capillary tubes of which it is composed receive and absorb the materials prepared by the secretory organ of the bulb. The new work of M. Duvernoy is intended to develop this doctrine, and to demonstrate it by new preparations and new designs. The teeth of shrew-mice, (he says,) because of the transparency of their enamel and ivory, are peculiarly suitable for the study of these relations.—*Ibid.*

Frescoes.—At a time when fresco-painting is likely to work a grand revolution in the arts of England, we have been much interested and delighted by the sight of a number of plates designed for the illustration of a splendid folio work about to be produced by Mr. Lewis Gruner. They consist of fresco-decorations and stuccoes of churches and palaces of Italy, during the triumphant reign of painting in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and are selected from the principal performances of the great masters—Luini, Pinturicchio, Correggio, Raphael and his school, Giulio Romano, B. Peruzzi, S. del Piombo, Primaticcio and others. Their number is forty-five; and Certosa near Pavia, the Monastery at Maggiore, the Library of Siena, the Camera di St. Paolo at Parma, the Vatican, the Villa Madama and Villa Lante and Farnesina Palace at Rome, and two palaces at Montova, supply the fruitful, the inexhaustible subjects. It is not in our power to convey an idea of the endless variety, elegance, beauty, and invention of these designs, which are sufficiently colored by hand to afford a perfect idea of the originals. The harmony of these colors is exquisite, and the revelling of fancy in the forms indescribable. It appears to us that suggestions for hundreds of book-ornaments, and patterns for that purpose, for room-papering, for distemper embellishments, and for many articles of furniture, such as candelabra, stands, chimney-pieces, carpets, curtains, &c., might be taken from these plates with admirable effect, and contribute to the wonderful improvement of our most refined efforts in those lines of taste and luxurious expenditure. But above all, at the period when we are proposing to adorn our public buildings with works of the same kind, the accomplishment of this rich treasure of what has been done by the greatest genius the world ever witnessed, is most *apropos*, and must be of inestimable value. We speak of it in terms of the highest panegyric that our language can compass, because we are certain that its examination will disappoint no lover of what is superb and charming in art. English descriptions are to accompany the publication, for which we certainly look with much impatience, believing that nothing could be better calculated to inform the public mind upon an art so little understood by those who have not travelled to the sites of these matchless decorations.—*Ibid.*

The Nelson Monument.—The workmen are again employed a-top of this column, placing there the bronze leaves and volutes of the capital, cast for that purpose at Woolwich. After they are fixed the statue will be raised: it is said to be nearly finished, and to consist of two great blocks of stone, now wrought upon under the direction of Mr. Baily, R. A.—*Ibid.*

Daguerreotype.—MM. Choiselat and Ratel think that in photography the accelerating substances only act by seizing on the iodine left bare by the action of the light, and the transformation of the iodine of silver into the subiodine. They have found by experiment that bodies deprived of sensibility in themselves greatly exalt the sensible layer, and especially carbon. Thus, by adding to bromine, employed as an accelerator, essential oils, naphtha, alcohol, &c., they have succeeded in obtaining pictures in two seconds. Their method of applying the accelerating vapor is very simple: they mix bromine and alcohol, for instance, in the proportion of 5 to 2; they draw with a small glass syringe about a demi-centilitre of the vapor which escapes from the mixture, and inject it into the box with the bromine: the plate exposed to this vapor is covered again with it very uniformly and with great rapidity.—*Ibid.*

Galileo.—M. Alberii announces, that among the mss. of Galileo, collected for the edition which is being printed at Florence, have been found those relating to the satellites of Jupiter, and which works were thought to have been lost for two centuries.—*Ibid.*

OBITUARY.

Noah Webster, LL. D. May 27.—In New Haven, U. S., aged 85, Noah Webster, LL. D., author of the English Dictionary.

Dr. Webster has been a long time before the public as a prominent individual in the various departments of society. He was born in West Hartford, Oct. 16, 1758, a descendant of John Webster, one of the first settlers of Hartford, who was a member of the Colonial Council from its first formation, and subsequently Governor of Connecticut. Noah Webster entered Yale College in 1774. In his junior years, in the time of Burgoyne's expedition from Canada, he volunteered his services under the command of his father, who was captain in the Alarm List. In that campaign, all the males of the family, four in number, were in the army at the same time. Notwithstanding this interruption in his studies, Webster graduated with high reputation in 1778. During the summer of 1779, he resided in the family of Mr., afterwards Chief Justice Ellsworth, at Hartford. He was admitted to the bar in 1781. Subsequently he engaged in the business of instruction, and, being strongly impressed with the defects of such books as were then used in elementary schools, published in 1783, at Hartford, his "First part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Grammar." The great success of this work, and of others of the same class prepared by him, is well known. His "Sketches of American Policy," published in 1784, his writings in favor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in defence of Washington's proclamation of neutrality, and of the treaty negociated with Great Britain by Mr. Jay, had great influence on public opinion, and were highly appreciated. Various other topics during the same period were publicly discussed by him. In 1793, he commenced a daily paper in New-York, which is now called the Commercial Advertiser and New-York Spectator. Mr. Webster removed to New Haven in 1798, and 1807 entered on the great business of his life, the compiling of a new and complete Dictionary of the English Language. This work he prosecuted amidst various difficulties and discouragements, and published the first edition of it in 1828. In the preparation of this dictionary he was led to investigate to a great extent the subject of etymology, and the relations of various languages to each other. This dictionary has been more favorably received, than, as is believed, the author ever anticipated. His other publications are numerous.

Dr. Webster had enjoyed remarkably vigorous health till within a few days of his death. His disorder soon took the form of pleurisy, and he gradually sank under the attack, till, in the full possession of his reason, he died with entire composure and resignation.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Rev. Samuel Kidd, M. A.—June 12. At Camden Town, of epilepsy, aged 42, the Rev. Samuel Kidd, A. M., Professor of Oriental and Chinese Literature at the University College, London.

The suburbs of Hull had the honor of giving birth to this eminent student, who at an early age exhibited extraordinary powers for the acquisition of language, and a not less tenacious memory for literature in general, to which he was remarkably attached. These qualifications, joined to an ardent love of the gospel, recommended him to the notice of the London Missionary Society, and he was appointed to the important post of Malacca, where the society established an Anglo-Chinese College, together with a printing press, which have been extensively useful in the translation and circulation of the Sacred Scriptures, and other Christian publications, amongst the Chinese. Mr. Kidd became the principal of the college, and his labors must have been great; at the time of his death he was allowed to be the first Chinese scholar in this country, and therefore eminently qualified for the seat of Professor of Chinese Language and Literature in the University of London, to which he was appointed when the state of his health required his return to this country. His acquaintance with the literature of China comprehended a very wide range of reading, and his position in University College, which possesses a most valuable library in the language of the celestial empire, appeared to be eminently calculated for usefulness, now that our connections with the country are assuming a closer character. In 1841 he published a learned and ingenious work, entitled "Illustrations of the Symbols, &c., of China."

He was in the prime of life, and surrounded by a numerous family.

Dr. Hahnemann.—July 2—At Paris, aged 88, **Dr. Hahnemann**, the founder of Homœopathy.

Dr. Hahnemann, was born in 1755, at Meissen, of poor parents, and owed his education to the great aptitude for learning he gave evidence of at the little school where he was first placed. He was received doctor in physic at Heidelberg in 1781, and discovered in 1790 the new system which he afterwards designated homœopathy. He continued until 1820 his experiments and researches, and then published the results of his labors, under the title of *Matière Medica le Pure.* In 1829 he published his *Theory of Chronic Diseases, and their Remedies*, of which he gave a second edition in 1840. To those works must be added his *Organon de l'Art de Guérir*, which ran through five editions. He also published nearly 200 dissertations on different medical subjects; and he did all this whilst occupied with patients, which took up from ten to twelve hours a day. He had the satisfaction of seeing his system, after half a century's existence, spread over every part of the globe; and just before his death he learned that homœopathy was about to have a chair at the University of Vienna, and hospitals in all the Austrian States, at Berlin, and at London.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Mr. Washington Allston.—At Cambridge, in America, in his 64th year, Mr. Washington Allston, Associate of the R. A., the most imaginative painter on that continent.

Though nearly thirty years have elapsed since Mr. Allston quitted England, and his works have since but seldom appeared in our exhibition rooms, we have not forgotten some which remain in our principal collections: the Egremont, Jacob's Dream, and Elisha; Mr. Labouchere's Elijah in the Desert; and the Stafford Uriel. We have heard those curious in pedigree point to Mr. Allston as the first in that gorgeous style of perspective painting, which Martin and Danby have so richly adorned. A still elder artist, however, might be named, Paul Brill. Mr. Allston occupied himself with other graceful pursuits besides his own art. A volume of poems was published during his residence in England, and it is but a year or two since that we reported on his Monaldi, an Italian romance of considerable power.

He married a sister of Dr. Channing, whom he survived several years.—*Athenæum.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great-Britain.

1.—*Claims of the Christian Aborigines of the Turkish or Osmanli Empire. By W. F. Ainsworth, F. G. S. &c.* Cunningham & Mortimer.

The extent of the information, and the interest of the claims advocated in these pages are singularly disproportioned to the small size and low price of the work. The subject—the claims of the Christian Aborigines of the Turkish empire upon civilized nations–falls properly into the literary care of Mr. Ainsworth, who, it may be remembered, had in charge the late expedition to the Chaldean Christians, from the Christian Knowledge Society. His object is to promote the interests, both spiritual and temporal, of a prostrate and often wronged and suffering people; and it appears that he purposes to devote some monthly effort, in a separate publication, to that philanthropic, though we fear not readily attainable purpose. His present view of the subject includes three divisions, and he severally treats of the claims of the aborigines, the existing condition and prospects of the Osmanli empire, and the aspect and position of the missionary enterprise in Western Asia. It may be proper to remind the reader, as the first step to awaken his interest, that the only right possessed by the Osmanli Turks to the rich and great countries (for the most part, Christian, formerly) over which they rule, is that of conquest. They rose to power within the country, but they are not the aborigines of it. Mr. Ainsworth shows, we think, by bringing extensive reading and close argument to his aid, that there are many considerations affecting the welfare of these people which deserve to be entertained; and he forcibly advances the suggestion which was once laid before parliament, of the necessity of giving protection to our Protestant brethren in the East. The French have long since taken under their protection the Roman Catholics of Turkey. But of course nothing in the way of permanent security and advancement could be effected, but by all sects and classes of Christians in the East making common cause, and exhibiting in practice the brotherhood which should be the bond of their faith. Our zealous advocate perceives in the establishment of Protestant sees in the Mediterranean and at Jerusalem, a circumstance which tends strongly to increase confidence in the proximate regeneration of the East. That he himself has enthusiasm, as well as confidence, is seen in a passage of considerable power, which we here subjoin:—

"As it has been said that there are stars so distant, though their light has been travelling towards us ever since the creation, it has never yet reached us, so there are meanings in God's dispensations, a light in events long past, which, through our imperfection of moral vision, or the thick medium through which we have to judge, may not yet have broken upon us, and may not, indeed, till far in the bosom of eternity. The meaning of the brazen serpent in the wilderness was not seen till the Son of man was lifted up on the cross; the purpose of David's education as a shepherd was not read till the publication of the Book of Psalms. There was a meaning in that three years' drought and famine in the time of Elijah, in the reign of Ahab, in the land of Judea, not known even to the church of God till the general epistle of James, after the crucifixion of our Saviour. An event like that of Bunyan's imprisonment for thirteen years had a meaning that could not be seen by that generation, indeed is but beginning to be known now, after the translation of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' into more than twenty languages. An event in a still greater cycle of dispensations, like the banishment of the puritans to America, had a meaning which we are now only beginning to comprehend. And lastly, circumstances like those which threw the key of the Mediterranean into the possession of a Protestant power, did the same with Malta—the bridge between the Oriental and the Occidental world—and, finally, opened one of the antique gates of Christendom to the same nation, can only be understood when those future events have begun to march by in succession, for which those previous steps of God's providence are so evidently taken."—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

2.—*History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines.* By the Rev. W. M. Hetherington. Edinburgh: Johnstone.

Though Mr. Hetherington's is an extremely one-sided account of the proceedings of this memorable Assembly, it may be of use to many students of English Ecclesiastical History from its brevity. Its errors and partialities will probably be pointed out in some of the religious periodicals under the immediate influence of the Independents or Congregationalists;—and this is required. Instead, therefore, of meddling with the controversy as between the Presbyterians and Independents in the Assembly or yet with the *Erastian* Controversy, we should, at the present moment, prefer as a sample of the History, the disputes concerning priests' vestments, and those other frivolities and fopperies which have come into vogue of late, and with more blame and absurdity that in past times, as this superstitious nonsense is revived in an age claiming to be much more enlightened than the sixteenth century. From recent appearances, one might conclude that the Bishop of London would not be very loth to see the whole clergy of London summoned, as of old, to Lambeth, and compelled to assume the sacerdotal costume prescribed for them, or forfeit their livings, which thirty-seven out of a hundred ministers then did. This arbitrary order, however, was alleged to be issued to enforce the great duty of conformity, and not from any intrinsic importance connected with the mere vestments and frivolous rites. Both objects may now be contemplated by the Puseyite clergy.—*Tait's Magazine.*

3.—*The Universal Kingdom: a Sermon preached at the request of the Protestant Association of London, May* 4, 1843. By the Rev. G. Croly, LL. D. Pp. 27. Duncan & Malcolm.

We seldom venture to offer opinions upon single sermons, and preached for peculiar occasions; but the eloquence of this discourse pleads for an exemption from our rule. The enthusiastic view which Dr. Croly, years ago, took of the fulfilment of the prophecies, in endeavoring to put his finger upon their development to the present epoch, and thence deducing their farther completion at calculated periods, prepared him for not only an animated but a profound sermon when called on to perform this duty. There is consequently a grandeur and comprehensiveness in his ideas which lead the hearer and the reader along with his impressive style; and were we to put all question of religion out of sight, we would advise men of every variety of faith to peruse this splendid apotheosis (if we may say so) of the expected universal kingdom, were it only for the sake of its beauties as a composition.—*Literary Gazette.*

4.—*Sacred Poems, from Subjects in the Old Testament.* By John Edmund Reade, Author of "Italy," &c.

We have frequently noticed Mr. Reade's poetical efforts in terms of high commendation. There is not one of our living writers who has a deeper and more abiding sense of the requirements of his art, or who approaches his subjects with greater sincerity and earnestness than does the author of these Sacred pieces. He is not of the number who imagine that a set of verses strung together without forethought and steady purpose can be fitting either as respects the purposes of Poetry, or his own character. As he himself observes, the great ends of Poetry are like those of Truth, "with whom she is one, the sister and the adorning handmaid—to hold up the evil and the good in their most impressive colors." Accordingly he never thinks of applying his art as a mere plaything, but makes its employment a matter of conscience. Most sedulously has he sought to improve his skill by study, by travel, and by careful revision; and we may be sure that when he essayed sacred themes he did not rush unadvisedly into the temple, nor read his texts with an undisciplined imagination.

These Poems have for their subjects some of the most remarkable events and characters to be met with in the Old Testament, which abounds with passages of the very highest capability for poetical treatment, and which at the same time impose the highest responsibility upon him who approaches them with the design of bringing out parts of the picture more fully than has been done by the inspired penman, or of enlarging a sentiment that may be but incidentally or indirectly suggested by the text. An example from the collection before us may be given to illustrate our meaning, and at the same time, to convince the reader of the beauties which shine in these poems. The lines are taken from the piece called "Jephthah's Vow."

The shouts of victory rose, the timbrels sounded:
  The old men came forth with their laurels green;
And in the dance glad Israel's maidens bounded,
  Circling their mistress with triumphant mien:
For Jephthah's honored daughter they surrounded,—
  Handmaids of beauty waiting round their queen.

She stood among them yet alone,
Peerless and pure as is the moon
Among the lesser planets shown:
Her hair, unbraided now, was strewn
In masses o'er her shoulders bright,
Glistening in threads of amber light!
But where they parted o'er her brow,
And left her temples bare, ye traced
The violet vein that stained their snow;
And where those tresses, interlaced
With their own tangled braids, descended,
Veiling that swan-like neck of pride,
And with her heaving bosom blended,
Shadowing the forms they could not hide,
They looked as they had stolen the rays
Of sunset in their golden maze.

All this is fairly within the scope of the sacred narrative, and certainly a very beautiful enlargement. We think that it would be idle after such a specimen to offer any further words of general recommendation.—*Monthly Review.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

New General Biographical Dictionary. By Rev. Hugh James Rose, B. D. Part XX. London.

Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, H. B. M., Resident at the Court of Florence, from 1760 to 1785. Concluding Series. London.

Treatise on the Management and Cultivation of Forest Trees. By John Smith. London.

Cowper's Homer's Odyssey, with Commentary. London.

The Gospels Collated. By a Barrister. London.

Wittich's Lexicon to Homer; for Schools and Colleges. London.

A Practical Introduction to Life and Fire Assurance. By Thomas H. Millar.

Lectures on Tractarian Theology. By I. Stoughton. London.

GERMANY.

Ueber eine wichtige Punkte in der Philosophie: von J. F. Reiff. Tübingen.

Ueber Schelling and Hegel. Ein Sendschreiben an P. Leroux: von K. Rosenkranz. Königsberg.

Der Gegensatz des kirchl. und reinbibl. Supernaturalismus: von I. Wiggers. Leipzig.

Das Wahre Geburtsjahr Christi, oder wir sollten 1862 anstatt 1843 schreiben. Berlin.

Xenophons Kyropædie. Mit erklär. Anmerck. und Wortregister. Herausgeg: von K. Jacobitz. Leipzig.

FRANCE.

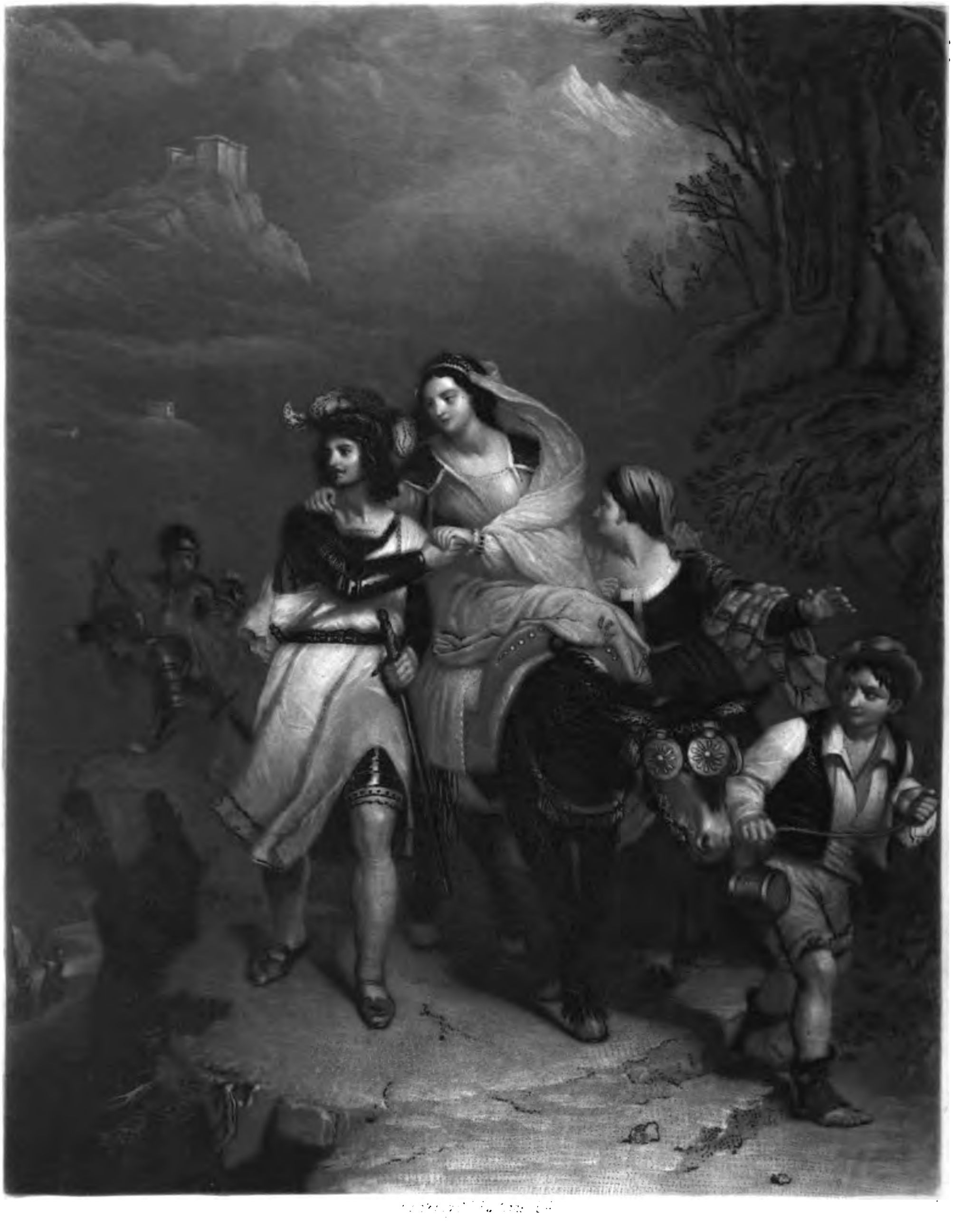
Citolégie hébraïque automatique: par M. S. Franck. Genève.

Essai d'une nouvelle traduction du cantique de Deborah: par M. S. Franck. Genève.

De la Paix, de son principe et de sa réalisation: par C. Pecqueur; ouvrage couronné en 1842 par la Société de la morale chrétienne. Paris.

Rapport sur l'état actuel des populations de la Turquie d'Europe: par M. Blanqui. Paris.

Ciceron et son siècle: par A. F. Gautier aîne. Paris.



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ESCAPE OF CARRARA.

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Engraved for the ECLECTIC MUSEUM by John Sartain.

THE ESCAPE OF FRANCESCO DA CARRARA, SOVEREIGN OF PADUA.

PAINTED BY CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, R. A., F. R. S.

As the Plate in this No. needs no illustration, and many persons were at a loss for the incidents illustrating the "Escape of Carrara" in the last, we subjoin a brief notice.

This subject, from the History of the Italian States in the Middle Ages, is full of deep interest; and the picture, when exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1834, excited much attention, though the particular story was not, perhaps, generally known; the observers felt sympathy for the fugitives of rank, represented in difficulty and danger, and admiration for the picture as a work of art.

The tale is found in the History of Padua of the 14th century, by Galeazzo and Andrea Gataro, the historians of the house of Carrara. Their manuscripts, in the Este Library, were first printed by Muratori, who says, in a preface, that of all the histories he had collected, this would be the most likely to reward the reader's attention; and Mr. Percival, in his History of Italy, speaking of the last sovereign of Padua (the hero of the present subject) and of his lady, says, "The story of their sufferings and hair-breadth escapes, by Andrea Gataro, is more interesting than any romance, from the simple air of truth which pervades it." An abridgment of this chronicle was published by David Syme, Esq., in Edinburgh, 1830.

Francesco Novella da Carrara, when heir to the sovereignty of Padua, was detained with his wife Taddea d'Este, and a few followers, at Asti, by Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan. The Governor of Asti soon informed his noble guest that Visconti had given secret orders for his assassination. The flight of the prisoners was agreed on; but, even in order to reach Florence, (to cross to Padua or Ferrara being out of the question,) they were obliged to penetrate into France, and then get to the coast. The emissaries of Visconti were everywhere on the watch; and the dangers the little party encountered before they reached Florence, Madonna Taddea being then enciente, and ill too, from fatigue, make up one of the most interesting chapters of the story of Gataro. The picture represents the escape of the fugitives, from the pursuit of the Podestà of Ventimiglia, by a narrow pass on the mountain-side which skirts the deep ravine of the Roya above that town. The shrinking fear of the boy who leads the mule, the alarm of the lady's attendant, and her own expression of pain and suffering as she leans on her gallant lord, who is ready in the extremity of danger to guard her from the approaching enemy, seen in the depths of the ravine below—disclose a moment of the deepest anxiety. They were overtaken, but fought their way to the shore, and ultimately escaped.

The period is the latter part of the 14th century. At the commencement of the 15th, in 1406, Francesco Novella, with all his sons, was put to death by the Venetians in cold blood. He kept at bay five officers and twenty executioners for some time, before they subdued him and strangled him in his dungeon. Particulars can be found in Harpers' Family Library, No. XLII.

The picture was painted for James Morrison, Esq., and is now in his possession.

THE

ECLECTIC MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

LIFE OF A TRAVELLING PHYSICIAN.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Life of a Travelling Physician, from his First Introduction to Practice; including Twenty Years' Wanderings through the greater part of Europe. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

This is a rambling, discursive book;—the work of a clever and acute observer; but nowise remarkable for either thinking or style. It has been put together with as little pains as we ever remember to have seen exemplified in the operation of book-making. But it is, upon the whole, amusing; and it leads us to think favorably of the author himself. Sir George Lefevre (for so the writer is confidently named in some of the periodical publications of the day) has seen much of life—a great deal more than he chooses to communicate; and in what he has here revealed, it is not always easy to distinguish between '*dichtung*' and '*wahrheit*;'—to borrow the title of Goethe's *Memoirs*, which he has himself chosen by way of motto. Nothing, at any rate, can be more careless than his manner of throwing together his loose remarks on men and things; nothing more commonplace than two-thirds of the matter with which he has filled up the predestined and favorite number of three volumes. But the remaining portion consists of quaint anecdote, and descriptions of scenes and characters, such as only an intimate acquaintance with the interior of foreign life could have enabled him to delineate; joined with the shrewd judgments of a cosmopolite on the world about him. A little more knowledge of languages, we should have thought, would have done him no harm; his German is somewhat elementary; his sins against French orthography (albeit an accomplishment on which he prides himself) unpardonable; while with Polish and Russian, though he lived sixteen years in these countries, he does not seem to possess any acquaintance. He at least disfigures the names of places and people in a manner only equalled by the most slovenly of modern tourists. But as he has managed to live and thrive without them, so he succeeds in giving his reader a tolerable insight into many things, of which some writers of greater pretensions convey no idea. Altogether, had we been consulted, in our consulting capacity, as to whether these records of the life of our medical friend should be given to the public, we should have felt some difficulty in advising on the case: as it is, we are glad that no opportunity was afforded us of giving the austerer counsel.

The 'travelling physician' first introduces himself to us in his capacity of medical student; having just picked up knowledge enough to fancy himself the victim of all the ills which flesh is heir to. It was under this conviction that he started on his travels, after obtaining his degree at Edinburgh. 'Each pain and ache,' says he, 'every comfortable sensation which I experienced, seemed to indicate the last stage of consumption. I was continually feeling my pulse, taking a deep inspiration to discover whether I had any pain in my chest, attentive to every little symptom which might tend to strengthen the opinion which I had formed of my case. I had two objects to attain, and their mutual accomplishment was necessary to my existence. I had to regain my own health, and to procure the means of so doing by endeavoring to restore the health of—others.'

The unpromising resource of East or West India practice was of course the first thing which offered itself under these peculiar circumstances; but fortunately, as it turned out for our physician, his endeavors for employment in those quarters did not succeed; and in September 1819, after a period of that trying and anxious uncertainty which is usually allotted to the young pilgrim in his outset in that profession—one of the roughest passages in the life of all, and one with the sufferings of which there is the least sympathy to be met with—he found himself comfortably established as travelling physician to Lord ——, then leaving England in the last stage of consumption. We might, were it proper, fill up the blank with the name of a Scottish nobleman of no ordinary character; one of those sanguine temperaments so often found in conjunction with predisposition to this malady; the projector of schemes of singular magnitude, who lived, like many similar projectors, a little before his time, and would have found in our days a much wider field of action, and fellow-visionaries as zealous as himself.

English physicians had not then attained the melancholy learning with which they now estimate the several varieties of air and temperature in the regions to which they recommend the victims of that appalling complaint. They consigned their patients to various by-places of the newly opened Continent; but with results much the same. Spain was talked of for wintering—then Montpelier—then Toulouse—and Pau was finally determined on, where the southern breezes blow freshly from the glittering icy wall of the Pyrenees, full in sight. 'Qui diable vous a conseillé de venir ici?' said the Basques, as they pointed to their mountains. The first breezes of spring heralded the departure of the poor invalid, and procured the doctor his release, and a pleasant solitary tour in the Pyrenees, where a village Æsculapius seems to have laughed him out of his fancies about his health; and we hear no more of *his* consumption.

After the termination of this engagement, we find him again in London, exerting himself 'to get on' in the usual course of his profession. He nearly succeeded in a great canvass for a Dispensary; but at last, although he could prove by his books that he had secured two-thirds of the *bona fide* subscribers, the candidate whom he feared the least 'created upwards of a hundred old women, whose proxies threw me,' he says, 'into the minority! I was in a rage, and the directors were in a rage, and a council was called, and a law was passed which prevented such proceedings for the future; but had no retrospective influence, and it did not help me.'

After three or four more years of hard study, anxious expectations, and no fees, he accepts a situation with Prince ———, at Paris, as family physician for five years.

"The Prince was a man who lived for the day, and only thought of the morrow as able to procure him possibly more entertainment than the day. He seldom read, and if he did, it was only a pamphlet, or the last new novel published by Avocat. With politics he never troubled himself, or he had, perhaps, been too much troubled by them. As regards general litreratore, however, he seemed to be quite *au fait;* he knew the merits of most authors, and could equally point out their defects. Speak of chemistry, he seemed thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the science. Physics he had a natural talent for, and was often occupied in inventing some plan to counteract the loss in vertical motion. He was a very fair mathematician. He was an excellent modern linguist, and could speak half a dozen languages fluently. He knew nothing of the classics. His conversation was replete with anecdote, for his memory was most retentive, and he turned every thing he heard to his own account: he made it in fact his own. So far from appearing to have neglected his education, he seemed on the contrary to have studied a great deal; and yet his whole information was derived from what he had picked up in conversation, and little from books. His social powers were great, and as he was not pedantic, but gallant and amiable in the extreme, so he was adored by the fair sex. The character drawn by Segur of the famous Potemkin would apply in many respects to the Prince.

"I may observe, that his occupations were most trivial. He would rise at five o'clock, put on his *robe-de-chambre*, and sit at his table in his study till ten or eleven o'clock A. M. During the whole of this time he was employed in sketching something upon paper, chewing the corner of his pocket-handkerchief, and taking snuff; wholly absorbed in these occupations, he hardly lifted his head from the table until he was summoned to breakfast. Then his latent faculties became free, and he would converse during the whole of this repast with his *maître d'hôtel*, or his cook, if he had no other company. He seldom, however, was driven to such expedients; for as his table had the first reputation, there were seldom wanting guests in the shape of cousins, or nephews, or even of intimate friends. This repast, which generally lasted an hour, was always taken in the *robe-de-chambre;* and then he retired again to his cabinet, where he remained until it was time to dress himself for the more important duties of the day; such as are performed by a man with plenty of money, and without any official occupation, in the most dissipated city in Europe. It was a promenade with the Duchess of ——, or the Countess of ——; perhaps it was in paying court to the King, or more probably in doing nothing at all, with which he occupied himself till dinner-time.

"If the time previous to this important epoch of the day, for to him *la vie c'était le diner*, was not all disposed of, he quietly undressed and went to bed, where he slept as soundly as at midnight, until his valet announced to him that it was time to dress. Then his imagination awoke, and he was employed in anticipating the quality of the repast till he found himself seated by the fair Duchess, and in the act of saying the prettiest thing in the world, or relishing a delightful mouthful of some choice dish. This was his element; he shone here as a bright star in the gastronomic firmament; but what greater eulogium can be paid him, than the one pronounced upon him by his own cook, who, in speaking of him, and discussing his different merits, observed, that it was a pleasure to serve him; for, said he, '*Monsieur le Prince est essentiellement cuisinier.*'"—Vol. i. p. 108.

The artist in question had been cook to two Empresses, and was a man of merit, but an inveterate thief notwithstanding.

"He had attended several courses of chemistry, and was always busy in inquiry. He observed to me once, indeed, with great emphasis, 'that with respect to cooks and physicians it might be said truly, that their education was never finished.' Though the man was a Gascon, there were some good points in his character. He was honest enough to confess his dishonesty.

"The Prince, once shut up with him in his carriage, and proceeding gloomily along the road which leads to Smolensko, (soon after the termination of the campaign which reduced that city to ashes,) wishing no doubt to change his train of ideas, burst like a torrent upon his unsuspecting artist with the emphatic demand—'Why do you rob me so ?' The poor astounded cook, who was at the very moment probably devising some plan of peculation, to make up for the time lost in a long, and for him unprofitable, journey of some weeks' duration, replied in an agitated tone, 'Sir, sir, I don't rob you, I only ——only——only make the usual profits of my ——' 'Stop,' said the Prince, 'I am not angry with you: I know that you rob me; but I wish to make an arrangement with you. Why do you do it? I give you a handsome salary, you have many perquisites, and what need have you of more? Now be candid, and speak the truth boldly: you know that I cannot do without you.'

"There is nothing like making an appeal to a man's feelings; it is by far the best way of attacking him. The cook felt the full power of the concluding part of the sentence—'I cannot do without you.'

"'Why, sir, I admit that yours is an excellent situation; but you know, sir, that it is not equal to my expenses. I like society—to treat my friends handsomely. I am addicted to play: *enfin j'ai une petite maîtresse;* and you must be aware, Prince, that, all these things considered, your wages are not sufficient.'

"'Good,' said the Prince: 'this is precisely the point to which I hoped to bring you. Tell me how much all this costs you over and above what I give you and I will make up the difference; only do not rob me.'

"The cook laid his hand upon his heart for a minute, and looking with an affectionate, and even grateful expression towards his master, replied in a suppressed sigh, '*Non, monseigneur; je préfere de vous voler.*' Having said this he burst into tears, and hid his face in a cotton handkerchief. The Prince, seeing his distress, clapped him upon the shoulder, and encouraged him by saying, '*Bien, mon cher, très bien, comme tu le voudras.*'"—Vol. i. p. 112.

We must find room for a couple of other portraits from the same Prince's household gallery—his French and Russian valets, Baptiste and Nicholas—each, like the cook, an arrant thief; but the one a thief of honor, the other of a religious turn. Thus says the Prince himself respecting them:

"Were I to ask the former, who is a good and faithful servant enough in his way, but were I to ask him, I say, to do any thing more than he thought consistent with his dignity, and the glory of the French name, he would spit in my face. Were I to command him in the field, he would willingly rush into the cannon's mouth, and this not in mere obedience to my individual command, but with the idea of serving his country through me, and doing his duty as a soldier.—Whereas that bear, as you call him, does every thing which I tell him to do, because it is I who tell him to do it. He never stops to consider whether I have the right to command him or not. It is true, he will rob me with one hand, but then he will burn the other off for my sake. Such is human nature; such the difference between unpolished and civilized life.

. . . .

"The difference of character in these two servants was strikingly illustrated when they were under my care. Baptiste had injured his leg, and the wound spreading, he became alarmed: seeing, also, that I did not look as if I gave him much hope, he inquired with much agitation—'*Est ce que Monsieur le Docteur en ait une mauvaise opinion ?*'

"'We shall see, Baptiste: drink no wine.'

"The following day, as I entered his room, he first pointed to the bottle of wine, which was uncorked, and then undid his bandages with fear and trembling. 'Baptiste,' I pronounced, and he trembled. '*Cela a changé de face, Baptiste.*' '*Tant mieux, Monsieur le Docteur, tant mieux; mais Monsieur parle très bien Français!*' What satisfaction did he experience in paying me this compliment!

"Now, how did Nicholas conduct himself under bodily suffering? He had received a kick from a horse, which had produced a considerable contusion. I was absent when the accident happened; but upon my return I found Nicholas stretched upon a mechanical bed. It was impossible to keep my countenance. He was beating his breast with one hand with all his might, and holding a Bible in the other. I asked him how he felt, he replied, '*Gràces à Dieu, Monsieur le Docteur.*' He continued his lamentations morning, noon, and night. It happened to be in Lent, and nobody could persuade him to touch a bit of meat; and he said grace over every glass of water which was given him to drink. His friends who came to see him got so tired of his *misereres*, and so disappointed at finding no good cheer, that they soon abandoned him. When left quite to himself, he held sweet converse therewith; and thumping his breast, and turning round the image of the Virgin, he soliloquized, '*Eh bien bon Dieu, tu m'as tappé fort—tu as bien fait, j' ai été un grand pécheur.*' Then he crossed himself again. '*Laissez-moi échapper cette fois-ci—Oh bon Dieu—je confesserai à l'avenir trois fois par semaine.*' Thus did he amuse himself for days and weeks, until, the bones uniting, (for he had broken his thigh,) he began to stump about as usual; and as he improved in health, his piety decreased in fervor." —Vol. i. p. 137.

In this curious family our physician seems to have spent his time pleasantly enough, between Paris in the winter, and Dieppe in the summer. He gives us very little of his French reminiscences; but we extract the following sketch of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, then in the full bloom of their respective theories. The rival *thumaturgi* were men of very different characters:

"Dr. Spurzheim's physiognomy indicated every thing which was kind and benevolent, and he was what he appeared. A better man never lived. He had, perhaps, too great faith in his own opinions. As to the countenance of Gall, I should say that it indicated that feeling had been absorbed in interest, and that it betrayed a disbelief in every thing, and even in his own system; and if the world judges rightly, such was really the case. In conversing with several of the French professors upon this subject, I found them unanimously of this opinion. '*Spurzheim croit au moins à tout ce qu'il dit, comme un bon enfant. Gall n'y croit pas un mot.*' Such was the opinion in Paris.

. . . .

"I first met with Dr. Gall at a patient's breakfast-table. He was busily employed in eating dried salmon, for which his organs of taste seemed to have been particularly created. His first expression startled me a little, and the more so as it was in a hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. '*Tout ce qui est ultra este bête,*' said the doctor, as he was criticising the conduct of one of his patients, who, not having attended to the doctor's injunctions, was suffering for his disobedience by confinement to his bed.

"'*Permettez-mois de vous presenter le Médecin de mon frère,*' said the lady of the house, interrupting him, '*c'est un Anglais.*' The doctor rose and bowed in honor of my country. Several commonplace phrases were interchanged between us; but nothing which passed denoted any thing extraordinary in the mental endowments of the phrenologist. Still, as I gazed upon his brow, I seemed to see indelibly imprinted the iron character of his soul; the stern, unyielding physiognomy which scarce allowed a smile to play upon it. His countenance was one, however, expressive of great intellect; for thus far we will go, but no farther, that the head is the 'mansion of the mind, and the index of its powers.'

"'And how is poor N——?' inquired the hostess.

"'*Oh, voilà encore un animal,*' replied the doctor. 'He has taken some offence at what I said to him yesterday, and I suppose I shall not be sent for again. Indeed, I hardly think that he will live through the night.'

"'Good God! is the poor old chamberlain so near his end as you say?'

"'He has lived long enough,' he replied, 'to be wiser than he is. He took offence at something which I said to him, and which wounded his pride; but it was true, and had I not wrapped the bird in warm towels, it certainly would have died.'

"'Pray, be more explicit,' continued the lady, 'and tell me what has passed. You know that we are related, and I take a great interest in all that concerns the old ———'

"'Why, then,' continued the doctor, 'if you will know all the gossip of the town, I was sitting yesterday by his bedside, and had paid him rather a longer visit than usual, when one of those convulsive fits of asthma to which he is so subject, and which sooner or later will put an end to his existence, began to manifest its attack. I rose to go away, and see my poor patient at home, and who wanted my care; but the asthmatic man made signs to me to stay with him till the fit was over. I told the attendants that I was in a hurry, that I had a patient at home waiting for me. They pressed my remaining, but I insisted that I could not; for unless I hastened to wrap the peacock, who had caught cold, in warm towels, he might perhaps die.'

"'Good God!' said the hostess, 'and was this the patient who interested you so? and could you leave a human being in his sufferings, to look after a peacock?'

"'It is a great favorite of my ——'s,' and he stopped himself. 'Your relation, the Mareschal, sent it to me from Poland. I would not lose it for any money; and when I could do good in the one case and none in the other, is there any thing so monstrous in it, pray?'"—Vol. i. p. 144.

The father of Phrenology was by no

means popular with his brethren of the profession at Paris; and was considered guilty of many deviations from orthodox practice. Among others, he was in the habit of denoting the drugs in his prescriptions by numbers, to which only a few confidential chemists had the key—by which means he effectually precluded not only the patient but the faculty from criticising his exhibitions. He was once persuaded to become a candidate for the Academy of Sciences, but was blackballed by every voter but one—M. Geoffroi de Saint-Hilaire, his proposer.

At the end of the stipulated five years, the physician accepts an invitation to winter with the Prince in Poland, and to proceed thence, *viâ* Odessa, to St. Petersburg; and here the really interesting part of his narrative begins. Travelling in the society of a party of high rank, he saw at least the outside of Polish high life, such as it is, or was found in the great castles of the interior, some three years before the Revolution, which spread such bitter desolation, not over the kingdom of Poland only, in which its chief military events took place, but wherever the Polish language was spoken; for from every corner of that ancient realm, some of the noblest of its children made their way to take a part in the struggle. It is but a gloomy picture which he draws of Polish society. The old destiny weighs still on the nation, and generations of trial have not yet redeemed it—patriotism without unity, bravery without energy, and genius without application. A hundred thousand of the nobility of this devoted country have peopled the deserts of Siberia since Catharine first placed its crown on the head of her paramour. Few years have passed in which some of her children have not departed on that pilgrimage without hope; where the last prayer of parting friends is, that they may never meet again. And, in these last times, every part of Europe has been witness to the heroism, and the dignity, with which her high-minded exiles have endured their unequalled privations. Yet the Pole, at home, seems to be the same reckless being as ever—exhibiting the same insignificant, listless ways of living, the same mixture of indolence and impatience, the same mobility of temperament, which fills his painstaking German neighbor with astonishment, dislike, and self-exaltation.

"The nobleman of the present day is a linguist, because chance has made him so; he can talk of wars and battles, because they have been familiar to him from his cradle; he is a perfect ladies' man, for ladies like to hear about wonderful things, and with all such he is conversant; but dead languages require study and application, and these it does not enter into his heart to conceive. He has studied truly in a great book, and retains the best part of its contents; but this is a book which owes nothing to the art of printing. When in a library, he is completely out of his element, though by his conversation you would suppose he was quite at home; and, without ever having read a volume, he is more conversant with the facts therein contained than the mere bookworm who has been groping in it for years, but who, with all his labor and information, cannot make himself agreeable in society for a single hour. The other loses nothing that he hears; he gains his knowledge as he does his *florins*, by the toil of others; and he is satisfied with both when they are sufficient for the calls he has upon them. They are both equally necessary to him; he can live neither without money nor without society; he procures both at a cheap rate, inheriting the one, which affords him the means of purchasing the other: nor is he content with a modicum of either. If he is in society he must enjoy it—he must shine in it.

"Few people have more active or penetrating minds, better memories, and a more happy method of converting every kind of information to an useful currency.'—Vol. i. p. 277.

Whether it be the effect of bad education, or of his irrepressible restless nature, and a sort of practical epicureanism which looks on life as not worth the trouble of serious investigation, the Pole studies nothing; and his knowledge is confined to what may be creditable in conversation. His life passes in a routine of crowded, uninteresting society, with little excitement but that of gambling;—the vice and ruin of his race from the earliest period. The Russian is in many respects a similar being; but then the Russian of rank, whatever may be his qualifications as an individual, fills a post as a component part of the mightiest political machine in the world, which gives his life a very different significance from the wretched, purposeless existence of the Polish nobility.

One curious effect of the selfishness engendered by such habits as are unfortunately inevitable in a community of nobles and slaves, is that excessive fear of death which is apt to steal over the rich and prosperous, and vents itself in a thousand strange eccentricities.

"I should say that the Poles were more certain in succeeding in their attempt to kill time than the English, and that they were more apprehensive also that time would kill them. I have been consulted by many of them, not for any particular complaint, but for the sake of ascertaining my opinion as to the probability of their longer or shorter duration upon earth.

"I was sitting one fine evening upon a bench in the gallery of a country house, when an old gentleman of sixty years of age approached me with his pipe, saluted me very politely, and sat down by my side. The sun was declining, and shedding that orange autumnal tint which characterizes his beam at this season in northern latitudes. All was still. I was reflecting upon the similarity of the feeling which I experienced with what I have described when I was contemplating the Wrekin in Shropshire; and I thought that I could discover in my companion much the same sensations as were expressed by the ancient lady who dwelt so much upon the cruelty of the word *last*. Neither of us spoke for some time, till the tolling of the convent bell roused him from his reverie, and he said to me with a sigh, '*Ah, Monsieur, vous êtes jeune, vous vous moquez de ces cloches, mais pour moi c'est autre chose.*'

"I attempted to joke with him upon the subject; but he continued, '*Moi qui aime tant à vivre, et de penser que je serai fourré dans la terre comme une bête.*'

"I smiled, and told him that he was still strong and hearty, and that he would outlive me yet.

"'*Croyez vous?*' he replied, and he rose abruptly, and, saying to me, '*Attendez un instant, je vous prie,*' he went into his room, which was adjoining. He soon returned, and brought me a prescription to look at, which was given to him by Dr. ——, in Vienna. He then asked me my opinion of it. I replied that it was excellent of its kind. His countenance brightened, and he added, '*Mon médecin m'a dit qu'avec cela,*' (folding up his prescription.) '*je vivrais tant que je voudrais.*'

"'*Il avait raison,*' I replied, and he squeezed my hand warmly. He belonged to the class of those who fear only that time will kill them.'—Vol. i. p. 263.

"During our stay in Brody, we were lodged in an old and dilapidated castle, once capable of defence, the former residence of Count ——, to whom, indeed, the whole town itself belonged. He had lately paid the debt of nature, and died in the bed which he had not quitted for many years previous. He was an eccentric character, but a man of talent and information; and though rational upon all other points, he seemed to be hardly so upon one, which was an idea of living longer by always remaining in bed. He actually lived, not merely in his chamber, but in his bed, for many years of his life, and his greatest consolation was derived from reading accounts in the papers of people dying by falling off their horses, or by the upsetting of carriages, or by bathing in the river, or by congestions of blood to the head from over exertion in walking, in running, jumping, &c. &c. He hugged himself upon the perusal of such accounts, and congratulated himself that such accidents could not happen to him. He received his guests as regularly as at any former period of his life, for no infirmity of the body compelled him to adopt this resolution. He read, wrote, took his meals, and lived in fact more comfortably in his bed than Diogenes in his tub. He was no cynic, no sectarian, no philosopher: he was only known by the name of the Count who always lived in his bed. This was the variety of the species. It happened also that he died in his bed; and that, too, just at the time when he was perfectly convinced of the soundness of his doctrines."—Vol. ii. p. 23.

We have no patience with the pedantic airs of superiority with which strangers are apt to condemn great national institutions in the mass; and when an Englishman dilates on the oppression of the lower classes, in countries where slavery prevails, our thoughts involuntarily turn back to the disclosures which have been recently made of the state of the same ranks of the community at home. Still there is a great difference between this purblind way of judging of the comparative evils of different systems; and the utter blindness which refuses to see the existence of evil at all. In every department of life throughout the vast Russian empire, said Dr. Clarke forty years ago, 'cudgels are going from morning to night.' If one could believe the report of many of our recent travellers in Russia, cudgels and whips are mere bugbears of the imagination; and the name of slaves a mere title, designating only a few legal disabilities still experienced by the happiest, best fed, best treated, and most contented peasantry in the world! Slavery is only another word for kindness and protection, on the one hand—loyalty, attachment, exemption from the cares and evils of life, on the other—festivals, saints' days, dances, and brandy! Our author, we are bound to say, speaks everywhere upon this subject as an Englishman, and a man of right feeling should speak; and one with his opportunities has seen enough, in Poland and Southern Russia, to leave an impression which all the attractions of the manners of the higher classes cannot counteract, nor even their kindness and hospitality obliterate. We do not intend to transfer to our pages his pictures of the sufferings of peasants, or the brutality of masters, but one or two traits of the odd indifference with which these matters are regarded.

"I was playing at cards on new-year's eve, when the cold was very intense—I think 27° Reaumur, and a servant entered the room to inform a nobleman that three of his peasants were found frozen to death, about a mile from the town. '*Il n'y a que trois, c'est peu de chose,*' and continued his game of *quinze*, without making another observation. The same circumstance might have occurred in England; but would not he to whom the news was communicated make it his care immediately to send his steward to give all the consolation possible to the distressed families? Not so with the Pole; he only became more anxious to win his game at cards, to make up for the loss of the three peasants. This,

> it is true, was an instance only of passive conduct; but I witnessed so much more active brutality exercised by the rich towards the poor, so much want of common humanity in the relations existing between them, on the part of the superior, that, so far from sympathizing with them upon the loss of their liberty, I could not but regret that they ever should have had so much in former times, seeing how cruelly they abused the little which was still left them."—Vol. i. p. 273.

Near Odessa, the author falls in with a flight of locusts, on the estate of a count—an excellent man in his way.

> "We were conversing upon the history of locusts, and lamenting the ravages which they committed, when the steward was announced. He came to report upon the mischief they had done upon the estate. He informed us that the whole crop was destroyed, and that, for the distance of several versts, not a head of corn was to be found upon the stalk; every ear of it had been gnawed off by these destructive insects. '*Voilà donc mille guinées de perte pour cette année ci, et ce qui est encore pire c'est que le paysan n'aura rien à manger.*' 'I am glad,' continued the old count, 'that I am going to St. Petersburg this winter, for I should not like to see the misery which these poor people will have to endure.' '*Excusez moi, chère cousine,*' turning to the countess, '*il faut que je fasse ma méridienne;*' and he retired to take his wonted nap."—Vol ii. p. 88.

Altogether, we can conceive no better cure for the fashionable horror of American habits and institutions, than a tour in the physical counterpart and social antipodes of that region—the southern provinces of Russia. The traveller in that country soon has to unlearn two or three of the 'fundamental principles' of Political Economy with which he may have set out; if he ever committed the mistake of supposing them more than what they are—sound conclusions from assumed premises. He will find that *rent* is any thing but the difference between the product of the most fertile and least fertile soils under cultivation. He will find that no notion can be practically less true, than that wages depend on the productiveness of labor. He will find regions as extensive as the smaller kingdoms of Europe, in which the soil is all of equal and vast fertility, monopolized by three or four mighty proprietors. He will find the peasantry starving amidst fields, in which the most unskilled labor is sufficient to raise the most luxuriant crops. Along the great rivers of Southern Russia, as along those of America, he may observe a fertile desert crying aloud for more inhabitants; harvests without hands to gather them in; the accumulated stores of favorable seasons rotting for lack of markets. The 'Scioto country' of Ohio, the valley of Kentucky, are not more productive, or more under-cultivated, than the Ukraine, Poltava, and Lord Stanley's portentous province of Tambov, with their ten feet of black vegetable soil. What makes the difference between the condition of the farmer of the western States, in his rude and immoderate plenty, and the slave who writhes under the literal lash of the Russian slave-driver, whose wife 'goes to the plough forty-eight hours after giving birth to a child'—who is kept habitually, for his master's advantage, one degree above starvation, and whom a flight of locusts, or a hard frost, reduces at once below that zero? Simply the institutions of property; which in the one country give the peasant all, and, by the custom of the division of land, enable him to keep it; and in the other nothing. If a successful soldier were to erect the standard of military despotism at Washington; and if, on the other hand, the Russian nobility were to realize their darling vision, and establish the aristocratic commonwealth of which they dream, no necessary or *immediate* change would follow in the distribution of property; but, according to all ordinary rules of political foresight, another generation would see a territorial aristocracy slowly erecting itself in America; while that of Sclavonic Europe would be annihilated, in the wildest social revolution which the world has yet seen. Can we say, then, that the American sets an exaggerated value on the principles of social equality and democratic government? Do we not see an unerring instinct in that excessive jealousy with which he regards the slightest check on the exorbitant power of the majority—the slightest symptom of the elevation of any class, whether by virtue of riches, birth, or knowledge, above the general level? That instinct is as essentially conservative as that of the landed gentry of Great Britain;—conservative of those interests which the present system, whatever politicians may think of it, secures to him in what he has good personal reason to regard as *le meilleur des mondes possibles*. And it must not be forgotten, however unwelcome the truth, that as far as history and experience teach, all or nothing is the alternative of the peasant. He is either absolute owner of the soil he tills, or a mere dependent on the owner, a hired servant. Supposing the law of primogeniture established in America, the landless cultivator must inevitably descend, not indeed to the level of the Russian serf; not so low, probably, as the eight shilling a-week laborer of the South of England, or the half-starved *métayers* of Lombardy; but certainly very far indeed below his present standard. No variety of social economy has yet shown a fair division of profit between the owner of soil and the actual tiller of it, so as to render each practically independent;—certainly not in Tuscany, where M. de Sismondi imagined he had discovered this economical Utopia. Perhaps future ages may see the problem solved.

There are some amusing personal sketches in this part of the book. We are much *bored* with an old Count, who is introduced to preach on English politics, which he does a good deal in the tone of the leading articles in the *Standard;* but pleased with an old English General Cobley, metamorphosed into the seigneur of the lordship of Coblevoy, who is caught administering personal correction, in the most paternal fashion possible, to his drunken shepherd.

Who has not heard of the three nieces of the great Potemkin?—especially the fair and favorite Countess of Branitzka, in whose arms

> "He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on
> The soil of the green province he had wasted,
> As e'er was locust on the land it blasted?"—

the partner of her august mistress's most secret intimacy—the ornament of the far-famed 'Little Society' of Czarskoe-Seloe —and the heroine of many strange anecdotes. We must observe, in passing, that of all court stories, those of the court of Catharine seems to us the most apocryphal. To find them once more on the stage carries us back to the romances of Segur and De Ligne.

"Nothing surprised me more than my introduction to the old Countess. I had expected to find something noble and majestic in her exterior, and I had almost dreaded the presentation. Imagine my surprise when I was ushered by a Cossack servant into a small chamber, which was almost bare of furniture. The walls were merely whitewashed, and upon the chimney-piece rested an oval cast, in plaster of Paris, of the late empress, which was daubed over with paint. Some logs of wood were hissing beneath, and upon an oaken table were scattered some loose papers and rolls of parchment. The old lady was occupied with her steward when I entered; but, after having signed a few papers, and given him her hand to kiss, he retired, and she returned my bow. I was struck with the beauty of her hand, with its delicateness, its apparent softness, and its unwrinkled smoothness. It was worthy of a maiden of eighteen. There was an immense turquoise on the middle finger, which, by contrast, made the smooth skin appear even more than naturally white.

"'I am happy, sir, to make your acquaintance. As an Englishman, sir, you have no doubt seen many fine gardens; but I do not think, sir, that you will find any thing in Poland superior to Alexandrine. There is the garden of Potemkin, dedicated to friendship; and, not far off, you will find some trees planted by the Emperor Alexander, at his last visit. You will see his bust surrounded by an iron railing; it was upon that spot that he once took a cup of tea. The pagodas and statues cost me a deal of money; but I paid all ready cash, and got a good discount. My garden has cost me four millions of rubles; but, as the angel said, 'you know, Countess, the money has been spent in the country.' You will find in your walks, sir, several pavilions; the windows in them are all of plate glass. I have to thank Bonaparte for them. I made a vow that I would commemorate the expulsion of the French by spending ten thousand rubles in embellishments, and these windows form one of the items. In the great pavilion you will find a marble bust of the emperor, and underneath, engraved on a brass plate, (I suppose you do not read Russ, sir?) but they are the words of the emperor himself—'I will not sheath my sword whilst an enemy remains in my dominions.' She was running on in this style, without having allowed me to put in a word, when a sudden twinge in her face stopped her for a second, and changing her tone of voice, which was mild and harmonious, though sufficiently commanding, she turned to me and said—'Have you discovered, doctor, any remedy for the *tic douloureux?* I have been plagued with it these ten years past.' I had now had sufficient opportunity of observing her person, and again admired the beauty of her hand, as she reclined in her *voltaire.* and stroked her cheek with two fingers, passing them rapidly over the nerves of the face. She was of middle stature and stout. Her features retained all the marks of former beauty; her countenance was placid and expressive; her eyes had naturally lost much of their former brightness, but they still retained some of that animation and playful satire which are so strikingly represented in her portrait, painted in her youth, where, reclining against a column, she points with one hand to the bust of Catharine. All the features of this portrait are still traceable in her octogenarian face. She wore a white muslin cap, and the rest of her dress was comprised in a Turkish *robe-de-chambre.* She took snuff in large quantities, which fell upon her dress." — Vol. ii. p. 38.)

We should like, if we had room, to extract the account of the dinner which follows, at which, while the other dishes were making the usual circuit, this distinguished lady 'was employed in groping with her fork in a black earthenware jug, from the top of which a bladder had been partially removed, to pick out some stewed kidneys, which she consumed with a peculiar gusto. This dish was not handed round.'

The author met another of this celebrated trio in St. Petersburg—the Princess Yousoupow, we imagine, though he names neither lady. 'She was the most decided card-player of the day, and her voice rose above the multitude as she scolded her partner most furiously.'

After a winter spent at Odessa, (it was during the last Turkish war,) our author took leave of the family to which he was attached, repaired to St. Petersburg—destined to be his residence for fourteen years—and launched into public practice. The hints which he gives of his professional career are vague, and evidently dropped with caution; nor would it be easy to find out, from his narrative alone, whether he had made a fortune or barely paid his expenses. All we learn is, that he was much disappointed in the first instance, chiefly from finding that letters of professional credit, drawn by friends on the shores of the Black Sea, were not always accepted on their presentment in the capital; partly from the Polish revolution, which cut deep into the foreign connection he had formed. Afterwards, the same opportunities occurred to him which occur to all men in their turn who have patience—the cure of a princess's headache; the retirement of the most popular physician among the English residents, to whose practice he, in a great measure, succeeded; newer faces and newer remedies:—homœopathy and hydropathy. But why he stayed, or why he left, is not very distinctly revealed to the curious reader.

Fourteen years in the Russian metropolis could not pass without '*heur et malheur*:' the Doctor met with both; yet, on the whole, like a man of sense, he appears to regard his lot as a good one. But it is clear, notwithstanding all his efforts to repay hospitality by gracious expressions, and the testimony which he bears, in common with all other unprejudiced visitors, to the great fund of good-nature and good-humor combined, which forms the basis of the Russian character, that he left St. Petersburg a wearied man—happy to turn his back on the modern Palmyra. It is so with all strangers in that capital; and not with strangers only. The proud mistress of the north is the coldest and most unamiable of beauties. Her magnificence freezes the spectator—her monotonous majesty palls on his imagination. *Je déteste Petersbourg*, is the common exclamation of natives and foreigners, whether their experiment of residence has been short or long;—so say the intelligent, judicious, and elegant Miss Rigby, and Herr Kohl, her contemporary observer. The intoxication of imperial favor hardly reconciles the courtier to abide in her; nor the excitement of conquest, the reigning beauty of her brilliant winter: and the very Mougik who plies in her streets, longs only for the hour which shall enable him to get back to his distant province, and astonish his kindred with stories of the marvels of 'Piet.' She is by turns a huge parade-ground—a court—a fair—a bazar—any thing but a civilized and refined city—a vast hive of men, in which families have their home from generation to generation, and in which local attachments, and local habits, become as indelible features as its climate and scenery. The aspect of external things is as wearisome as that of society itself. The eye vainly seeks for relief from the interminable perspective of leagues of wide street, whether bordered by rows of dull wooden huts or palaces equally dull:—'huge public buildings, monuments, churches with gilded cupolas, all in clean shirts, or as of yesterday's creation.' The heavens are as monotonous as the earth—even darkness would be a relief, and darkness is not be had—the only change is from the 'sleepless summer of long light,' to the glimmering snow-blink of the winter.

"We understand the meaning of the word darkness in this country; and I would, nevertheless, prefer obscureness, as a word of more accurate signification. Candles are lit up at half-past two P. M., and one cannot shave by day-light at ten A. M. in the month of November; and yet no inhabitant of Petersburg can appreciate the terms, 'dark as pitch,'—'I could not distinguish my horses' ears,'—'I could not see my hand,'—all terms, and not exaggerated ones, expressive of the darkness of a night in England. At no season, not even on the shortest day, does such darkness prevail. The ground, covered by a bed of snow, reflects its spangled light; the clouds are high above, and few in number; the stars shine bright in the firmament. It is true that this half-obscure serves for no purpose, as far as the economy of artificial light is concerned; but it is equally true that here we do not appreciate the meaning of utter darkness.

"The moon, the moon,—the light of Sylvia, how she streams upon us for ten successive hours, and mischievously bites off our noses in the winter months!—for cold and moonlight are then inseparable. He who hath not seen Petersburg by moonlight hath something yet to see. Yes, it is when the moon is seen climbing over its domes and minarets, that one is reconciled to the idea of a deserted city. It is this separation of the inanimate from the animate which gives it this peculiar interest. Dazzling

> as it may appear, lit up by the beams of a meridian sun, its magnificence then involves the idea of its population; but this in no wise tallies with the magnitude of its buildings, so that the admiration of the grandeur of the one is checked by the insignificance of the other. But when, in the dead of night, when all may be supposed to be asleep —when the mind may imagine that the noonday bustle shall be worthy of the inanimate structures which now shine resplendent in the softened light of the watery moonbeam—then, left to solitary contemplation, free from the influence of any outward impression which may destroy its fairy and ideal form, then the city of the Czars offers a spectacle which perhaps few or none can equal. It has then something of antiquity in its appearance. Its colossal buildings lit up by the reflected moonbeam, we see but their form only, without having sufficient light to scan their features. The buildings may be of stone or marble, and rival, for aught we know, the Eternal City in their age. Viewed from an elevation, extending along a wide extent of horizon, and flanked by massive buildings of monastic form, the town rises with its gilded spires and spangling cupolas from out a level plain. We see not by the faint moonlight, that the intervening spaces between these large structures are not filled up. The wide and straight streets allow not the eye to reach the tapering perspective point in the distance. Some bridge or object interposes ere the long alley dwindle to a point. The surface of the ground is one white spangling carpet. The river flows not to the sight: the voice of the boatman is not heard, and his oar plies not. Some solitary chime indicates the hour. The moon descending in her course, leaves some tower in the shade. All contributes to heighten the feelings of admiration which this hour inspires. The day breaks, and dispels much of the illusion, revealing that to be brick and plaster which to our midnight contemplation appeared stone and marble. Now time and duration vanish—the whole but of yesterday's creation, and nothing which guarantees futurity. The imagination, which had deceived itself into a past, is now disenchanted. The light of day discovers plains and wastes in the centre of a habitable city. The inhabitants, thinly scattered or lost over a wide extended surface, fail to enliven its streets. And what say those edifices to us which form its grandeur? None of the *vis admonitionis in locis*—the *sine nomine saxum*,—the history of a century—a town which we see upon the stage, called into existence by harlequin's wand, which can again say depart—still a great city —the triumph of art over nature, and yet in its cradle."—Vol. ii. p. 239.

The monotony of life corresponds with that of its outward aspect. All the dash and daring of the Russian aristocracy seem tamed down by the overpowering presence of the sovereign; and the rest of society is as regular as a garrison, and as completely under military regulation. The universal interference of the police is the subject of complaint with all foreigners: even Germans, overrun as their country is with every variety of the *species magistrate*, quarrel with the restraints of Russian existence.

Even the carnival, according to our physician, is not so gay as it ought to be. "There is something too military in the *tout-ensemble;* no scuffle, no fight, no hustle, no uproarious laughter, no jolly tar with his lass and bludgeon. And what is fun when deprived of these attributes? It is, as Falstaff would say, 'to be merry upon compulsion.'" What would he have said to the recent seven days of "Stepney fair" affording hardly a police case? Is England, too, becoming centralized into decorous dulness under Sir Robert Peel's machinery?

A terrible story is told of the conflagration of a booth at the carnival, where more than a hundred persons were burnt and suffocated; owing, according to the author, to the interference of the police, who prevented some carpenters from opening an outlet with their axes for the miserable sufferers. He was partly an eyewitness of the scene. Herr Kohl, who describes the same dreadful occurrence very minutely, corroborates this part of the story. Few events seem to have made such an impression, as far as any can be made, in the great Babylons of modern days. Almost an equally frightful instance of the manner in which this kind of interference is apt to defeat its own ends occurred some years ago, in a great catastrophe on the Czarskoe-Seloe rail-road;—the only instance of that particular variety of accident, the collision of two trains meeting on the same line, which we remember to have heard of since this new 'peril of man' has become known.

> "The line is single, and there is a half way house, where the trains meet and turn off at an elbow formed for the purpose; they pass each other at this spot; and as, under all circumstances, one train must wait till the other arrives, no accident could be anticipated. The trains left the two terminuses at the same hour; and as their velocity *cæteris paribus* was equal, they had seldom to wait long for each other. The hours of departure were fixed and known; but when there were a great many passengers additional trains were added for the accommodation of the public. The last train was about to leave Czarskoe-Seloe when the managing director for the day ordered the engineer to proceed with all possible speed to St. Petersburg, and not to stop at the half way house for the other train, which he might arrive in time to countermand.
>
> "The man obeyed orders. It was a general

who gave them. It unfortunately happened that the engineer at the opposite extremity had also obeyed orders, and put his train in motion at the usual time; so that the two opposite trains came together upon a dark night at full speed upon a single line. The shock was terrific. The carriages were thrown up into the air. It required hours to dig out the mangled corpses. It is surprising that only six lives were lost; but many persons were dreadfully lacerated, and died subsequently of their wounds.

"When the English engineer found that there was no possibility of preventing the concussion, he jumped off the engine to save his own life. This was interpreted a breach of duty, and he was incarcerated for nine months."—Vol. iii. p. 44.

The following is an instance of this kind of literal obedience which we do not recollect having heard before :—

"These small retail shops to which I allude display a painted board immediately over the entrance door, upon which figures the bill of fare of their internal contents. Underneath is the dealer's name, and, immediately succeeding, the number. These numbers require explanation. The Emperor Paul possessed a creative power: when he said 'Let a thing be done,' it was done. Now, as these shops are all licensed, so, for convenience and order's sake, the Emperor said, 'Let them be all numbered No. 1., &c.' Thus the order stood 'No. 1., &c.,' no doubts, no supposition, no subterfuge, no consfruction of original intention allowable; the first shop in the street is 1., &c., the second 1., &c., the third, and so on, all 1., &c. It was not allowable to suppose that the '&c.' should extend to 2, 3, 4. and that each should have a separate number. Such, according to the phrase ever in a Russian mouth, 'was not ordered.'"—Vol. ii. p. 166.

This reminds us of another anecdote of the mode in which the St. Petersburg police executed the sapient orders of the same Emperor. One day the mandate came forth that no man should walk the streets at night without a lantern. The first night a doctor set out on his rounds, attended by a servant carrying one. The servant was allowed to pass; the doctor was placed under arrest.

Every one knows the story of the English banker who gave Catharine a dog, which the Empress christened after the name of the donor, and of the terrible *quid pro quo* which followed, when the Minister of Police, receiving an order to have the diseased dog '*empaillé*,' was within an ace of carrying it into execution by impaling the living Englishman. Our author recounts a somewhat similar adventure, though not quite so alarming, as having occurred to one of our countrymen of the English factory in his time.

"He was a merchant of great respectability, and was attached to a Russian lady. No impediment offered itself except the one which prevents the union of people of different religions, and as a foreigner and Protestant, he met with much difficulty in obtaining permission. As he had a friend at court who could gain the imperial ear, he was commissioned to apply to the fountain-head. It was necessary to await a seasonable opportunity, a good-humored moment, which grants every thing, and then to strike. This opportunity occurred, and it was in the afternoon. 'Your Majesty,' said the petitioner, 'will permit me to inform you, that one of my countrymen is in great distress.' 'How?' replied his Majesty, 'an Englishman in distress? What is it? Let me know; if I can remedy it, depend upon it; what help does he require?' 'No, your Majesty, it is not that, but he wishes to marry a Russian, and the clergy will not celebrate his marriage.' 'How so? let him be married immediately, (*seechass.*) I will give the order instantly;' and in five minutes the imperial signature permitted the nuptials to be celebrated. Now, it must be recollected, that in Russia a permission of the sovereign is a *bonâ fide* order; and there is this advantage in despotic governments, that when a thing is to be done, it is done sometimes. The imperial signature authorizes at 5 P. M. the marriage of Mr. A—— and Miss B——. At 6 P. M. this order gets into the hands of proper authorities. It arrives at the first office, where it is registered, at eight it gets to another, at ten it may have passed the synod, at eleven it is in the hands of the police, and at midnight the police officers are trotting through the streets to put it in execution, and summon the parties themselves. Mr. —— was fast asleep. He had given the case up as hopeless; he must make the best of it; he must forget it; he was hugging his pillow, 'twas all he could hug; a thundering rap is at his door; and before he recovers from his fright an armed police is at his bed-side with a roll of paper in their hands. 'His liver turned to water.' As he was about to force utterance he was stopped by the officers, who told him that they had a warrant which must be executed immediately, (*seechass.*) Mr. —— thought of putting on his clothes, and, as he was sacrificing to the Graces, the officer commenced reading. Fancy a man roused from his slumbers in the middle of the night, trembling all over from fear more than from cold, sitting upon the edge of his bed drawing on a stocking, spinning slowly out the time, and about to hear, as he supposeth, his exile warrant. 'By the grace of God, Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., be it known.' What was his surprise then to find that this sentence was a permit to be married. 'What, now?' said Mr. ——; 'at this time of night?'—'Immediately, (*seechass,*)' said the officer; 'it is ordered.'—'Oh if it be ordered, then I know the rest,' said Mr. ——, and he hurried on his clothes and accompanied the officers to the dwelling of his betrothed. What were her feelings upon the occasion, how the matter was broken to her, whether she were asleep or awake, who explained the necessity of immediate compliance—all these matters have not been revealed. Mr. —— and Miss —— ac-

> companied the police-officers to the church, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the middle of the night. The officers had done their duty; Mr. —— did his, inasmuch as he had obeyed orders; and all the parties shook hands, went home, and went to bed again.'—Vol. iii. p. 12.

As might be presumed, the only point on which resistance to the tremendous 'It is ordered,' has ever yet been carried out successfully, perhaps ever attempted, is that of religion; or what the Russian peasant chooses to consider as such. The Emperor's recognized power in this is also enormous: he can make saints, or refuse to allow any more to be made, as he is said recently to have done, in consequence of some misdemeanors on the part of the last canonized. But Peter the Great was worsted in his war with *beards;* and the present Czar would probably employ all his power in vain to compel one of his orthodox subjects to eat a pigeon.

> "The following anecdote will afford a good idea of the persevering obstinacy of the Russians in what they consider to be a righteous cause.—The Bishop of Nicolaieff had once been a Jew: he was now a zealous Christian. It was at the epoch of performing this ceremony, (of 'blessing the waters,') that the thermometer marked thirty degrees of cold, and a cutting wind swept over the plains which extended to the east of Nicolaieff. Not a soul was to be seen in the streets. The crows fell down dead with cold: it was the desolating cold blast of the desert—the bleak wind which froze the French legions; nothing animate could resist it long.
>
> "The Boog, whose waters were to be blessed, runs at a distance of a mile from the centre of the town. Now, it was probable under such circumstances, that if the ceremony were allowed to proceed as on ordinary occasions, one-half of the attendants would perish. The governor consequently prevented the procedure in the ordinary way, but ordered a bucketful of water to be brought from the river to the church, there blessed and consecrated, and then restored to the parent stream. This was good homœopathic practice, and much suffering and mischief were thus avoided. But no persuasion, no arguments, would prevail upon the converted Jew to desist from the usual performance of the rites. He would, and did sit down by the waters of Babel. He could not weep, but globules of ice represented his tears. He was brought home in a state of exhaustion, and died raving mad a few days afterwards."—Vol. ii. p. 257.

The last volume consists chiefly of the narrative of our author's retreat from the scene of his labors; and his journey *viâ* Sweden, and by various German baths, to his native country. But all this we pretermit; for all of travelling interest that it contains, may be found more usefully digested in Mr. Murray's Hand-Book, and we have already given enough of those anecdotical and picturesque sketches which constitute the whole merit of the work.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF."

I'M a wandering spirit through earth, air, and sea,
For no bounds, for no bounds can ever bind me;
My steed is the dark wave, with white mane of foam,
And gallantly bears me wherever I roam:
Lashed to fury, he dances, uprearing high,
As snorting, he tosses his head towards the sky,
And no charger like him can so rapidly flee,
While no bounds, while no bounds can ever keep me.

I fly in the tempest while loud shrieks are heard,
But far shriller I cry than the roving sea-bird,
When rocks are resounding with ocean's fierce roar,
And forms are rebounding — pale waifs on the shore—
When barks are deserted to dash o'er the waves,
And mortals are hurled unprepared to their graves:
Then, then is the time I shriek loudest with glee,
And no bounds, and no bounds can ever bind me.

My hair is the thick mist and quick driving snow,
And wildly waves round when the northern blasts blow;
My breath's in the whirlwind, my voice in the clouds,
And dark is the mantle my stern visage shrouds,—
Till vivid the lightnings which flash from my eyes
Illumine with horrors the arch of the skies,—
Then, then my wild voice is heard shrieking with glee,
As I ride o'er the boundless and fetterless sea!

Court Journal.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the following interesting lines, which were presented to her Majesty on her arrival at Ostend, by the son of one of our most popular writers:—

Oh! gifted by the bounteousness of Heaven
With the best blessings unto mortals given,—
The auspicious glories of a mighty throne,
The holier joys to happiest mothers known,
Without one cloud upon thy bright career,—
Queen of a thousand triumphs, WELCOME here!

When Charles and Edward to this tranquil strand
Fled from the wrongs of a rebellious land,
In England's stormier hour, on Flemish ground,
The sovereigns of thy race a refuge found;
But thou, VICTORIA!—lovely, pure, serene—
Queen of our hearts,—our own,—our MATRON QUEEN!

Thy people's love attends thee o'er the main,—
Thy people's love demands thee home again!
May the vast treasure of that loyal love
Bequeathed from thee to thine eternal prove;
Dear to our hopes as to our memory dear,—
Queen of a thousand triumphs, WELCOME HERE!

Court Journal.

THE PARADISE OF SHEDAUD.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

From Fraser's Magazine.

I.

Fierce in unclouded pride
The glorious sun rides high;
Arabia's waste glows far and wide
Beneath a glowing sky.
The winds have blown their fill,
They are calm as calm can be;
And the sandy ridges are lying still
As the waves of a frozen sea.
Like the face of ocean the desert expands,
But 'tis gemm'd with a lovely isle,
One Eden amid the barren sands
The wearied eye can beguile.

II.

Gay groves of far-seen palms are there,
And shrubs that load the summer air
With breath of odors rich and rare;
And fountains on the dazzled sight
Bursting in silvery columns bright,
Of constant flux, yet constant height;
And lakes which in their placid breast,
Encircled with a grassy vest,
Receive a hundred rills to rest;
And flow'rs of ev'ry scent and hue,
And fruits with changes ever new,
Of luscious taste all seasons through;
And walks of marble pure as snow;
Inlaid with gems in many a row
They shine, a quaintly gorgeous show;
And bowers for noontide slumber made,
Whose arching roof of tangled shade
No garish sunbeam may invade.
And, lo! fit centre of the wondrous whole,
In lofty pomp a giant palace stands,
A city in itself; one master-soul
Hath raised the pile by myriad subject hands;
With massy towers that might with Babel vie,
And minerats slim that seem to pierce the sky,
And many a pillar'd porch, and swelling dome,
The earthly king of kings hath built it for his home!

III.

Yet scarce ten fleeting years have past
Since yon tall palms their shadows cast
Upon a lonely pool;
There the wild ass and camel drank,
Or browsed upon the verdant bank,
Or lay in shelter cool.
And sometimes, hid in reedy lair,
A fiercer guest, the lion, there
Couch'd waiting for his prey,—
Dread sight to thirst-worn trav'ller's eye
Those foot-prints! Should he drink and die?
Or from th' untasted water nigh
Haste, but to die, away?

IV.

Thus lonely had for ages been
Amid the waste that sylvan scene,
Till Shedaud, mighty king,
Leading his troops by ways unknown,
To win new kingdoms for his own,
Halted at that fair spring.
"Ev'n here," said he, "when earth is mine,
Will I enjoy a life divine;
Allah in heav'n may reign!
But here my slaves shall cause to rise,
Equal to his, a Paradise,
Ere I return again!"

V.

He plann'd the work, he gave the word,
To his workers a law to be,
While he led on his armies with spear and sword
To conquer from sea to sea;
While he forced his neighbor-monarchs all
At his feet to bow lowly down,
Till proudly he dared himself to call
Lord of earth's sole crown!

VI.

Shedaud his high desires hath won,
And Shedaud's workers their work have done;
Rich with the spoils of the rifled East,
The burden of many a weary beast,
The desert palace glitters complete,
Girt with its groves and its gardens meet;
And come at last is the fated day,
And Shedaud comes in triumphal array;
All harden'd in pride, all stain'd with vice,
He comes to enter his Paradise!

VII.

On his battle-charger behold him come!
The din of cymbal, and trumpet, and drum,
And of horse and foot the measured tread,
Have scattered the desert's silence dread:
The garden is near, and the palace bright
Is shining full in King Shedaud's sight;
And open the gates of the garden are set,
And the crowd from within and without have met:
But a road is kept clear for Shedaud to ride
Alone in his height of highest pride;
And youths and maidens, a lovely band,
Are standing in lines upon either hand,
And sweetly they raise the song,
While Shedaud exults in the flattering strain,
And shoutings and martial music amain
Burst forth from the warrior throng:

VIII.

"Wide thy slaves the portals fling;
Enter, enter, mighty king!
See complete the work design'd
By thine own creative mind!
Heaven above hath nought to show
Passing this thy heaven below!
World-commander, tarry not,
Be thy earthly cares forgot:
Let thy life divine begin;
Lord of Eden, enter in!"

IX.

What deep, dull gloom hath come
O'er the yet unclouded sky?
What nameless dread hath stricken dumb
The voices that sounded so high?
Hush'd are the trumpet's notes,
Hush'd is the cymbal's clang,
Hush'd are the parching throats
Of all that shouted and sang.
Mute, as if risen from the tomb
To hear the words of endless doom
At Allah's awful judgment throne,
Stand all the gasping throng—one voice is heard alone!

X.

"Shedaud! I claim thy soul!" Death's angel
speaks,
And Shedaud hears, as in a dream, the call.
It is no dream! Again the summons breaks
The silence of the waste, else silent all,
As though no foot of man had dared intrude
Upon the vastness of its solitude.
A moment more, and that stout heart of pride
Rallies. "Do then, if thou must do, thy worst;
But let me enter this my Eden first,"
Said Shedaud. "It is not so written!" cried
The messenger of wrath. Nor more he spoke,
But with a sudden stroke
Hurl'd from his shudd'ring steed
The tyrant. Then avenged was Heaven, and earth
was freed!

XI.

Th' Avenger raised his hand on high,
Thunder shook the murky sky;
Down a fiery deluge came,
Grove and garden fed the flame;
Shook and yawn'd the cumber'd ground;
Sudden fell with crashing sound
Dome and minaret, tower and wall,
Fell the shatter'd palace all;
Buried in a dark abyss,
Lay that pile of promis'd bliss.
Heap'd by many a whirling blast,
Hills of 'whelming sand were cast
On the black and blasted scene;
None may trace what there hath been.
One alone was spared to tell
What that Paradise befell!

XII.

Ages have past—the tale is old—
Yet still, as roves some Arab bold
Those buried ruins nigh,
The dimly shadow'd forms he sees
Of impious Shedaud's towers and trees,
Marking the hazy sky.
But ever, as the spot he gains,
The vision fades, and nought remains
Of all his fancy traced;
He only views a sparkling rill,
That through the sand-heap struggles still,
To cheer the lonely waste.

NOTE. The authority, if I may use so grave a term, which I have chiefly followed in this little poem, is a legend (by whom and whence translated I know not) in the *Lady's Magazine* for October, 1809. It is entitled "The Garden of Irim: a Persian Romance. Literally Translated from the Persic."

See, also, Sale's *Koran*, Preliminary Discourse, (in the former part of Sect. I.,) and note on chap. lxxxix.

Extracts from the Proceedings of a Meeting of the British Scientific Association.

Mr. Nevins mentioned the occurrence of a submarine forest at the mouth of a small stream in Tramore Bay, showing a recent change of level in a direction contrary to that indicated by the raised beaches.—Mr. Phillips also mentioned evidences of local elevation and depression, occurring in the space of one mile, on the eastern coast of Yorkshire, from which he inferred that the movement had not been uniform, but oscillating.—Mr. Lyell stated, that he believed the complicated evidence of changes of level during the latest geological periods, both in Europe and America, would be better accounted for by changes of climate, arising from a very different geographical distribution of land and water, than by the hypothesis of central heat, or by the supposed passage of the solar system through planetary spaces of differing temperature. If the whole of Europe had been at any time submerged, other tracts now beneath the sea must have been elevated, and a change of temperature might have been produced similar to that which still obtains in the Southern ocean.—Mr. Hopkins observed, that the difference in the elevation of raised beaches in different parts of Ireland did not prove an unequal elevation of the land; the beds of oysters &c. might have originally occupied different depths in the sea; and the beaches might have been formed at different periods. He did not think that any change in the distribution of land and water would account for the depression of temperature during the glacial period. The Andes were the chief cause of the low temperature prevailing along the eastern coast of South America; and such mountains could not have existed in Europe, since the level of the land had been proved to be lower; and if the whole of Europe were submerged, he thought the temperature of the region would rather be raised than depressed. With respect to Poisson's hypothesis, he stated that such a movement of the solar system was much more consistent with analogy than the usual assumption of its rest; and it was the only hypothesis which would account for geological changes of such an order and magnitude as those under consideration.

Sir J. W. F. Herschel 'On a remarkable Photographic process, by which dormant pictures are produced, capable of development by the breath or by keeping in a moist atmosphere.'—If nitrate of silver, specific gravity 1.200, be added to ferro-tartaric acid, specific gravity 1.023, a precipitate falls, which is in great measure redissolved by a gentle heat, leaving a black sediment, which being cleared by subsidence, a liquid of a pale yellow color is obtained, in which a further addition of the nitrate causes no turbidness. When the total quantity of the nitrated solution added amounts to about half the bulk of the ferro-tartaric acid, it is enough. The liquid so prepared does not alter by keeping in the dark. Spread on paper and exposed *wet* to the sunshine (partly shaded) for a few seconds, no impression seems to have been made, but by degrees, although withdrawn from the action of the light, it developes itself spontaneously, and at length becomes very intense. But if the paper be thoroughly dried in the dark, (in which state it is of a very pale greenish yellow color,) it possesses the singular property of receiving a dormant, or invisible picture; to produce which, (if it be, for instance, an engraving that is to be copied,) from thirty seconds to a minute's exposure to the sunshine is requisite. It should not be continued too long, as not only is the ultimate effect less striking, but a picture begins to be *visibly* produced, which darkens spontaneously after it is withdrawn. But if the exposure be discontinued before this effect comes on, an invisible impression is the result, to develope which all that is necessary is to breathe upon it, when it immediately appears, and very speedily acquires an extraordinary intensity and sharpness as if by magic. Instead of the breath, it may be subject to the regulated action of aqueous vapor, by laying it in a blotting-paper book, of which some of the outer leaves on both sides have been damped, or by holding it over warm water. Many preparations, both of silver and gold, possess a similar property in an inferior degree, but none that I have yet met with to any thing like the extent of that above described.—*Athenæum.*

HISTORY OF LETTER-WRITING.

From the Literary Gazette.

History of Letter-Writing from the earliest Period to the Fifth Century. By W. Roberts, Esq., Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 700. W. Pickering.

This massive tome is full of learning and research; too full, we fear, for popularity in these days, however much it may be prized by the judicious few who continue to regale on more solid literature. After briefly referring to Cicero, Pliny, Libanius, (the preceptor of the Emperor Julian,) and others, who have either left examples or precepts as regards the proper epistolary style, Mr. Roberts says:—"I certainly so far agree with the prevailing doctrine on this subject, as to think that letters must be natural, to be good for much. It is not necessary that they should be light or sententious, sprightly or severe, rambling or methodical. Their excellence rather consists in their affecting nothing, dissembling nothing, imitating nothing;—in their fidelity to the feelings; in their character of genuineness; in a complexional rather than a conventional humor; in an eloquence of expression, borrowing little from without, but sparkling and racy from the fountains of thought and sensibility. The play of a letter should be natural, its wit unconscious, and its vigor involuntary. In a real good letter there should be something vital, something in accordance with a healthy pulse of sentiment, something belonging to the interior man, as he stands affected by passing events, or his own experiences and recollections. But letter-writing has its laws; and it is one of its laws that nothing dried or laid up for use should find admission; its fruit should have upon it the bloom of our youngest thoughts, and a maiden dew should be upon its leaf. In the best letters we find a certain *naive* and arch use of language, in which images are made to play before the fancy of the reader, without the formality of decided similitudes or figures, giving a secret but a lively flow to the current of composition. To know the mystery of these happy combinations is the talent and tact of the initiated alone. These, however, are the secrets of familiar writing, and especially of letters, as they form a part of polite literature. They defy imitation, and refuse to be transplanted. They are delicacies which will not bear handling,—felicities which seem to come of themselves, while they mark the perfection of skill."

We fancy this quotation to be a sort of specimen of the required character in letter-writing; rather ornate, perhaps, but what the writer would commend as a pattern. In speaking of his design, he states:—

"To the letters of the wisest and most accomplished heathens I have added pretty copious specimens from the fathers of the evangelical Church, of the fourth and fifth centuries; in whose epistolary intercourse there will be found matter of the gravest import, and the fullest exhibition of a class of men, whose habits of thought and expression were framed after a model entirely different from that which furnished the standard of heathen morality: and the present is, perhaps, a juncture in which that portion of this work will be found especially interesting."

The first stone also is thus laid:—

"In tracing the history and origin of letter-writing, we shall in vain look for any certain date. The honor of the invention has been given to Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus; married successively to Cambyses and Darius Hystaspes, by which latter prince she became the mother of Xerxes. The authority for this supposed fact is the testimony of Hellanicus, a general historian of the dynasties and catastrophies of ancient states, including that of the Persians, whose works are lost, and who seems to have lived till about the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. The fact as recorded by Hellanicus is preserved by Tatian and Clemens Alexandrinus. Tatian in his celebrated Oration against the Greeks, a work which has come down to us, contends that none of those institutions of which the Greeks were so boastful, had their origin with them, but were all invented by the Barbarians: and, according to this author, it was said by Hellanicus, that a Persian queen, whose name was Atossa, first composed epistles; which statement is copied by Clemens Alexandrinus."

We trust our readers will not feel disappointed if we stop here, and recommend to all who wish for full information on the subject, elucidated by many very curious and interesting letters, to refer to the work itself. There they will find what epistolary correspondence was in scriptural ages and the period of Homer—the history of writing materials, forms, and conveyances—Greek and Roman letter-writing; and, finally, examples from the fathers of the Church. We are tempted to copy some passages from Sidonius Apollinaris, residing at the villas of two of his intimate friends, in a letter to his friend Donidius, and affording a striking picture of the manners and habits of the last days of Rome in the west, the latter half of the fifth century. His first reception is by Ferreolus, a man of prefectorean rank, and we are told: "We were hurried from one luxurious entertainment to another. Hardly had we passed the threshold, when, behold, regular matches of tennis-players, within the rings or circular enclosures, and the frequent noise and rattling of the dice, with the clamors of the players! In another part were placed such an abundance of books ready for use, that you might suppose yourself in the libraries of the grammarians, or among the benches of the Roman Athenæum, or the furniture of the shops of the booksellers. These means of entertainment were so disposed, that the books of a serious character were placed near the seats assigned to the matrons, while near the benches of masters and fathers of families such compositions were ranged as were in esteem for their Latin gravity and tragic elevation; though these volumes, the productions of various writers, might all possess an equality of merit on subjects very different; for men of like intellectual rank were mingled together: here Augustin, here Varro, here Horace, here Prudentius, caught the eye of the reader. Among whom Adamantius Origenes, as interpreted by Turranius Ruffinus, was submitted to the inspection of the serious readers professing our faith; so that the maintainers of the different opinions on this subject might discuss the grounds upon which some of our greatest divines have condemned this interpretation as a very sinister performance, and to be altogether avoided, although it was so exact a translation of each word and sentence, that neither Apuleius nor Tully had more faithfully executed, the one the Phædo of Plato, and the other the Ctesiphon of Demosthenes, as a rule and model for Roman elocution. With these studies each of us occupied himself as he pleased, until a messenger from the chief cook reminded us that it was time to think of taking care of our corporeal part: which messenger, marking the time by the clepsydra, came very punctually at the fifth hour (11 o'clock.) Dinner was soon dispatched, after the senatorian custom, according to which a copious repast is served up, in a few dishes, although the banquet consisted both of roast and boiled. Little stories were told while we were taking our wine, which conveyed delight or instruction, as they happened to be dictated by experience or gaiety. We were decorously, elegantly, and abundantly entertained. Rising from table, if we were at the villa called Vorongum, we retired to our apartments to get our necessaries from our packages. If we were at Prusianum, the other villa, we turned out Tonantius and his brothers, some very select young men of quality of the same standing, to make room for us and our furniture. Having shaken off our after-dinner nap, we amused ourselves with a short ride, to get an appetite for our supper. Neither of our hosts had their baths completed for use, though each was constructing them. But after the train of servants and attendants which I had brought with me had a little respite from their cups, whose brains were somewhat overcome with the hospitable bowls of which they had freely partaken, a sort of pit was dug in haste near a rivulet or spring, into which a quantity of hot bricks were thrown, a circular arbor being made over it by the intertexture of the boughs of willows or hazels, by which the place was darkened, and air at the same time admitted through the interspaces, while a hot vapor was sent through the willows. Here an hour or two passed in the midst of much wit and merriment, during which we were all thrown into a most salubrious perspiration, being enveloped in the steam as it came hissing from the water. When we had been suffused with this long enough, we were plunged into the hot water; and being well cleansed and refreshed, we were afterwards braced by an abundance of cold water from the river or fountain. The river Vuardus* runs between the two villas, and except when it is thickened and discolored by the influx from the snow on the neighboring heights, it is a transparent and gentle stream, with a pebbly bottom, nor on that account the less abounding in delicate fish. I might go on to give you a description of our suppers, which were sumptuous, did not my paper put that stop to my loquacity which modesty does not; of which, however, I should have been much pleased to give you an account, were I not ashamed to blur over the back of my paper with my ink. Besides which we are on the point of starting, and we please ourselves with the hope of soon seeing you again, if God permit; and then we shall best commemorate the suppers we have had with our friends in the suppers we shall exchange with each other, only let a complete week first elapse to bring us back to our appetites, after this luxurious banqueting; for a stomach surfeited by luxurious fare is repaired by nothing so much as by stinting it for a time."

Upon this the author justly remarks :—"The letter presents an image of more ease and cheerfulness than might have been expected to exist at a time when the Roman empire was falling to pieces, and successive incursions of barbarous and unknown enemies were shaking to their foundation the elements of society. But there is a tenacity in the habits of civilized life, and an exigency in its usages and reciprocities, which sustain it in being and operation, amidst all the casualties and revolutions to which civilized communities are exposed; and thus in the last catastrophe of Rome, with Goths, and Vandals, and Visi-Goths, at her gates, and trampling on her provinces, we find the bishop of Arverne and his friends, at a retreat among the mountain-passes, enjoying all the pleasures of the festive board, and as happy as good cheer and hospitable friendship could make them."

THE JEWS OF SPAIN AND THE INQUISITION.—Who would have thought that, in the year 1843, a persecution of the Jews would have commenced in Europe? An edict, extraordinary at this era, though of a class common enough in the good old times, has been issued by the General Inquisitor in Ancona, and other districts in his jurisdiction. This officer, whose name is Fra Vicenzo Salina, of the order of Predicatori, master in theology, in an edict, dated in the Chancellary of the Holy Inquisition, at Ancona, 24th June, 1843, premising that, it being deemed necessary to revive the full observance of the disciplinary laws relative to Israelites, and "having hitherto without effect employed prayers and exhortations to obtain obedience to these laws, authorized by the despatch of the Sacred and Supreme Inquisition of Rome," decrees that all Gipsy and Christian nurses must be dismissed from Jewish families, and that Jews are prohibited from availing themselves of the service of any Christian in any domestic occupation whatever, "under pain of being immediately punished according to the pontifical decrees and constitutions;" that all Jews possessing permanent or movable property, rents or shares in funds, shall dispose of the same within three months, or the Holy Office will sell it; that no Jew shall inhabit any place where there is no *Ghetto*, or place of residence for Jews, &c. &c. It is not said whether the Ancona Jews are suspected of any of the pranks imputed to their brethren at Damascus. No part of the secular history of this nation is more remarkable than the barbarous and shameful persecutions they have endured in all times from people calling themselves Christians.—*Asiatic Journal.*

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* "This river runs through the country of the Volcæ Arecomici into the Rhone, once famous for a Roman bridge and aqueduct, of Roman structure, of which it is said some traces may yet be seen."

THE FREE KIRK OF SCOTLAND.

From the Westminster Review.

The People and the Church of Scotland. A Reply to Sir James Graham and the Government. By J. White, A. M. Sherwood.

Three years ago we wrote and published an article in this Journal, saying why we thought the Kirk had strong claims on the help and sympathy of every friend of Reform.

At that time this was assuming an unique position. Letters of remonstrance poured in upon the editor. It was deemed necessary to vindicate the article. Many Radicals and Voluntaries could find no better solution of the circumstance than a love of singularity in the writer. Parliamentary Radicals, astonished to find a journal to which they defer taking a course beyond their appreciation, could do nothing but lift up their hands and eyes in amazement.

Three years have elapsed. Whether we or our various critics best knew the men and the principles involved in the subject has been made clear by what, three years ago, was the darkness of the future.

It is a singular satisfaction to the writer, both for himself and the friends who relied on his judgment, that events have justified every one of his views and realized all his anticipations. Differing entirely as he did from almost all the ablest and most experienced men of his party, it will not be egotism, but justice, to show that a love of truth, a knowledge of his subject, to which he could not be false, and not a conceit of singularity, impelled the writer to maintain his unique proposition of friendship to the Kirk.

Liberals who had known skeptics become parsons for the sake of tithes, manses, and chalders, might well be excused when their own minds were imbued with the ideas of the French Revolution, if they exclaimed, "Ah! we have no faith in Parsons!" But we declared our faith in the evangelical parsons of the Kirk. We rebuked the narrowness which calls every kind of honesty dishonest except the kind peculiar to the accuser. Against the bigotry which would not allow them to be honest because at first they did not agitate for the abolition of patronage, or immediately separate from the State, we maintained the wisdom of practicalness, and the honesty of practical men who do the best they can, seek the best they can get, and love a small good which is to be had better for the nonce than all the grand unattainable abstractions out of St. Luke's. Nobly have the evangelical parsons vindicated our belief in their honesty and sincerity. About five hundred of them have resigned permanent for precarious incomes, embraced a lower status in society, consented to live on one-half of their former stipends, and disdained a hundred thousand pounds for the sake of their ecclesiastical principles. Knowing from intimacy at school and college, in the play of boyhood, in the business of manhood,—aware long before 1840 that the evangelical Kirkmen were earnest and honorable men, who meant what they said,—it was not a love of singularity, but simply an avoidance of a shameful deviation from veracity, to declare the faith which we had in these parsons.

We were told it was a mere struggle for power on the part of the clergy. Their popular cries we were loudly told were mere crafty shams and delusions to hide selfish ends. Nothing could drive this baseless idea out of the heads of the Radicals. It was not an induction from evidence, else a larger and closer scrutiny of the facts on which it rested would have destroyed it. It was in vain to ask these men to look at facts, they could not see them, because their eyes were blinded by the passion of hatred, of which their accusation was only the expression. All over Scotland, as vacancies arose in parishes, the people found that their will had come to be, and the patron found that his will had ceased to be, the dominant thing in the appointment of the pastor. But this fact was disregarded. It was in vain to ask the parson-haters to remember that when the Moderates intruded presentees at the point of the bayonet it was the will of the aristocratic patron which lorded it over every other consideration; and so determinedly blind were they, that there was no use in showing them that by the Veto Act the popular will, expressed by the Vetoing cards of communicants, had obtained the ascendency. The General Assembly gave the election of elders to the people, thus enabling popularly-elected laymen to outvote the clergy in all the church courts. The opponents of the Kirkmen could not be made to see that the whole movement began in a desire on the part of the clergy to satisfy the Scriptural convictions of their people respecting the influence that they ought to have over the election of pastors. Instead of being agitators for clerical power, the clergy were themselves agitated by popular demands, their communicants requiring them to provide for them a voice in ecclesiastical affairs as the only means of preventing them from joining the Dissenters, among whom they would have the power both of electing and ejecting their pastors.

It might have been acknowledged, without any very great stretch of candor, that an agitation for popular power in the admission to benefices was not a very likely scheme for adding to clerical power. The aim of the movement was to wrest power from the aristocracy, and give it to its rightful owners, the people. The friends of popular rights ought all along to have helped the Church in her struggles. To give the people who previously were scarcely consulted a right to say no—a veto, when they had no such thing before for a century, was plainly to increase their power, and decrease the patronate power. Yet the great majority of journals in Scotland which profess to support the cause of the people, occupied themselves in vilifying and defaming men at whose hands aristocratic power has sustained greater reductions—from whose hands democratic power has received larger accessions, than from any other men of the present generation in Europe. To make lords less and men greater, are the professed objects of the Liberal press; yet the tendency of the labors of most of them were conservative of aristocratic church power. Surely the communicants are worthier depositaries of the State control over the State-paid Church than the patrons. Let it be granted that, if the State *pay* the clergy, the State ought to *choose* them; if the nation supports them, the nation ought to decide who they shall be. Certainly Liberals cannot consistently maintain that the aristocracy are to be considered the State—the patrons—the representatives of the nation. Popularly elected town councils are not the only patrons. Most of the patrons are landholders—men whom Liberals cannot receive as the representatives of the people, nor regard their interests as identical with those of the nation. It is rare Liberalism which would intrust State control over State-paid clergy to an irresponsible aristocracy, rather than to the communicants who belong to the people and are identical with them in all their interests. Who are most the State? The few patrons or the many communicants? In whose hands is any portion of power best placed? The few or the many? According to the opinions of all Liberals, the aristocracy are less identified with the State than the electors or communicants, and are less worthy depositaries of power. But in Scotland, and in some cases in London, the argument of State-control over the State-paid was used by Liberal journals in a way which favored the aristocracy and injured the democracy in the distribution of Church power. If there is any truth in the professions of Liberals and Radicals, the ecclesiastical democracy of Scotland are the rightful owners of Church power in the appointment of pastors. But in the recent controversy the clergy have been the champions of these popular rights, and their opponents have been the professedly Liberal press—the men who claim for themselves on all occasions the honorable character of friends of the people.

The pretext, under color of which the Liberal press have masked their hostility to popular Church power, has been hatred of clerical power. By the way, it will not do for them to tell us that they were friendly to giving the election of ministers into the hands of all the ten-pounders in a parish, Churchmen and Dissenters. This was never feasible; and our argument is that the Kirk communicants were more entitled to be regarded in the State than the patrons, that the contest for the power was between the communicants and the patrons, and that therefore it was the duty of the friends of popular power to aid the democratic rather than the aristocratic claimants. The hatred of clerical power—the outcry against priestcraft, which these journalists assume to be a praiseworthy feeling, was itself in this case an illiberal, anti-popular, and anti-democratic thing. When the people have a voice in the election of ministers, whether in the shape of a no or an aye, the clergy can exercise over them only the legitimate influences of wisdom, knowledge, and character. The noblest influence one man can exercise over another—the most legitimate, desirable, and beneficial, is the power of convincing his reason, of giving him convictions, and determining his conduct by quickening old or kindling new principles in his heart. To give men moral and spiritual theories for the guidance of their lives is the highest and most dignified occupation which genius and talent can accomplish. Man cannot do nobler work. If the clergy implant in the minds of the people their own views of Church politics, and the people apply those views to the election of ministers and elders, to vilify this process either *quoad* the clergy by calling it spiritual despotism, or *quoad* the people by calling it religious gullibility, is to blaspheme those holy processes of thought appointed for the elimination of all that is good and beautiful in civilization. When men talk of the liberty of the press, they mean by it the right of one man to form the convictions of many men in the department of morals, called politics. But is the press the only legitimate disseminator of moral convictions? Are the lords of the pen no longer content with sharing this power with the occupants of the professorial chair and the orators of the pulpit, setting up the pretension that this power of disseminating convictions is legitimate only when used by themselves? Two centuries ago the clergy wielded the power of forming the convictions of the people in the morality of politics as well as in the spiritualities of religion. It seems as if the new power were becoming intolerant of the old one, and newspaper editors, after stripping the clergy of their political functions, were resolved to set up in their stead, as also the instructors of the people in spiritual concerns. All that can be required of any men is that the power they seek over others shall be the power of mind over mind, of genius over intelligence, of intelligence over ignorance, and of integrity over selfishness. With a negative or an affirmative power lodged in the popular body, the people who aspire to lead them by convincing them, and to rule them by doing them good, are not actuated by a base but by a most honorable ambition. Instead of the fact of their aspirations entitling them to be abused, they give them claims on the gratitude and affection of their fellow men. We shall be prepared, ere we conclude this article, to show that even if the objects of the Evangelical party had been purely clerical, without a particle of popular aim in them, they would have been entitled to the help and sympathy of every man capable of taking enlightened views of the interests of civilization. But in the present case the clergy reserved no power for themselves, except the legitimate influences of superior wisdom. They sought to make the people their patrons. Their object was to make the communicants their masters in the matter of appointment to benefices. When the Liberal journalists opposed and vilified them, they so far betrayed the cause of popular rights, and outraged the great democratic idea of fair play to talent—of the Right of the Fit. In this case, in so far as Liberalism would make the poor stronger, these writers were false to it—in so far as Liberalism would establish the authority of justice and wisdom they thwarted it.

Our purpose in recapitulating these arguments is to direct attention to, perhaps, the most extraordinary phenomenon exhibited by the Kirk question in Scotland. We leave it to others to be astonished that five hundred disinterested parsons have been found in Scotland. Our surprise has been excited by the exhibition of a disregard of professed principles by the Liberal press, quite as extraordinary as the sacrifices of the free Kirkmen for their conscientious convictions. When, three years ago, we maintained the duty of helping the Kirk as the popular cause, amidst the numerous notices with which our article was honored there was not one single attempt made, though some were promised, to contest the ground with us by argument, foot for foot, and inch for inch. We did not maintain a singular opinion: most of the gentlemen of highest reputation in London as interpreters of Liberalism and Democraey coincided in our views. They thought it impossible by any logical process for Liberals to take any other course than the one we recommended. At the general election almost all the Liberal candidates adopted the views we had promulgated. Those who did not were unseated in burghs, and some of those who did won counties. Yet, with few exceptions, in spite of its principles, the Liberal press took an opposite course, and the Non-Intrusionists were obliged to set up journals of their own.

To explain this strange fact; the Liberal journalists were actuated by a feeling stronger than their love of the rights of the people or of fair play to talent. They were animated by a hatred of Evangelism. An observer, unsurpassed in this age for his acquirements in the philosophy of politics, exclaimed to us,—"How much more true the newspapers have been to their infidelity than to their democracy!" We may remark that the infidelity to which these gentlemen have been true is not the most liberal or enlightened kind of it at present to be found in Europe. Theirs is a bigoted hatred of earnest belief—the feeling with which the courtiers of Charles the Second regarded the convictions of the Puritans; the hatred of a De Grammont for Cromwell; the fanaticism with which a Voltaire might have regarded a Wesley. To the most enlightened skeptics of London and Paris, fervid Christianity appears to be venerable and beautiful, the divine element in modern history full of blessings to society. They do not scoff—they perhaps envy the men in whose hearts Christianity is enkindled as a living fire. Among the Scotch journalists, however, the scriptural principles which have quickened in the hearts of their countrymen, and led in our day to so many instances of devotion to duty—to so many touching sacrifices for the cause of God, are regarded as things to be covered with contempt and crushed with ridicule. Sixty years ago Robert Burns was abreast of the literary and philosophic spirit of his age, when the satirist of Evangelism he wrote his 'Holy Willie,' and his 'Holy Fair:' but the Scotch journalists, who feebly express his spirit and repeat his jokes, are two generations behind *their* age. Their political philosophy belongs to the last century. Like the Protestant parsons at Rome, who are said to have gone to learn the Protestant religion from the Pope, they acquire their notions of faith from unbelievers, and study Christian history under David Hume, the infidel. To be just to a faith, or to the believers of it, you must have loved it or them. Tell us where a man's contempt begins and we will tell you where his ignorance begins. Of the spirit of Robert Burns these journalists have caught nothing but the satiric part of it. They feel not with him the beauty of the scene described in his 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' nor the emotion which gushed up in the heart of Robert Nicoll at the mention of the Big Ha' Bible.

Scotland is called a religious nation. Presbyterianism, it is said, has protected the Scotch from skepticism. Unlike the countries in which Catholicism has continued the religion of the State, Scotland, they say, has never produced a Voltaire. But David Hume was an Edinburgh man. The brilliant philosophers and literary men who made Edinburgh the mental metropolis of the empire towards the end of the last century, were skeptics to a man. Nowhere is earnest piety treated with more unsparing ridicule than in Scotland at the present hour. In Paris, in London, in Berlin, and Vienna, there is abundance of disbelief of Christianity, but nowhere is vital faith in it treated with less respect or encountered with a more unflinching hostility than in Presbyterian Scotland. But, in fact, Scotland is not Presbyterian. A million of Voluntaries, Catholics, and Episcopalians, —a million of Free Kirkmen who have just left the Establishment,—and a million of persons avowedly unbelievers, or mere rational gentlemanly adherents of the Establishment,—these make up the three millions of the Scotch. Hence the explanation of the course pursued by the Liberal journalists. In opposing the Evangelical Kirkmen they were giving utterance to the principles and passions of two-thirds of their countrymen, the million of Dissenters hostile to the Evangelicals on the principle of Establishments, and the million of Moderates hostile to them on account of their vital Christianity. Looking on Establishments as the pieces of silver given the Church for the betrayal of her Lord, the Voluntaries denounced the Evangelicals as corrupters of Christianity. The skeptics abused and vilified them as fanatics who would restore the black despotism of superstition. A common Christianity was not so strong to unite as a difference about Establishments was to dissever the Dissenters from the Evangelicals. Common democratic tendencies could not prevent men from encountering each other as enemies—to one party of whom Christianity is The Truth, while to the other party it is Fanaticism.

We extract a sketch of the nature and history of the principles involved in the Kirk question from a recent tract.*

The point at issue in Kirk affairs is, whether the will of the patron or the will of the communicants shall be the dominant thing in making the licentiate the pastor of the parish. Out of this question another has arisen—Whether the clergy are liable to civil damages for what the law courts deem wrongs of commission or omission in their ecclesiastical procedure.

The non-intrusion struggle is part of the battle between aristocracy and democracy. The power of making parish ministers is the thing contested. Who shall lord it over the process which makes a licensed preacher a parish pastor? This is the point of contention between the patrons and the communicants. Whose will shall be clothed with the dominancy of the matter; the will of the Home Secretary of the day, and a small body of the landlords, or the will of the recipients of the eucharist in the parish —the patronate or the congregational will? In the name of the law and the civil courts the patrons claim the dominancy for their will. The communicants by the Church Courts maintain, in the name of the Constitution and of Christ, that their will ought to be dominant in making the preacher the pastor.

The contest and the claims of both parties are old. History shows that each party has had its victories. Law also shows the fact in an abundance of contradicting statutes.

Just as certainly as the Revolution settlement placed William of Orange on the throne, did it establish the Kirk on a basis of non-intrusion and spiritual independence. Strike the Act of Anne out of the statute-book, and the dominancy over the appointment of pastors reverts to the communicants. By this Act the Jacobites regained the powers which the settlement of the Constitution had given to the Kirkmen, and, to borrow a phrase from the French, effected a counter-revolution. It is one of the most curious of historical episodes.

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* 'The Fall of the Kirk,' by Mr. John Robertson.

Shortly after the union of England and Scotland, two ladies were seated in familiar talk in an apartment of the palace of St. James's. They called each other Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman. The door was loudly and familiarly unlocked, and an abigail came tripping across the floor with a bold and gay air. Suddenly recognising a person she did not expect, she stops short, and drops a grave curtsey, like a player, to the haughtier-looking of the ladies. She then turned to the stout, dark-haired, and easy-tempered looking lady, and, without a curtsey, says to her, in a faint, low voice—"Did your Majesty ring, pray?" Thus did the abigail betray the ascendency she had acquired over her royal mistress. The haughty lady, honored with an obeisance before her Queen, was Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. The dark-haired, stout, and easy-tempered lady was Queen Anne. The abigail was Mrs. Hill, afterwards Lady Masham, a poor relative of the proud Duchess, the daughter of a bankrupt London merchant, a Baptist by religious profession, and a humble dresser in the court. Her object in seeking power was chiefly to marry the man she liked. This scene first showed the Duchess that her day of power was over,—this scene was the first sign of a change of imperial power. Henceforth, for four years, the abigail was the sovereign ruler of the British empire. Anne was the nominal, the dresser the real Queen. Writing of the ministry which the abigail brought into place and power, instead of the cabinet to which he belonged himself, the Duke of Marlborough, in one of his letters, says, the only persons who really have power are the abigail Masham and the premier Harley. In the end, the abigail who made, unmade the premier. Well did the clear-headed hero of Ramilies and Blenheim know that he had been defeated, degraded, and ousted by the abigail. The accomplished, worldly, lazy, jocular Harley might be the intriguer,—Bolingbroke, a brilliant, superficial profligate, an English Alcibiades, in a peruke,—Don Juan might be the orator, and the proud and fitful humorist—the bitter-hearted and iron-headed Dean Swift, might be the journalist of the Tory Government—but the dictatrix who could make or destroy them all was Masham the abigail. To help Episcopacy and Jacobitism in Scotland, the Tory Government made short work of restoring patronage in the Kirk. In the towns and among the hills of Scotland, a thousand clergymen were peacefully pursuing the round of their duties, relying for their privileges on the treaty of union. The Kirkmen expected no evil. But Scotchmen were put forward in Parliament by the Masham ministry to break the treaty of union. In six weeks an act was hurried through both houses, which, as has now been decided by the courts of law, took from the Kirk courts their *liberum arbitrium*, subjected the co-ordinate power of Presbytery to the civil courts, broke the union treaty of two nations, and fastened the iron yoke of lay patronage on the necks of the Scotch. In three years after the royal sceptre had touched the treaty which guaranteed the inviolability of the Church of Scotland, the Church was violated by this abigail act.

Edinburgh, now only a day distant from London, was in those days a fortnight. Carstares, Blackwell, and Baillie, a remonstrating deputation from the Kirk, hastened up to London. All in vain. Neither the chiefs of the legislature nor the chiefs of the literature of London heeded them. Strong in the support of the court, the Tories carried every thing before them. Few listened to the ideas of the Covenanters, when the French *bel esprit* was the mode. Small heed was given to the Presbyterian claims of spiritual independence by the clubs, which were then enjoying the humors of Sir Roger de Coverley, and the wit of the young poet of the 'Rape of the Lock.'

Carstares, a man whose thumbs had been screwed for Whiggery, had a mastery over none but Kirk ideas. He returned to Edinburgh to persuade the Kirkmen to be thankful that the General Assembly itself had not been abolished. His was not the mind to see the advantage to the wronged, when their oppressors add to the reality the conspicuous appearance of oppression. The temporary abolition of the General Assembly would have ensured the repeal of the abigail act after the death of Anne.

For seventy or eighty years the General Assembly, at every one of its meetings, entered into a solemn protest against the breach of the treaty of union. At first the protest was a reality, in the course of years it became a formality. Lawyers now tell the Kirkmen they lost their privileges by their own slackness or *laches*. Perhaps a vigorous agitation begun in 1711 might have enabled the Kirkmen to gain back their rights. But it would have strengthened the Jacobites by swelling their ranks in 1715 and 1745 with discontented Presbyterians. That the Kirkmen did not agitate this question, when to do so would have endangered the succession of the House of Hanover to the throne, ought not to be deemed a fault, while the name of our sovereign is Guelph, and not Stuart.

The act of the ministry of Harley and Bolingbroke soon filled the Kirk with men of kindred spirits with their own. Skepticism became the fashion of the age. Of the clergy produced by the abigail act, an idea may be formed from the character of their type and representative — William Robertson. The men hostile to the spirit and the ideas of the Kirk of Knox, who became pastors under the abigail act, called themselves—Moderates. William Robertson was the flower of Moderatism. The morning of the 30th of May, 1751, saw the churchyard of the parish of Torphichen thronged with rustics in their Sabbath clothes. With sorrow and indignation they were to witness the settlement of a pastor over them in the teeth of their continued and universal opposition. A cavalcade of merry clergymen came riding up, headed by Mr. William Robertson, the minister of Gladsmuir. He was a man about thirty, with a countenance which he has transmitted to his descendant Lord Brougham—altogether an active, keen, bright look. The cavalcade of clergymen were flanked and surrounded by a troop of dragoons. As the troopers and parsons dashed among the people, tradition says Captain Hamilton, of Westport, drew his sword, and shouted, "What! won't ye receive the gospel? I'll swap off the head o' ony man that 'll no receive the gospel." Thus did William Robertson proceed to bestow the spiritual office. Many years elapse. He is the chief of the Kirk. He has won the crown of history. Writing to Gibbon in his days of celebrity, he gives the clue to his conduct when the dragoon-heading intruder at Torphichen. We find Principal Robertson the chief of the Kirk, congratulating the historian of the 'Decline and Fall' on his skilful management of superstition and bigotry in his chapters on Christianity. He thus gives us a glimpse of the moral theory of which the Torphichen intrusion was the application. The congratulation to Gibbon, and the dragoon ordination, were only the abstract and the concrete of the same thing. David Hume once named, for the recommendation of Dr. Robertson, two persons for Kirk offices. Respectable, amiable, useful, and gifted a skeptic may be, and we know several who are—but skeptics receiving the pay of faith—why, it will take much logic to make honest men of them.

The spread of Methodism during the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, and the reaction against the skeptical philosophy which forms so remarkable a feature of the age, changed the spirit of the clergy of the Kirk. The reaction against the philosophy of the eighteenth century, which in England has given expression to itself in Coleridge and Pusey, is represented in Scotland by Chalmers. About the year 1834, the majority of the clergy of the Kirk, quitting doubt and imbibing faith, forsook the patrons for the people. The spirit of John Knox became dominant once more in the church which he founded. The ascendency passed away for a few years from the men animated by the spirit and principles of William Robertson.

Ten years ago a controversy raged in Scotland on the connexion between Church and State. One of its results was, it quickened the conviction in the Evangelical clergymen and laymen of Scotland, that the settlement of pastors in parishes was a matter in which patrons ought not to have unrestrained power. This controversy brought out more clearly than ever the fact that in the New Testament the settlement of pastors is an affair between the clergy and the Christian society, with which the aristocracy have no scriptural right to intermeddle. The voluntary controversy enkindled this bit of the New Testament in the hearts of the pious Kirkmen. Hence the Church resolved not to allow patrons to *intrude* pastors.

This was the origin of the non-intrusion controversy. When the General Assembly declared there should be no more intrusion, it was generally thought they had a perfect legal right to do what they did. A Scotch judge proposed, the crown lawyers of the day approved, and Lord Chancellor Brougham applauded the declaration.

But mark the mournful farce of the law. The legality of non-intrusion has been tried. Five Scotch judges have maintained the view of the law which enabled the Evangelical Kirkmen to obey their New Testament convictions respecting the settlement of pastors. Eight Scotch judges have decreed the opposite, and a great deal more. The House of Lords, as the last court of appeal, found the Scotch clergy bound to ordain at the bidding of the civil courts. When the affair began, it was commonly thought that the spiritual courts could restrain the civil courts in the settlement of ministers. It has been decided that the civil courts can control, forbid, and command the spiritual courts in all spiritual things; ordination, preaching, sacraments, and excommunication. Men with the New Testament alive in their hearts could not submit; they therefore separated from their temporalities, and left an establishment which forbade them to obey in their spiritual procedure the Lord Jesus Christ —and commanded them to obey the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst.

The grossest notions prevail respecting the principle of spiritual independence. Historically we might show that this principle has rendered the noblest services to civilization. Philosophically it might be identified with the freedom of inquiry essential to the progress of science. Politically, it is the ecclesiastical aspect of that mental freedom on which so much eloquence has been expended, when called the Freedom of the Press. In fact, whether Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lyndhurst shall prescribe to Scotch Kirkmen their religion, or each man, after studying the Bible for himself, and being persuaded in his own mind, decide for himself, is the question for which five hundred clegymen have sacrificed their endowments, the principle for which in a few months, in a season of commercial distress, the Evangelical Kirkmen of Scotland have subscribed £300,000.

Noble as the conduct of its friends has been, the principle itself is nobler still. Spiritual independence is not merely one of the *isms* of a Scotch sect. It is a broad, a universal, a catholic principle—as old as Christianity itself, and held as a glorious and all-important docrine by all the sincere men who have ever labored or suffered for Christ. Paschal the Third wished to give up his endowments for it a thousand years ago. But it is not a principle peculiar to Christians. It is dear to all who love to be spiritually free. A Comte can contend for it as well as a Chalmers. That the moral and spiritual theory by which a man is to guide himself in life shall not be a prescription of statecraft but the adoption of a free and earnest soul:—this is the very vital idea of all individual and social civilization. It is the first want of clear spirits. Nor is the importance or the nobleness of the principle lessened by the fact that in the case of the herd of men it can mean only a liberty to choose among the creeds which other and abler men draw up. Genius alone can enjoy aught of the highest freedom of the soul. Genius alone can attempt that work of fear—asking the Universe questions respecting the Great Spirit of it. But the freedom—the independence, is for all. The spiritual views of genius ought to be free for the sake of human advancement. All men ought to be free in spiritual affairs, because whenever they are in earnest in them they will be free or die. A crawling thing is the soul of that man who could take his spiritual theory from a Peel or a Wellington, or submit in his spiritual actions to the dictation of a Lyndhurst or a Brougham. Yet this submission is the meaning of the supremacy of the state in all things. Largely and broadly viewed, spiritual independence means the right of every man to form and to fulfil his convictions respecting his moral and spiritual affairs. True, what the Non-Intrusionists contended for was the spiritual freedom of the Kirk. They struggled for their own highest interests. But the principle is all-important to all men. Free Kirkmen cannot confine it to themselves. They have been the martyrs of the general principle of spiritual independence by contending for free action in obedience to their own spiritual theory; a peculiar modification of Christianity. But the principle is the bulwark of all sincere spiritual belief, and the universal recognition of it would be a grand step in furtherance of civilization.

Now it is most important to observe that no Christian church in England deems the connexion between Church and State virtuous on the condition of the enforcement of spiritual offices by civil damages. Yet this was the condition imposed upon the Evangelical Church of Scotland.

It is difficult to give an idea of the effect of the adverse decisions of the civil courts on the spiritual liberty of the Evangelical Kirk. Suffice it, they gave the whole clergy and people of the Kirk less power over the collation of a layman to the cure of souls than is now possessed by a single English bishop. Unlike the bishop, the clergy were prohibited from refusing to make a layman a spiritual person, on pain of rebukes, damages, and imprisonments. Until recently, all that the civil courts could control was the temporalities, they have lately controlled, commanded, and enforced the spiritualities.

Observation of the course of the law in the progress of this controversy is not much calculated to increase our reverence either for the law itself, or the functionaries who administer it. After careful perusals of the acts of Parliament involved, and the learned arguments founded upon them, the conviction fastened on most clear-headed and impartial men was, that the law of the question was a heap of contradictions. Most unquestionably, close inspection of the decisions and speeches of the judges reveals abundance of blunders. The most eminent Non-Intrusionists justly complain that the civil courts have confounded the difference between constitutional and what may be termed administrative law. The one, say they, assigns the functions and limits of the respective courts: the other lays down the rules or methods by which they are to determine on the proper subjects which have been respectively allocated to them. Now our Court of Session, and of course the House of Lords, when acting as its appellant court, were limited to things civil—our Church Courts were recognised as distinct and unfettered in things ecclesiastical. If any question included both, their conflicting decisions were followed by civil and ecclesiastical effects, which were incongruous, no doubt, but did not come into collision, as when the rejected presentee, or his patron, got the stipend, and the Church Courts filled up the vacancy by a stipendless minister of their own. Now how say they does the matter stand? Our constitutional rights were secured at the Revolution settlement. Twenty years after this an act passed on the subject of patronage. A hundred and thirty years farther on the discovery is made of what no one suspected before (neither lawyers nor ecclesiastics), that in this act there lay what was only brought out for the first time by the House of Lords—a direct infringement of our prior constitution. Was it not then the duty of the Legislature to remedy their own blunder—their own law? And is not their refusal to do so a direct breach of national faith? Such are the just complaints of the Non-Intrusionists when required, in spiritual affairs, to disobey the Lord Jesus Christ in obedience to the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst. No wonder, though the interdicts of the civil courts were torn in pieces, and the fragments trampled under foot, amidst the applause of large assemblies. No wonder, though the Whig Lord-Advocate Rutherford, and the Tory Lord-Advocate Rae, thought it prudent to inflict no punishment on those who treated interdicts of the civil courts, respecting preaching and sacraments, with the most contumelious scorn.

As a specimen of the blunders of the law lords, we may mention the decision in the Auchterarder case. They found the Presbytery astricted, and bound to take the presentee on trials, which was precisely what had been already done. The first part of the trials by the constitution of the Church of Scotland is preaching "trial sermons" before the people. The presentee was rejected because he had failed in his trials. Yet the absolute wisdom of the law lords found the Presbytery bound to do what they had done. Mark another odious feature of this decision—the ease with which men, appointed to administer the laws, usurp the function of making laws. Because the act of Queen Anne said the Presbytery were bound and astricted to receive and admit the presentee, after taking him on trials, three or four lords, on their mere wills, took it upon themselves to say, for the first time, what had never been said during the hundred and thirty years since the passing of the act substantially, that the Church Courts were bound to *ordain* the presentee. This was judge-made law with a vengeance. Had the most powerful minister this country has ever seen, a man who held between his finger and his thumb the fortunes of a hundred law lords, brought in with due form a bill to compel clergymen to confer spiritual offices at the bidding of civil judges, he would have failed in the attempt amidst the derision of all sincere men in Europe. But three or four law lords effect the purpose themselves of a morning—without warning, without opposition, without rendering a reason, by a little skill in the management of legal quiddities—men on whose minds the study of the law has exercised all the narrowing and debasing influences by which it converts immortal spirits into quibbling machines—establish a principle new to the law, and monstrous in the view of common sense, and by doing so inflict, blindly, the heaviest blow given in this day to all the institutions of the country, disrupt the most useful and honored of Established Churches, and throw upon revolutionary courses and convictions a million of Scotchmen, whose religious position previously made them the natural guardians of order and the constitution. In proportion to the worthlessness of the thing for which they claim obedience is the loudness of their cry—"obey the law." In the House of Lords, on this question, a claptrap sure of cheers was any allusion to obedience to the law.

Mark what the thing is for which claims to obedience are set up. After their decisions have compelled five hundred clergymen to leave the Establishment, and when, according to Lord Aberdeen, one hundred and fifty more have almost resolved to follow, a bill is passed in the House of Lords to declare what the law of the matter is. Most of the Scotch judges authorize Lord Aberdeen to say they deem his bill a very exact statement of what the law is at present. On this up start three of the four English judges whose decree expelled the Free Kirkmen, and say, "If this bill is exact, if the Scotch judges are right on the Scotch law, we were quite wrong in our recent decision." It is not surprising that the law lords felt the sting of the disgrace with which this act covers them. Rumor says, that so conscious were the Cabinet of the shame with which Lord Aberdeen's Scotch Kirk Bill clothes the law lords, that he induced them to support it only by a threat of resignation, and consenting to call his bill at the same time declaratory and enacting, that is, a statement that the law precisely is that, certain, which it precisely is not.

The conduct of the chiefs of political parties respecting this question has been as little to their credit as the quibbles, blunders, and usurpations of the lawyers have been honorable to them. The principles of Whiggism led Lord John Russell to take, in his letter to the Scotch electors in the city of London, a position in accordance with the interests of his party. In that letter he declared himself in favor of the ecclesiastical rights of the people. When the letter of Sir James Graham, in answer to the moderator of the General Assembly, appeared, the statesmanship, which forms a part of his nature, enabled him to regard with due scorn a document in which a minister quibbles when he ought to deal with facts, is polemical when he ought to be political, and tries, by obtaining victory in the use of dialectical foils, to get over the difficulties which arise in a stern crisis of national affairs. Lord John Russell is too able and too real a man to look with complacency on a Home Secretary who chopped logic when he ought to have warded off a great national calamity. He could not applaud a man, nor praise a Cabinet, who fiddled before a burning Church. But unluckily the averments of one or two Scotch Liberal members, whose opinions are entitled to deference on the subject of whiskey-punch and nothing else, induced Lord John to believe for a few days that the Convocationists were not sincere in their resolution to leave the Establishment. Under this belief he made a speech unworthy of him, in opposition to the hereditary principles of the Whigs, and inimical, if not fatal to the interests of his party. Why did he not in the debate on Mr. Fox Maule's motion express the contempt he felt for the letter of Sir James Graham? Why did he not speak on that occasion in accordance with his own better judgment, and the advice of the ablest of his friends? Why did he thus produce a contradiction between that speech and the sentiments of his letter to the Scotch electors of London?

In his letter to the Scotch electors in the city of London, Lord John declared he would willingly give his concurrence to "a bill properly guarded, and which should secure, on the one hand, the opinion of a deliberate majority of male communicants, and which shall, on the other, provide not for the mere assent, but the conscientious examination of the rejection by the Church Courts." All that either the principles or the party interests of the leader of the Whigs required, Lord John Russell avowed in this letter. He declared himself in favor of the two principles involved in the question, and essential to a satisfactory settlement of it. He saw with the eye of a statesman that the people of the Church, if it were to retain their affections, must have a power in the appointment of their clergymen, and therefore he was willing to secure the deliberate opinion of a majority of the male communicants. Not deluded by declamations about the ecclesiastical power lording it over the civil, Lord John Russell saw that all the power the Church Courts really wanted was the power of conscientiously fulfilling the rejection of the communicants. It is greatly to be regretted that any asseverations, however confident, should have led Lord John Russell, even for an instant, to depart from the wise, consistent, and statesmanlike positions of this letter. We heard the Scotch liberals, on whose statements he temporarily relied, declare, one week before the 18th of May, that the number of clergymen giving up their endowments would not exceed six—a mistake almost of units for hundreds.

In 1840 we declared our conviction that the bill of the Earl of Aberdeen, though then apparently withdrawn forever, only lay couchant, waiting the advent of a Tory Parliament and a Tory Administration. "The first hour of a Tory ascendency in the Legislature," we said, "will quicken it into life." It is one of the few bills which ministers have professed themselves resolved to carry through the Commons this session. Aught more despicable than the conduct of ministers in their legislation for the Kirk has not occurred of late years. Lord Aberdeen promised to Dr. Chalmers a bill which would legalize non-intrusion, and enable the Presbytery to reject a presentee on the most frivolous objection or dislike of the people. His own instance was, though the dislike might be grounded on nothing more reasonable than an aversion to red hair. Instead of such a bill, the one he brought in did not allow the Church Courts to reject the presentee on the dislike of the people, however well-founded, unless for reasons likely to be satisfactory to the civil courts. By fulsome flatteries he endeavored to cajole Dr. Chalmers into an acquiescence in his breach of promise, and knowing that that great man, from his experience in the negotiation, was forced to exclaim, "The morality of politicians is the morality of horse-jockeys," he took the initiative in fault-finding, and accused, in his place in the House of Lords, his reverend correspondents as unscrupulous and dishonest.

In the first session of the present Parliament the efforts of the Tory ministers were devoted to the suppression of discussion. Four times was discussion shirked. Kirkmen in their senses hoped for no other advantages than discussion from the bill of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Campbell of Monzie. Discussion was the only good the Kirkmen expected, and Peel refused it. Discussion was the only harm their enemies had to dread, and Graham screened them from it. As the meeting of the General Assembly approached, and the Government was decidedly opposed to the very smallest measure of concession with which the Church could put up, a declaration of the Assembly against the Government was dreaded and staved off as adroitly as possible. Graham came down to the House breathing attachment to the Church of Scotland, and begged for only six weeks of delay to enable the Government to prepare a final and satisfactory feat of statesmanship. The Cabinet knew the meeting of Assembly would then be over. Vague professions of friendship of the warmest kind were uttered. Mr. Campbell, the friend of the Veto, left the Church confidently in such good hands, and Conservative Non-Intrusionists nodded their heads, and said Peel was now enlightened, and they had reason to hope all would be well. The last Assembly in which the Evangelical party joined in the deliberations, was opened with great pomp and many gilt coaches. Many hopes hung on the sage head of Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Emerson Tennent, to carry his election, had held out the fairest and falsest promises to the Presbyterians of Belfast. The Rev. Dr. Cooke, a man who encases the soul of a Jesuit, and an Inquisitor in the mean practices of a bigoted Protestant Presbyterian and Tory partisan—this vain-glorious demagogue, who has justly fallen into general contempt, assured the public that he had reason to believe that the Government would introduce a sstisfactory measure. So generally were delusions spread abroad at this time, that it was rumored that Lord Justice Hope had assured Dr. Candlish he would consent to a settlement even on the basis of the call of the people. The indulgent fancy of partisanship, which covers more sins than charity, imagined that from a Cabinet the dominant minds on Scotch affairs of which were Graham and Aberdeen, the fierce foes of the Evangelical party, a measure of concession would come for the healing of the sore evils of the suffering Church. Shrewd observers said, that while the Church could not bring an overpowering pressure to bear on the party interests of the Tories, it was folly to expect, from men of aristocratic principles and passions, concessions to ecclesiastical democracy. Men, they said, whose lives may have exhibited many derelictions from their principles, seldom display any derelictions from their passions, and the Cabinet was composed of men animated by hatred of Evangelism, and possessed by a double hatred to what we may call Evangelical democracy. Still the Conservative Non-Intrusionists hoped against hope, that their Conservative chiefs would break their words, belie their actions, forswear their principles, and act against their passions, without the pressure of any greater political necessity than the prevention of the separation of a portion of the Evangelical clergy from the Establishment.

During the Assembly of 1842 delusion ruled the hour. To sanguine minds gleams of hope seemed breaking through the dark and gathering embarrassments of the Kirk. On the upper edge of the black and threatening cloud opposed to them, there seemed, to adapt to our purpose a beautiful image from the gifted Hugh Miller, to be gleaming sunlit hues of purple and gold, destined to disperse it all into comfortable sunshine. Conciliation,

> "Like morning fair
> Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice gray,
> Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
> Of thunder, chased the clouds and laid the winds
> And grisly spectres which the Fiend had raised
> To tempt the Church of God with terrors dire."

The delusions of hope prevented the Assembly from declaring against the Government. Graham the zealot against Chalmers in the senates of Glasgow College, the re-announcer of the principles of Aberdeen's repudiated bill, the patron who in no case consulted the wishes of the parishioners in a settlement, the Home Secretary who sent the police to Culsalmond, and the soldiers to Glass, succeeded, aided by the downright gullibility of a few Conservative Non-Intrusionists, with fair words, vague promises, and gilt coaches, in staving off the stern rebuke which his misdeeds had most richly merited; and while shaking in the very face of the General Assembly itself, the repudiated Aberdeen bill, managed to stifle the denunciations and remonstrances of that venerable and insulted body. In Parliament discussion was shirked by the technical objection that Mr. Campbell had not received the consent of the Crown for the introduction of his bill. Paltry as the formality was, it succeeded until too late in preventing the distressed cry of one of the noblest institutes of the land from being heard by the Parliament and the people of England. Sir George Sinclair, and Mr. Colquhoun of Killermont, intrigued with Conservative Non-Intrusionists to betray the Church into a departure from her principles. Forty clergymen were jockeyed into an expression of approbation of a settlement on the basis of a *liberum arbitrium*, which meant a free power to obey the Lords of Session. While the friendly professions of the Peel ministry were loudest their deadly intrigues were rifest. Mr. Colquhoun was the fit instrument of these tricks. He is a man who seems to believe in nothing but dexterity. One of the most inconsistent of politicians, he is not content with being a weathercock, but insists every time he turns in delivering a homily to the congregation below, to assure them he has not changed—which is quite true, for his principle is obedience to the wind. Sir Robert Peel appears characteristically in these affairs, in both the higher and the feebler points of his character. He declared the settlement of the question to be a thing worthy of the ambition of a great statesman. He aspired to win fame by grappling with difficulties. But what perfection is to genius, fame is to mediocrity —a phantom ever to be pursued and never to be attained. His aspirations might have been worth something had a bold nature or a fertile genius backed them. But his sterile nature produced nothing. However often he may have tried to conceive, he had no product. Ignorant of the great moral elements at work, he knew not how to control them. Unacquainted with the characteristics of the Scottish people, he did not believe in the existence of the high principle and heoric self-sacrifice of which the clergymen of the Evangelical party were capable. When listening to his speech on Mr. Fox Maule's motion,—calm, artificial, shallow, imposing and plausible as it was—it was evident that his intellect had never apprehended, nor his sympathies realized, the moral powers in fiery action on the question. His speech would have been immensely more statesmanlike had he, before going down to the House, tied a knot on his handkerchief, to remind him now and then of the existence of such a thing as conscience.

When the deputation of Non-Intrusionists had listened to the debate in the House of Commons they became eager to return to Edinburgh to carry on their preparations for the disruption. On the 18th of May the Moderator, Dr. Welsh, read their protest, and quietly and silently the men, who alone inherit the spirit of John Knox, took their hats and left the church of their fathers. There was a large crowd in the street outside the church in which the Assembly met. When Dr. Welsh, Dr. Chalmers, and the body of the clergy appeared outside the door, some of the spectators were about to cheer, but the cry passed round, Hush! hush! The crowd took off their hats. As the procession walked arm-in-arm down the street towards the Canon mills, there was abundance of cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs from windows, balconies, and roofs. It was a stirring spectacle. Southwards, high on the rock of the castle, the spire of the New Assembly Hall was seen. Eager faces lined the street. Northwards appeared the flashing waters of the Firth and the brown hills of Fife. Those, however, who saw most of the glories of the scene felt—what could not be expressed by cheers or uncovered heads —the very presence of Duty and of God.

It must never be forgotten for a moment that the cause of this act was the prevalence among legislators and statesmen of the doctrine called Erastianism, the principle of which is, that the relations of the clergy to the state imply no greater independence of control than those of soldiers and sailors. This principle is far stronger than Voluntaryism or Jacobinism for putting churches into danger. When Archbishop Whateley and Bishop Denison declare their conviction of the absolute necessity for the adoption of some more efficient means for the maintenance of doctrine and discipline in the Church of England, they are told that an army or navy legislature were just as reasonable a thing as a church legislature, a remark which to be true requires fighting and believing to be the same thing. The party forming the majority of the Church of Scotland were separated from the state by this doctrine—the subserviency of spiritual persons in spiritual affairs to civil powers and civil penalties. It has been remarked, with truth, that the different effects of the voluntary controversy on the Church of England and the Church of Scotland show the difference of the latent genius of these churches. At first, as both were established, they defended the principle of Establishments together, but events developed their different spiritual idiosyncrasies. The English Church develops her tendencies towards Rome; the Scotch Church her leanings towards Protestant Dissent. But the principle for which the Evangelical Kirkmen have suffered is dear to all Churchmen, whether their leanings be towards Rome or towards Dissent, and to all Dissenters and all men in earnest respecting spiritual affairs of every sect, creed, and moral theory. Comparisons may be made between the virtue displayed by the Free Kirkmen on the 18th of May, 1843, and that displayed by the Non-Conformists on the 24th of August, 1662. The Non-Conformists could not act together so well as their modern rivals. The victims of the Restoration saw positive persecution before them, but they had no status in the Church from which they were ejected—they had no spiritual rank in the Establishment. They were required by a particular day to leave the Establishment or to subscribe their names to acknowledgments of error and professions of belief glaringly false—to deny the validity of their own ordination, and conform to ceremonies which they deemed dangerous and wicked. The secular and political authorities required them to do all this solemnly and formally on a particular day. It demands less virtue of a man to refuse to write himself a liar, than to suffer for a high, all-important, and abstract spiritual principle. This latter has been done by the Kirkmen. They who were the majority and the ornaments not merely of the Establishment but of the Church to which they belonged, although high and holy principles were assailed in their persons, were not subject to any such violent and vulgar coercion as that which ejected the Non-Conformists. They are therefore more purely and nobly martyrs for their principles. The suffering endured by clergymen in the picturesque cities, the heather hills, the quiet glens, the storm-circled islands of Scotland, was not a thing from which they could not escape without the forfeiture of common honesty and manhood, but a principle high and holy, identical with Christianity and civilization, received the voluntary homage of their sufferings and privations. If pastors are exchanging manses for huts, if mothers are looking at their children and wondering about their future bread, if families are leaving what they thought the homes of their lives, if fathers and mothers have to take farewell of the graves of their children, if young probationers have to resign for ever their visions of domestic happiness and moral usefulness—these sufferings have been encountered not because they could not be avoided—these sacrifices of interest and feeling to duty have been borne not because they could not be escaped, but for the sake of a principle which blends the beauty of Christian holiness with the highest interests of human civilization.

On the consequences of this event we have already expressed our views elsewhere so fully that nothing is left for us but to quote them:

"There is a striking contrast between the weakness of the Liberal party in Parliament and the gigantic power of the principles of democracy in the country. A middle class organization, and a thing unheard of before, a distinct working class organization (numbering one thousand prisoners for its principles), are actively employed endeavoring to wrest from the aristocracy their legislative power. A League is agitating everywhere to deprive the aristocracy of their provision monopolies, and their principles have an avowed hold on the minds of the ministers placed in power by the aristocracy. Healthy moral feelings are frowning down even in Parliament itself the aristocratic corruption of the constituencies. In the English Church a body of clergymen have rapidly become the majority, who, having lofty and holy ideals of great prelates, like those who fought the battles of civilization in the middle ages, are resolved to diminish the temporal, to raise the spiritual peers. All the moral life in Britain at this hour is anti-aristocratic. Every mind of genius now ruling the convictions of the age, is either on principle or by tendencies reducing the power of lords. There is not a faith really felt and carried out at this day, but diminishes the aristocratic power. Historical philosophy, as understood by all its students, shows the strong influences of the ocean-tides of civilization in these signs. The lord whose ancestor had life and death on his lips, has little suspended on his now-a-days, except perchance the vanity of tuft-hunters. Yet some dream that the English aristocracy are to continue the only instance of their order unreduced in Europe. Children build castles on the sand within tide-mark, and fancy they will not be demolished by the advancing waves.

"The most ominous quarrel for the aristocracy is that begun in England and completed in Scotland with the clergy respecting ecclesiastical power. The principle of the letter of Sir J. Graham, by alienating all earnest clergymen from connexion with the aristocracy, must in the end wither the arm of lordly power. Ministers are the greatest destructives of the day. When the bulk of the people of the Established Kirk leave her, they escape from her aristocratic influences. Moderate parsons, by taking the stipends and doing the bidding of the patrons, will not thereby become a link between them and the population. The passions and principles which in Scotland demand the reduction of aristocratic power, have hitherto been greatly restrained by the Evangelical clergy—thanks to the Peel Ministry, the restraint has become an impetus. Aristocratic doctrines will, undoubtedly, be taught for the aristocratic stipends. But, like Dean Swift, when his audience consisted of his clerk only, the preachers will have to say instead of dearly beloved brethren, 'Dearly beloved Roger, be a Tory.' The bits of bread will buy the bits of sycophancy. Hitherto, at most of the elections since the Reform Act, the Evangelical clergy have voted for the Tories, and to their influence over the political serfs of the counties does the aristocratic party owe its position. This will never happen again. At the next general election, happen when it may, the Tories will have nothing to back them but the brute power of property.

"By the secession of the Evangelical party, the aristocracy will lose dignity. They may not see how this will happen; but they will find it to their cost. They will have yet to pay a high price for their patronage in filling the vacancies. Tke Moderate Erastian, anti-Evangelical Establishment has not had, and when the vacant stipends have found lifters will not have, any moral influence, over the people. They will be odious to all men, and will involve their patrons in their odium. Were I asked to name one of the worst effects of Church Establishments I should say—they neutralize the Christian idea of dignity. The servant is greatest in the New Testament—the lord is greatest in the Established Churches. A God-like dignity, according to Christianity, invests the servant who, victorious over selfishness, does, makes, and suffers most for others. According to Establishmente, power and honor, the appointment of the pastor, the highest place, the pew adorned with armorial bearings, the glaring escutcheon, the black hangings, and the bannered tomb, belong to proud and triumphant Selfishness, riding in painted coaches, clothed in ermine, and tricked out in stars, swords, and coronets. In the Bible glory is a radiance from the man: in the Establishments the honor follows the accidents. Christ says, honor most those who are most successfully unselfish—aristocratic churches say by all their peculiar influences, honor most those who are selfish most successfully. Barbarism connects scorn, contempt, and meanness with poverty and weakness; and the Established Churches embody the feelings of barbarism by excluding the lowly from power and honor. The religion of the Son of the Carpenter of Nazareth looks only for moral qualities in the poor man, and finding them clothes him with a sacred power, and adorns him with a celestial glory. Establishments honor the oppressor—Christianity the oppressed. An advanced civilization is now teaching that selfishness cannot be dignified by ducal coronets. Selfishness is vice and baseness even while it wields a royal sceptre. According to the noble doctrines now abroad, Genius which betters and blesses the lives of men fills the real thrones of the world.

"Now, by their secession, the most loved and influential of the clergy of Scotland will insensibly and unconsciously become teachers of these democratic views of dignity. They may not become politicians; but they cannot prevent their influences from making democracy still more than it is a part of the sacred convictions of the Scotch. The Free Kirk will be to the upper classes of the towns, and the middle classes of the agricultural districts, a most powerful teacher of the doctrines which make men greater and lords less.

"Ministers have weakened the hold, the moral hold which the aristocracy have on their lands. The Conservatives have unsettled property. They have declared to all the world that clergymen can derive incomes from land only on terms deemed sinful by all churches. Subjection to Cæsar in the things of God is the indispensable tenure of tiends and tithes. Even stipends from land can be held only by allowing the aristocratic will to lord it over the sacred rite of ordination. Thousands, however, of the best minds in the three kingdoms judge the right of the clergy to their endowments to be superior and stronger than the title of the landlords to their estates. They would blot the baronial hall from the landscape sooner than the church with its skyward spire. The reason why clergymen should enjoy the fruits of the soil, seem to them stronger than the reasons for giving the aristocracy a monopoly of the earth. The clergy they think came better by their property than the aristocracy. When certain barons and chieftains were asked of old to show the titles by which they held their lands—they drew their swords. A soldier laid a village in ashes and strewed it with the corpses of its owners, and thus his blood-covered sword made him lord of the village. A chieftain and his clan seized a district, and held it by the sword, making the eagle's feather in his bonnet the symbol of his sovereignty over hill, and vale, and stream. Time puts his cloudy hand over these transactions. The descendant of the feudal baron is clad in ermine instead of mail, and the chief of the clan is seen oftener in the clubs of Pallmall than on the heather of his native hills. But men now-a-days suspect there is nothing high, holy, noble, or divine, in what was done either by the sword or by time. Many see nothing but bold selfishness in these affairs. An owner of land, awakened to religious views, feels that he cannot better bestow a part of it than by giving it to keep up for ever a church, and a clergyman to teach the grandest doctrine his heart can conceive—the divine ideal of self-sacrificing love, the awful fact which exhibits God in his blood for sinners. Hence Church property. It is perceived that the clergy, however sluggishly, do some work for society in return for their incomes. The aristocracy do nothing. Opinion is the creator of law which again makes and unmakes property. Why should property of a base be more secure than property of a holy origin? Why ought men who teach morals, console the sick and give future hopes to the dying, to hold their incomes from land on a tenure of sinful subserviency to men who spend their lives in making laws for their own interests, indulging their appetites, basking aloft in sunshine amidst the clustered fruitfulness of the land? Why is it right to allow every lordling at will, although his will may be formed by the most skeptical and the most libertine influences of the age, to domineer over the Church of God and trample under foot the cross of Christ? Such are the questions let loose by the folly of the Government on the minds, not of the revolutionary poor, but of the thoughtful and devout Kirkmen and Churchmen of these realms. Sir James Graham has brought a glare as from a revolutionary torchlight upon the foundations of aristocratic property.

"To me the fall of the Kirk is the only precursor of the fall of the Peerage. The praises which have been sounded in high places upon the distinct committal of the Government to the enforcement of spiritual duties by civil penalties, is ominous of the addition of the clergy to the multitudes already bent on the destruction of feudal aristocracy. The omen reminds me of a dream of the last Countess of the ancient family of the Keiths, Earls of Marischal. She dreamt she was standing on the land eyeing with pride the noble castle of Dunotter, which, built on granite, frowns defiance on the ocean, dashing against its rocky feet. A company of priests appeared in their robes, walking in solemn procession, chanting hymns, and sat down and began chopping the rocks on which the castle rests, with their penknives. The Countess laughed at them, she shouted to them derisively, and clapped her hands in scorn of them. However, while she gazed, the clergy disappeared, the rocks and walls rent and fell into the sea, and nothing was left to be seen of the great castle, except fragments of furniture floating on the waves.

"The aristocracy cannot afford to quarrel with the clergy."

Since the above was written, new facts have abundantly confirmed the argument. A Highland chieftain with whom we had a chat the other day, not on his native heather but in a gorgeous club in Pallmall, told us the following incident expressive of some of the consequences of this question in reference to aristocratic property. He found one morning recently, between sixty and seventy of his poor people assembled before his house in the Highlands. He went down to them. "They had come," they said, "to beg him not to banish the Gospel." He could not see what the Gospel had to do with the matter, and was angry with them. Perhaps this chieftain will permit us to ask if the preservation of the hereditary affection of his clan is not truer Conservatism than marking his disapprobation of their Church principles in a way to alienate their affection for ever. Many Highlanders said, when they heard how the Kirk had been treated, "There will be bonnets on the green." Religious principles and religious feelings are thus brought into hostility with lordly privileges, and aristocracy rashly tries a fall with Evangelical Christianity. By refusing sites for Free Churches on their estates, the aristocracy are making the vital religion which has just displayed its power so strikingly inimical to them and their privileges, the security of their property, and the maintenance of their dignity. When refused sites for Churches, devout Free Kirkmen exclaim, "The earth is the Lord's. Who gave you a right to refuse a spot on it for the worship of the Creator of it? Did you make the land? Did you get it from the Maker of it to prohibit his worship upon it?" Such were the words addressed the other day by a Conservative Free Kirkman to a Tory Peer. They show that the misconduct of Tory ministers and Tory lairds has injected into the minds of men (but yesterday the breakwater between Aristocracy and the surges of Democracy) the very central ideas of Revolutionary Chartism. The true Conservatives of their order are the Fox Maules, the Patrick Stewarts, and the Breadalbanes, who try to win for Aristocracy the love of religious Scotchmen.

We conclude our desultory remarks with a few words respecting what ought to be done with Lord Aberdeen's bill, the position of the Professors who have seceded, and what we think the present duties of Voluntaries and Radicals in Scotland.

Lord Aberdeen's bill has, it is said, reached the commons, only in consequence of his threatening to resign his office if his colleagues did not overcome their repugnance to it and support it. Shrewd people always suspect a man of the vices of which he loudly accuses others, and this bill gratifies the clerical ambition of the Muir party, a clerical ambition of which the Chalmers party was falsely accused. The party who have left the Establishment rejected the bill of the Earl of Aberdeen, because it enabled Presbyteries to lord it over the people. Apparently the bill gives the Presbytery the whole power of deciding upon the admission of a presentee to a benefice, but they must record their reasons for the revision of the Civil Courts. The Church Courts are empowered to decide absolutely on the objections of the people and intrude any man they like in defiance of them. Before they can reject the presentee of the patron, their reasons must be such as will seem satisfactory in a court of civil law. Seemingly the measure cuts right down between the patron and the people, but the ecclesiastical Foreign Secretary takes care to put the poisoned side of the knife towards the people. The facetious illustrations of its absurdity which we have seen, however witty, have not been quite apt. It does not lock the door of the stable when the steed has been stolen, but it creates a disturbance among the horses that remain. It is not a case of a surgeon who, having brought his instruments, performs the operation although the patient is dead; it is a case of a surgeon who, missing the patient that called him in, operates on the first person that falls in his way. But no Tory surgery will save the Kirk. The Conservatives, whether Whig or Tory, will not be able to maintain for one million an intolerable burden on two millions of Scotchmen. The life has fled from the Kirk. The spirit of John Knox has left it. The genius of Presbyterianism is gone. The Establishment is a corpse without salt on its breast.

The Professors of the Universities are bound to sign the Confession, conform to the worship, and refrain from injuring the Establishment of the Church of Scotland. The object of these conditions was to keep out Prelatists. An attempt is made to enforce this act against the separating Professors, beginning with Sir David Brewster, who is distinguished from his colleagues in St. Andrew's by being known to Europe. The object of this act was the protection of the constitutional settlement of 1690. Sir D. Brewster and the separating Professors have left the Establishment in adherence to this very settlement. It will be strange indeed, if adherence to the thing the act protects should subject them to its penalties, while Prelatical Professors are allowed to remain unmolested. Surpassingly odd will it be should the act be used to turn out the sort of persons it was enacted to keep in, while it keeps in precisely the sort of Professors it was passed to keep out.

A few words to Radicals and Voluntaries. Why have they not seized the initiative in a movement for the reduction of the churches in all the cities. Surely their principles require this of them. Obstacles of Presbyteries and Courts of Tiends, and legal opinions ought not to prevent them from memorializing every Town Council to avert the spectacle of highly-paid clergymen without congregations. Carping at the Free Kirkmen does not seem to be quite so much their duty as co-operating with them on the point of agreement—to avert from Scotland the calamity of an Ecclesiastical Establishment like that of Ireland. J. R.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

From the Metropolitan.

Are they not wondrous? how the sight
Revels in changes quick and bright,
Less like the work of mortal hand,
Than some gay scene of fairy-land:
Lo ! from our fixed and rapt survey
Object by object melts away,
Yielding their shadowy forms and hues
To merge in fresh Dissolving Views.

The ancient castle seems to shine
Reflected in the clear blue Rhine,
Anon, the proud and stately tower
Becomes a simple woodbine bower;
Swift sailing ships, and glittering seas,
Change to the churchyard's mournful trees,
Whose dark and bending boughs diffuse
Shade o'er the dim Dissolving Views.

How sad a tale of truth ye tell,
How do ye bid the spirit dwell
Upon the change, the dream, the strife,
The mockery of human life!
Soon is each fleeting joy o'ercast,
Nothing that glads our eyes can last,
Rich sunlight may the scene suffuse,
But ah! it gilds Dissolving Views.

The banquet-hall becomes the shed,
The battle-field the lowly bed,
The hero sinks into the slave,
The altar changes to the grave;
Forms of young loveliness and bloom
Shine forth and fade—we mourn their doom,
Till Time, to soothe our grief, renews
The bright and false Dissolving Views.

In every season, clime, and age,
Poet, historian, and sage,
Warn us distrustfully to meet
Life's frail and flattering deceit;
But ye in graphic might arise,
Bringing the lesson to our eyes,
We look, and pensively we muse
On once beloved Dissolving Views.

Nor idle is your fair array,
Surely a moral ye convey,
Bidding us prize that far-off home,
Where shade and change shall never come;
And, as your phantom world departs,
We sorrow for the spell-bound hearts,
Who smile to greet, and weep to lose
Earth's varying Dissolving Views!

AMERICAN POETRY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

The Poets and Poetry of America. With an Historical Introduction. By Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Cary and Hart. 1842.

In general, the point of divergence of two languages originally one, is concealed in the obscurity of unapproachable antiquity. That ramifications have taken place naturally, since the miracle of Babel, we have every reason to believe—but we only discover the streams where they are far apart, and it is a work of difficulty and uncertainty to trace them up to their original diffluence. There are many curious circumstances which must strike even the most superficial philologist in returning up these streams. The few parent-fountains forming the miraculous origin of each great family of tongues, preserve their distinctive characteristics through endless combinations, and tend to imprint on their derivatives corresponding varieties of character and expression, according to their combination and arrangement. For it is of such materials that a spoken language is composed, and from such materials alone it can be modified and inflected. No power of taste, custom, or circumstances can do more than qualify one language by the admixture or extraction of other known ones; nor can the utmost ingenuity of man create new elements out of which to supply, enrich, or strengthen the current media of expression. But, subordinate to these great distinctions, there are wide differences where we can trace an original unity at a period more recent than the confusion of tongues, and in which the divarication has been caused by natural circumstances, such as the migration of tribes, colonization, conquest, geographical position, or the long-continued friendship or hostility of neighboring nations. To apply ourselves to the examination of such matters can never be unprofitable, even in the uncertainty in which they are wrapped—we say uncertainty, for we have only the internal evidence of a language *as it is*, for our guide; as in geology we are unable to discover any authentic history to assist our researches. Man in his earlier state was as utterly unconscious of the philosophy of his language as of that of his mind; and hence we must be contènt to meet with those difficulties by which observation upon the casual relics of unobserved changes will ever be accompanied.

But in the case of England and America, and in that case alone, we can approach the point of divergence, and watch the process of separation from its commencement. Mankind will eventually have an opportunity of examining by proof all those nice and refined questions which only an argument of remotion was before able to solve for us; it has the process going on under its eyes, and it may test by actual experiment all that was hitherto but theory and deduction.

For all the efforts of America to preserve an identity of language with us (the only thing she seems to wish to follow us in) will not avail to resist the immutable law which ordains that nations removed shall not be identical in any one particular; and even from her literature she will not long be able to exclude the elements of change, which in the volume before us begin to make a show, and give an exotic tint to the blossoms—and there are many bright ones—with which it is overspread. The *vulgar* tongue it is, however, which will no doubt be the first to alter, as may be expected, it being there that the process is left to itself, and in it we could, if we were so disposed, and that our space and subject admitted of it, even now exhibit very remarkable variations, not only in words, but in idioms and forms of expression. American literature has hence a double interest with Englishmen. For a philological inquiry mixes itself with it, and urges attention as a matter of duty, where inclination would have already recommended it. It is not our part, however, to point out examples of what we have been noticing, either directly or by the selection of our quotations. It is enough to denote the commencing existence of such changes, and recommend it as a subject worthy of national observation.

The endeavor to hold strictly to English in literature has had its cramping effect on the powers of American poets. In prose the restraint is not equally felt, or at least does not so severely cramp the author; and accordingly their prose compositions are many of them bold, natural, and rich. But in verse it is essential that there should be an entire freedom from restraint—an independence of expression as well as of thought; nor has any poet ever been able to show a bold and vigorous originality who has been obliged to watch his expressions as they arose in his mind, and square his words when written according to an unfamiliar vocabulary. Hence there is timidity and restraint in all their poetical efforts—they are laboriously correct, but undaring and tame; and a general absence of forcible metaphor, novel and striking metre, startling eccentricity, and successful innovation, mark the uneasy anxiety after *English* which guided their compositions. Of course, in so voluminous a miscellany as that before us, this assertion will be qualified with exceptions—one must be obvious, that of *Maria Brooks's* poetry, (Maria Del' Occidente,) of which wild and reckless vigor is one of the high characteristics. It must be remembered, however, that she, like Irving, was a long resident in England, and benefited moreover by the critical care, advice, and assistance of Southey, in whose house she was for a considerable time domesticated.

In these higher qualifications, then, we are bound to record American deficiency. Genius, the transfiguration of the beautiful into the sublime, the wings upon the head and feet, the magic wand of inspiration, are not there. Like elegant translations, or accurate copies, these writings please and satisfy, but do not move us—we admire and approve, but must refuse homage; and delightedly admit them to the shelves of our library, while we must exclude them from the sanctuary of our hearts. In such a position, however, they stand becomingly—they have many claims on our regard, and in one or two points, we are bound to confess, put to shame our own modern school. A healthy and wholesome spirit of thought and morality uniformly pervades their pages—a simple and safe tone of feeling is caught, we trust, from the tastes of their readers, and conventionally purifies their lays; there is little that is false or affected in sentiment, much less of what is pernicious or demoralizing, in the large collection they have sent over to us in this volume; or if the former admission is too strong, we may safely allow it as far as morbid and unhealthy sentiment is concerned. There is also an absence of personal and political acrimony, singular enough in a people, who in plain prose must be admitted to possess a national talent for invective, whetted by constant practice, and which either argues the cautious and rigid selection of the editor, or else how completely the bards of America keep in their minds the identity of *poetry* and *fiction;* and we have a right to thank them that on such ground at least they can lay aside inveterate habits, and allow their imagination to give practical efficacy to the precept—"Peace, good will towards men."

But after all it will be better to give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself. And we purpose, in doing so, to use all possible impartiality in the selection, which must after all be but a scanty gleaning from such a field. It was about the close of the seventeenth century that the shell was first sounded beyond the Atlantic by bards of English descent. For, quaint and grotesque as were the productions of those worthies, Folger, Mathew, and Wigglesworth, the circumstance of their being *published* in America does not in itself constitute them American poetry—the authors were English born, and would probably have put forward their absurdities at home, if they could have found a printer—with this difference, that their names and books would have been already in the tomb of "all the Capulets." The true commencement of American song is with Benjamin Thompson, "y^{e} renowned poet of New England." He was born at Quincy, in 1640, and wrote an astounding epic, entitled "New England's Crisis," about the year 1676. Besides this "great epic," "he wrote," says the editor of the collection before us, "three shorter poems, *neither* of which have much merit."

It is attempted to be proved in this volume, that very little poetry worthy of preservation was produced in America before the period of the revolution; in fact, till the spirit of freedom began to influence the national character. "The POETRY OF THE COLONIES," says the editor, "was without originality, energy, feeling, or correctness of diction." Nothing is more easy to make than such an assertion—nothing more easy to prove. A little judicious selection in both periods will make it all plain; but, even giving him credit for making a fair selection from the *colonial* bards, will the specimens he produces support the implied assumption that the "spirit of liberty" has begotten "originality, energy, and freedom" in the later bards of his country? We hesitate in replying to the question. At least we are unable to observe the strong demarcation between the two periods which he would have us recognize.

Philip Frenneau was the most distinguished poet of the revolutionary time. Out of his voluminous compositions, the editor has been able to extract a few detached scraps, fit to be ranked in a "select" collection. The equivocal merit of his verse makes us the more regret not being indulged with a little of his prose, which, as Mr. Thomas modestly remarks, "combined the beauty and smoothness of Addison with the simplicity of Cobbett!" Here are some stanzas:—

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er—
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If, in this wreck of ruin, they
Can yet be thought to claim the tear,
O smite your gentle breast, and say,
The friends of freedom slumber here!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear, etc.

But we would willingly, out of the selected specimens, ourselves select the best, although it would be perhaps only fair, since the country has itself passed favorable judgment on what is here given us, to scan them strictly, or at least take them indiscriminately. Dana is one of the few names which has reached this country, and it deservedly holds a high place on the roll of American genius. Dana is, we are informed, of a fair English descent; William Dana, Esq., having been sheriff of Middlesex, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the republican editor adds, "Thus it will be seen our author has good blood in his veins—an honor which no one pretends to despise, who is confident that his grandfather was not a felon or a boor." He, like all the other literary men of America, was a magazine writer and editor, though he has escaped, more completely than most of them, the faults of style, diction, and sentiment, which such an occupation must have a tendency to create. There is a sustained feeling through his compositions, which do not seem to be thrown at the public in fragments, in order that they may stick the more readily and immediately. But there is wanting, too, the bold and fierce energy, the hardihood of thought and language, which constitute at once the faults and the interest of a vigorous mind. Take, for instance, the following good lines from "Factitious Life," which are only a weakened reflection of the more burning thoughts of another poet:—

THE OCEAN.

. . . .

Ho! how the giant heaves himself, and strains
And flings to break his strong and viewless chains:
Foams in his wrath; and at his prison doors,
Hark! hear him! how he beats and tugs and roars,
As if he would break forth again and sweep
Each living thing within his lowest deep.
Type of the infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
I feel all soul: and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date. And, O! how old
Thou art to me. For countless years thou hast rolled.
Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn;
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou didst it well! The dread command
Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land;
And then once more, unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.
And though the land is thronged again, O Sea!
Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
Share thy own spirit: it is sadness all!
How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
Yonder tall cliff—he with the iron crown.
And see! those sable pines along the steep,
Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep!
Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge
Over the dead, with thy low beating surge.

"The Buccaneer," a clever imitation of Coleridge's style, is his principal poem, and it gains, perhaps, as much as his other poems lose, by being less wild and extravagant than what it is modelled upon; but in such a piece as the following, we look in vain for the true picturesque—it is near being pretty, almost good—no more. The little German ballad, "Wohin, woher," comes nearest to it:—

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice?
And with that boding cry
Along the waves dost fly?
O! rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us; Thy wail—
What doth it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad: as if in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

. . . .

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light
Where birds of summer sing.

William Cullen Bryant, the most popular of American poets, somewhere about the year 1821 presented his principal poem, "Thanatopsis," for insertion in "The North American Review," while Dana was one of its managers. It was agreed by the whole directory that the unknown author "could not be an American," *the poem was so good.* He was, however; and to show that now at least the nation appreciates the powers of its author, we need only extract from the notice prefixed to the extracts the following passage—

"This (The Ages, a poem) is the only poem he has written in the stanza of Spenser. In its versification it is not inferior to the best passages of the 'Fairie Queene' or 'Childe Harold,' and its splendid imagery and pure philosophy are as remarkable as the power it displays over language:"—that is, in versification it is equal to the best parts of the best poems of this class that have ever been written, and in every thing else vastly superior. But it really is good, in spite of this fulsome stuff; and indeed "Thanatopsis" may vie with poems of a very high class in English literature. The tone is solemn, sustained, and dignified—not so much thought as Young, but less of epigrammatic quaintness. The following is a fine admonition:—

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Yet even in this fine poem, and in the other compositions of Bryant, are to be detected constant imitations of what has gone before—a want of originality and independence. We only admit such resemblances where the ancient classics are drawn upon. In America we can plainly see that English poetry of every age is admittedly set up for modelling from, and that it pleases instead of offends a trans-Atlantic ear to perceive that the (in another sense) *fontes remotos* mix with the julep of their verse.

Take as an instance part of a description of the prairies—

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

Here we are perpetually getting sight of Lord Byron. There is ever and anon an approximation, and then off again at a tangent; and then close again, like the buzzing of a bee about our ears: and we have no doubt that all this is a merit in America, though she cannot of course expect that we should feel any very lively emotions of interest when we find that what its shores are ringing with is only the echo of what shook our ears at home long ago. Observe in the passage we have extracted the expressions—

Still this great solitude is quick with life—
"A populous solitude of bees and birds,"
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers,
"And fairy-formed and many-colored things."

Then again (of the bee)—

I listen long
To his domestic hum. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn, etc.

"The hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words."

Here are the *disjecta verba poetæ;* and, be it remembered, the passage is not selected, but simply adduced. There are plenty of other similarities, bearing the same shadowy resemblance to archetypes in English poetry; and we should find it difficult to show a passage *quite* original in any one of this author's poems. We wish to offer the best specimens of this the best of American poets—so we give the following pretty piece entire:—

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer air,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died,
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

The following are perhaps the best lines in the collection. They occur in an address to the evening wind:—

Languishing to hear thy welcome sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth, into the gathering shade; go forth,—
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!
Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast.

It will not be expected by the reader that we should pretend even to enumerate the names of the first-class American poets. If we adduce a few, it is without prejudice to those we omit to mention, and almost without assigning any superiority in those we notice over the rest. The volume before us embraces extracts from at least one hundred writers, and some of the poems given run to a considerable length. Certain names, however, are better known here than others, and have attained higher celebrity; and such is the case, too, with our own writers in America. For instance, Kirke White, instead of being classed with those geniuses who are more eminent for their promise than their performance, is perhaps more quoted and imitated in America than any modern English poet. We could easily multiply examples; and hence we may not, perhaps, fall in with American feeling or public judgment in the remarks we make, or the authors we quote. Lucretia and Margaret Davidson, accordingly, we dismiss without notice. They were written into popularity by a popular author, and never would have attracted interest by their writings, or, indeed, by their history, which, as we have remarked in a former number of this Magazine, is, in its manufacture, but an affected imitation of a literary history published in the parent country years ago.

The most remarkable poem that has ever appeared from an American pen, is undoubtedly "Zophiel," by Mrs. Brooks, a lady who, in publishing, assumed the name of Maria Del' Occidente. This poem was published in London in 1833, at a time when Mrs. Brooks was the guest of Southey, and that eminent man honored it by correcting the proof-sheets as they passed through the press. He has himself borne testimony to the genius of the author in that strange book of his, "The Doctor," in which he styles her "the most impassioned and the most imaginative of all poetesses;" and the *Quarterly Review*, in denying her the full benefit of the laureate's praise, admits the poem to be "altogether an extraordinary performance." The germ of the story is to be found in the sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of the apocryphal book of Tobit, and the mysterious obscurity of the text admits of the full play of her imagination, or *fancy*, as the reviewer would have it called, which involves and evolves itself in the most extraordinary, and at times magnificent flights. The observations of the editor of the collection upon the merits and defects of this performance are impartial and sound, and unbiassed by the leaning which in some instances misleads him into undue panegyric. He says, "in some of her descriptions she is perhaps too minute; and, at times, by her efforts to condense, (or rather *we* should say, by the over-rapidity of her thoughts,) she becomes obscure. The stanza of 'Zophiel' will probably never be very popular, and though the poem may, to use the language of Mr. Southey, have a permanent place in the literature of our language, it will never be generally admired."

It is impossible for us to give more than a single passage out of the third canto of the poem, the whole of which is quoted in the collection:

PALACE OF GNOMES.

'Tis now the hour of mirth, the hour of love,
The hour of melancholy; night, as vain
Of her full beauty, seems to pause above,
That all may look upon her ere it wane.
The heavenly angel watch'd his subject star,
O'er all that's good and fair benignly smiling;
The sighs of wounded love he hears from far,
Weeps that he cannot heal, and wafts a hope beguiling.
The nether earth looks beauteous as a gem;
High o'er her groves in floods of moonlight laving,
The towering palm displays his silver stem,
The while his plumy leaves scarce in the breeze are waving.
The nightingale among his roses sleeps;
The soft-eyed doe in thicket deep is sleeping;
The dark-green myrrh her tears of fragrance weeps,
And every odorous spike in limpid dew is steeping.
Proud, prickly cerea, now thy blossom 'scapes
Its cell; brief cup of light: and seems to say,
"I am not for gross mortals; blood of grapes—
And sleep for them. Come, spirits, while ye may!"

A silent stream winds darkly through the shade,
And slowly gains the Tigris, where 'tis lost;
By a forgotten prince, of old, 'twas made,
And in its course full many a fragment cross'd
Of marble fairly carved; and by its side
Her golden dust the flaunting lotos threw
O'er her white sisters, throned upon the tide,
And queen of every flower that loves perpetual dew.
Gold-sprinkling lotos, theme of many a song,
By slender Indian warbled to his fair!
Still tastes the stream thy rosy kiss, though long
Has been but dust the hand that placed thee there.
The little temple where its relics rest
Long since has fallen; its broken columns lie
Beneath the lucid wave, and give its breast
A whiten'd glimmer as 'tis stealing by.
Here, cerea, too, thy clasping mazes twine
The only pillar time has left erect;
Thy serpent arms embrace it, as 'twere thine,
And roughly mock the beam it should reflect.

We add a few lines, quoted by "The Doctor," from a smaller poem, which to us appear eminently beautiful—

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

N. P. Willis, so well known to us as a flippant and amusing prose writer, is also a poet, and we had occasion lately to extract some pretty passages from his drama of "Bianca Visconti." He is also the author of another drama, "Tortesa the Usurer," both of which, our editor tells us, have been the most successful works of their kind produced in America.

His "Lines on leaving Europe" begin well:

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

The wind blows fair, the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas!
O, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And long'd, with breaking heart, to flee
On such white pinions o'er the sea!

Adieu, O lands of fame and eld!
I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
Yon clouded line come hurrying back;
My lips are dry with vague desire,
My cheek once more is hot with joy;
My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire!
O, what has changed that traveller-boy!
As leaves the ship this dying foam,
His visions fade behind—his weary heart speeds home!

In the following he is a little less affected than usual, and we wish him to have the benefit of so rare a perfection:—

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air;
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,
And the belfry edge is gain'd at last.
'Tis a bird I love with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chime plays soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirr'd,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd, like thee.

We pass by the application, which is rather clumsily and lengthily tacked on to the close.

Mrs. Lydia Sigourney is a lady whose poetry is much lauded in America. Our editor says, that while in England in 1840, she visited Avon, Dryburgh Abbey, Grasmere, and Rydal Mount, and other Meccas of the literary pilgrim. We copy the following really delicate and elegant lines to the memory of the lamented Felicia Hemans:—

FELICIA HEMANS.

Nature doth mourn for thee. There is no need
For man to strike his plaintive lyre and fail,
As fail he must, if he attempt thy praise.
The little plant that never sang before,
Save one sad requiem, when its blossoms fell,
Sighs deeply through its drooping leaves for thee,
As for a florist fallen. The ivy, wreath'd
Round the gay turrets of a buried race,
And the tall palm that like a prince doth rear
Its diadem 'neath Asia's burning sky,
With their dim legends blend thy hallow'd name.
Thy music, like baptismal dew, did make
Whate'er it touched most holy. The pure shell,
Laying its pearly lip on ocean's floor,
The cloister'd chambers where the sea-gods sleep,
And the unfathom'd melancholy main,
Lament for thee through all the sounding deeps.
Hark! from snow-breasted Himmaleh to where
Snowdon doth weave his coronet of cloud,
From the scathed pine tree near the red man's hut,
To where the everlasting banian builds
Its vast columnar temple, comes a moan
For thee, whose ritual made each rocky height
An altar, and each cottage-home the haunt
Of Poesy. Yea, thou didst find the link
That joins mute nature to ethereal mind,
And make that link a melody. The couch
Of thy last sleep was in thy native clime
Of song, and eloquence, and ardent soul,
Spot fitly chosen for thee. Perchance that isle
So loved of favoring skies, yet bann'd by fate,
Might shadow forth thine own unspoken lot.
For at thy heart the ever-pointed thorn
Did gird itself, until the life-stream oozed
In gushes of such deep and thrilling song,
That angels poising on some silver cloud
Might linger 'mid the errands of the skies,
And listen, all unblamed. How tenderly
Doth Nature draw her curtain round thy rest!
And like a nurse, with finger on her lip,
Watch, lest some step disturb thee, striving still
From other touch thy sacred harp to guard.
Waits she thy waking, as the mother waits
For some pale babe, whose spirit sleep hath stolen,
And laid it dreaming on the lap of Heaven?
We say not thou art dead. We dare not. No.
For every mountain, stream, and shadowy dell
Where thy rich harpings linger, would hurl back
The falsehood on our souls. Thou spak'st alike
The simple language of the freckled flower,
And of the glorious stars. God taught it thee.
And from thy living intercourse with man
Thou shalt not pass away, until this earth
Drops her last gem into the doom's-day flame.
Thou hast but taken thy seat with that bless'd choir,
Whose hymns thy tuneful spirit learn'd so well
From this sublunar terrace, and so long
Interpreted. Therefore we will not say
Farewell to thee; for every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household charities,
The sage shall greet thee with his benison,
And woman shrine thee as a vestal flame
In all the temples of her sanctity,
And the young child shall take thee by the hand
And travel with a surer step to Heaven.

We confess we neither see the meaning nor melody of the following, entitled

A BUTTERFLY.

A butterfly bask'd on an infant's grave,
  Where a lily chanced to grow;
Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye?
Where she of the bright and sparkling eye
  Must sleep in the churchyard low.

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
  And spoke from its shining track;
I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings—
  Would thou call the blest one back!

Let us leave a favorable impression by the following few lines, which have merit, in spite of the "dashed it out" of the second line, which would almost ask a change in the first line from "*on*" to "*neath*" to make the image presented perfect:—

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touch'd the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
For ever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence. But there beam'd a smile,
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven

The sentiment reminds us faintly of that beautiful idea of Martial's—

> Mors vocis iter properavit cludere blandæ,
> Ne posset duros flectere lingua deos.

Theodore S. Fay is known in these countries as the author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida," etc., and is now secretary of legation at Berlin. He is a native of New-York. The following is the spirited commencement of a poem, which, as it proceeds, becomes heavy with scenery descriptions, the ballast which sinks most of the American versifiers:—

MY NATIVE LAND.

Columbia, was thy continent stretch'd wild,
In later ages, the huge seas above?
And art thou Nature's youngest, fairest child,
Most favor'd by thy gentle mother's love?

Where now we stand did ocean's monsters rove,
Tumbling uncouth, in those dim, vanish'd years,
When through the Red Sea Pharaoh's thousands drove,
When struggling Joseph dropp'd fraternal tears,
When God came down from heaven, and mortal men were seers?

Or have thy forests waved, thy rivers run,
Elysian solitudes, untrod by man,
Silent and lonely, since around the sun
Her ever-wheeling circle earth began?
Thy unseen flowers did here the breezes fan,
With wasted perfume ever on them flung?
And o'er thy showers neglected rainbows span,
When Alexander fought, when Homer sung,
And the old populous world with thundering battle rung?

Lindley Murray, known as the author of the "English Grammar," had a wife; and addresses her in the following stanzas, which are given, we know not whether to prove that he was a grammarian or a married man; it is impossible they could be meant to establish his claim to be a poet:—

TO MY WIFE.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptured still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss;
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Even years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloyed.

Have I a wish?—'tis all for thee.
Hast thou a wish?—'tis all for me.
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I'll lull me there to rest;
And is there aught disturbs my fair?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish?—'tis all her own;
All hers and mine are roll'd in one—
Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoin'd.

Charles Fenno Hoffman is known at this side of the Atlantic as the author of "Greyslaer," "Winter in the West," and "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie,"—but is one of the most popular of song writers in America. He is a true disciple of Christopher North in his sporting propensities, and one of his wild feats cost him a leg and nearly his life. We are half inclined to think the fellow better than the whole Yankee crew of them. There shows through his dashing numbers an *aristocracy* of soul and sentiment, pleasing from its rareness. A wave of the cavalier's feather shows so gaily among the round-head multitude, that we hail the wearer as nearer our old world sympathies by a "gentlemanlike distance:"

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt?)
One night, 'mid their revels, by BACCHUS were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But, determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

GRAVE CERES herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

POMONA, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scatter'd profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
Express'd the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled, while VENUS looked on,
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

FLORA then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
And with roseate fingers press'd down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
But juleps the drink of immortals became,
When JOVE himself added a handful of hail.

Here is something in Beranger's style:—

THE MYRTLE AND STEEL.

One bumper yet, gallants, at parting,
One toast ere we arm for the fight;
Fill round, each to her he loves dearest—
'Tis the last he may pledge her, to-night.
Think of those who of old at the banquet
Did their weapons in garlands conceal,
The patriot heroes who hallowed
The entwining of myrtle and steel!
Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
Like the music that's said from the ocean
To rise ere the gathering storm,
That her image around us should hover,
Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
We may breathe mid the foam of a bumper,
As we drink to the myrtle and steel!
Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

Now mount, for our bugle is ringing
To marshal the host for the fray,
Where proudly our banner is flinging
Its folds o'er the battle-array;
Ye gallants—one moment—remember,
When your sabres the death-blow would deal,
That MERCY wears *her* shape who's cherished
By lads of the myrtle and steel.
Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid
Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

But we shall forget that there are limits to our paper, or rather, to our reader's patience. Let us give every due praise, therefore, before we have done, to the editor of the volume we have quoted from, for the justice he has rendered to his native authors. He has made ample selections—said all he could for the writers in the compendious biographical and literary notices prefixed to the extracts, and brought out the whole in a convenient and creditable form. The volume comprises much matter, elegantly printed, at a cheap rate, and will, we have no doubt, do much, at home at least, for the "Poets and Poetry of America."

DECREASE OF CRIME.—Meath is one of the most populous, Roman Catholic, and "agitated" counties in Ireland. The assizes for that county commenced on Thursday at Trim. The commission was opened in the Crown Court, by Mr. Justice Burton. The grand jury disposed of their portion of the criminal business in an hour and ten minutes, and at two o'clock on Friday the judges, grand jurors, lawyers, litigants, and all had left the town! Look at the change in this same county of Meath since 1836, seven years ago. Judge Burton also presided at the Meath assizes in that year, when the commission lasted nine days, from Tuesday until Wednesday week! During that period, the judge had to discharge the repulsive duty of sentencing to death eight fellow-creatures, seven of whom were actually hanged, and the other, a female, transported for life At the present assizes, however, Judge Burton went through the entire business in about ten hours, and the severest sentence he passed was transportation for seven years, and that in one case only. There was another case of a most novel and extraordinary kind, which excited great mirth amongst the peasantry. It appears that the public executioner of the county of Meath, in consequence of the total cessation of his employment as the "finisher of the law," and the gloomy prospects before him, had betaken himself to pig-stealing. Transportation is often inflicted for this offence, but whether out of consideration for the *office* of the criminal, or, perhaps, from mitigating circumstances in the case, the sentence upon the "hangman" was only twelve months' imprisonment. The people were heard, in various parts of the court, exclaiming that it would be a charity to transport the executioner, as he had no chance whatever of future business in the county.—*Examiner*

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.—It was reported that there was a probability that a Congress would be held for the purpose of settling the unhappy differences that threatened to overthrow all order in Spain. Such was the intention in case the Regent Espartero resigned; and Monsieur Guizot made an official application to Lord Cowley to this effect, to take place on the Regent's quitting voluntarily the country. This arrangement was, however, interrupted by the temporary, more favorable aspect of the Regent's prospects. Subsequently, on the result of Zurbano and Seoane's defeat before Madrid on the 23d, Monsieur Guizot again proposed the Congress, but it is understood that Lord Aberdeen now declines it. This refusal, it is believed, results from a different disposition on the part of Queen Christina and her confidential advisers relative to the marriage of the young Queen. They now entirely oppose the views of the King of France, and intend proposing to the Cortes the young Prince Coburg, brother of the King of Portugal; and as the settlement of the marriage question will devolve on that body, and not on the private will of any individual, such a proposal would have greater chances of success than any of the rival claims, and would meet with the sanction of both England and the Northern Powers, which would successfully replace the idea of a Congress, and it would be highly acceptable to the Spanish nation, who, of course, are most interested. Preparatory to this question being brought forward, it is intended that the Queen shall be at once declared of age—*Globe.*

ANTI-DUELLING ASSOCIATION.—A very numerous meeting of noblemen and gentlemen, chiefly military and naval officers, took place yesterday in the large room of the British Coffee-house, Cockspur-street, "for the purpose of considering the propriety of memorializing the Queen to aid in the suppression of duelling, by visiting those who engage in that unchristian practice with the marked expression of her Majesty's displeasure." Viscount Lifford was called to the chair; and among those present were Lord R. Grosvenor, M. P.; Lord H. Cholmondeley, Captain Sir Edward Parry, R. N.; Admiral Sir F. Austin, Admiral Oliver, Rear-Admiral Manginn, Captain the Hon. F. Maude, Hon. Captain Vernon Harcourt, Hon. C. Howard, M. P.; Captain Childers, Captain Sir H. Hart, R. N.; Sir Robert Inglis, Bart., M. P.; Captain J. Trotter, Captain H. Hope, R. N.; Captain Roberts, R. N.; Hon. W. Cowper, M. P., &c. A memorial was proposed and adopted. The noble chairman stated that the institution for the suppression of duelling already numbered 416 members, of whom 23 were noblemen, 15 sons of noblemen, 18 members of Parliament, 20 baronets, 35 admirals and generals, 32 colonels, 56 captains in the royal navy, 26 majors, 42 captains in the army, 26 lieutenants, and 28 barristers.—*Examiner.*

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

From the New Monthly Magazine

BY THE EDITOR.

It was a fine, clear, moonlight night, and Mike Mahoney was strolling on the beach of the Bay of Bealcreagh — who knows why? perhaps to gather *dhoolamaun*, or to look for a crab, but thinking intensely of nothing at all, because of the tune he was whistling,—when looking seaward, he saw, at about a stone's cast from the shore, a dark object which appeared like a human head. Or was it a seal? Or a keg of whiskey? Alas! no such good luck! The dark object moved like a living thing, and approaching nearer and nearer, into shallower water, revealed successively the neck and the shoulders of a man.

Mike wondered extremely. It was a late hour for a gentleman to be bathing, and there was no boat or vessel within Leandering distance, from which the unknown might have swum. Meanwhile, the stranger approached, the gliding motion of the figure suddenly changing into a floundering, as if having got within his depth, he was wading through the deep mud.

Hitherto the object, amid the broad path of silver light, had been a dark one; but diverging a little out of the glittering water, it now became a bright one, and Mike could make out the features, at least as plainly as those of the man in the moon. At last the creature stopped a few fathoms off, and in a sort of "forrin voice," such as the Irishman had never heard before, called to Mike Mahoney.

Mike crossed himself, and answered to his name.

"What do you take me for?" asked the stranger.

"Divil knows," thought Mike, taking a terrible scratch at his red head, but he said nothing.

"Look here then," said the stranger; and plunging head downwards, as for a dive, he raised and flourished in the air a fish's tail, like a salmon's, but a great deal bigger. After this exhibition had lasted for about a minute, the tail went down, and the head came up again.

"Now you know of course what I am."

"Why, thin," said Mike with a broad grin, "axing your pardon, I take it you're a kind of Half-Sir."

"True for you," said the Merman, for such he was, in a very melancholy tone. "I *am* only half a gentleman, and it's what troubles me, day and night. But I'll come more convenient to you."

And by dint of great exertion, partly crawling, and partly shooting himself forward with his tail, shrimp fashion, he contrived to reach the beach, when he rolled himself close to Mike's feet, which instinctively made a step apiece in retreat.

"Never fear, Mike," said the Merman, "it's not in my heart to hurt one of the finest peasantry in the world."

"Why, thin, you'd not object maybe," inquired Mike, not quite re-assured, "to cry O'Connell for ever?"

"By no means," replied the Merman; "or success to the Rent."

"Faix, where did he larn that?" muttered Mike to himself.

"Water is a good conductor of sound," said the Merman, with a wink of one of his round, skyblue eyes. "It can carry a voice a long way—if you think of Father Mathew's."

"Begad, that's true," exclaimed Mike. "And in course you'll have heard of the Repale."

"Ah, that's it," said the Merman, with a long drawn sigh, and a forlorn shake of the head. "That's just it. It's in your power, Mike, to do me the biggest favor in the world."

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Mike, "provided there's neither sin nor shame in it."

"Not the least taste of either," returned the Merman. "It is only that you will help me to repeal this cursed union, that has joined the best part of an Irish gentleman to the worst end of a fish."

"Murther alive!" shouted Mike, jumping a step backward, "what! cut off your honor's tail!"

"That very same," said the Merman. "'Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not who would be free themselves must strike the blow.' But you see, Mike, it's impossible in my case to strike the blow myself."

"Shure, and so it is," said Mike, reflectively, "and if I thought you would not be kilt entirely—which would be half a murder anyhow—"

"Never fear, Mike. Only cut exactly through the first row of scales, between the fish and the flesh, and I shall feel no pain, nor will you even spill a drop of blood."

Mike shook his head doubtfully—very doubtfully indeed, and then muttered to himself,

"Divil a bit of a Repale without *that!*"

"Not a drop, I tell you," said the Merman, "there's my hand on it," and he held out a sort of flesh-colored paw, with webs between the fingers.

"It's a bargain," said Mike, "but after all," and he grinned knowingly at the Merman, "supposing your tail cut off from you, it's small walking ye'll get, unless I could lend you the loan of a pair o' legs."

"True for you, Mike," replied the Merman, "but it's not the walking that I care for. It's the sitting Mike," and he winked agai.. with his round, sky-blue eye, "it's the sitting, and which you see is mighty unconvenient, so long as I am linked to this scaly Saxon appendage."

"Saxon is it!" bellowed Mike, "hurrah then for the Repale," and whipping out a huge clasp knife from his pocket, he performed the operation exactly as the Merman had directed,—and, strange to say of an Irish operation, without shedding a single drop of blood.

"There," said Mike, having first kicked the so dissevered tail into the sea, and then setting up the Half-Sir like a ninepin on the broad end, "there you are, free and independint, and fit to sit where you plase."

"Millia Beachus, Mike," replied the Merman, "and as to the sitting where I please," here he nodded three times very significantly, "the only seat that will please me will be in College Green."

"Och! that will be a proud day for Ireland!" said Mike, attempting to shout, and intending to cut a caper and to throw up his hat. But his limbs were powerless, and his mouth only gaped in a prodigious yawn. As his mouth closed again his eyes opened, but he could see nothing that he could make head or tail of—the Merman was gone.

"Bedad!" exclaimed Mike, shutting his eyes again, and rubbing the lids lustily with his knuckles, "what a dhrame I've had of the Repale of the Union.!"

A Russian Pardon.—Prince Mirski, a Polish nobleman, who has been an exile in France for 12 years, and to whom the French Government had granted a considerable state in Algeria, applied for an amnesty to the Emperor Nicholas, and in order to obtain it the more easily, abjured the Roman Catholic religion in favor of the Greek church. The Emperor expressed his satisfaction at the repentance of the prince, and authorized him to return to his native country. On his arrival last month at Warsaw, the prince was arrested, and conveyed to the forests of Zamora, where General Prince Bebulau, the governor, caused him to be confined in one of the subterranean cells, together with his youngest son. It is said that through the particular favor of the emperor for the prince, this detention is limited to six months, but it is not known whether this will be considered as sufficient expiation for the part this prince took in the insurrection of 1831.—*Examiner.*

AIR.

From Tait's Magazine.

Air! that fillest every place
  In thy viewless course!
Element! pervading space!
  Life-sustaining force!
Sphere-encircling! unconfined!
Parent of the mighty wind!
Where ye list—ye winds!—ye blow,
We hear your sound, but cannot know
Whence ye come, or whither go,—
Wild—resistless—boundless—free—
A marvel and a mystery!

Ye storm-blasts loud, that fiercely fly,
Rushing through the crashing sky,
Bringing, with your ice-cold breath,
Desolation, blight, and death;
Rending, as ye tear along,
Forests tall, and oak-woods strong.
Wondrous power and strength have ye;
Beauty—might—and majesty!
  And ye soft airs! that gently sigh
    Through the leafy bowers!
  Gales that seem to faint and die
    On beds of perfumed flowers!
Whispering zephyr! cooling breeze,
Stealing through the rustling trees,
Making all the green leaves quiver,
Crisping o'er the rippled river,—
Fitfully ye sink and swell
O'er moss and moor—o'er crag and fell,
Breathing into Nature's face
Freshness, loveliness, and grace.
Wanderers ye, from pole to pole,
Far as the ocean-billows roll!
O'er the sea, and o'er the land,
O'er pathless tracts of desert sand;
O'er the snow-clad mountain's peak,
O'er the hill-side, lone and bleak;
O'er tangled glen, and rose-twined bower,
And o'er the ivy-mantled tower;
O'er minster gray, and cloister dim,
O'er castle old, and dungeon grim.

Tell us, as ye sweep along
With your melancholy song,
Tell us of those distant lands—
Of Arab holdes, and pirate bands.
Ye have been upon the deep,
Where the eddying waters sweep—
Ye have heard the stifled cry
Of the tired swimmer's agony.
Tell us of the eagle's nest
Far on the snow-topp'd mountain's breast;
Of wild bee in the forest glade,
Of lovers in the greenwood's shade;
Of monks that meditate and pray
In gloomy niche of cloister gray;
Of nun devout, of chanted hymn,
Of bearded baron stern and grim;
Of castle moat, and minster bell,
Of captive in the dungeon's cell.

Where ye list, ye winds! ye blow;
We hear your sound, but cannot know
Whence ye come, or whither go.
Wanderers ye, from pole to pole,
Far as the ocean-billows roll,—
Wild—resistless—boundless—free—
A marvel and a mystery.

A.

SEQUEL TO THE NORTH AMERICAN BOUNDARY QUESTION.

From the Westminster Review.

North American Review, No. 119, for April, 1843. Wiley and Putnam

Our number for February contained an article on the 'Treaty of Washington concluded by Lord Ashburton,' but the attention of the public was diverted from the merits of the question by a postscript to a pamphlet of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, which appeared about the same time, in which it was stated that a map had been discovered by Mr. Sparks, in Paris, supposed to have been the one alluded to by Franklin, in which he had marked with "a strong red line" the limits of the United States, "as settled in the preliminaries between the British plenipotentiaries." Our readers will remember that as this map was found unexpectedly to be wholly favorable to the claims of Great Britain, a cry was raised that Mr. Webster had overreached Lord Ashburton, who, it was presumed, would not have concluded the treaty of Washington had he been aware of the existence of this map. We have no desire to revive a discussion which may now be considered as set at rest, but to render our former paper upon the Boundary question historically complete, it is necessary to notice this map controversy, however briefly; and we cannot better explain its nature than by quoting the following condensed statement of the arguments on both sides from the April number of the 'North American Review.'

"It would seem, that, while the treaty was before the Senate for the action of that body, the Secretary of State communicated to Mr. Rives, the Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, the copy of a letter from Dr. Franklin to Count de Vergennes, with the copy of a map, the originals of both of which had been seen by Mr. Sparks in one of the public offices in Paris; and also an extract from a letter which he had written on the subject to the Secretary of State. These papers were considered of sufficient consequence to be produced in the Senate during the debate on the treaty. The following is the extract from Mr. Sparks's letter, (dated February 15th, 1842,) as published in Mr. Rives's speech:

"'While pursuing my researches among the voluminous papers relating to the American Revolution in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères* in Paris, I found in one of the bound volumes an original letter from Dr. Franklin to Count de Vergennes, of which the following is an exact transcript:

'Passy, December 6th, 1782.

'Sir,—I have the honor of returning herewith the map your Excellency sent me yesterday. I have marked with a strong red line, according to your desire, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries between the British and American plenipotentiaries.

'With great respect, I am, &c.
'B. Franklin.'

"'This letter was written six days after the preliminaries were signed; and, if we could procure the identical map mentioned by Franklin, it would seem to afford conclusive evidence as to the meaning affixed by the commissioners to the language of the treaty on the subject of the boundaries. You may well suppose that I lost no time in making inquiry for the map, not doubting that it would confirm all my previous opinions respecting the validity of our claim. In the geographical department of the Archives are sixty thousand maps and charts; but so well arranged with catalogues and indexes, that any one of them may be easily found. After a little research in the American division, with the aid of the keeper, I came upon a map of North America, by D'Anville, dated 1746, in size about eighteen inches square, on which was drawn a *strong red line* throughout the entire boundary of the United States, answering precisely to Franklin's description. The line is bold and distinct in every part, made with red ink, and apparently drawn with a hair-pencil, or a pen with a blunt point. There is no other coloring on any part of the map.

"'Imagine my surprise on discovering that this line runs wholly south of the St. John, and between the head-waters of that river and those of the Penobscot and Kennebec. In short, it is exactly the line now contended for by Great Britain, except that it concedes more than is claimed. The north line, after departing from the source of the St. Croix, instead of proceeding to Mars Hill, stops far short of that point, and turns off to the west, so as to leave on the British side all the streams which flow into the St. John, between the source of the St. Croix and Mars Hill. It is evident that the line, from the St. Croix to the Canadian highlands, is intended to exclude *all the waters* running into the St. John.

"'There is no positive proof that this map is actually the one marked by Franklin; yet, upon any other supposition, it would be difficult to explain the circumstances of its agreeing so perfectly with his description, and of its being preserved in the place where it would naturally be deposited by Count de Vergennes. I also found another map in the Archives, on which the same boundary was traced in a dotted red line with a pen, apparently copied from the other.'

"'I enclose herewith a map of Maine, on which I have drawn a strong black line, corresponding with the red one above mentioned.'

"Mr. Rives then remarks,—'I am far from intimating that the documents discovered by Mr. Sparks, curious and well worthy of consideration as they undoubtedly are, are of weight sufficient to shake the title of the United States, founded on the positive language of the treaty of peace. But they could not fail, in the event of another reference, to give increased confidence and emphasis to the pretensions of Great Britain, and to exert a corresponding influence upon the mind of the arbiter.' While Mr. Rives was still speaking, another map was brought forward by Mr. Benton, the senator from Missouri, with the view, as Mr. Rives understood it, of confronting and invalidating the map alluded to in the above extract, but, as Mr. Benton afterwards said, for the purpose of showing that the red lines were no secret. Be this as it may, the map turned out to be of such a character as to excite some degree of surprise in the Senate. After describing it in general terms, Mr. Rives adds,—

"'Here, then, is a most remarkable and unforeseen confirmation of the map of Mr. Sparks, and by another map of a most imposing character, and bearing every mark of high authenticity. It was printed and published in Paris in 1784, (the year after the conclusion of the peace,) by Lettré, *graveur du Roi*, (engraver of maps, &c., to the King.) It is formally entitled on its face, a 'Map of the United States of America, *according to the Treaty of Peace of* 1783'—(*Carte des Etats Unis de l'Amérique, suivant le traité de paix de* 1783.) It is 'dedicated and presented' (*dediée et presentée*) 'to his Excellency Benjamin Franklin, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, near the court of France,' and while Dr. Franklin yet remained in Paris; for he did not return to the United States till the spring of the year 1785. Is there not, then, the most plausible ground to argue, that this map, professing to be one constructed 'according to the Treaty of Peace of 1783,' and being 'dedicated and *presented*' to Dr. Franklin, the leading negotiator who concluded that treaty, and who yet remained in Paris while the map was published, was made out with his knowledge, and by his directions; and that, corresponding as it does *identically* with the map found by Mr. Sparks in the Archives of the Foreign Affairs in Paris, they both partake of the same presumptions in favor of their authenticity.'

"The coincidence between those two maps is certainly remarkable; but we would observe, that Mr. Sparks does not intimate that he saw any writing or other marks on the map mentioned by him, except the red boundary line, from which it could be even inferred that this was the identical map alluded to in Franklin's letter. There is nothing like positive proof, therefore, in the case, though the presumptive evidence is strong. Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Benton, Mr. Woodbury, and other senators, who spoke against the treaty, made light of this map, as the tenor of their arguments required, calling it an old map, and a French map, adding, that on all the old French maps the southern boundary of Canada is pushed too far down. But we are authorized to say that this red line has no connexion whatever with any old boundary of Canada; that it is a line drawn by hand with remarkable distinctness and precision, not upon an engraved line, and not merely along the highlands south of the St. John, but throughout the entire circuit of the United States, in exact conformity with the treaty, even running out to sea, and pursuing its direction, at the adjudged distance of twenty leagues, parallel with the coast, from the mouth of the St. Mary to that of the St. Croix. There is another circumstance, also, which shows the care with which this red line was drawn. On D'Anville's map the latitude of forty-five degrees runs much too far south, coming down, in fact, almost to Crown Point. Now the red line, after descending the Connecticut River for some distance, turns off to the west before it reaches the latitude of forty-five degrees on the map, and proceeds in a direct course to the St. Lawrence, so as to pass near the head of Lake Champlain, which is the true position. This is a proof, that the person who drew the line knew the geography of that part of the country, saw the error of the map, and corrected it.

"As to Lattré's map, described by Mr. Rives, there is no certainty of its having been seen by Dr. Franklin before its publication. It is probable, and that is all. As far as this probability goes, it may strengthen the presumption that the map in the Archives is the one sent by Franklin to Count de Vergennes. In each case we have no more than presumptive testimony. The fact that such maps exist, however, of so early a date, is a consideration of some moment.

"There are other maps of a similar character, which could not have originated in the same source. A revised edition of De Lisle's Map of Canada, published in Paris in the year 1783, purports to exhibit the northern boundary of the United States. The title of this map boasts of its having been corrected and improved from many printed and manuscript materials, (*un grand nombre de relations imprimés ou manuscrites.*) The boundary line, from the source of the St. Croix to the Canadian highlands, is drawn south of the St. John, and in such a manner as to exclude all the waters of that river from the territory of the United States. It is a dotted line, engraved, and distinctly marked by a red border on the British side, and a green one on the American, running in contact with each other. After arriving at the highlands near the head waters of the St. John, this line takes a devious course, winding its way into Canada as far as the River St. Francois, and thence in a south-easterly direction to Lake Champlain, which it crosses a full degree too far south. In all this part it is extremely inaccurate, and could not have depended on any information derived from Franklin, although he was then in Paris. By what authority the line was made to run south of the St. John can only be conjectured.

"There is, likewise, a copy of Mitchell's map, which formerly belonged to Baron Steuben, but which, we believe, is now in the possession of the government. On this map the boundary of the United States is delineated, throughout, by a broad and bold red mark, drawn by hand, and it runs south of the St. John; made with less precision, indeed, than the line on the map in the Paris Archives, but it is substantially the same. A gentleman now living saw this map fifty years ago in the library of Baron Steuben, with the red line then existing as it now appears. It could not have been copied from either of the

French maps mentioned above, for, in such case, the part of the line in question would have been executed with more exactness.

"We have before us a curious German map of the United States, by Güssefeld ("Charte über die XIII. Vereinigte Staaten von Nord-America,") published at Nuremberg in 1784, in which the boundary is very distinctly drawn, and follows the highlands south of the St. John. The author says, in a French note engraved on the margin, that he had constructed it from the best English maps, (*d'après les meilleurs et speciales cartes Anglaises.*) This was the year after the ratification of the treaty, and it is the more remarkable, as we believe no English map has been found, of an earlier date than 1785, in which the boundary does not run on the northern highlands, as claimed by the United States. The line in question could hardly have been copied from Lattré's map, because, although it is in all essential points the same, it is by no means identical with it.

"Faden's map, of 1785, is the earliest English authority of this kind, as far as our knowledge extends, which has been produced in vindication of the British claim. On this map, the boundary runs south of the St. John. A copy of it, brought over by Lord Ashburton, was exhibited for the edification of the Maine Commissioners. They seem neither to have been captivated with its charms, nor convinced by its red or black lines. They call it a 'small one, and of small pretensions,' and allow themselves to utter a hard insinuation against the motives of its author, the King's Geographer. But this is not much to the purpose, since the line is there notwithstanding, and is acknowledged to have been put there when the map was made.

"Mr. Featherstonhaugh, in his recent pamphlet on the Treaty of Washington, lets us into the secret of another 'ancient map discovered in one of the public offices in London, after the departure of Lord Ashburton, which had been apparently hid away for nearly sixty years, with a *red line* drawn upon it exactly conforming to the British claim.' He says, 'No doubt was entertained that this was one of the maps used by the negotiators of 1783, and that the *red line* marked upon it designated the direction of the boundary they had established. But this map was not signed, *and could not be authenticated.*' We are left to infer that this was the reason why it was not sent over to Lord Ashburton, to aid him in the negotiation.

"Such is the testimony of maps on one side. We now turn to the other. In the first place, there were at least four distinct maps of the United States, expressly designed to show the boundaries, published in London during the interval between the signing of the preliminaries and the ratification of the treaty by Great Britain. These were Sayer and Bennet's, Bew's, Willis's, and Cary's. All these maps exhibit the boundaries exactly as claimed by the United States. The first two were issued a few days before the debate in Parliament on the preliminary articles, and it cannot be doubted that they were known to the members, and understood by them as presenting an accurate delineation of the boundaries. Not a word to the contrary appears in any one of the speeches, although the large extent of the boundaries was made a topic of severe comment by some of the opposition members.

"But a map worthy of more consideration, perhaps, than either of these, is that published in London in the year 1783, by the same William Faden who, two years afterwards, perpetrated the act of sending into the world the 'small map' to which the Commissioners of Maine took such exceptions. His first map, of which we are now speaking, is stated on the face of it to be drawn '*according to the treaty;*' the engraved and colored lines are designed for this special object. It was probably published before the signature of the definitive treaty, or at least soon afterwards, for that event took place in September of the same year. It is about two feet square, and the boundaries marked on it correspond with the greatest exactness to the American construction of the treaty. As a proof that the attention of the delineator was drawn particularly to the north-eastern boundary, we have only to cite the following printed note, attached, among others, to the margin of the map: 'The Province of Sagadahock is a *new concession.*' The tract intended by this 'new concession' is colored green, and stretches across the basin of the St. John to the ridge of the Canadian highlands. There are many other notes on the margin, explaining the boundary in different places, all tending to show that the work was executed with extreme care. And perhaps no man in England was more competent to such a task. He was eminent in his profession, and had engraved nearly all the maps and plans, published by authority, illustrative of the movements of the British army during the war of the Revolution. He could not, therefore, be ignorant of American geography. He even takes the trouble to exhibit an estimate, in figures, of the extent of territory conceded in various parts of the United States by the treaty, beyond what belonged to the Colonies under the old charters. Putting all these circumstances together, we are bound to regard this map as conclusive evidence of the state of opinion on the subject at that time in England, among those who were the most capable of forming a correct judgment.

"Besides the maps here enumerated, Mr. Gallatin speaks of seven others, made within two years after the signature of the preliminary articles, all of which agree with these five; and, as we have before observed, no map published in England within the same period has been produced, which gives countenance to any other line of boundary. We deem these facts the more weighty, as Mr. Oswald, the British Commissioner for negotiating the treaty, was in London when the earliest maps were made; and there is the strongest probability that he was consulted by the map-makers on a subject of this nature; quite as strong as that Dr. Franklin was consulted for the same purpose in Paris; or, at all events, that Mr. Oswald would take care, by some public manifestation, to correct errors of so grave an aspect derived from a false construction of the treaty. Nor would these errors, if they were such, have been overlooked by the ministers, who were vehemently assailed on account of the large concession of boundaries. We hear of no such correction from any quarter, nor of any assertion or insinuation, that the maps were erroneous.

"When we descend to later dates, we still find English maps, of the highest authority, containing the same boundary, notwithstanding the example of Faden's second effort. And these are even copied by some of the best French maps, in defiance of Lattré and the amended edition of De Lisle. In the *Atlas Universel*, by Robert, published at Paris in 1757, there is a map of Canada, on which the northern and eastern boundary of New England is laid down as since claimed by the United States under the treaty of 1783. Some time after the negotiation of that treaty, a new edition of the Atlas was published, with additions and alterations: but the boundary line in question remains the same, although the editor, under the head of *Limites des Etats Unis*, quotes the second article of the treaty, which relates to the boundaries, and implies that he considered no change of the first edition of the map necessary, in order to meet the terms of that instrument. On our table lie three maps of the United States by Tardieu, published at different times in Paris, one of them on a large scale, on each of which the boundary is drawn as claimed by the United States, with a slight deviation on one part. The north and south line, after crossing the St. John, and reaching the source of the Ristagouche, turns a little to the west, and seeks its way to the Canadian highlands, so as to avoid the head waters of that river. This is in exact accordance with Mr. Hale's line, and with Mr. Buller's north-west angle. We have also before us an elegantly executed German map of the United States, by Reichard, belonging to the Ebeling Collection in Harvard College, published at Nuremberg in 1809, which gives the boundary exactly as claimed by the Americans. And, indeed, innumerable testimonies might be accumulated, to show that such has been the general sense of European geographers, as well on the continent as in England.

"We shall here dismiss this subject of the conflict of maps. We confess it is extraordinary, nor shall we venture upon the hopeless task of explaining or reconciling its difficulties, or of bringing light out of darkness. As far as it goes, however, the weight of the argument from this source preponderates heavily on the American side; immeasurably so, if we estimate it by the number of maps; but less so, it may be conceded, if the relative authority of the principal ones only be regarded. We must hold to the conviction, nevertheless, that Mr. Oswald, or the British ministers, or both, were consulted in the execution of the first English maps. The presumption is so strong, that nothing short of absolute demonstration to the contrary can weaken this belief. We allow it is probable, and nothing more, that Franklin was consulted for a similar object in Paris An idea has been thrown out, on the supposition of the red line on D'Anville's map having been drawn by Franklin, that he was mistaken. This is an easy way of solving the problem, if the fact could be proved. If this red line rested on Franklin's authority alone, such an idea might possibly be more than a shadow. As we have only probabilities in the case, it is, in our opinion, much more probable that he did not draw the line, than that he should not understand the treaty, six days after it was signed, which he had been as many months in negotiating. But what shall we do with the four maps, emanating from different sources, of which it is not pretended that Franklin had any knowledge? These are all separate authorities, and they accord with the supposed Franklinian red line. Besides, why should we conjecture Franklin to have been mistaken, any more than Mr. Oswald, or the British ministers, or the English map-makers? Since we must admit an error on one side or the other, and admit, also, that we know nothing more about it, let us do justice to both parties, and at least allow them the grace of dividing the mistake between themselves, until we can place it on the right shoulders by some clear and indisputable evidence. It is a matter of serious regret that the opinions of Mr. John Adams and Mr. Jay, in regard to this boundary dispute, were never publicly expressed. The former lived twelve years, and the latter fifteen, after the Treaty of Ghent, and yet nothing has been communicated to the world, from which their sentiments can be known or even inferred. This silence is the more remarkable, as they had given their testimony in the case of the St. Croix; and, if similar testimony had been proffered in relation to the north-eastern boundary, it could hardly have failed to produce a speedy settlement of the question. Until the opinions of these commissioners can be ascertained, from undoubted authority, it is neither just nor reasonable to throw the burden of error upon Dr. Franklin.

"In escaping from this labyrinth of conflicting maps, we shall remark only, that it affords another proof of the wisdom of the course adopted by the negotiators, in setting aside the old controversy, and seeking a new arrangement upon the untried and pacific principles of a compromise."

We have nothing to add to the above statement, which fairly explains all that we thought it desirable to say by way of postscript to our former paper on this subject. We may, however, express our gratification that this question of international dispute has been treated on the other side of the Atlantic in the fair and temperate spirit which characterizes the whole of the article to which we have referred in the 'North American Review.'

ROBERTS's HOLY LAND.—Mr. Roberts's great work on the *Holy Land* proceeds satisfactorily; the last Part we have seen (VI.) is still devoted to the desert solitudes and rocky caves of Petra, with its half-built, half-excavated temples; the stupendous proportions of whose columns, though dwarfed by the huge masses of the cliffs above, are made evident by the contrast with the figures. The groups of Arabs introduced in these views are the most attractive points of the pictures, and the best executed portion of the lithography; the foregrounds and distances of the last Part showing signs of haste and inequality that we hope will be no more apparent in nature than they have been in previous Parts.—*Athenæum.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON,

BY MRS. ABELL, (LATE MISS ELIZA BALCOMBE,)

DURING THE TIME SPENT BY HIM IN HER FATHER'S HOUSE AT ST. HELENA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

PREFACE.

The writer of the following pages trusts that she will not be thought presumptuous in presenting them to the public. Thrown at an early age into the society of Napoleon, she considers it as an almost sacred duty, to communicate any fact or impression which, uninteresting in itself, may still be worth recording as relating to him, and as serving to elucidate his character.

Could these recollections of the emperor have been published without her name being appended to them, they would long ago have appeared; but feeling that their sole merit consisted in their being faithful records of him; and that if produced anonymously there would be no guarantee for their truth: and being at the same time reluctant to publicity, and unequal to the task of authorship, they have been postponed, and perhaps would have been still longer delayed, but for the pressure of calamitous circumstances, which forces her to hesitate no longer, but with all their imperfections on their head to send them at once into the world.

The authoress may compare her feelings on casting her little vessel on the waters to those of Shelley, when on exhausting his whole stock of paper, he twisted a bank-note into the shape of a little boat, and then committing it to the stream, waited on the other side for its arrival with intense anxiety. Her ship-building powers she fears are as feeble; her materials as frail: but she has seen the little paper nautilus floating with impunity and confidence on the bosom of that mighty ocean which has ingulfed many a noble vessel: accepting the augury, she intrusts her tiny bark to the waves of public opinion; not with confidence, however, but with fear and trembling, yet mingled with a gleam of hope that it may reach its haven, if favored by propitious skies and friendly breezes.

The writer must crave indulgence for the frequent mention of herself during the narrative. The nature of the subject renders this unavoidable.

E. L. A.

My object in the following memoir is to confine myself as far as possible to what concerns Napoleon personally. I have many reminiscences (unconnected with him) of those happy days of my childhood, but I feel that they would be uninteresting to the public, and I have carefully excluded all but that in which the emperor took a personal share.

A slight description, however, of the localities connected with him, will not be considered a deviation from this resolution on my part, and I may perhaps commence this slight memoir of Napoleon most properly by a few words upon the general aspect of St. Helena, and the impression conveyed by it on first approaching its shores.

The appearance of St. Helena, on viewing it from the sea, is different from any land I ever saw, and certainly but little calculated to make one fall in love with it at first sight. The rock rising abruptly from the ocean with its oblong shape and perpendicular sides, suggests to one's mind, more the idea of a huge dark-colored ark lying at anchor, floating on the bosom of the Atlantic, than of a land intended for the habitation and support of living beings.

Nor on a nearer acquaintance does its character become more amiable. If a vessel approach it during the night, the effect on coming on deck in the morning is most peculiar, and at first almost even alarming. From the great depth of water, ships are able to go very close into the land, and the eye long accustomed to the expanse of sea and atmosphere, is suddenly startled by coming almost as it seems in contact with the dark, threatening rock, towering hundreds of feet into the air, far above the masts of the tallest vessel. I was quite a child at the time of my first visit, and my terrors were increased by being told that one "giant-snouted crag," which bore some resemblance to the head of a negro, was to eat me up first when the breakfast-bell struck, and then the rest of the passengers and crew.

I rushed instantly below, and hiding my face in my mother's lap, I tremblingly announced our fate, and was with difficulty soothed by her assurances of safety and protection. But I did not venture from under her wing until the dreaded "eight bells" had sounded, and the appearance of breakfast announced better things in store for us.*

* I think that the heart of even Napoleon, when he first surveyed his future abode, must have sunk within him; and as he passed into the ancho age, the galleries on either side bristling with cannon, and frowning down upon him the despairing in

On rounding Munden's battery, James Town breaks upon the view. It is singular and striking, and quite in harmony with the rest of the peculiar scenery of St. Helena. The houses are all built at the bottom of a wide ravine, which looks as if it had been caused by some convulsion of nature; or, as if the rock, tired of its solitary life and isolated situation in the midst of the Alantic, had given a great yawn and could not shut its mouth again.

The buildings are confined entirely to the bottom of this cleft or chasm, as its sides are too precipitous to allow of houses being built upon them.

The position of the town renders it suffocatingly hot in summer. The cool sea-breeze so delicious in most tropical climates is almost excluded by the situation of the valley, as the inhabitants call James Town, and for nine months in the year the heat is almost unendurable.

We were fortunate enough to reside out of town: my father possessing a beautiful little cottage about a mile and a quarter from the valley, called the Briars: a spot which merits a slight description, both from its own beauty, and from having been the residence of Napoleon during the first three months of his exile in St. Helena.

The way to the Briars winds out of the town by roads cut in the side of the mountain. I cannot say I saw much of this road, or the surrounding scenery on my first journey to our distant abode. I was put into a basket and carried on a negro's head, who trudged away with me very merrily, singing some joyous air. Occasionally he put me down to rest, and grinning from ear to ear, asked me if I felt comfortable in my little nest. I was rather frightened, as this was the first time I had seen a black man, but I soon became reconciled to him, and we became great friends.

He told me he generally carried vegetables into the valley, and appeared highly honored and proud of a living burden being confided to his care. I was soon deposited in safety at the door of the Briars, and bid adieu to my sable bearer, who went away quite delighted with some little present my father gave him for making himself so amiable to me.

Our cottage was built in the style of the Bungalows in India. It was very low, all the rooms being on one floor; and but for its situation, it would not have been thought pretty. But its situation made it a perfect little Paradise, surrounded by barren mountains; it looked an Eden blooming in the midst of desolation.

A beautiful avenue of banyan-trees led up to it, and on each side it was flanked by the evergreen and gigantic lacos, interspersed with pomegranate and myrtle, and a profusion of large white roses, more resembling our sweetbriar, from which, indeed, the place derived its name.

A walk shaded by pomegranate-trees, thirty or forty feet in height, conducted to the garden — I must plead the same excuse for devoting a few lines to the garden that I have for the cottage—that it was lovely in itself, and the favorite retreat of the emperor.

It would require the pen of a Scott, or the pencil of a Claude, to do any thing like justice to its beauty.

I often wander in my dreams through its myrtle-groves; and the orange-trees with their bright green leaves, delicious blossoms, and golden fruit, seem again before me as they were in my blessed days of childhood. Every description of tropical fruit flourished here luxuriantly.*

Various species of vine, citron, orange, fig, shadoc, guava, mango, all in endless profusion. Nature, as if jealous of the beauty of this enchanting spot, had surrounded it on every side with impenetrable barriers. On the east, to speak geographically, it was bounded by a precipice so steep, as to render all approach impracticable. The dark frowning mountain called Peak Hill, rendered it inaccessible from the south. To the westward, it was protected by a steep declivity, and opposite was a cataract, which was in itself a picturesque and striking object. I forget its exact height, but its roar was very imposing to me, and the volume of water must have been considerable.

In that hot climate it was a delightful next-door neighbor. In the most sultry day one could hardly feel the heat oppressive when gazing on its cool and sparkling waters. On the side nearest the cottage, the defences of the garden were completed by an aloe and prickly-pear hedge, through which no living thing could penetrate.

We had been living for years in this romantic and secluded glen, when our little

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scription which the beautified language of his infancy must have rendered familiar to him, might seem also to have been inscribed upon the gloomy rock of St. Helena.

Lascitate ogni 'speranza
Voi ch' entrate.

* The produce of this garden alone, which the family could not consume, brought annually from 500 to £600.

"isle was suddenly *frighted from its propriety*," by hearing that Napoleon Buonaparte was to be confined there as a prisoner of state.

The garden at the Briars, like the bright dreams and hopes of my own early youth, is now withered and destroyed. It was sold to the East India Company, and was rooted up and planted with mulberry-trees.

It became "food for worms."

If I may be guilty of a conceit on, to me, a melancholy subject. I believe the speculation was unsuccessful.

It was in October, 1815, that this news first burst upon us. We heard one morning an alarm-gun fired from Ladder Hill, which was the signal of a vessel being in sight of the island.

The same evening two naval officers arrived at the Briars, one of whom was announced as Captain D——, commanding the Icarus man-of-war. He requested to see my father, having intelligence of importance to communicate to him.

On being conducted to him, he informed him that Napoleon Buonaparte was on board the Northumberland, under the command of Sir George Cockburn, and within a few days' sail of the island. The news of his escape from Elba, and the subsequent eventful campaign, had of course not reached us; and I remember well how amazed and incredulous they all seemed at the information. Captain D—— was obliged more than once to assure them of the correctness of his statement.

My own feeling at the intelligence was excessive terror, and an undefined conviction that something awful would happen to us all; though of what nature I hardly knew. I glanced eagerly at my father, and seeing his countenance calm, I became more composed, but still I listened to every word of Captain D——'s detail, as if my fate depended on what he was telling us.

The earliest idea I had of Napoleon, was that of a huge ogre or giant, with one large flaming red eye in the middle of his forehead, and long teeth protruding from his mouth, with which he tore to pieces and devoured naughty little girls, especially those who did not know their lessons.

I had rather grown out of this first opinion of Napoleon; but if less childish, my terror of him was still hardly diminished.

The name of Buonaparte was still associated in my mind with every thing that was bad and horrible. I had heard the most atrocious crimes imputed to him, and if I had learned to consider him as a human being, I yet still believed him to be the worst that had ever existed.

Nor was I singular in these feelings; they were participated in by many much older and wiser than myself; I might say, perhaps, by a majority of the English nation. Most of the newspapers of the day described him as a demon, and all those of his own country who lived in England, were of course his bitter enemies. And from these two sources we formed our opinion of him.

It was not, therefore, without uneasiness that I saw my father depart, a day or two afterwards, to go on board the vessels which had just cast anchor in the bay.

The fleet consisted of the Northumberland, commanded by Sir George Cockburn, to whose care Napoleon had been confided, the Havannah, Captain Hamilton, and several other men-of-war, together with transports containing the 53d regiment. We remained many hours in great anxiety.

At last my father returned from his visit in safety, and we rushed out to question him as to what had happened.

"Well, papa, have you seen him?" for we thought of no one but Napoleon.

He told us he had not seen the emperor, but had paid his respects to Sir G. Cockburn, and had been introduced to Madame Bertrand, Madame Montholon, and the rest of Napoleon's *suite*. He added, that General Buonaparte would land in the evening, and was to remain for the present at the house of a Mr. Porteus, until Longwood, which was intended for his ultimate residence, should be ready for him.

We were so eager to see the illustrious exile, that we determined to go in the evening to the valley to witness his disembarkation.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at the landing-place, and shortly after a boat from the Northumberland approached, and we saw a figure step from it on the shore, which we were told was the emperor; but it was too dark to distinguish his features. He walked up the lines between the admiral and General Bertrand, and enveloped as he was in a surtout, I could see little but the occasional gleam of a diamond star which he wore on his heart.

The whole population of St. Helena had crowded to see him, and one could hardly believe it contained so many inhabitants. The pressure became so great that it was with difficulty way could be made for him, and the sentries were at last ordered to stand with fixed bayonets at the entrance from the lines to the town, and prevent the multitude from pouring in.

Napoleon was excessively provoked at the eagerness of the crowd to get a peep at him, more particularly as he was received in silence though with respect. I heard him afterwards say how much he had been annoyed at being followed and stared at, "*comme un bête feroce.*"

We returned to the Briars that night to talk and dream of Napoleon.

The next morning we observed a large cavalcade moving along the path which wound round the mountain at the base of which our dear little cottage was lying, almost hidden in its nest of leaves. The effect of the party was very picturesque.

It consisted of five horsemen, and we watched them with great interest, as, following the windings of the path, they now gleamed in the sun's rays, and were thrown into brilliant relief by the dark background behind, and then disappearing, we gazed earnestly, until from some turn in the road they flashed again upon us. Sometimes we only saw a single white plume, or the glint of a weapon in the sun.

To my already excited fancy it suggested the idea of an enormous serpent, with burnished scales, occasionally showing himself as he crawled to our little abode.

We were still doubtful whether Napoleon was of the party. We had already learnt to look for the gray surtout and small cocked hat, but no figure in that dress could be distinguished, though our spy-glass was in anxious requisition. Every one thought he would be best able to discover him. At last one of the party exclaimed,

"I see a figure with a small cocked hat, but no great coat;" and then we were at last certain that it was the emperor. We concluded he was on his way to Longwood to look at his future residence.

About two o'clock on that day Mr. O'Meara and Dr. Warden called on us, and were overwhelmed with all kinds of questions about Buonaparte, his manners, appearance, &c., &c. They described him as most agreeable and pleasing, and assured us we should be delighted with him. But all their persuasions were thrown away upon me; I could think of him only with fear and trembling. When leaving us they again repeated that our opinions of Napoleon would entirely change when we had seen and conversed with him.

At four o'clock in the evening the same horsemen that we had seen in the morning, again appeared on their return from Longwood. As soon as they reached the head of the narrow pass which led down to the Briars, they halted, and after apparently a short deliberation I saw them with terror begin to descend the mountain, and approach our cottage.

I recollect feeling so dreadfully frightened, that I wished to run and hide myself until they were gone: but mamma desired me to stay, and to remember and speak French as well as I could. I had learned that language during a visit my father had paid to England some years before, and as we had a French servant, I had not lost what I had then acquired.

The party arrived at the gate, and there being no carriage-road, they all dismounted excepting the emperor, who was now fully visible. He retained his seat, and rode up the avenue, his horse's feet cutting up the turf on our pretty lawn. Sir George Cockburn walked on one side of his horse, General Bertrand on the other.

How vividly I recollect my feelings of terror mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him whom had I learned to dread so much.

His appearance on horseback was noble and imposing. The animal he rode was a superb one; his color jet black: and as he proudly stepped up the avenue, arching his neck and champing his bit, I thought he looked worthy to be the bearer of him who was once the ruler of nearly the whole European world!

Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. His dress was green, and covered with orders, and his saddle and housings crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold. He alighted at our house, and we all moved to the entrance to receive him. Sir George Cockburn introduced us to him. On a nearer approach, Napoleon, contrasting as his shorter figure did with the noble height and aristocratic bearing of Sir George Cockburn, lost something of the dignity which had so much struck me on first seeing him. He was deadly pale, and I thought his features, though cold and immovable, and somewhat stern, were very beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our little apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of the Briars. When once he began to speak, his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had regarded him. While he was talking to mamma I had an opportunity of scrutinizing his features, which I did with the keenest interest: and certainly I have never seen any one with so remarkable and striking a physiognomy. The portraits of him give a good general idea of his features, but his smile, and the expression of his eye, could not be transmitted to canvass, and these constituted Napoleon's chief charm. His hair was dark brown, and as fine and silky as a child's; rather too much so indeed for a man, as it caused it to look thin. His teeth were even, but rather dark, and I afterwards found that this arose from his constant habit of eating liquorice, of which he always kept a supply in his waistcoat-pocket.

The emperor appeared much pleased with the Briars, and expressed a wish to remain there. My father had offered Sir George Cockburn apartments at the cottage, and he immediately assured us of his willingness to resign them to General Buonaparte, as the situation appeared to please him so much, and it was arranged, much apparently to Napoleon's satisfaction, that he should be our guest until his residence at Longwood was fit to receive him.

Our family, at the time of the emperor's arrival, consisted of my father, my mother, my elder sister, myself, and my two brothers, who were quite children.

Napoleon determined on not going down to the town again, and wished his rooms to be got ready for him immediately. Some chairs were then brought out at his request upon the lawn, and seating himself on one, he desired me to take another, which I did with a beating heart. He then said,

"You speak French?"

I replied that I did, and he asked me who had taught me. I informed him, and he put several questions to me about my studies, and more particularly concerning geography. He inquired the capitals of the different countries of Europe.

"What is the capital of France?"

"Paris."

"Of Italy?"

"Rome."

"Of Russia?"

"Petersburg now," I replied, "Moscow formerly."

On my saying this, he turned abruptly round, and fixing his piercing eyes full on my face, he demanded sternly,

"Qui l'a brulé?"

On seeing the expression of his eye, and hearing his changed voice, all my former terror of him returned, and I could not utter a syllable. I had often heard the burning of Moscow talked of, and had been present at discussions as to whether the French or Russians were the authors of that dreadful conflagration, and I feared to offend him by alluding to it.

He repeated the question, and I stammered, "I do not know, sir."

"Oui, oui," he replied, laughing violently; "vous savez très bien, c'est moi qui l'a brulé."

On seeing him laugh, I gained a little courage, and said,

"I believe, sir, the Russians burnt it to get rid of the French."

He again laughed, and seemed pleased to find that I knew any thing about the matter.

The arrangements made for him were necessarily most hurried, and while we were endeavoring to complete them in the way we thought most likely to contribute to his comfort, he amused himself by walking about the grounds and garden. In the evening he came into the house; and as my father and mother spoke French with difficulty, that language being much less studied in England then, than it is at present, he addressed himself again to me, and asked me whether I liked music, adding,

"You are too young to play yourself."

I felt rather piqued at this, and told him I could both sing and play. He then asked me to sing, and I sang, as well as I could, the Scotch song, "Ye Banks and Braes." When I had finished, he said it was the prettiest English air he had ever heard.

I replied it was a Scottish ballad, not English; and he remarked he thought it too pretty to be English.

"Their music is vile—the worst in the world."

He then inquired if I knew any French songs, and among others, "Vive Henri Quatre."

I said I did not.

"He began to hum the air, became abstracted, and leaving his seat, marched round the room, keeping time to the song he was singing. When he had done, he asked me what I thought of it; and I told him I did not like it at all, for I could not make out the air."

In fact, Napoleon's voice was most unmusical, nor do I think he had any ear for music; for neither on this occasion, nor in any of his subsequent attempts at singing, could I ever discover what tune it was he was executing.

He was, nevertheless, a good judge of music, (if an Englishwoman may say so after his sweeping denunciation of our claims to that science,) probably from having constantly listened to the best performers. He expressed a great dislike to French music, which he said was almost as bad as the English; and that the Italians were the only people who could produce an opera.

A lady, a friend of ours, who frequently visited us at the Briars, was extremely fond of Italian singing, which "she loved, indeed, not wisely, but too well;" for her own attempts in the *bravura* style were the most absurd burlesque imaginable.

Napoleon, however, constantly asked her to sing, and even listened with great politeness; but when she was gone, he often desired me to imitate her singing, which I did as nearly as I could, and it seemed to amuse him. He used to shut his eyes, and pretend he thought it was Mrs. ——, "our departed friend;" and then pay me gravely the same compliments he would have done to her.

The emperor retired for the night shortly after my little attempt to amuse him, and so terminated his first day at the Briars.

It is not, however, in my power to give a detailed account of the events of each day the emperor spent with us.

I shall never cease regretting that I did not keep a journal of all that occurred; but I was too young and too thoughtless to see the advantage of doing so. Besides, I trusted to a naturally most retentive memory, thinking it would enable me at any time to recall the minutest incident concerning Napoleon. In this I have deceived myself. My life has been a chequered and melancholy one; and many of its incidents have been of a nature to absorb my mind, and abstract my attention from every thing but the consideration of present misery. This continued for a length of time, has erased things from my memory which I thought I never could have forgotten, but of which I now retain nothing but the consciousness that they took place, and the regret that I am unable to record them.

Many of the circumstances I am about to relate, however, I did write down shortly after they occurred, and the others have been kept fresh in my memory by being repeated to friends; so that the reader of my little volume may depend on the absolute truth and fidelity of my narrative,—a consideration, indeed, to which I have thought it right to sacrifice many others.

I do not then profess to give a journal of what Napoleon daily said and did at the Briars; but the occurrences I do relate, I have inserted as nearly as possible in the order in which they took place.

The emperor's habits during the time he stayed with us, were very simple and regular; his usual hour for getting up was eight, and he seldom took any thing but a cup of coffee until one, when he breakfasted, or rather lunched; he dined at eight, and retired at about eleven to his own rooms. His manner was so unaffectedly kind and amiable, that in a few days I felt perfectly at ease in his society, and looked upon him more as a companion of my own age, than as the mighty warrior, at whose name "the world grew pale." His spirits were very good, and he was at times almost boyish in his love of mirth and glee, not unmixed sometimes with a tinge of malice.

Shortly after his arrival, a little girl, Miss Legg, the daughter of a friend, came to visit us at the Briars. The poor child had heard such terrific stories of Buonaparte, that when I told her he was coming up the lawn, she clung to me in an agony of terror. Forgetting my own former fears, I was cruel enough to run out and tell Napoleon of the child's fright, begging him to come into the house. He walked up to her, and brushing up his hair with his hand, shook his head, making horrible faces, and giving a sort of savage howl.

The little girl screamed so violently, that mamma was afraid she would go into hysterics, and took her out of the room.

Napoleon laughed a good deal at the idea of his being such a bug-bear, and would hardly believe me when I told him that I had stood in the same terror of him. When I made this confession, he tried to frighten me as he had poor little Miss Legg, by brushing up his hair and distorting his features; but he looked more grotesque than horrible, and I only laughed at him. He then, as a last resource, tried the howl, but was equally unsuccessful, and seemed, I thought, a little provoked that he could not frighten me. He said the howl was Cossack, and it certainly was barbarous enough for any thing.

He took a good deal of exercise at this period, and was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley and adjacent mountain. One evening he strolled out, accompanied by General Gourgaud, my sister, and myself, into a meadow in which some cows were grazing. One of these, the moment she saw our party, put her head down, and (I believe) her tail up, and advanced *à pas de charge* against the emperor. He made a skilful and rapid retreat, and leaping nimbly over a wall, placed this rampart between himself and the enemy. But General Gourgaud valiantly stood his ground, and drawing his sword, threw himself between his sovereign and the cow, exclaiming,

"This is the second time I have saved the emperor's life."

Napoleon laughed heartily when he heard the general's boast, and said,

"He ought to have put himself in the position to repel cavalry."

I told him the cow appeared tranquillized, and stopped the moment he disappeared; and he continued to laugh, and said,

"She wished to save the English government the expense and trouble of keeping him."

The emperor during his residence under my father's roof, occupied only one room and a marquee. The room was one my father had built for a ball-room. There was a small lawn in front, railed round, and in this railing the marquee was pitched, connected with the house by a covered way. The marquee was divided into two compartments, the inner one forming Napoleon's bedroom, and at one extremity of the external compartment, there was a small tent-bed with green silk hangings, on which General Gourgaud slept. It was the bedstead used by the emperor in all his campaigns. Between the two divisions of the tent was a crown, which his devoted servants had carved out of the turf-floor, and it was so placed that the emperor could not pass through without placing his foot on this emblem of regal dignity.

Napoleon seemed to have no *penchant* for the pleasures of the table. He lived very simply, and cared little or nothing about what he ate. He dined at nine, and at that hour Cipriani, the maître d'hôtel, made his appearance, and with a profound reverence said in a solemn tone, "Le diner de votre majesté est servi."

He then retreated backwards, followed by Napoleon and those of his suite who were to dine with him.

When he had finished he would abruptly push away his chair from the table, and quit the dining-room, apparently glad it was over. A few days after his arrival, he invited my sister and myself to dine with him, and began quizzing the English for their fondness for rosbif and plum-pudding.

I accused the French in return of living on frogs, and running into the house I brought him a caricature of a long lean Frenchman, with his mouth open, his tongue out, and a frog on the tip of it, ready to jump down his throat, underneath was written,—"A Frenchman's Dinner."

He laughed at my impertinence, and pinched my ear as he often did when amused, and sometimes when a little provoked at my *espièglerie.*

Le petit Las Cases, as he called Count Las Cases's son, formed one of the party on that day; he was then a lad of fourteen, and the emperor was fond of quizzing me about him, and telling me I should be his wife. Nothing enraged me so much: I could not bear to be considered such a child, and particularly at that moment, for there was a ball in prospect to which I had great hopes of papa allowing me to go, and I knew that his objection would be founded on my being too young.

Napoleon seeing my annoyance desired young Las Cases to kiss me, and he held both my hands whilst the little page saluted me. I did all in my powr to escape, but in vain. The moment my hands were at liberty I boxed le petit Las Cases's ears most thoroughly. But I determined to be revenged on Napoleon; and in descending to the cottage to play whist, an opportunity presented itself, which I did not allow to escape.

There was no internal communication between the part occupied by the emperor and the rest of the house, and the path leading down was very steep and very narrow; there being barely room for one person to pass at a time. Napoleon walked first, Las Cases next, then his son, and lastly my sister Jane.

I allowed the party to proceed very quietly until I was left about ten yards behind; and then I ran with all my force on my sister Jane. She fell with extended hands on the little page; he was thrown upon his father, and the grand chamberlain, to his dismay, was pushed against the emperor; who, although the shock was somewhat diluted by the time it reached him, had still some difficulty from the steepness of the path in preserving his footing.

I was in extacies at the confusion I had created, and exulted in the revenge I had taken for the kiss; but I was soon obliged to change my note of triumph.

Las Cases was thunderstruck at the insult offered to the emperor, and became perfectly furious at my uncontrollable laughter. He seized me by the shoulders, and pushed me violently on the rocky bank.

It was now my turn to be enraged. I burst into tears of passion, and turning to Napoleon, cried out,

"Oh, sir, he has hurt me."

"Never mind," replied the emperor. "Ne pleurs pas—I will hold him while you punish him."

And a good punishing he got: I boxed the little man's ears until he begged for mercy; but I would show him none, and at length Napoleon let him go, telling him to run, and if he could not run faster than me, he deserved to be beaten again.

He immediately started off as fast as he could and I after him, Napoleon clapping his hands and laughing immoderately at our race round the lawn.

Las Cases never liked me after this adventure, and used to call me a rude hoyden.

I never met any one who bore these kind of things so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth or fun with the glee of a child, and though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him to lose his temper, or fall back upon his rank or age, to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity and indulgence to me. I looked upon him indeed, when with him, almost as a brother or companion of my own age, and all the cautions I received, and my own resolutions to treat him with more respect and formality were put to flight the moment I came within the influence of his arch smile and laugh.

If I approached him more gravely than usual, and with a more sedate step and subdued tone, he would, perhaps, begin by saying,

"Eh bien, qu' as tu, Mademoiselle Bet*see?* Has le petit Las Cases proved inconstant? If he has, bring him to me;" or some other playful speech, which either pleased or teased me, and made me at once forget all my previous determinations to behave prettily.

My brothers were at this time quite children, and Napoleon used to allow them to sit on his knee, and amuse themselves by playing with his orders, &c. More than once he has desired me to cut them off to please them.

One day Alexander took up a pack of cards, on which was the usual figure of the Great Mogul. The child held it up to Napoleon, saying,

"See, Bony, this is you."

He did not understand what my brother meant by calling him Bony.

I explained that it was an abbreviation—the short for Buonaparte; but Las Cases interpreted the word literally, and said it meant a bony person.

Napoleon laughed and said, "Je ne suis pas osseux," which he certainly never could have been, even in his thinnest days.

His hand was the fattest and prettiest in the world: his knuckles dimpled like those of a baby, his fingers taper and beautifully formed, and his nails perfect.

I have often admired its symmetry, and once told him it did not look large and strong enough to wield a sword. This led to the subject of swords; and one of the emperor's suite who was present, drew his sabre from his scabbard, and pointing to some stains on the blade, said that it was the blood of Englishmen. The emperor desired him to sheathe it, telling him it was bad taste to boast, particularly before ladies.

Napoleon then produced from a richly embossed case, the most magnificent sword I ever beheld. The sheath was composed of one entire piece of most splendidly marked tortoise-shell, thickly studded with gold bees. The handle, not unlike a fleur-de-lys in shape, was of exquisitely wrought gold. It was indeed the most costly and elegant weapon I had ever seen.

I requested Napoleon to allow me to examine it more closely; and then a circumstance which had occurred in the morning, in which I had been much piqued at the emperor's conduct, flashed across me. The temptation was irresistible, and I determined to punish him for what he had done.

I drew the blade out quickly from the scabbard, and began to flourish it over his head, making passes at him, the emperor retreating, until at last I fairly pinned him up in the corner. I kept telling him all the time, that he had better say his prayers, for I was going to kill him. My exulting cries at last brought my sister to Napoleon's assistance. She scolded me violently, and said she would inform my father if I did not instantly desist. But I only laughed at her, and maintained my post, keeping the emperor at bay until my arm dropped from sheer exhaustion.

I can fancy I see the figure of the Grand Chamberlain now, with his spare form and parchment visage, glowing with fear for the emperor's safety, and indignation at the insult I was offering him. He looked as if he could have annihilated me on the spot; but he had felt the weight of my hand before on his ears, and prudence dictated to him to let me alone.

When I resigned my sword, Napoleon took hold of my ear, which had been bored only the day before, and pinched it, giving me great pain. I called out, and he then took hold of my nose, which he pulled heartily, but quite in fun. His good-humor never left him during the whole scene.

The following was the circumstance

which had excited my ire in the morning. My father was very strict in enforcing our doing a French translation every day, and Napoleon would often condescend to look over them and correct their faults. One morning I felt more than usually averse to performing this task, and when Napoleon arrived at the cottage, and asked whether the translation was ready for him, I had not even begun it.

When he saw this, he took up the paper and walked down the lawn with it to my father, who was preparing to mount his horse to ride to the valley, exclaiming as he approached,

" Balcomb—voila le thème de Mademoiselle Bets*ee*. Qu'elle a bien travaillé;" holding up at the same time the blank sheet of paper.

My father comprehended imperfectly, but saw by the sheet of paper, and my name being mentioned by the laughing emperor, that he wished me to be scolded, and entering into the plot, he pretended to be very angry, and threatened if I did not finish my translation before he returned to dinner, I should be severely punished. He then rode off, and Napoleon left me, laughing at my sullen and mortified air. And it was the recollection of this which made me try and frighten him with the sword.

The emperor in the course of the evening desired a quantity of bijouterie to be brought down to amuse us, and amongst other things the miniatures of the young King of Rome. He seemed gratified and delighted when we expressed our admiration of them. He possessed a great many portraits of young Napoleon. One of them represented him sleeping in his cradle, which was in the form of a helmet of Mars; the banner of France waved over his head, and his tiny right-hand supported a small globe.

I asked the meaning of these emblems, and Napoleon said he was to be a great warrior, and the globe in his hand signified he was to rule the world. Another miniature on a snuff-box, represented the little fellow on his knees before a crucifix, his hands clasped, and his eyes raised to Heaven. Underneath were these words:

"Je prie le bon Dieu pour mon père, ma mère, et ma patrie."

It was an exquisite thing.

Another portrayed him with two lambs, on one of which he is riding, and the other he is decking out with ribbons. The emperor told us these lambs were presented to his son by the inhabitants of Paris—an unwarlike emblem, and perhaps intended as a delicate hint to the emperor to make him a more peaceable citizen than his papa.

The Paschal lamb, however, is, I believe, the badge on the colors of a distinguished English regiment, and perhaps may be intended to remind the soldier that gentleness and mercy are not inconsistent with the fiercer and more lion-like attributes of his profession.

We next saw another drawing, in which the Empress Maria Louise and her son were represented, surrounded by a sort of halo of roses and clouds, which I did not admire quite so much as some of the others.

Napoleon then said he was going to show us the portrait of the most beautiful woman in the world, and produced an exquisite miniature of his sister Pauline. Certainly I never saw any thing so perfectly lovely. I could not keep my eyes from it, and told him how enchanted I was with it. He seemed pleased with my praises, and said it was a proof of taste, for she was perhaps one of the most lovely women that ever existed.

The emperor usually played cards every evening, and when we were tired of looking at the miniatures, &c., he said,

" Now we will go to the cottage and play whist."

We all walked down together. Our little whist-table was soon formed, but the cards did not run smoothly, and Napoleon desired Las Cases to seat himself at a side-table, and deal them until they dealt easily.

While the Grand Chamberlain was thus employed, Napoleon asked me what my *robe de balle* was to be. I must mention that on my father's refusal to allow me to go to the ball, which was to be given by Sir George Cockburn, I had implored the emperor's intercession for me. He most kindly asked my father to let me go, and his request of course was instantly acceded to.

I now ran upstairs to bring my dress down to him. It was the first ball-dress I had ever possessed, and I was not a little proud of it.

He said it was very pretty, and the cards being now ready, I placed it on the sofa and sat down to play. Napoleon and my sister were partners, and Las Cases fell to my lot. We had always hitherto played for sugar-plums, but to-night Napoleon said,

"Mademoiselle Bets*ee*, I will bet you a Napoleon on the game."

I had had a pagoda presented to me, which made up the sum of all my worldly riches, and I said I would bet him that against his Napoleon.

The emperor agreed to this, and we commenced playing. He seemed determined to terminate this day of *espièglerie* as he had begun it. Peeping under his cards as they were dealt to him, he endeavored whenever he got an important one, to draw off my attention, and then slily held it up for my sister to see. I soon discovered this, and calling him to order, told him he was cheating, and that if he continued to do so I would not play. At last he revoked intentionally, and at the end of the game tried to mix the cards together to prevent his being discovered; but I started up, and seizing hold of his hands, I pointed out to him and the others what he had done.

He laughed until the tears ran out of his eyes, and declared he had played fair, but that I had cheated, and should pay him the *pagode;* and when I persisted that he had revoked, he said I was *méchante* and a cheat; and catching up my ball-dress from off the sofa, he ran out of the room with it, and up to the pavilion, leaving me in terror lest he should crush and spoil all my pretty roses. I instantly set off in chase of him, but he was too quick, and darting through the marquee, he reached the inner-room and locked himself in.

I then commenced a series of the most pathetic remonstrances and entreaties, both in English and French, to persuade him to restore me my frock, but in vain; he was inexorable, and I had the mortification of hearing him laugh at what I thought the most touching of my appeals. I was obliged to return without it. He afterwards sent down word he intended to keep it, and that I might make up my mind not to go to the ball. I lay awake half the night, and at last cried myself to sleep, hoping he would relent in the morning; but the next day wore away, and I saw no signs of my pretty frock.

I sent several entreaties in the course of the day, but the answer was that the emperor slept, and could not be disturbed. He had given these orders to teaze me.

At last the hour arrived for our departure for the valley. The horses were brought round, and I saw the little black boys ready to start with our tin cases, without, alas! my beautiful dress being in them.

I was in despair, and hesitated whether I should not go in my plain frock, rather than not go at all; when to my great joy I saw the emperor running down the lawn to the gate with my dress.

"Here, Miss Bets*ee*, I have brought your dress, I hope you are a good girl now, and that you will like the ball; and mind that you dance with Gourgaud."

General Gourgaud was not very handsome, and I had some childish feud with him.

I was all delight at getting back my dress, and still more pleased to find my roses were not spoiled.

He said he had ordered them to be arranged and pulled out, in case any might have been crushed the night before.

Napoleon walked by the side of our horses until he came to the end of the bridle-road which led to the Briars. He then stopped and remarked on the beauty of a house which was situated in the valley beneath us, asking to whom it belonged and expressing his intention of going down to see it.

Las Cases accompanied the emperor down the side of the mountain, and we went on to the ball. He mentioned the next day how charmed he had been with the place, and that he had ridden home on a beautiful little active pony belonging to the owner, Major Hodgson.

The only exception to the emperor's habits of regularity, when with us, was in his hour of rising..

In the midst of our garden was a very large pond of transparent water, full of gold and silver fish; and near this was the grapery formed of trellis-work, quite covered with vines of every description. At the end of the grapery was an arbor, round, and over which a treillage of grapes also clustered in the richest profusion. To this spot which was so sheltered as to be cool in the most sultry weather, Napoleon was much attached. He would sometimes convey his papers there as early as four o'clock in the morning, and employ himself until breakfast-time in writing, and when tired of his pen, in dictating to Las Cases.

No one was ever permitted to intrude upon him when there; and this little attention was ever after gratefully remembered. From this prohibition, however, I was exempt, at the emperor's own desire. I was considered as a privileged person; even when he was in the act of dictating a sentence to Las Cases, he would come and answer my call, "Come and unlock the garden-door;" and I was always admitted and welcomed with a smile.

I did not abuse this indulgence, and seldom intruded on him when in his retreat.

I remember, however, one day a very pretty young lady came from the valley to pass the morning with us. She was dying to see Napoleon, but the heat was very oppressive, and he had retired to his arbor to avoid it.

I hesitated for some time between the fear of disturbing him and disappointing my friend; but at last Miss C—— appeared so mortified at not seeing him, that I ran down to the garden and knocked at the door.

For a long while I received no answer, but at length by dint of thumping, and calling to the emperor, I succeeded in waking him. He had fallen asleep in the arbor over his papers.

He came up to the door, and asked me what I wanted.

I said, "Let me in, and you shall know."

He replied, "No; tell me first what it is, and then you shall come in."

I was then obliged to say I wished to introduce a young lady to him: he declined seeing her, and desired me to say he was unwell. I told him she would be dreadfully disappointed, and that she was so pretty.

"Not like the lady I was obliged to say agreeable things to yesterday?"

I assured him she was quite a different person, being very young and handsome.

At last I succeeded in getting the door opened; as soon as I found it unlocked, I ran up to the table where he had been writing, and snatched up his papers.

"Now," I said, "for your ill-nature in keeping me so long at the door, I shall keep these, and then I shall find out all your secrets."

He looked a little alarmed, when he saw the papers in my hand, and told me to put them down instantly; but I refused and set off round the garden flourishing my trophies.

At last he told me if I did not give them up, he would not be my friend; and I relinquished them.

I then took hold of the emperor's hand, for fear he should escape, and led him to the house, where we found Miss C——. I introduced her to Napoleon, and he delighted her excessively by his compliments on her beauty, &c.

When she was going away, he walked down the lawn with her and lifted her on her horse. He told me after she was gone, that she was a very pretty girl, but had the air of a *marchande des modes*.

The golden fruit in this modern garden of the Hesperides, had for its dragon an old Malay slave, named Toby, who had been captured and brought to the island as a slave many years before our arrival. The old fellow had lived in the garden forty years without once crossing its boundary. He was an original and rather interesting character. A perfect despot in his own domain, he never allowed his authority to be disputed; and the family stood almost as much in awe of him as they did of the master of the Briars himself.

Napoleon took a fancy to old Toby, and told papa he wished to purchase him and give him his freedom; but for some political reason it was not permitted.

The old man retained ever afterwards the most grateful sense of Napoleon's kindness; and was never more highly gratified than when employed in gathering the choicest fruit, and arranging the most beautiful bouquets to be sent to Longwood, "to that good man, Bony," as he called the emperor.

Napoleon made a point of inquiring, whenever I saw him, after the health of old Toby, and when he took his leave of him, he presented him with twenty Napoleons.

The emperor was very accessible while at the Briars, and knowing how much it would delight us, he seemed to wish to return any little attentions we were able to offer him by courtesy and kindness to our friends.

My father, one day during his residence with us, invited a large party, and the emperor said he would join us in the evening. He performed his promise, and delighted every one with his urbanity and condescension. When any of our guests were presented to him, he usually inquired his profession, and then turned the conversation upon some topic connected with it.

I have often heard wonder expressed at the extent of Napoleon's information on matters of which he would hardly have been expected to know much. On this occasion, a very clever medical man, after a long conversation with the emperor on the subject of his profession, declared his astonishment to my father, at the knowledge he possessed, and the clearness and brilliancy with which he reasoned on it, though his theories were sometimes rather heterodox.

Napoleon told him he had no faith whatever in medicine, and that his own remedies were starvation and the warm bath. At the same time he professed a higher opinion of the medical, or rather surgical profession than any other.

The practice of the law was too severe an ordeal for poor human nature, and that he who habituates himself to the distortion of truth, and to exultation at the success of injustice, will at last hardly know right from wrong. So it is, he remarked, with politics, a man must have a conventional conscience.

Of the church also (*les ecclèsiastiques*) he spoke harshly, saying that too much was expected from its members, and that they became hypocrites in consequence. As to soldiers, they are cut-throats and robbers, and not the less so because they are ready to send a bullet through your head if you tell them your opinion of them. But surgeons, he said, are neither too good nor too bad. Their mission is to benefit mankind, not to destroy, mystify, or inflame them against each other, and they have opportunities of studying human nature as well as science. The emperor spoke in high terms of Larey, who, he said, was a man of genius, and of unimpeachable integrity.*

On the emperor's first arrival in St. Helena he was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley just below our cottage. In these short walks he was unattended by the officer on guard, and he had thus the pleasure of feeling himself free from observation. The officer first appointed to exercise surveillance over him was a Captain Grately of the artillery, and though a mild and gentlemanly person in his manners, Napoleon took an unconquerable dislike to him. It was his duty to attend him in his rides, and the orders given on these occasions were, "that he was not to lose sight of Napoleon."

The latter was one day riding along one of the mountainous bridle paths at St. Helena, with the orderly officer in attendance; suddenly the emperor turned short to his right, and spurring his horse violently, urged him up the face of the precipice, making the large stones fly from under him down the mountain, and leaving the orderly officer aghast gazing at him, in terror for his safety and doubt as to his intentions.

He was either not well enough mounted, or his nerve was unequal to the task of following Napoleon, and giving it up at once, he rode instantly off to Sir George Cockburn, who happened at the time to be dining with my father at the Briars. He arrived breathless at our house, and demanding to see Sir George, on business of the utmost importance, he was ushered at once into the dining-room.

The admiral was in the act of discussing his soup, and listened with an imperturbable countenance to the agitated detail of the occurrence. He then very quietly advised him to return to Longwood, where he would most probably find General Buonaparte. This, as he prognosticated, was the case, and Napoleon often afterwards laughed at the consternation he had created.

I have mentioned being struck with Napoleon's seat on horseback on first seeing him. He one day asked me whether I thought he rode well. I told him with the greatest truth, that I thought he looked better on horseback than any one I had ever seen. He appeared pleased, and calling for his horse he mounted, and rode several times at speed round the lawn, making the animal wheel in a very narrow circle, and showing the most complete mastery over him. One day, Achambaud, his groom, was breaking in a beautiful young Arab, which had been bought for the emperor's riding.

The colt was plunging and rearing in the most frightful manner, and could not be induced to pass a white cloth which had been purposely spread on the lawn, to break him from shying. I told Napoleon it was impossible that he could ever ride that horse, it was so vicious. He smiled, and beckoning to Achambaud, desired him to dismount, and then, to my great terror, he himself got on the animal, and soon succeeded in making him not only pass the cloth, but put his feet upon it; and then rode him over and over it several times. Achambaud, as it seemed to me, hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. He was delighted with his emperor's prowess, but mortified at his managing a horse so easily which he had been trying in vain to subdue.

Napoleon mentioned that he had once ridden the same horse 120 miles in one day. It was to see his mother, who was dangerously ill, and there were no other means of reaching her. The poor animal died in the course of the night. He said that his own power of standing fatigue was immense, and that he could almost live in the saddle. I am afraid to say how many hours he told me he had once remained on horseback; but I remember being much surprised at his powers of endurance.

His great strength of constitution was probably more instrumental than one would imagine at first view, in his reaching the pinnacle of his ambition. The state of the mind is so dependent on the corporeal frame, that it is difficult to see how the kind of mental power which is necessary to success in war, or political turmoil, can exist without a corresponding strength of body, or at least of constitution.

In how many critical periods of Napoleon's life would not the illness of a week have been fatal to his future schemes of empire. How might the sternness of purpose by which he subjugated his daring compeers of the revolution have been shaken, and his giant ambition thwarted by a trivial sickness. The mind of even a Napoleon might have been prostrated, and his mighty *will* enfeebled by a few days' fever.

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* The above conversation is from a note of my father's.

The successful leader of a revolution especially ought to be exempt from the evils to which flesh is heir. His very absence from the arena for a few days is enough to ruin him. Depreciating reports are spread, the prestige vanishes, and he is pushed from his stool by some more vigorous and more fortunate competitor.

The emperor possessed a splendid set of china of the Sèvres manufacture, which had been executed at an enormous cost, and presented to him by the City of Paris. They were now unpacking, and he sent for us to see them. They were painted by the first artists in Paris, and were most lovely. Each plate cost twenty-five Napoleons. The subjects all bore reference to his campaigns, or to some period of his early life. Many of them were battle pieces, in which the most striking incidents were portrayed with the utmost spirit and fidelity. Others were landscapes, representing scenery connected with his victories and triumphs.

One, I remember, made a great impression on me. It was a drawing of Napoleon on the bridge of Arcola. A slim youth—standing almost alone, with none near but the dead and dying, who had fallen around him—was cheering on his more distant comrades to the assault. The spirit and energy of his figure particularly attracted my admiration. The emperor seemed pleased at my admiring it, and putting his hand to his side, exclaimed, laughing,

"I was rather more slender then than I am now."

The battle of Leipsic was one of the subjects depicted on the china. Napoleon's figure was happily done, and an admirable likeness; but one feels rather surprised at the selection of such a subject for a complimentary present. I believe the battle of Leipsic is considered to have been one of the most disastrous defeats on record; but probably the good citizens of Paris were not so well aware of this at the time the china was presented to him as they are now.

His campaign in Egypt furnished subjects for some of the illustrations. The stork was introduced in several of these Egyptian scenes, and I happened to have heard that that bird was worshipped by the Egyptians. I asked him if it were not so. He smiled, and entered into a long narration of some of his adventures with the army in Egypt; advising me never to go there, or I should catch the ophthalmia, and spoil my eyes!

I had also heard that he had professed Mahometanism when there; and I had been prompted by some one to catechise him on the subject. I at once came out with the question in my English French.

"Pourquoi avez vous tourné Turque."

He did not at first understand me, and I was obliged to explain that *tourné Turque* meant changing his religion.

He laughed and said,

"What is that to you? fighting is a soldier's religion; I never changed that. The other is the affair of women and priests,—*au reste;* I always adopt the religion of the country I am in."

At a later period some Italian ecclesiastics arrived at St. Helena, and were attached to Napoleon's suite.

Amongst the emperor's domestics at the Briars, was a very droll character; his lamplighter, a sort of *Leporello*, a most ingenious little fellow in making toys, and other amusing mechanical contrivances. Napoleon would often send for the scaramouch to amuse my brothers, who were infinitely delighted with his tricks and buffooneries. Sometimes he constructed balloons, which were inflated and sent up amidst the acclamations of the whole party. One day he contrived to harness four mice to a small carriage, but the poor little animals were so terrified that he could not get them to move, and after many ineffectual attempts, my brothers entreated the emperor to interfere. Napoleon told him to pinch the tails of the two leaders, and when they started the others would follow. This he did, 'and immediately the whole four scampered off to our great amusement—Napoleon enjoying the fun as much as any of us, and delighted with the extravagant glee of my two brothers.

I had often entreated the emperor to give a ball before he left the Briars in the large room occupied by him, which had been built by my father for that purpose.

He had promised me faithfully he would, but when I pressed him urgently for the fulfilment of his promise, he only laughed at me, telling me he wondered I could be so silly as to think such a thing possible.

But I never ceased reproaching him for his breach of faith, and teased him so that at last, to escape my importunities, he said, that as the ball was out of the question, he would consent, by way of *amende honorable*, to any thing I chose to demand to console me for my disappointment.

"Tell me, que veux-tu que je fasse, Mademoislle Betsee, pour te consoler."

I replied instantly.

"If you will play a game of 'blind man's buff,' which you have so often promised me, I will forgive you the ball, and never ask for it again." Not knowing the French term (if there is any) for blind man's buff.

I had explained before to the emperor the nature of the operation to be gone through.

He laughed at my choice, and tried to persuade me to choose something else, but I was inexorable, and seeing his fate inevitable, he resigned himself to it with a good grace, proposing that we should begin at once.

My sister and myself, and the son of either General Bertrand or some other of the emperor's suite, formed the party. Napoleon said we should draw lots who should be blindfolded first, and he would distribute the tickets.

Some slips of paper were prepared, on one of which was writen the fatal word "*la mort*," and the rest were blanks. Whether accidentally or by Napoleon's contrivance I know not, but I was the first victim, and the emperor taking a cambric handkerchief out of his pocket, tied it tightly over my eyes, asking me if I could see.

"I cannot see you," I replied, but a faint gleam of light did certainly escape through one corner, making my darkness a little less visible.

Napoleon than taking his hat waved it suddenly before my eyes; and the shadow and the wind it made startling me, I drew back my head.

"Ah, leetle monkee," he exclaimed in English, "you can see pretty well."

He then proceeded to tie another handkerchief over the first, which completely excluded every ray of light.

I was then placed in the middle of the room and the game began.

The emperor commenced by creeping stealthily up to me and giving my nose a very sharp twinge. I knowing it was him both from the act itself and his footsteps. I darted forward and very nearly succeeded in catching him, but bounding actively away, he eluded my grasp. I then groped about and advancing again, he this time took hold of my ear and pulled it. I stretched out my hands instantly, and in the exultation of the moment screamed out, "I have got you—I have got you—now you shall be blindfolded!"

But to my great mortification it proved to be my sister, under cover of whom Napoleon had advanced, stretching his hand over her head.

We then recommenced, the emperor saying, that as I had named the wrong person, I must continue blindfolded. He teased and quizzed me about my mistake, and bantered me in every possible way; eluding at the same time with the greatest dexterity, my endeavors to catch him.

At last when the fun was growing "fast and furious," and the uproar was at its height, it was announced that some one desired an audience of the emperor; and to my great annoyance, as I had set my heart on catching him, and insisting on his being blindfolded, our game came to a conclusion.

The emperor having returned from seeing his visitor, and his dinner-hour approaching, he invited us to dine with him. We told him we had already dined.

"Then come and see me eat," he added; and when his dinner was announced by Cipriani we accompanied him into his marquee. When at table he desired Narane to bring some creams for me; I declined them as I had dined, but I had unfortunately told him once before that I was very fond of creams, and though I begged in vain to be excused, repeating a thousand times that I had dined, and could not eat any more, he pressed and insisted so strongly, that I was at last obliged to comply, and with some difficulty managed to eat half a cream.

But although I was satisfied, Napoleon was not; and when I left off eating, he commenced feeding me like a baby, calling me his little bambina, and laughing violently at my rueful countenance. At last I could bear it no longer, and scampered out of the tent, the emperor calling after me,

"Stop, Miss Betsee; do stay, and eat another cream; you know you told me you liked them."

The next day he sent in a quantity of bon-bons by Marchand, with some creams; desiring his compliments to Miss Betsee and the creams were for her.

The emperor possessed among his suite the most accomplished confiseur in the world. M. Piron daily supplied his table with the most elaborate, and really sometimes the most elegant designs in *pâtisserie*, spun sugar, &c. Triumphal arches, and amber palaces, glittering with prismatic tints, looked as if they had been built for the queen of the fairies, after her majesty's own designs.

Napoleon often sent us in some of the prettiest of these architectural delicacies; and I shall always continue to think the bon-bons from the atelier of Monsieur Piron "more exquisite still" than any thing I have ever since tasted.

But I suppose I must grant with a sigh, that early youth threw its *couleur de rose* tints over Piron's bon-bons, as well as over the more intellectual joys of that happy period.

The emperor sometimes added sugared words to make these sweet things sweeter.

On New Year's day a deputation consisting of the son of General Bertrand, Henri, and Tristram, Madame Montholon's little boy, arrived with a selection of bon-bons for us, and Napoleon observed that he had sent his cupidons to the graces. The bon-bons were placed in crystal baskets, covered with white satin napkins on Sèvres plates. The plates I kept till lately, when I presented them to a lady who had shown my mother and myself many very kind attentions. And this was the last I possessed of Napoleon's many little gifts to me, with the exception of a lock of his hair, which I still retain, and which might be mistaken for the hair of an infant from its extreme softness and silkiness.

Napoleon was fond of sending these little presents to ladies, and generally courteous and attentive in his demeanor towards them. He always gave me the impression of being fond of ladies' society; and as Mr. O'Meara remarks, when alluding to my sister and myself dining one day with him, "His conversation was the perfection of *causerie*, and very entertaining." He was perhaps rather too fond of using direct compliments, but this was very pardonable in one of his rank and country.

He remarked once, that he had heard a great deal of the beauty and elegance of the governor's daughter, and asked me who I thought the most beautiful woman in the island. I told him I thought Madame Bertrand superior beyond all comparison to any one I had ever seen before. My father had been greatly struck with her majestic appearance on board the Northumberland: and I always thought every one else sank into insignificance when she appeared. And yet her features were not regular, and she had no strict pretension to beauty; but the expression of her face was very intellectual, and her bearing queen-like and dignified.

Napoleon asked me if I did not consider Madame Montholon pretty. I said, no. He then desired Marchand to bring down a snuffbox, on the lid of which was a miniature of Madame Montholon. It certainly was like her, and very beautiful. He told me it was what she had been when young. He then recurred again to Miss C——, and said Gourgaud spoke in raptures of her, and had sketched her portrait from memory. He produced the drawing, and wished to know if I thought it a good likeness. I told him she was infinitely more lovely, and that it bore no trace of resemblance to her. I mentioned also that she was very clever and amiable. Napoleon said I was very enthusiastic in her favor, and had made him long to see her.

Mesdames Montholon and Bertrand, and the rest of his suite, often came to see him at the Briars, and remained the day. It was quite delightful to witness the deference and respect with which he was treated by them all. To them he was still "le grand empereur." His every look was watched, and each wish anticipated as if he had still been on the throne of Charlemagne.

On one of these occasions Madame Bertrand produced a miniature of the Empress Josephine, which she showed to Napoleon. He gazed at it with the greatest emotion for a considerable time without speaking. At last he exclaimed it was the most perfect likeness he had ever seen of her, and told Madame Bertrand he would keep it, which he did until his death. He has often looked at my mother for a length of time very earnestly, and then apologized, saying, that she reminded him so much of Josephine. Her memory appeared to be idolized by him, and he was never weary of dwelling on her sweetness of disposition and the grace of her movements. He said she was the most truly feminine of any woman he had ever known.

Napoleon afterwards spoke of the Empress Marie Louise with great kindness and affection. He said she would have followed him to St. Helena if she had been allowed: and that she was an amiable creature, and a very good wife.

He possessed several portraits of her. They were not very attractive, and were seen to disadvantage when contrasted, as they generally were, with his own handsome and intellectual-looking family.

The emperor retired early this evening. He had been in low spirits since his audience of his visitor; and after the portraits of the Empress Josephine and Marie Louise had been produced, he appeared absorbed in mournful reflection, and was still more melancholy and dejected for the rest of the evening. His visitor proved to be a Count

Piontkowski, a Polish officer, who had formerly held a commission in "la grande armée," and had landed in the morning, having with great difficulty obtained permission to follow his master into exile, "to share with him his vulture and his rock." He called at the Briars, and requesting an audience, information had been sent to the emperor of his arrival. A long interview took place between them, which apparently excited painful reminiscences in the mind of the emperor. I asked him afterwards about his visitor. He seemed to have little personal recollection of him, but seemed gratified with his devotion, and said he had proved himself a faithful servant by following him into exile.

The emperor's English, of which he sometimes spoke a few words, was the oddest in the world. He had formed an exaggerated idea of the quantity of wine drunk by English gentlemen, and used always to ask me, after we had had a party, how many bottles of wine my father drank; and then laughing and counting on his fingers generally made the number up to five. One day to annoy me, he said that my country-women drank gin and brandy; and then added in English,

"You laike veree mosh dreenk, mees; somtaimes brandee, jeen."

Though I could hardly help laughing at his way of saying this, I felt most indignant at the accusation, and assured him that the ladies of England had the utmost horror of drinking spirits, and that they were even fastidious in the refinement of their ideas and their general habits. He seemed amused at my earnestness, and quoted the instance of a Mrs. B., who had, in fact, paid him a visit once in a state of intoxication. It was singular, indeed, that one of the few English ladies he had ever been presented to, should have been addicted to this habit. At last, he confessed, laughing, that he had made the accusation only to tease me; but when I was going away he repeated,

"You like dreenk, Mees Betsee; dreenk, dreenk."

As the time drew near for Napoleon's removal to Longwood, he would come into our drawing-room oftener, and stay longer.

He said he should have preferred altogether remaining at the Briars. That he beguiled the hours with us better than he ever thought it possible he could do on such a horrible rock as St. Helena.

A day or two before his departure, General Bertrand came to the Briars, and informed Napoleon that Longwood smelt so strongly of paint, that it was unfit to go into.

I shall never forget the fury of the emperor. He walked up and down the lawn, gesticulating in the wildest manner. His rage was so great that it almost choked him. He declared that the smell of paint was so obnoxious to him that he would never inhabit a house where it existed; and that if the grand marshal's report was true he should send down to the admiral, and refuse to enter Longwood. He ordered Las Cases to set off early the next morning to examine the house, and report if the information of General Bertrand was correct.

At this time I went out to him on the lawn, and inquired the cause of his anger. The instant I joined him he changed his manner, and in a calm tone mentioned the reason of his annoyance. I was perfectly amazed at the power of control he evinced over his temper. In one moment, from the most awful state of fury, he subdued his irritated manner into perfect gentleness and composure.

Las Cases set off at daylight the next morning, and returned before twelve o'clock. He informed the emperor that the smell of paint was so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, and that a few hours would remove it altogether. The grand marshal was sharply reprimanded, as I afterwards learned, for making an exaggerated report.

It was arranged that he should leave the Briars two days afterwards for Longwood, which was now quite ready for him. On the appointed morning, which to me was a most melancholy one, Sir G. Cockburn, accompanied by the emperor's suite, came to the Briars to escort him to his new abode. I was crying bitterly, and he came up and said,

"You must not cry, Mademoiselle Betsee; you must come and see me very often at Longwood; when will you ride up?"

I told him that depended on my father. He turned round to papa and said,

"Balcombe, you must bring Missee Jane and Betsee to see me next week, and very often."

My father promised he would, and kept his word. He asked where mamma was, and I said she desired her kind regards to the emperor, and regretted not being able to see him before his departure, as she was ill in bed.

"I will go up and see her."

And upstairs he darted, before we had time to tell my mother of his approach.

He seated himself on the bed, and expressed his regret at hearing she was unwell.

He was warm in his acknowledgments of her attentions to him, and said he would have preferred staying altogether at the Briars,* if they would have permitted him. He then presented my mother with a gold snuff-box, and begged she would give it to my father as a mark of his friendship. He gave me a beautiful little *bonbonier*, which I had often admired, and said,

"You can give it as a *gage d'amour* to *le petit* Las Cases."

I burst into tears, and ran out of the room.

I went to a window from which I could see his departure, but my heart was too full to look at him leaving us, and throwing myself on the bed I cried bitterly for a long time. When my father returned we asked him how the emperor liked his new residence. He said that he appeared out of spirits, and, retiring to his dressing-room, had shut himself up for the remainder of the day.

With Napoleon's departure from the Briars my personal recollection of him may be said to have come to a conclusion. From my father being the emperor's purveyor we had a general order to visit him, and we seldom allowed a week to elapse without seeing him. On those occasions we generally arrived in time to breakfast with him at one, and returned in the evening.

He was more subject to depression than when at the Briars; but still gleams of his former playfulness shone out at times. On one occasion we found him firing at a mark with pistols. He put one into my hand loaded, I believe with powder, and in great trepidation I fired it off: he often called me afterwards "*La petite tirailleure*," and said he would form a corps of sharpshooters of which I should be the captain. He then went into the house, and he took me into the billiard-room, a table having been just set up at Longwood. I remember thinking it too childish for men, and very like marbles on a larger scale. The emperor condescended to teach me how to play, but I made very little progress, and amused myself with trying to hit his imperial fingers with the balls, instead of making cannons and hazards.

Napoleon's health and activity began to decline soon after his arrival at Longwood. In consequence of the unfortunate disputes with the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, he refused to take the exercise his constitution required, and his health became visibly impaired. He was unable, consequently, to enjoy the buoyancy of spirits which probably had been the chief cause of his allowing me to be so often in his society, and distinguishing me with so much of his regard. But he never failed to treat me with the greatest tenderness and kindness.

Some months after his departure I was attacked with an alarming illness. Mr. O'Meara attended me, and at one time despaired of my recovery. The emperor's kindness in making inquiries after me, and his other attentions I can never forget. He ordered his confiseur when I became convalescent to supply me daily from his own table with every delicacy to tempt my appetite, and restore my strength.

In concluding my brief record of Napoleon I will spare my readers any lengthened expression of my own opinion of his character. I have placed before them the greater part of what occurred while I was in his society, and have thus given them, as far as I am able, the same means of judging of him as I possess myself. But yet, in a personal intercourse, incidents occur of too trivial or subtle a nature to be communicated to others, but which are still the truest indications of character, from being the results of impulse, and unpremeditated.

Even a look, a tone of the voice, a gesture, in an unreserved moment, will give an insight into the real disposition which years of a more formal intercourse would fail to convey; and this is particularly the case in the association of a person of mature age with very young people. There is generally a confiding candor and openness about them which invites confidence in return, and which tempts a man of the world to throw off the iron mask of reserve and caution, and be once more as a little child. This at least took place in my intercourse with Napoleon, and I may therefore perhaps venture to say a few words on the general impression he left on my mind, after three months daily communication with him.

The point of character which has more than any other been a subject of dispute between Napoleon's friends and his enemies, and which will ever be the most important of all in the estimation of a woman, is, whether he furnished another proof of the "close affinity between superlative intellect and the warmth of the generous affections," (to use the words of the Rev. — Crabbe, in his delightful life of his father,) or whether he is to be considered a superior kind of calculating machine, the reasoning power perfect, but the heart altogether absent.

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* I trust I may be forgiven the insertion of the following extracts from Mr. O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena."

"The Briars is the name of an estate romantically situated, about a mile and a half from Jamestown, comprising a few acres of highly-cultivated land, excellent fruit and kitchen-gardens, plentifully supplied with water, with many delightful shady walks, and long celebrated for the genuine old English hospitality of the proprietor, Mr. Balcombe.

"Nothing was left undone by this worthy family that could contribute to lessen the inconveniences of his (Napoleon's) situation."

Bourrienne, who, although conscientious and exact in the main, exhibits no partiality to the emperor, describes him as "*très peu aimant*," and reports his having said, "I have no friend except Duroc, who is unfeeling and cold, and suits me;" and this may have been true in his intercourse with the world, and with men whom he was accustomed to consider as mere machines,—the instruments of his glory and ambition: and whom he therefore valued in proportion to the sternness of the stuff they were made of. Even his brothers, whom he is said to have included in this sweeping abnegation of friendship, he taught himself to look upon as the means of carrying out his ambitious projects, and as they were not always subservient to his will, but came at times into political collision with him, his fraternal affection, which seldom resists the rude shocks of contending worldly interests, was cooled and weakened in the struggle.

But my own conviction is, that unless Napoleon's ambition interfered, to which every thing else was sacrificed, he was possessed of much sensibility and feeling, and was capable of strong attachment.

The Duchess d'Abrantes, who was intimately acquainted with Napoleon at an early age, gives him credit for much more warmth of heart than is allowed him by the world; and, brought up as she had been with himself and his family, she was well qualified to form an opinion of him.

I think his love of children, and the delight he felt in their society, and that, too, at the most calamitous period of his life, when a cold and unattachable nature would have been abandoned to the indulgence of selfish misery; in itself speaks volumes for his goodness of heart. After hours of laborious occupation, he would often permit us to join him; and that which would have fatigued and exhausted the spirits of others, seemed only to recruit and renovate him. His gaiety was often exuberant at these moments; he entered into all the feelings of young people, and when with them was a mere child, and, I may add, a most amusing one. I feel, however, even painfully, the difficulty of conveying to my readers my own impression of the disposition of Napoleon. Matters of feeling are often incapable of demonstration.

The innumerable acts of amiability and kindness which he lavished on all around him at my father's house, derived perhaps their chief charm from the way in which they were done—they would not bear being told. Apart from the sweetness of his smile and manner, their effect would have been comparatively nothing. But young people are generally keen observers of character. Their perceptive faculties are ever on the alert, and their powers of observation not the less acute, perhaps, that their reason lies dormant, and there is nothing to interrupt the exercise of their perceptions. And after seeing Napoleon in every possible mood, and in his most unguarded moments, when I am sure from his manner that the idea of acting a part never entered his head, I left him impressed with the most complete conviction of his want of guile, and the thorough amiability and goodness of his heart. That this feeling was common to almost every one who approached him, the respect and devotion of his followers at St. Helena is a sufficient proof. They had then nothing more to expect from him, and only entailed misery on themselves by adhering to his fortunes.

Shortly after he left the Briars for Longwood, I was witness to an instance of the almost worship with which he was regarded by those around him. A lady of high distinction at St. Helena, whose husband filled one of the diplomatic offices there, rode up one morning to the Briars. I happened to be on the lawn, and she requested me to show her the part of the cottage occupied by the emperor. I conducted her to the pavilion, which she surveyed with intense interest; but when I pointed out to her the crown which had been cut from the turf by his faithful adherents, she lost all control over her feelings. Bursting into a fit of passionate weeping, she sunk on her knees upon the ground, sobbing hysterically. At last she fell forward, and I became quite alarmed, and would have run to the cottage to tell my mother and procure some restoratives; but starting up, she implored me, in a voice broken by emotion, to call no one, for that she should soon be herself again. She entreated me not to mention to any one what had occurred; and proceeded to say that the memory of Napoleon was treasured in the hearts of the French people as it was in hers; and that they would all willingly die for him. She was herself a Frenchwoman, and very beautiful.

She recovered herself after some time, and put a thousand questions to me about Napoleon, the answers to which seemed to interest her exceedingly. She said several times, "How happy it must have made you to be with the emperor!"

After a long interview, she put a thick veil down over her still agitated features, and returning to her horse, mounted and rode away. For once, I kept a secret, and though questioned on the subject, I merely said she had come to see the pavilion, without betraying what had taken place.

Napoleon, on his first arrival, showed an inclination to mix in what little society St. Helena afforded, and would, I think, have continued to do so but for the unhappy differences with Sir Hudson Lowe. These at length grew to such a height, that the emperor seemed to consider it almost a point of honor to shut himself up, and make himself as miserable as possible, in order to excite indignation against the governor.

Into the merits of these quarrels it is not my intention to enter. With all my feeling of partiality for the emperor, I have often doubted whether any human being could have filled the situation of Sir Hudson Lowe, without becoming embroiled with his unhappy captive. The very title with which he was accosted, and the manner of addressing him when contrasted with the devotion of those around him, must have seemed almost insulting; and the emperor was most brusque and uncompromising in showing his dislike to any one who did not please him. The necessary restrictions on his personal liberty would always have been a fruitful source of discord. And even had Napoleon himself been inclined to submit to his fate with equanimity, it is doubtful whether his followers would have allowed him. Accustomed as they had been to the gaiety and brilliancy of the French capital, their "*séjour*," to use their own words, on that lone island, could not fail to be "*affreux*." And as they were generally the medium of communication between Napoleon and the authorities, the correspondence would necessarily be tinged with more or less of the bitterness of their feelings. Their very devotion to the emperor would make them too tenacious and exacting with regard to the deference his situation entitled him to; and thus orders and regulations, which only seemed to the authorities indispensable to his security, became a crime in their eyes, and were represented to the emperor as gratuitous and cruel insults.

Napoleon, too, in the absence of every thing more worthy of supplying food to his mighty intellect, did not disdain to interest himself in the merest trifles. My father has often described him as appearing as much absorbed and occupied in the details of some petty squabble with the governor, as if the fate of empires had been under discussion. He has often made us laugh with his account of the ridiculous way in which Napoleon spoke of Sir Hudson Lowe; but their disputes were generally on subjects so trivial, that I deem it my duty to draw a veil over these last infirmities of so noble a mind.

One circumstance I may relate.

Napoleon, wishing to learn English, procured some English books, and amongst them "Æsop's Fables" were sent him. In one of the fables the sick lion, after submitting with fortitude to the insults of the many animals who came to exult over his fallen greatness, at last received a kick in the face from the ass.

"I could have borne every thing but this," the lion said.

Napoleon showed the woodcut, and added, "It is me and your governor."

Amongst other accusations against Napoleon, some writers have said that he was deficient in courage. He always gave me the idea on the contrary of being constitutionally fearless. I have already mentioned his feats of horsemanship; and the speed with which his carriage generally tore along the narrow mountainous roads of St. Helena would have been intolerable to a timid person. I have more than once seen gentlemen, whose horses were rather skittish, obliged to turn, to their great annoyance, when the emperor approached almost at speed, and fairly take to their heels, pursued by him, until they reached an open space where they could pass his carriage without danger of their horses shying and going down a precipice.

He had a description of jaunting car, in which he yoked three Cape horses abreast in the French style. And if he got any one into this, he seldom let his victim out until he had frightened him heartily.

One day he told General Gourgaud to make his horse rear, and put his fore-paws into the carriage, to my great terror. He seemed indeed to possess *no nerves* himself, and to laugh at the existence of fear in others.

Napoleon, as far as I was capable of judging, could not be considered fond of literature. He seldom introduced the topic in conversation, and I suspect his reading was confined almost solely to scientific subjects. I have heard him speak slightingly of poets, and call them *rêveurs ;* and still I believe the most visionary of them all was the only one he ever read. But his own vast and undefined schemes of ambition seemed to have found something congenial in the dreamy sublimities of Ossian.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

From Tait's Magazine.

Thy neighbor who? son of the wild?
"All who, with me, the desert roam;
The freemen sprung from Abram's child,
Whose sword 's his life, a tent his home—
Whose steeds, with mine, have drunk the well
Of Hagar and of Ishmael."

Thy neighbor who? oh tell me, thou,
With burning cheek, and eyes of flame!—
"The iron breast—the dauntless brow—
The souls that Persia could not tame;
The free—the brave—by me led on—
The conquering bands of Marathon!"

Who were thy neighbors? name them, thou,
The sire of academic lore—
There 's something on thy noble brow
Bespeaks a spirit that can soar;
The echoes tell—while Plato smiles,
"The free of Doric lands and isles."

Who is our neighbor? Ask at Rome
The marble bust—the mould'ring heaps;—
At Ctesiphon, the Parthan's home—
His bow 's now broke, his charger sleeps—
At every mound that awes or shocks,
From Indus to the Grampian rocks.

A voice comes o'er the northern wave—
A voice from many a palmy shore—
Our neighbor who? "The free—the brave—
Our brother clansmen, red with gore,
Who battled on our left or right,
With fierce goodwill and giant might."

Who, then, 's our neighbor? Son of God,
In meekness and in mildness come!—
Oh! shed the light of life abroad,
And burst the cerements of the tomb!
Then bid earth's rising myriads move
From land to land on wings of love.

Our neighbor's home 's in every clime
Of sun-bright tint, or darker hue,—
The home of man since ancient time,
The bright green isles, 'mid oceans blue;
Or rocks, where clouds and tempests roll
In awful grandeur near the pole.

My neighbor, he who groans and toils,
The serf and slave, on hill and plain
Of Europe, or of India's soils,—
On Asia, or on Afric's main,—
Or in Columbia's marshes deep,
Where Congo's daughters bleed and weep.

Poor, sobbing thing, dark as thy sire,
Or mother sad, heartbroken, lorn—
And will they quench a sacred fire?—
And shall that child from her be torn?—
'Tis done—poor wrecks, your cup is gall;
Yet ye're my neighbors, each and all.

Who is my neighbor? Is it he
Who moves triumphant down the vale,
While shouting myriads bend the knee,
And poison all the passing gale
With adulation's rankest breath,
To one whose trade is that of death?—

Yes; he's my neighbor—he and they
Who press around yon gallant steed,
That, in the frenzy of the fray,
Has crown'd his rider's ruthless deed—
Crush'd out life's slowly ebbing flood,
And stain'd his iron hoofs in blood!

The gallant chief is passing by,
And crowds on crowds hang round his way,
And youth has lift the voice on high,
And age has bared his locks of gray;
And gentle forms, like birds on wing,
Are passing by and worshipping!

My neighbors all—each needs a sigh,
Each in due form a friendly prayer:—
"Oh! raise the low, bring down the high
To wisdom's point, and fix them there;
Where men are men, and pomp and pride
Are mark'd, and doom'd, and crucified."

Thou art my neighbor, child of pain;
And thou, lorn pilgrim, steep'd in woe;
Our neighbor she, with frenzied brain,
Whose pangs we little reck or know;
Who loved while hope and reason shone,
Nor ceased to love when both were gone.

And if on this green earth there be
One heart by baleful malice strung,
A breast that harbors ill to me,
A sland'rous, false, reviling tongue,—
My neighbor he—and I forgive;
Oh! may he turn, repent, and live.

Amicus.

Immense Bell.—An immense bell, the largest ever cast in England, weighing no less than 7 tons, 11 cwt. 2 qrs. and 12 lbs., has been shipped for Montreal, intended for the new Catholic cathedral. The bell is heavier than the Great Tom of Lincoln, by 32 cwt.—*Examiner.*

Death from Sympathy.—An inquest has been held on the body of Edward Pearson, aged 25, a coppersmith. On Tuesday last, as deceased was assisting some men to place a large roll of sheet copper into a truck in Shoe lane, it slipped aside, and was near maiming one of them. Deceased, upon witnessing the occurrence, stood motionless, and the workmen asked him if he had received any injury. It was found that he had not; but he was so greatly affected at the danger from which his fellow workman had escaped, that he trembled, and was unable to proceed with his business for more than a quarter of an hour. At twelve o'clock at night his wife found him lying insensible by her side, and in a few minutes he died. Mr. Ray, surgeon, said he thought deceased had died from disease of the heart, most probably hastened by the effects of the fright.—*Ibid.*

THE SCOTCH CHURCH

From the Examiner.

In the House of Commons, Monday, July 31, the second reading of the church of Scotland benefices bill was moved, and Sir J. **Graham** entered into a historical review of the question, from the time of the reformation down to the present time. From which it appears—1. That the exercise of lay patronage has existed since the reformation, but that it has always been viewed with great jealousy by the Presbyterian people of Scotland. 2. That the Presbyterian settlement of 1690 established, and substantially recognized three rights, namely, the right of the patron to present, the right of congregations to object, and the right of the Presbyteries, or church courts, to consider and decide upon and between the claims of the patron and the objections of the congregation. 3. That though, essentially, this has remained law and practice, the statute of Queen Anne, and subsequent usage, gave power to the patrons, and diminished or obscured the powers and rights of the people and of the church courts. 4. That the general assembly of the church of Scotland continued formally to protest against patronage, until the year 1784; but from that year, down to 1834, no protest had been adopted by the assembly, and patronage existed unquestioned and absolute. 5. That on the revival of the anti-patronage spirit in Scotland, doubts existed as to the interpretation of the right of the congregation to object; the law courts deciding, in the Auchterarder case, that the right of objection was confined to "life, learning, and doctrine," and that no presentee could be refused admission to a charge, except on grounds narrowed to these considerations. 6. But by the passing of the Veto act, the general assembly conferred on the people an absolute right of objecting to any presentee on any ground whatever, thereby overthrowing the legal rights of the patrons. 7. Hence arose the controversy—the Non-intrusionists claiming for the people and the church courts an entire and absolute right of rejection; and the law courts sustaining the rights of the patrons, whose presentees were held to be "duly qualified," and therefore entitled to the possession of their parishes, unless objected to on substantial grounds of "life, learning, or doctrine." 8. In 1840, the Earl of Aberdeen, himself a Presbyterian, brought in a bill to settle the controversy, by defining the rights both of patrons and of people, and of settling both on the old basis of the right of the patron to present, the right of the people to object, and the right and duty of the church courts to decide between patron and people. 9. That attempt having proved unsuccessful, the present government, on coming into office, could not stir until the Veto act of the assembly was rescinded, because they considered it as subverting the law of Scotland on the subject of patronage; but this being done, they proceeded to that settlement of the question which it is expected this bill will effect. The speech of Sir James Graham was occupied with the various details necessary to the elucidation of his argument. In answer to the objection, that the bill was "too late," he said that the government could not interfere while the church of Scotland was in opposition to the law of the land; but that objection having been removed by the acts of the assembly, the present measure was now introduced, (Cheers.)—Mr. **Wallace** rose to oppose the bill, which, he said, so far from removing doubts, would be the means of exciting a litigation hitherto unknown. It secured the rights of the clergy, but destroyed those of the people; and would involve the Queen in a violation of the coronation oath. He moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months.—Mr. A. B. **Cochrane** also objected to the bill.—Mr. **Rutherford** followed, expressing his surprise at the introduction of the bill at so late a period of the session. Warmly eulogizing the conduct of the seceders, who had acted from deep conscientious feeling, as evinced by no less than two hundred licentiates voluntarily abandoning those prospects which constituted the highest object of their ambition; he proceeded, in a lengthened and learned argument, to show that the original limitations on the rights of lay patronage had not been affected by subsequent enactments, as the statute of Queen Anne, and that therefore the right of the people to object generally to a presentee, and of the church courts to sustain the objection, existed in law, of which the Veto act of the assembly was an assertion. The bill professed to be "declaratory," but where was the law to be found which it professed to "declare?" Nay, if it were only declaratory, whence the necessity of announcing the consent of the crown to the introduction of the measure? The bill was, in fact, "enactive;" it changed the constitution of the church of Scotland, as secured by statute; it interfered with the rights of patrons, and altered the internal government of the church, by interfering with its judicatories; and in handing over the rights of the patrons to the church—the priesthood—it vested them in the worst depositories which could be devised, for "presbyter was but priest writ large." (Hear.) In the present temper of the people it would only aggravate all its evils, and drive more of the members of the establishment from it. (Hear.)—Sir W. **Follett** said the claims of the Non-intrusionists were such as no government could sanction or satisfy. The present measure, whose object was the removing of doubts, was acceptable to the general assembly, and those adhering to the established church.—Lord J. **Russell** said, that as the acknowledged learning and undisputed ability of the Solicitor-General had failed to answer the admirable speech of Mr. Rutherford, it was a convincing proof that there was something essentially wrong in the bill. The highest legal authorities of the House of Lords had protested against the bill as being "declaratory" of that which was not the law of Scotland; but a political majority, in order to testify their regard for Lord Aberdeen, and their confidence in his management of our foreign affairs, supported the bill, and overthrew solemn judicial decisions. (Hear.)—Sir G. **Clerk** followed, re-stating the points urged in the Solicitor-General's speech.—Mr. F. **Maule**, speaking on his own behalf and of those who, like him, have seceded with extreme sorrow, from the established church of Scotland, said that they looked on with comparative indifference as to the result of the bill. It would not withdraw one individual from the ranks of the free Presbyterian church, nor retain in the establishment any disposed to join them. Nor was it acceptable to the moderate party remaining in the church; for at a recent meeting at Edinburgh, at which Principal Macfarlane, the moderator of the general assembly, was present, a resolution was adopted to oppose the bill.—Mr. A. Campbell, in strong and emphatic terms, condemned the bill. It was an utter subversion of the constitution of Scotland, conferred upon the church courts a "Puseyite" power of investigating character, and of entering into private families, in order to weigh one objection against another, and the fate of the factories bill might have warned the government not to interfere with the evangelical party in Scotland.—Mr. H. Johnstone described the bill as a boon, which would be hailed as such by the people.—Sir R. Peel objected to many of the arguments used in the debate, as having no bearing on the question before the house. The constitution and spirit of Presbyterianism gave the people the right of objection, and the Presbyteries the right of decision; and this, which was the usage from the earliest times, was the leading feature of the bill. He called on them, therefore, to confirm the principle, by carrying the second reading, leaving details for future discussion.—The house divided—for the second reading, 98; against it, 80: majority, 18,

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TREES.

From the Athenæum.

Like the latest left of the battle-spears,
In their ancient strength they stand;
And they tell us still of the sylvan years
When the forests filled the land;
Ere ever a hunter tracked the wood,
Or mariner plough'd the seas,
But the isles were green in the solitude
Of their old primeval Trees.

They have survived the Druid's faith,
And the Roman eagle's fall,
And the thrilling blast of the bugle's breath
From the Norman's knightly hall;
But the sun shines bright, and the showers descend,
And the wild bird's home is made,
Where the ancient giants still extend
The green of their summer shade.

We have seen our early winters hang
Their pearls on each leafless bough,
And greeted the buds of the waking Spring
With a joy we know not now;
For Life hath its winters cold and hoar,
But their frosts can form no gem;
And the Spring may breathe on our hearts no more,
But it still returns to them.

They are waving o'er our hamlet roofs,
They are bending o'er our dead,
And the odors breathed from his native groves,
On the exile's heart they shed;
Like him who gazed on his country's palm,
By the palace-circled Seine,
Till the Pagod rose in the wanderer's dream,
And the Ganges rolled again.

How sweet in our childhood's ear they spoke,
For we knew their voices well,
When far in our western hills they woke,
Of the coming Spring to tell;
But now they send us a sadder sound,
On the winds of Autumn eves,
For it murmurs of wisdom more profound,
But it tells of withered leaves.

O, such were the Dryad tones that rose
In the Grecian woods of old,
And the voice from the Indian wilderness,
That the conqueror's fate foretold;
For many a minstrel's dream had birth
In the sounds of leaf and breeze,
And the early oracles of earth
Were the old complaining Trees!

Frances Brown.

A Fire-proof Powder Magazine.—The Times mentions that an experiment took place on Wednesday at Paine's wharf, Westminster, for the purpose of testing the capabilities of a magazine to contain powder in ships of war, recently patented by Mr. J. A. Holdsworth, as being impervious to fire, though subjected on all sides to the greatest possible degree of heat. A model of a magazine, about nine feet square, was placed on the wharf within a few feet of the water's edge. This model is formed of a double set of thin iron plates, riveted together at about two inches and a half asunder, the hollow being filled with water and supplied from a vat placed somewhat above the level of the magazine and entering it through a pipe inserted in the lower part of the model. A channel of communication exists through every side, as well as the top and bottom, and from the upper surface a second pipe conveys the stream of water back to the vat from which it is supplied. The door of the magazine is hung on hinges, made hollow, and guarded from leaking by stuffing boxes, so that the water flows into the door through one hinge and out through the other. The patentee having explained the principle of his invention, placed a quantity of combustible matter within the model, over which some gunpowder was laid on a sheet of paper. A registering thermometer having been placed inside, the door was closed and a stack of dry timber, deposited on every side of the model, was set a-light. The fire was kept up more than half an hour, and the water rose to very nearly boiling heat, continually passing in a stream through the upper pipe into the reservoir containing cold water. On the door being opened, the combustible matters and powder were found to be perfectly uninjured, and the highest point to which the mercury had risen within the model was marked at 100 degrees of Fahrenheit. A somewhat similar principle has been applied to the stoker's room in the *Victoria and Albert* royal steam yacht, where the bulkheads have been constructed of two plates of sheet-iron, instead of wood faced with iron, a stream of water constantly flowing between, by which means the temperature of the engine-room is kept cool.—*Athenæum.*

The Rev. Mr. Mahoney, better known as Father Prout, has received from government an appointment in the University of Valetta at Malta. —*Ibid.*

NIEBUHR'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Nachgelassene Schriften B. G. NIEBUHR'S *nicht-philologischen Inhalts.* (Posthumous Works of B. G. NIEBUHR, other than Philological.) Hamburg: Perthes. 1842.

WE believe that no modern biographical publication has excited so deep and general an interest as the 'Life and Letters of Niebuhr,' (*Lebensnachrichten,*) which appeared about five years ago. The judgment displayed in the compilation of the work is worthy of the rich materials on which it is exercised. The curiosity of the studious and learned to know the circumstances that attended the development of his marvellous historical capacity is fully gratified, and we are not aware of any letters or memoirs which so fully illustrate the political events of the time. But the book has a higher value still, as a picture of Niebuhr in his individual character, and in his social and domestic relations. His letters are tender and communicative from the warmth of his nature; and on serious subjects, although the best of them are addressed to a woman His first wife, and her sister Dorè Hensler, who was his chief correspondent, were fortunately for him not among the multitude of well-meaning women, who cultivate a frivolous indifference to every pursuit which can interest a reasonable man beyond the narrow limits of his own domestic circle.

Those who are already familiar with Niebuhr's personal history will find in the volume before us an interesting supplement to the *Lebensnachrichten;* but its character is not directly biographical. More than half of it consists of letters descriptive of Holland, which he wrote to his family in Holstein, during his residence on a financial mission to Amsterdam, in 1808 and 1809. The remainder of the collection contains political essays, written at different periods of his life from 1806 to 1830. The account of Holland probably retains a great part of its original value: the shorter essays belong more exclusively to their own time, and though still instructive partake of the obsoleteness of fulfilled or unfulfilled prophecies. Whatever Niebuhr wrote was so thoroughly characteristic of himself, that every part of the publication tends almost equally to illustrate his life and opinions, and requires some knowledge of his history before it can be fully appreciated. A slight biographical sketch will, therefore, not be foreign to our present purpose.

Barthold George Niebuhr was born at Copenhagen on the 27th of August, 1776. His father, Carsten Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller, had resided in that capital since his return from the East; but in 1778 he removed to Meldorf, in Holstein, once a principal town in the Republic of Dithmarsch, where for the rest of his life he remained as *Landschreiber*, or collector of the revenues. He was a man of extraordinary energy, accurate in observation, and thoroughly practical in character; but his own early education had been neglected, and he could contribute little to the vast amount of knowledge which his son began from his childhood to collect. He taught him, however, to speak French and English, and gave him valuable instructions in geography, his own favorite science. Above all, he impressed him with an early interest in contemporary history, and with a view to an appointment which he hoped to procure for him as a writer in the service of the East India Company, he provided him with a constant supply of English newspapers. The future historian received no direct philological tuition except during part of his thirteenth year, under Jäger, who was master of the school at Meldorf. Yet, when he left his father's house at the age of eighteen, for the University of Kiel, he was already a widely-read scholar, and an original speculator in history and politics. His delicate health had made him sedentary, and his boyhood had been spent among books. Through life the strength of his memory enabled him to retain whatever he read, and it was probably fortunate that his unguided taste led him to study original authors only, where teachers would have led him to dissipate his attention among the labors of commentators. But he always regretted his bookish education. It had made him, as he knew, in childhood *altklug*, too old for his age. It had cut one essential portion out of his life, and it was probably the cause of a certain stiffness and intolerance, which seems to us not unfrequently to accompany his judgment of men and things.

He occupied two years at Kiel in severe study, and in 1790 became private secretary to Schimmelmann, the Minister of Finance at Copenhagen; soon afterward he accepted an appointment in the Royal Library, and after pursuing his studies there for some time, determined to complete his education in England, and arrived there in the summer of 1798. His professed object was to become acquainted with practical life on the only existing field of free political action; but his early habits prevailed.

He soon left England for Edinburgh, and pertinaciously preferred books and lectures, which he might have found on the Continent, to the opportunities which offered themselves of observing actual life. In 1799 he returned to Holstein, and in a few months afterwards settled for a second time at Copenhagen, with the office of assessor in the commercial department of East India affairs, and secretary to the commission for the affairs of Barbary. At the same time he married Amalie Behrens, to whom he had been betrothed before his visit to England. She was the sister of Dorè Hensler, with whom Niebuhr had formed a friendship at Kiel, in the house of Professor Hensler, the father of her deceased husband. There was never a more fortunate union. His wife interested herself in all Niebuhr's schemes, in his studies, and his historical speculations, and fully shared in the public anxieties which henceforth, for many years, engrossed a great portion of his thoughts.

His deep hatred of France must have increased the anxiety and regret which accompanied his first actual experience of the evils of the European war, when Denmark, by joining the coalition of the North, incurred the hostility of England. In March, 1801, the approach of the English fleet was known at Copenhagen, and Niebuhr shared in the hopes of the Danes, that their desperate courage might succeed. His letters at the time are singularly interesting to an Englishman. On the 24th of March, he anticipates from the presence of Nelson, a furious attack on the port. Four days afterwards, he relies in some degree on the impracticability of the channels, and the rapid progress of the batteries. On the 3d of April, he relates how the English had surveyed the navigation, found new channels, marked them out with buoys, turned the defences, and fought the battle, which was as honorable to the courage of the defeated party, as to the skill and daring of Nelson.

When this temporary disturbance had passed away, Niebuhr resumed his course of official and intellectual activity. In 1803 he was employed on a financial mission in different parts of Germany; and in the following year he became a member of the board for the affairs of Barbary, and director of the government bank. During the same period, although his days were occupied with business, and a great part of his evenings in reading aloud to his wife, he acquired a considerable knowledge of Arabic, continued his investigations of Roman antiquity, and wrote or commenced essays on various subjects, one of which contained the principle of his great discovery of the tenure of the public lands of Rome, and of the purpose of the different agrarian laws. His first publication was a notice of the Life of William Leyel, a governor, during the seventeenth century, of the Danish possessions in India. The volume of Posthumous Works contains a translation of the Danish original, which appeared in a periodical, called 'Det Skandinaviske Litteraturselskabs Skrifter,' in 1805. His next work was a German translation of the first Philippic of Demosthenes, written after the defeat of Austria and Russia at Austerlitz, with a feeling of the imminent danger impending over Europe from the Philip of modern times. Twenty-five years afterwards, when the Revolution of July renewed the fear of French aggression in Germany, the translation was remembered by his friends, and reprinted. Personal discontent with Schimmelmann, and a growing desire to identify himself with the national struggle of Germany against Napoleon, induced him to accept an offer of the post of joint bank director at Berlin, under Stein, who was at that time finance minister; and he arrived at Berlin in October, 1806, a few days before the battle of Jena. Immediately afterwards all official persons were obliged to leave the capital to escape the French, and Niebuhr accompanied Stein to Königsberg, Dantzic, and the head quarters of the army of Bartenstein, where he was engaged in the financial and commissariat department. The battle of Friedland, in May, 1807, drove the court over the Russian border, and Niebuhr was induced by the earnest entreaty of Hardenberg to accompany them to Riga. The treaty of Tilsit, in July, occasioned the dismissal of the prime minister, and Niebuhr became a member of a commission for conducting the administration till the return of Stein to the head of affairs.

In the universal depression of the time, it was evident that the most pressing business was to find money for the subsidy, which the French demanded as the condition of evacuating the remaining dominions of Prussia, and Stein selected Niebuhr for a mission to Holland, for the purpose of negotiating a loan. In November he left Memel, with his wife, for Berlin and Hamburg, and after a short visit to his relations in Holstein, arrived in Amsterdam in March, 1808. With his characteristic love of knowledge, he had found the means, in Riga and Memel, of learning the Russian and old Slavonic languages; and about this time, his father proudly tells a friend, that Barthold now knew twenty languages. His residence in Holland gave him abundant leisure, but he had few books, and no literary society; he interested himself however in acquiring the knowledge of the country, of which the results are contained in the Circular Letters to his father and friends, which are now, for the first time, published. The wretched condition of Prussia, and the uncertainty whether Napoleon might even permit its continued existence, made it difficult to transact the commission with which he had been entrusted. The capitalists showed no disposition to lend money, and the financial difficulties of his own kingdom indisposed King Louis to sanction or encourage the withdrawal of a large sum of money from the country. A prospect of success appeared in the spring of 1809, which seems to have been occasioned by the interference of the French government, with a view, when Austria was arming for a new contest, both to procure money for the campaign, and to render the army which occupied Prussia disposable for active service. The negotiation, however, ultimately failed; and after a three months' visit to his friends, Niebuhr rejoined the court at Königstein, in August, 1809. The campaign of Wagram again disappointed him, but the increased severity of the struggle, and the evident advance of national spirit in Germany, gave him better hopes for future times, than he had entertained after the defeats of Austerlitz and Jena. Henceforth he became more cheerful in his views of public events, though as yet there appeared no probability that the existing generation would witness the liberation of Prussia. He now became a privy-councillor, and entered on a wide sphere of official duties, involving the management of the national debt, of the paper currency, the financial part of the alienation of the demesnes, the salt monopoly, and a superintendence over the provincial debts, and over private banks. The reputation which had procured him the original invitation to leave Copenhagen, was justified by his financial success; but he considered that he was secretly thwarted by Hardenberg, who retained the king's confidence, though not in office; and when that minister returned to power in 1810, Niebuhr, with some difficulty, obtained permission to resign his employments, and with the rank of royal historiographer, joined the University of Berlin, which opened under the first scholars of Germany, at Michaelmas in the same year.

To himself and to the world this change was the most fortunate event of his life. In the full vigor of life, enjoying perfect leisure, unmixed domestic happiness, and the society of such men as Heindorf, Schleiermacher, and Savigny, he now commenced the Lectures on Roman History, which formed the basis of his great work. They were received by all competent judges with approbation and gratitude, and the first edition of his history, which appeared in the course of two years, though the abtruse disquisitions of which it mainly consisted prevented it from obtaining general popularity, at once established his reputation among learned men, as the most original and successful of all inquirers into Roman antiquity. He probably never felt so thoroughly satisfied as during this period of untroubled industry; but a time of more intoxicating interest approached, when the world was aroused by the event of the Russian campaign.

As soon as the war was resolved on, Niebuhr applied for an appointment in the secretariat department; but in the event of not obtaining it he had resolved to serve as a volunteer in the ranks of the *Landwehr*. He had, before the war commenced, like many others, practised the infantry exercise in secret, and he now, with the full consent of his tender and noble wife, renounced the exemption from personal service to which he was entitled as a professor of the university. In the meantime he undertook the editorship of the 'Prussian Correspondent,' a paper devoted to the advancement of the national enthusiasm. A portion of his addresses to his countrymen through this medium, will be found in the 'Posthumous Works.' In April, 1813, he was summoned to the head-quarters of the allies at Dresden, to arrange with General Stewart, now Marquis of Londonderry, the terms of the English subsidy. In the autumn he went to meet the English commissioners at Amsterdam, and remained there till the end of the war. His enthusiastic devotion to the cause of freedom, his pride and confidence in the army, and his just hatred of the foreign tyrant, made him from the first sanguine of success, even during the armistice, when Metternich was promising assistance to both parties, with an accumulation of promises perhaps unparalleled even in the annals of diplomatic falsehood. The result of the peace disappointed him. He had hoped that Germany might be restored to its old frontier on the left of the Rhine, and he deeply resented the opposition of England to the claims of Prussia at the congress of Vienna. It was natural that he should regret that Hanover and Prussia received the district of Hadeln to the south of the Elbe, which was the country of the long line of Frisian yeomen, from which he was himself descended. We can less sympathize with his indignation at the failure of the Prussian claim to the whole of Saxony, which he supported in a pamphlet which attracted great attention. In the hope that a new war would give increased influence to Prussia, he heard, not without satisfaction, of the sudden breaking up of the congress by the news of the flight from Elba. In the course of the winter he had given the crown prince, now King of Prussia, lessons in finance and politics. He mentions in one of his letters, that he has not without difficulty impressed the young prince with due respect for the sound and manly character of the much-abused Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great.

The triumph of the allies and the final overthrow of Napoleon would have given him abundant cause for rejoicing; but in April his father died at the age of eighty-two, and on the 20th June his wife expired in his arms. From this loss he never fully recovered. For many years he could not bear to recommence his history without the companion to whom he had from his youth been accustomed to think aloud; yet it was for her sake that he afterwards resumed his great work, because she for his sake had on her deathbed urged him to complete it. But he could not live alone; and the prospect of solitude became unbearably oppressive to him, when he had accepted from Hardenberg the appointment of minister at Rome, with a view to the arrangement of terms for the government of the Catholic Church in the Prussian dominions. He had persuaded Dorè Hensler, his wife's sister, to accompany him; but in the summer of 1816 he married the niece of her husband, Gretchen Hensler, whom Madame Hensler had educated, and who had now accompanied her to Berlin. She kindly shared in Niebuhr's regrets for Amalie, and by degrees won him over to a calmer and more cheerful view of the future. In the previous winter he had occupied himself in continuing his instructions to the crown prince, and in writing several pamphlets, and shortly before his marriage he published the life of his father, the best example we are acquainted with of a concise and characteristic biography.

In the month of July he set out with his wife for Italy, and arrived at Rome in October. On his way he found, with satisfaction, the estimation in which he was held by learned men in the south of Germany, and at Verona he discovered the fragments of Gaius, which were afterwards published at Berlin. The chancellor, Hardenberg, had promised to send his instructions immediately, but it was four years before he received them, and in the mean time he had little business to transact. When the instructions arrived in 1820, he was occupied by the anxiety for himself and his family, occasioned by the outbreak of the contemptible Neapolitan revolution. We have heard curious anecdotes of the abject cowardice of the Roman authorities, which might well justify him in apprehending danger from the no less cowardly patriots. If we remember rightly, Niebuhr applied to the governor of the castle of St. Angelo for an asylum for his family during the apprehended siege. The governor declared it would be impossible to resist, although he admitted that assistance might be expected in a few days. "You have plenty of guns on your walls," said Niebuhr. "True," shrugged the Roman general, "but who will fire them?" The danger, such as it was, soon passed over. When the Austrian army, dragging with it the perjured and frightened king, was checked on the frontier by want of money, Niebuhr used the credit of his government and of his own name to supply them, a service acknowledged by the transmission from the Emperor of the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold. He had already conciliated the warm regard of the Pope, and of his minister, Cardinal Consalvi; and he facilitated the conclusion of the arrangements with the Papal Court, by conceding the honor of the settlement of the terms to Hardenberg, who visited Rome at the time. He was a sincere friend to the independence and security of the Catholic Church, though his residence in the country had imbued him with profound disgust for the mummeries of modern Italian paganism, to which he seriously preferred the more serious and manly religion under which the old Republic had conquered and civilized the world. But he thought central despotism in all cases bad, and he felt that the church was entitled to be treated with good faith.

In the spring of 1823 he returned to Germany, having, at the wish of his government, withdrawn an application for his recall, on condition of obtaining leave of absence for a year. He had himself no inclination to leave Rome, for the climate, which at first had increased his hypochondriac depression, became agreeable to him on further experience; and he felt that an absence of seven years had thrown him out of the current of political interests. But his wife disliked Italy, and found the effects of the climate injurious to her health; and he had now four children, whom he was anxious to bring up with the language and associations of Germany. The eldest of them, his son Marcus, was born in the year 1817, and had, from his cradle, occupied a great share of Niebuhr's thoughts and affections. Nothing else could have so effectually cured the melancholy which still oppressed him from the loss of Amalie. He had always loved children, and he became devoted to his own. Before his son could think or speak, he pleased himself with plans for teaching him, and with resolutions such as many fathers have formed and failed in keeping, for avoiding all the defects which had accompanied the formation of his own character. When the child could understand him, he began to tell him stories of the ancient gods and heroes, and was equally delighted with the appreciation or indifference which might, in either case, be referred to some promising quality. His anecdotes of the infantine excellences of Marcus, and Amalie, and Cornelia, constantly communicated to Dorè Hensler, are among the most agreeable portions of his correspondence. Marcus Niebuhr has contributed to his father's memory the present collection of his posthumous works.

M. Bunsen, his worthy successor at Rome, now so well known and highly esteemed in England, has contributed to the *Lebensnachrichten* a very interesting account of 'Niebuhr, as a diplomatist at Rome.' His income did not allow him, or his inclination lead him, to give great entertainments, or compete in splendor with some others of the diplomatic body; but he made it a rule to expend the whole of his official revenue, and his house, his purse, and his advice, were at the service of his countrymen, if deserving. The artists received a peculiar share of his attention and friendship. He anticipated the world in appreciating Cornelius, and the more earnest and religious race of painters, who were then preparing a change in the character of German art. He found in them, however, a want of general knowledge, and a one-sidedness, which, we believe, to be one of the many reasons which account for the inferiority of modern painters; and it was only with such men as Bunsen, or Brandis, that he could enter upon the vast variety of subjects which his knowledge embraced. The warmest friendship of his latter years he formed with Count de Serre, at that time French ambassador at Naples, and it was partly with a view to facility of intercourse with him, when he should return to France, that Niebuhr determined, in the autumn of 1823, to fix his residence at Bonn. In the following year he lost his friend, with whom he had for the last time parted at Naples.

About this time an attack on his 'History' was fortunately published by Steinacker, which led him, in preparing to answer it, to a discovery of the character of the third great change in the Roman constitution. He immediately determined to resume and remodel his work, and thought it a good omen that his resolution was formed on the anniversary of his betrothal to Amalie. In the long interval which had elapsed since the discontinuance of the work, his views had been gradually ripening and expanding, and he had acquired much valuable knowledge of Italian topography and antiquities, and of the municipal constitutions of the middle ages, which were immediately derived from those of the Roman provincial towns. The king allowed him to resign his post as ambassador, with a pension equal to his salary, and in 1824 and 1825 he was detained for a considerable time at Berlin, to share in the financial deliberations of the Council of State. He refused, however, every offer of a civil appointment, and made a proposal, which the ministry accepted, to attach himself as an independent member of the University of Bonn. His new duties, and the continuation of his 'History,' occupied the remainder of his life. He lectured on Greek and Roman history, on universal and modern history, and on other subjects of the same class. In August, 1826, on the eve of his fiftieth birthday, he completed the second edition of the first volume of his 'History.'

He afterwards still further altered the first volume in a third edition, and remodelled the second volume, notwithstanding an inconsiderate undertaking to superintend an edition of the Byzantine historians. In February, 1829, a part of his house was burnt, and a portion of the manuscript of his history unfortunately destroyed. He immediately began to exert himself to repair the loss, and the second volume was published in July, 1830. The preface expresses the sorrow and alarm with which the French revolution, which took place in that month, had overwhelmed him. Henceforth he lived in a constant state of anxiety for the results of the new relation in which France seemed to stand to Europe. On the 24th of December, 1830, he caught a cold in returning on a cold night from the public news room, where he had been reading the trial of the ministers of Charles X. On the 2d January, 1831, he died. His wife attended him night and day till she also sickened. Nine days after her husband she died of a broken heart, and was buried in the same grave. The volume before us contains an engraving of a bas-relief by Rauch, which has been placed over their tomb by the pious affection of Niebuhr's pupil and steady friend, the crown prince, now the King of Prussia.

Niebuhr's character was one of strict and inflexible honesty and of earnestness, not too great, but too minute. He seems to have always desponded of success, in some degree because, circumstances compelling him through life to act under the control of others, his convictions were too strong to allow him to be satisfied when they were overruled. He had great influence with Stein, and perfect confidence in his intentions; but the moment that he was removed from the opportunity of personal intercourse with him, he distrusted his judgment, and attributed the misfortunes in which he was involved to the defects of his character. He was irritable, querulous, and hypochondriac; distrustful, like most experienced men, of the affection of his friends, but not like them content to let go what cannot be retained. It is possible that he may have possessed undeveloped powers for governing men. He always thought that he had the natural qualifications of a military commander. We are quite certain that he had not those of a subordinate officer; but it is probable he may have had some ground for his opinion, besides the geographical *coup d'œil*, and the familiarity with military history, which he undoubtedly possessed. On the other hand we can see proofs that he was habitually unpunctual, the fault generally of calmer-minded men; and we suspect that he would have always anticipated defeat like Nicias or Paullus Æmilius.

In all his letters there is scarcely an attempt at wit or playfulness; but a man of ability, whose temperament leads him to express the contempt which he must often feel, cannot help being sometimes humorous. "It is unjust to the Romans," he said, "to say that no true word ever comes out of their mouths. In every visit, they utter at least one truth in their form of taking leave, 'Now I will relieve you of the annoyance.' (Adesso le leverò l'incommodo)."—*Lebensnachrichten*, vol. iii. p. 312. "How I enjoyed," he writes in one of the circular letters from Amsterdam, "the contempt of a fine lady for my stupidity and ignorance," (in not being able to play at *bouillotte*:) "I enjoyed it so much that it made the evening quite endurable. I enjoyed too the really unutterable miserableness of a young Parisian gentleman, who pleased the lady as much as I was despised by her; I blessed the conscription which drives such rabble by thousands on balls and bayonets. To such people, a prince says quite justifiably, (not cruelly, like the address to the honorable guards: Do you want to live for ever, you hounds?) but, why do you want to live, you hounds, when death is the only reputable moment of your lives?" *Nachgelassene Schriften*, p. 38. We have heard an expression applied by him to Canning, in conversation with an eminent English scholar, which showed a familiarity with the most forcible parts of our language that renders it almost impossible to quote, even if we had his friend's authority for doing so. With such exceptions as these he seems to have been constitutionally grave and serious.

His talents and attainments were, as we have called them, wonderful. He became one of the greatest scholars in Europe while he was engaged in the details of finance and banking. His knowledge of past history included all nations; his acquaintance with the affairs of foreign states embraced the minutest details. He discusses the French law of election, the calculations of an English budget, the Spanish funds, the Swiss constitution, with an accuracy and familiarity which would have been remarkable in a native of the country under consideration. One source of his information consisted in newspapers, particularly those published in London; but his reading also included reviews, pamphlets, parliamentary reports, novels, travels, and all other miscellaneous kinds of literature, which are generally despised by severe students. Wherever he travelled he talked to persons of every class, if possible on the subjects with which they were most familiar; and he seldom failed to learn some domestic custom or provincial word, which threw light on his historical speculations at the same time that he attained his main object of understanding practically the working of every-day life.

It was this knowledge of the present, which enabled him to realize to himself the condition of the ancient world. A mere comparison of authorities might assist his researches, but never satisfied him: more frequently it was but a process of verification, to justify his discoveries to the world. Knowing what a State must be to fulfil the conditions of political existence, he sought for a point of view from which he could contemplate it as a whole, and a sound historical instinct taught him that what he saw was true or false. He always said that his discoveries flashed upon him, and were only confirmed by his investigations. He saw that things must be so, and found that they were so. And yet the dullest student could not be more conscientiously laborious than Niebuhr. In his whole life he never used a second-hand quotation without citing his immediate authority; and he never wilfully neglected the minutest detail which might support or invalidate his theories. The obscurity in which some of the proofs which his history contains are involved, arises from the difficulty which an ordinary reader finds in occupying the position from which it is necessary to contemplate them.

It is not easy to give a definition of his political opinions, though in themselves they were sufficiently positive and decided. He was not devoted to monarchy, he disliked aristocracy, he loathed jacobinism. His view of public affairs was above all things historical. He watched the practical working and not the letter of a constitution, and valued it as he found that it led to free political action in individuals and corporations, respect for chartered rights in high and low, and perpetuity of the forms of institutions. Uniformity and equality he thought incompatible with freedom, except among a simple, agricultural population. In the complicated social system of modern Europe, he thought that privileged interests, local jealousy of interference, and practical self-government, were necessary as safeguards against the crushing weight of central despotism. The nearest approximation to ideal perfection he saw in the best times of the Roman Republic. He considered national feeling a better bond of union than political sympathy, and his indignation against Canning was founded on his attempt to make England the representative of popular opinion in opposition to the absolute monarchs of the continent. In the application of his principles to events, as they arose, the vehemence of his temperament certainly predisposed him to exaggerate the importance of transient occurrences; and perhaps he wanted that practical tact, which he appreciated so highly in Englishmen, as the result of their unconscious political education in the course of the discharge of the public duties of their respective stations. On the other hand he had a degree of honesty, which an Englishman can very seldom possess, accustomed and expected as he is to take his opinions in bundles, from the organs or leaders of his party, and anticipating, as he generally does, that his private interests may be affected by his political form of creed. Niebuhr had not even the temptation to belong to a party, and he was quite free from selfishness.

When he was appointed in 1808 to negotiate the loan in Holland, he looked forward with pleasure to the opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the ancient institutions, and with the social character of the country. Not only the glorious history of the United Provinces, but the old local laws and customs of the fen-districts, strongly interested him, from the illustration which he expected to find in them of the earlier history of his ancestors, the Frisians of Hadeln, and of the sturdy republicans of Dithmarsch, among whose descendants he had been brought up. He determined from the first to write a journal in the form of letters to his friends in Holstein, with a view to the possibility of ultimate publication. The subjects of the letters are various; but a large portion of them is devoted to the details of fen-husbandry, and geological speculations on the origin of the country, for the information of his father, who was not only a scientific observer, but a zealous farmer and land-improver, and in his official capacity interested in the management of the sea-dikes. The old man took the warmest interest in the accounts which he received, and wrote minute and detailed answers, which Niebuhr at one time proposed to publish. He describes with pleasure the energy with which his father attended to his farm a few years before, crossing the ten-foot drains which divided the fields, at the age of seventy, with a leaping-pole.

Leaving Hamburg with his wife in February, 1808, he travelled by the road of Osnabrück and Bentheim into Holland. On his way he admired the Westphalian character, which Stein had taught him to respect, and wondered at the rudeness of their cabins, and the wildness of their morasses. "I can easily believe," he says, "that the old Germans lived in just such houses, when the old Romans sought them out in these bogs, where it is still far more disagreeable to travel than in Poland or Russia. How the Romans must have despaired, when they were quartered in such a country." In all the Hanoverian dominions, he observes, from the non-interference of the government, each district administered its own affairs; and when the time of need came, people who understood their several neighborhoods came into power; and "effected infinitely more than with us in Prussia, when the States had decayed and degenerated, and all local knowledge was confined to salaried officials." He arrived in Amsterdam early in March.

Louis Bonaparte, the most amiable and benevolent of his family, was then in the second year of his short and unsuccessful reign over a mutilated territory, which contained not more than a million and a half of inhabitants. He devoted himself to the utmost to restore the prosperity of his adopted country, and resisted as far as possible the disposition of Napoleon to make use of it as a province of France. But it was impossible to relieve the distress of the country while England blockaded its coasts, and occupied its colonies. The deficit of the finances constantly increased, and when in the following year, Napoleon, weary of the conscientiousness of his brother, annexed his kingdom to the empire, the arbitrary act by which he cancelled two-thirds of the national debt had become almost necessary. The king received Niebuhr with kindness and courtesy, and won his entire personal esteem; but he could feel little interest in the modern system of administration; and his attention was principally directed either to the recollections of the Republic, or to the custom and national character which survive all political changes.

He admired and studied the celebrated charitable establishments, in which Amsterdam probably surpasses any part of Europe, and he even formed a scheme for employing the judgment and benevolence of Madame Hensler in the superintendence of one of them. He could no doubt easily have accounted for the fact that organized systems of charity succeed better among a monied than a landed community. The great works of art in which both divisions of the Netherlands are so rich, were also fully appreciated by him, and he visited with respect the monuments of the heroes of the Republic, the Ruyters, De Witts, and Barneveldts. Another class of monuments in the cathedral at Utrecht gave occasion to different reflections. "'What great lords are buried here?' said the old woman who showed the church: ay, all lords of quality and rank—those whose names I read were historically unknown to me. And how should it be otherwise? except the Wassenaers, no man of noble family has distinguished himself in the history of the Republic. They were the originators of the enormities by which three Stadtholders, William I. and II., and Maurice, have stained their reputation; and it is remarkable that the province in which the nobility predominated, Gueldres, always betrayed freedom, and tried not merely to aid but to tempt the House of Orange to assume the sovereignty; and also always evaded burdens, and was rated in its quota disproportionately low. All the great men of the Republic were plebeians, (and truly it had many great men,) except Admiral Opdam, who was a Wassenaer, and therefore a nobleman of Holland; in which province the collective knightly body had only one vote, and eighteen towns had one each. The event of a burgher, De Ryk, extorting from the noble commander of the *Watergeuyen* (*Gueux*) their consent to go to Briel, was the foundation of the freedom of the Netherlands. * * * * I remembered my feelings at the spots where the plebeian heroes, poets, and historians rested: as at Leyden too I will make a pilgrimage to the graves of my beloved philologers. One great man and his children are immortal here: but William I. came from Nassau, where Stein was born, and has lived. That must be a fine climate for keeping good old blood as well as old Rhenish wine."

In one of the letters he sums up the principal result of his investigations into the dialects of the Netherlands. He found that the Low Dutch of Holland, Flanders, and Brabant, was unintelligible to the country people of Friesland and Grönningen, who still speak a dialect of the ancient Frisian. On the eastern border he found the language passing into Low Saxon and into Frisian. On the north, between the Maas and the Rhine, there is a mixture of High and Low Dutch, which he attributed to the occupation of the country by the Franks. With some difficulty he procured two books written in ancient Frisian, and mastered the grammar of the language, which, as he says, had never been investigated before: with this key he examined the question of the old divisions of the country.

"1. In old times, as in the seventh century, the Yssel formed the boundary between the Frisians and Saxons, so that all the country west of this river, excepting a portion of Veluve, belonged to

Friesland, which was bounded on the south by the Maas. The Zuyder-zee, or as it was then called, the Vlie, was still only an inland lake, and Friesland extended along the coast to the north as far as Schleswig. Inland it reached at most points as far as the great morasses, which extend from Overyssel and Drenthe, through Westphalia, into the county of Hoya—these were the northern limits of the Westphalian Saxons, and I find that the word which I heard in Suhlingen and supposed to be Frisian, really belongs to this language. Overyssel is therefore purely Saxon. 2. The ancient inhabitants of Brabant, Flanders, and the country between the Maas and the Rhine, before and under the Romans, *seem* to have been of the same race as the Frisians. But in the last-mentioned country, and in the Betuve, the Franks settled in the fourth century, and altered the dialect still more than in the countries west of the Maas, where they never were so numerous. However, here as well as there, it was their supremacy which affected the language most. 3. Low Dutch is not an original language, but Frisian modified by the influence of Frankish and Saxon. The most distinctive words are originally Frisian, and indigenous in no other German dialect. This appears especially in the particles, which in all languages are least borrowed, and therefore the most characteristic parts of it. All words in Hollandish, which resemble Danish or English, and vary from German, are Frisian. 4. The mixture of Frankish arose through the conquest and settlement of the Franks: that of Saxon, through the circumstance that Low Saxon was from early times the written language of these regions. Thence comes the Low Dutch mode of spelling, which deceives the Low Saxon; for many words are spelt as they formerly were with us, but pronounced quite differently. Hence it is that the sound *u* is designated by *oe*. They pronounce *mûd*, *blûd*, *hûd*, *mûder*, and write, as they formerly did with us, *moed*, *bloed*, *hoed*, *moeder*. 5. In the thirteenth century the present language of Holland already existed, and was nearer to German than now."

He afterwards found, during a visit to the northern provinces, that the dialect of Gröningen approximated to Low German, (*Plattdeutsch*,) both in pronunciation and in many words: *Koolzaat*, *coleseed*, for instance, being used instead of the Hollandish *Rapzaat*, *rapeseed*. In the old Frisian language he discovered the origin of the names of the great provinces of Zeeland and Holland.

"A district with independent administration (*selbständige Landschaft*) was called in old Frisian a *Zeeland*, and this is the true origin, unknown, I believe to any Dutchman, of the name of the province which was also Frisian before the Frankish conquest: just as the name *Holland* is Frisian, and signifies *Hauptland*, (*head or chief land*:) this I have proved even to the Hollanders, to whom, even to the historical inquirers among them, Frisian is as strange as Greenlandish."

In determining the extent of the ancient Frisian territory, Niebuhr applied geological observations and theories to the explanation of the fragmentary information which he was able to collect. He had, in common probably with other strangers, and, as he says, with most natives of the country, supposed Holland to be naturally a salt-marsh. On arriving at Amsterdam, he was surprised by finding that the piles on which the city stands, were fixed in a peat-bog, and by inquiry he found that there was not even a word corresponding to *marsh* in Low Dutch or in Frisian. He describes the province of Holland as consisting almost entirely of peat soil, such as in Wales and its borders is called Rhos, with abundance of peat-bogs, which he supposes to have been formed on sandbanks originally covered by the sea, and forming receptacles for masses of driftwood. Zeeland, which he had no opportunity of visiting, he ascertained, with some difficulty, to consist of salt-marsh. The islands in the Maas he found to be fresh water marshes, and some parts of Friesland to consist also of salt-marsh; but by far the greater portion of the surface of the Dutch Netherlands is occupied by *mooren*, or peat-morasses. To the north-east, in Drenthe and Gröningen he found uplands which form the western limit of the granite boulders, which, as is well known, are scattered over the whole width of the great plain which lies south of the German ocean and the Baltic. The Frisian name for a dry upland he observed to be the same which is used in Yorkshire, *wold;* but in some proper names, as *Rinsmageest*, they retain the North German *Geest*, which may perhaps also be traced in some English names, as Hergest, a *Geest* near Kington in Herefordshire.

By a combination of historical and geological grounds, he satisfied himself of the truth of a statement in an old Dithmarsch chronicle, that the whole of the country which once formed North Friesland, is now covered by the sea. He traced the ancient coast from the Helder northward along the string of sandy islands which enclose the Zuyder Zee, in a continued *dune* or sandhill, of which Nordeney and Wangeroog, off the mouths of the Jahde and Weser, are remains, by Heligoland as far as Syltoe and Romoe, which lies on the north-west of Schleswig in about 55° N. lat. He supposed the outer sandbank, which formed the coast-line, to include in some places, especially at the mouth of the Jahde, inland seas like the Curische Haff at the north of the Niemen, which is separated from the Baltic by the narrow strip of the Curische Nehrung, a sandbank which runs as a chord across the arc formed by the Haff. Perhaps a more familiar illustration may be found in the Lido, which separates the lagunes of Venice from the Adriatic; but Niebuhr does not refer to it, and there may be some difference of formation. In other parts he supposed the interval between the shore and the high wolds to have been occupied by swamps and peat-morasses, which may have allowed a person to pass on foot, though not, as he says, in silk stockings and pumps, from Eyderstadt on the mainland to Heligoland. All these fens, from the Rhine to the Eyder, he believed to have been inhabited by Frisians; the wolds by Saxons; the marshes, which were interspersed here and there, by inferior races. He placed the era at which the sea broke through the bar of sandbank at about the year 800, when he supposed that many islands with a Frisian population remained, which afterwards disappeared. Before the catastrophe, he believed that the Elbe and Weser had a common outlet into the sea, but that the Elbe was much narrower than it is at present. North of the Eyder he found no trace of the Frisians, and thought that the rest of Holstein probably belonged to the Angles.

His most direct authority for the ancient extent of Friesland was a copy of the national laws, printed in the fifteenth century. From this he found that the nation was divided into seven Seelands: 1. the present West Friesland; 2. Westergoo; 3. Oostergoo; 4. Zevenwold, together with Drenthe, Vollenhoven, and Lingen; 5. Grōningen; 6. East Friesland; 7. Butjadingerland, Rüstringerland, and Haedelre, (Hadeln,) provinces subject, as the writer complains, to foreign tyrants; adding *Dithmers is eta fry. Dithmarsch is yet free.* To prove that in the time of the Romans the Frisian tribes lived not in the marshes, but in rhōses or peat-moors, Niebuhr referred to the statement of Tacitus that they dried earth and used it for fuel.

To determine the present limits of the population of Frisian origin, he attended to dress, local customs, agriculture, and the system of land measurement. Thus he identified a plough with a large wheel running in a furrow and a small wheel outside, to be the original Frisian plough, as distinguished from the old Saxon plough, of which, he says, the original type is that used in Devonshire. He found the Frisian superficial measure to be a *pondemate* or pound, divided, as in our coinage, into twenty shillings or *einsen,* and each *einsen* into twelve pence. The pondemate is equal to about six-fifteenths of a Rhenish *Morgen*, and nearly corresponds to an English acre. In Drenthe he observed, that, as among the ancient Romans, land measurement only applied to arable, which was held in severalty, while the pasturage was occupied in common. He was unable to ascertain the extent of a *ploeging* or *koegang*, a difficulty which the readers of the 'Heart of Mid Lothian' will remember as affecting the corresponding Scotch measure of *ane ploughgate.* In Drenthe he saw the *Hünebedden*, or graves of the Huns, a collection of stones, like those which we are accustomed to call Druidical; but we are surprised to find that Niebuhr attributes all these remains, including Stonehenge, to Frisian tribes of the sixth century, or of even a later period.

His antiquarian researches were combined with inquiries, of which these letters contain the results, into the methods of draining and cultivating peat soils, and into the rental and taxation of the country. He found that in Holland leases were generally for six years, in Friesland for ten, at a rent not very different apparently from that of similar land in England; but subject, at that time, to a tax of fifteen per cent. on the tenant, and ten per cent. on the landlord. The laws of the dikes, the different appropriations of the *Aussendeiche*, or land formed outside the dike, and the regulations for general drainage, also form an interesting portion of the subjects which he investigated.

Of the state of public affairs, the condition of the finances, and the particulars of his official intercourse with the great capitalists he was not able to speak with equal freedom. It was, as we have said, a time of great distress in Holland; but he found that, notwithstanding the annihilation of trade, the economy of individuals counteracted to an extraordinary extent the diminution of their incomes, and the increase of public burdens. On recent history he touches only allusively and incidentally; but he never mentions the republican movement of 1795 without indignation, although he considered it in part a reaction consequent on the establishment of the supremacy of the Stadtholder in 1787, by the influence of England and the arms of Prussia.* It would have been difficult to have founded any general inference on so anomalous a condition, as that of a maratime and trading country under a blockade; but we regret that circumstances prevented Niebuhr from giving a full account of the financial and social prospects of Holland. On one side, as a state with commercial importance out of all proportion to its bulk, as the seat of vast accumulated capital, and above all, as a debtor to an immense amount to its own citizens, it has long closely resembled England. On the other hand, it has no basis of land or population, as Voltaire long ago observed, to be compared to our own, and it has not even manufactures to serve as the material of its trade. During the union of the Netherlands, its trade was checked by the jealousy of the Belgian landowners and manufacturers against the free admission of foreign productions. Since the separation in 1830, we believe its wealth has considerably increased, and that the immediate financial pressure has been less felt: but the greater part of the interest of the debt is met by the remittances from the eastern colonies, which might at once be cut off by a war or rebellion. If such a misfortune should occasion a national bankruptcy, it may be doubted whether the prosperity of Holland could ever revive. A great country like France or Austria may overlive a public declaration of insolvency, but it seems as if credit was essential to Holland as to a bank.

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* The best account of the history of the Netherlands, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, will be found in the second part of the third volume of Schlosser, published since our notice of his history—'Foreign Quarterly Review,' No. 61.

Of the political essays which occupy the remainder of the volume the most remarkable is that on the state and prospects of England, which was written in the beginning of 1823. It includes a detailed examination of the condition of the finances, and a suggestion of a property-tax as the only sufficient remedy for the existing difficulties. His views of the foreign policy of the country will seem to most Englishmen sufficiently strange. He says that France has ceased to be our natural enemy, that between England and Russia nothing but blind hatred can occasion a quarrel, and that it would be our true policy to leave the Turks to their fate. Our one natural enemy he holds to be America, and he considered it an unpardonable error to have concluded the last war, before we had produced the dissolution of the union, and extorted the confirmation of a secret article in the peace of Paris (1783,) by which America was not allowed to possess any ship of war larger than a frigate. Further than this, he believes that the English Government has adopted the same view; that it is preparing for a decisive struggle; and that the declaration in favor of the Spanish colonies, is only meant as a step to the overthrow of the United States: of all which we can only say, that it has not hitherto been verified by experience.

From an account of the Spanish national debt at the time of the short supremacy of the Cortes in 1821, we will content ourselves with the curious fact, that among the innumerable kinds of stock which even then existed, and have since so happily multiplied, were to be found unredeemable bonds of Ferdinand and Isabella, issued in the form of perpetual annuities, to evade the canonical objections to borrowing on usury. The instructive Essay on the French law of election would carry us into too wide a field of discussion for the present occasion.

We regret that we have never seen the celebrated pamphlet, 'The claims of Prussia against the Saxon Court,' which the editor has, we doubt not in the exercise of a sound discretion, excluded from the present collection. We have no doubt that it expressed a feeling which in 1814 was strong and general in Germany; but we are curious to know how Niebuhr reconciled the popular opinion with his own habitual respect for ancient national rights. When the King of Saxony was punished for his adhesion to Napoleon by a sacrifice of a part of his dominions to Prussia, the hardship inflicted on the people by partitioning their country was a strange argument for the right of the stronger power to seize the whole. The Electors of Saxony had held the second rank in the empire, when the house of Hohenzollern were simply burgraves of Nuremberg. The reigning king had followed the fortunes of Napoleon, when every prince in Germany was on the same side, and he may be pardoned for having followed them in their decline, till his last parting, when the emperor left him in the town of Leipsig. His subjects had preferred their German patriotism to their military faith, and their adhesion to the national cause might well be considered an atonement for the faults of their government. The disappointment of Prussia however was severe. The king, with the separate consent of Russia, had announced to the Saxons that they were henceforth to be his subjects, in a proclamation which contrasted most unfavorably with the calm and dignified tone of the answer with which it was met by the King of Saxony. It is probable that the Emperor Alexander expected, in return for his consent, the support of Prussia in the Congress for his own schemes of aggrandizement; and he may also have wished to guard against a renewal of the ancient connection of the House of Saxony with Poland. But the jealously of the Western Powers had by this time been aroused against Russia. Talleyrand threatened in the name of his tottering king to march an army of 400,000 men ; and Lord Castlereagh put a stop to the scheme by the more substantial threat of the armed interposition of England. It seems to us that in this case the English minister saved the Congress of Vienna from adding to the many well-founded charges of injustice and disregard of national rights, the obloquy of another great spoliation; and we regret that it is through a sanction and not through a protest that the plan is connected with the name of Niebuhr.

How far this transaction increased the disposition to irritation against England which he had entertained since the bombardment of Copenhagen, and how far his dislike was increased by the policy of Canning, his later letters abundantly show. It is, however, always useful to attend to the reproofs of a sagacious fault-finder, and Englishmen can bear attacks on their country with tolerable fortitude; partly from curiosity, and a suspicion that they may be just in detail; partly from confidence that they will on the whole be unsuccessful. Prejudice is a microscope, which alters the relations of the parts to the whole, but brings out partial deficiencies more clearly. If 'a friendly eye would never see such faults,' it may be worth while to have an enemy to observe them. And if, nevertheless, there are Englishmen who feel aggrieved by the scarcely friendly severity of Niebuhr, they may at least derive satisfaction from observing the impartial distribution of his censure, to France, Italy, Spain, America, and Germany itself.

Cultivation of the Pine-apple.—A paper from Mr. Dunsford, upon the cultivation of the pine-apple, was read. This was accompanied by the plan of a pit now in use, differing but slightly in external appearance from M'Phail's. The interior of the pit within the inner walls is filled up with brick rubbish, so as to form a solid mass; and when level, the whole is covered with flat tiles or slates, upon which nine-inch draining-tiles are laid across the bed, commencing just above the front flue, and these are in their turn covered with flat tiles. The draining-tiles convey the heat over the whole surface of the bed, so that a regular bottom-heat of 95° can be maintained. The depth of the pit from the glass to the tiles is 4 1-2 feet at the back, and 4 feet in front. In such a construction, the writer states, that, by the aid of dung-heat, every amateur and gardener may grow pines with as little trouble and expense as melons. A Providence pine, weighing 7 lb. 1 oz., so grown, accompanied the communication.—*Athenæum.*

Prof. Wheatstone's Report on the Electro-Magnetic Meteorological Register.—The electro-magnetic meteorological register, constructed for the Observatory of the British Association, is nearly complete. It records the indications of the barometer, the thermometer, and the psychrometer every half hour during day and night, and prints the results, in duplicate, on a sheet of paper in figures. It requires no attention for a week, during which time it registers 1,008 observations. Five minutes are sufficient to prepare the machine for another week's work,—that is, to wind up the clock, to furnish the cylinders with fresh sheets of paper, and to recharge the small voltaic element. The range of each instrument is divided into 150 parts ; that of the barometer comprises three inches, that of the thermometer includes all degrees of temperature between —5° and + 95°, and the psychrometer has an equal range. The machine consists essentially of two distinct parts: the first is a regulator clock, to which is attached all the requisite recurring movements; the second is a train, having an independent maintaining power, which is brought into action at irregular periods of time by the contact of the plunging wires with the mercury of the instruments, as will be hereafter explained. The principal regularly recurring actions connected with the clock train are two:—1st. The plungers are gradually and regularly raised in the tubes of the instruments during five minutes, and are allowed to descend during one minute; 2d. A type wheel, having at its circumference 15 figures, is caused to advance a step every two seconds, while another type wheel, having 12 spokes but only 10 figures, is caused to advance one step when the former completes a revolution. The complete revolution of the second type wheel is effected in six minutes,—that is, in the same time occupied by the ascent and descent of the plungers. Thus every successive division of the range of an instrument corresponds with a different number presented by the two type wheels, the same division always corresponding with the same number. The two blanks of the second type wheel are presented during the return of the plungers, which occupies a minute, and during which time no observation is recorded. The breaking of the contact between the plunger and the mercury in an instrument, obviously takes place at a different position of the type wheels, according as the mercury is at a different elevation; if, therefore, the types be caused to make an impression at this moment, the degree of elevation of the mercury will be recorded. This end is thus effected. One end of a conducting wire is connected with the mercury in the tube of the instrument, and the other end with the brass frame of the clock, which is in metallic communication with the plunger. In the course of this circuit an electro-magnet and a single very small voltaic element are interposed. The electro-magnet is so placed as to act upon a small armature of soft iron connected with the detent of the second movement. So long as the plunger is in the mercury the armature remains attracted, but at the moment the plunger leaves the mercury the attraction ceases, and the release of the detent causes a hammer to strike the types, and impress them by means of black copying paper on the cylinder. The armature subsequently remains unattracted until the plunger descends. Immediately before it reascends, a piece of mechanism, connected with the clock movement, brings the armature into contact with the magnet, which remains there in consequence of the recompletion of the circuit, until the contact is again broken.—*Ibid.*

THE REPEAL AGITATION.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

No popularity does, or can exist which is not liable to collapses. Twofold infirmity, alike for him who judges, and for him who suffers judgment, will not allow it to be otherwise. Sir Robert Peel, a minister more popular by his tenure of office than any whom this generation will perhaps again behold, has not been able to escape that ordinary trial of human prosperity. Suddenly a great cloud of public danger has gathered around him: upon every path there were seen to lie secret snares: no wisdom could make an election amongst them absolutely safe: he made that election which comparison of the cases and private information seemed to warrant: and immediately, of his own supporters many are offended. We believe it to be a truth, one amongst those new truths whose aspiring heads are even now rising above our horizon, that the office of first minister, either for France or England, is becoming rapidly more trying by the quality of its duties. We talk of energy: we invoke the memories of Pitt and of Chatham: "oh, for one hour," we exclaim, of those great *executive* statesmen—who "trampled upon impossibilities," or glorified themselves in a "vigor beyond the law!" Looking backwards, we are right: in our gratitude we do not err. But those times are past. For Sir Robert Peel no similar course is open. Changes in the temper of the age, changes in the constitution of public bodies, absolute revolutions in the *kind* of responsibilities by which a minister is now fettered, forbid us to imagine that any raptures of national sympathy will ever crowd forward to the support of extreme or summary measures, such as once might have been boldly employed. That style of aspiring action presumes some approach to unity in public opinion. But such unity we shall hardly witness again, were a hostile invader even landed on our shores.

Meantime it will add weight to any thing we can offer in behalf of the Irish policy now formally avowed by Government, if we acknowledge ingenuously that for some weeks we ourselves shared in the doubts upon its wisdom, not timidly expressed by weighty Conservatives. We believe it, indeed, natural and honorable that the first movement of feeling upon cases such as those now proceeding in Ireland, should be one of mere summary indignation. Not that scurrility and the basest of personalities from Mr. O'Connell are either novelties, or difficult to bear. To hear an old man, a man whose own approach to the period of physical decay, is the one great hope and consolation of all good subjects in Ireland, scoffing at gray hairs in the Duke of Wellington—calling, and permitting his creatures to call, by the name of "vagabonds" or "miscreants," the most eminent leaders of a sister nation, who are also the chosen servants of that mistress whom he professes to honor: this might have been shocking in any man who had not long since squandered his own ability to shock. As it is, these things move only laughter or silent disgust, according to the temper of readers. And we are sure that not merely the priests, or men of education amongst Mr. O'Connell's followers, but even the peasantry, must in their hearts perceive how indispensable is a *general* habit of self-restraint and abstinence from abusive language to the effect of any individual insult. These were *not* the causes of public indignation. Not what Mr. O'Connell said, but what he did, kindled the general wrath. To see him marching and countermarching armies, to find him bandying menaces with the Government of this great nation, and proclaiming (openly or covertly) that he would not be the party to strike the first blow, but that assuredly he would strike the second—thinking it little to speak as a traitor, unless also he spoke as an European potentate; this was the spectacle before which the self-control of so many melted away, and which raised the clamor for vindictive justice. It quickened the irritation to know, that hostile foreigners were looking on with deep interest, and everywhere misinterpreting the true readings of the case. Weeks passed before we could thoroughly reconcile our own feelings to the passive toleration, or apparent apathy, of the Government. Our sense of prudence took the alarm, not less than our feelings. And finally, if both could have acquiesced, our sense of consistency was revolted by what met the public eye; since, if the weak were to be punished, why should the strong be connived at? Magistrates, to the amount of three score, had been dismissed for giving their countenance to the Repeal meetings; and yet the meetings themselves, which had furnished the very principle of the reproach, and the ground of punishment, were neither dispersed nor denounced.

Rarely, however, in politics has any man final occasion to repent of forbearance. There may be a tempest of provocation towards the policy of rigor; that policy may justify itself to the moral sense of men; modes even of prudence may be won over to sanction it; and yet, after all, the largest spirit of civil prudence, such as all of us would approve in any historical case removed from the passions of the times, will suggest a much nobler promise of success through a steady adherence to the counsels of peace, than any which could attend the most efficient prosecution of a hostile intervention. The exceeding weight of the crisis has forced us into a closer comparison than usual of the consequences probably awaiting either course. Usually in such cases, we are content to abide the solutions of time; the rapid motion of events settling but too hastily all doubts, and dispensing with the trouble of investigation. Here, however, the coincidence of feelings, heavily mortified on our own part, with the serious remonstrances in the way of argument from journals friendly to Sir Robert Peel's government, would not suffer us to rest in the uneasy condition of dissatisfied suspense. We found ourselves almost coerced into pursuing the two rival policies, down to their separate issues; and the result has satisfied ourselves, that the minister is right. We shall make an effort for bringing over the reader to our own convictions. Sir Robert, we shall endeavor to show, has *not* been deficient in proper energy; his forbearance, where it has been most conspicuous, is either absolute—in which case it will be found to justify itself, even at present, to the considerate—or it is but provisional, and waiting for contingencies—in which case it will soon unmask itself more terrifically than either friend or enemy, perhaps, anticipates.

The Minister's defence is best pursued through the turns of his own admirable speech in the recent debates on the grievances of Ireland. But, previously, let us weigh for a moment Mr. O'Connell's present position, and the chances that seem likely to have attended any attempt to deal with him by blank resistance. It had been always understood, by watchful politicians, that the Repeal agitation slumbered only until the reinstalment of a Conservative administration. The Whigs were notoriously in collusion at all times, more or less openly, with this "foul conspiracy:"* a crime which, in them, was trebly scandalous; for they it was, in times past, who had denounced the conspiracy to the nation as ruinous; in *that* they were right: but they also it was, who had pointed out the leading conspirator as an individual to national indignation in a royal speech; and in *that* they degraded, without a precedent, the majesty of that high state-document. Descending thus abjectly, as regarded the traitor, the Whigs were not unwilling to benefit by the treason. They did so. They adulterated with treason during their term of power: the compact being, that Mr. O'Connell should guide for the Government their exercise of Irish patronage so long as he guaranteed to them an immunity from the distraction of Irish insubordination. When the Tories succeeded to power, this armistice—this treasonable capitulation with treason—of necessity fell to the ground; and once again Mr. O'Connell prepared for war. *Cessante mercede cessat opera.* How he has conducted this war of late, we all know. And such being the brief history of its origin, embittered to him by the silent expression of defiance, unavoidably couched in any withdrawal of the guilty commerce, we all guess in what spirit he will wish to conduct it for the future. But *there* presents itself the question of his ability—of his possible resources—for persevering in his one mode of hostility. He would continue his array of mobs, but *can* he? We believe not. Already the hours of his sorceries are numbered: and now he stands in the situation of an officer on some forlorn outpost, before a superior enemy, and finding himself reduced to half a dozen rounds of ammunition. In such a situation, whatever countenance he may put on of alacrity and confidence, however rapidly he may affect to sustain his fire in the hope of duping his antagonist into a retreat, he cannot surmount or much delay the catastrophe which faces him. More and more reluctantly Mr. O'Connell will tell off the few lingering counters on his beadroll: but at length comes the last; after which he is left absolutely without resources for keeping the agitation alive, or producing any effect whatever.

Many fancy *not.* They suppose it possible that these parades or field-days may be repeated. But let us consider. Already it impresses a character of childishness on these gatherings of peasants; and it is a feeling which begins to resound throughout Ireland, that there is absolutely no business to be transacted—not even any forms to be gone through—and, therefore, no rational object by which such parades can be redeemed from mockery. Were there a petition to be subscribed, a vote to be taken, or any ostensible business to furnish an excuse for the meeting—once, but once only, in each district, it might avail. As it is, we have the old nursery case before us—

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* We use the words of the Chancellor; words, therefore, technically legal, in the debates of July, on Lord Clanricarde's motion for a vote of censure upon Sir E. Sugden.

> "The king of France march'd up the hill,
> With twenty thousand men,"

followed by his most Christian majesty's successful countermarch. The very children in the streets would follow them with hootings, if these fooleries were reiterated. But, if that attempt were made, and in some instances should even succeed, so much the worse for the interests of Repeal. The effect would be fatal. No device could be found more excellent for killing the enthusiasm which has called out such assemblies, than the evidence thus forced upon the general mind—that they were inoperative, and without object, either confessed or concealed. Hitherto the toil and exhaustion of the day had been supported, doubtless, under a belief that a muster of insurrectionary forces was desired, with a view to some decisive course of action, when all should be found prepared. The cautionary order issued for total abstinence from violence had been looked upon, of course, as a momentary or *interim* restraint. But if once it were understood that this order was absolute, or of indefinite application, the chill to the national confidence would be that of death. For we are not to suppose that the faith and love of the peasantry *can* have been given, either personally to Mr. O'Connell, or to Repeal, as a cause for itself. Both these names represent, indirectly, weightier and dearer objects, which are supposed to stand behind: even Repeal is not valued as an end—but simply as a means to something beyond. But let that idea once give way, let the present hope languish, let it be thrown back to a period distant or unassigned—and the ruin of the cause is sealed. The rural population of Ireland has, it is true, been manœuvred and exhibited merely as a threatening show to England; but, assuredly, on that same day when the Irish peasants, either from their own sagacity, or from newspapers, discover that they have been used as a property by Mr. O'Connell, for purposes in which their own interest is hard to be deciphered, indifference and torpor will succeed. For this once, the nationality of Ireland has been too frantically stimulated for the toleration of new delays. Mr. O'Connell is at last the martyr of his own success. Should the priestly order refuse to advance further on a road nominally national, but from which, at any moment, the leader may turn off, by secret compromise, into a by-road, leading only to family objects, universal mutiny must *now* follow. The general will of the priesthood has thus far quelled and overruled the individual will; but that indignant recusants amongst that order *are* muttering and brooding we know, as well from the necessities of human nature, as from actual letters already beginning to appear in the journals. Under all these circumstances, a crisis is to be dreaded by the central body of Repealers, which body is doubtless exceedingly small. And what will hasten this crisis is the inevitable result from a fact noticed as yet only for ostentation. It is this. The weekly contributions in money, and their sudden overflow, have occasioned some comments in the House of Lords; on the one side with a view to the dishonesty apparent in the management of this money, and to the dark purposes which it may be supposed to mask—on the other, with a view to the increasing heartiness in the service, which it seems to express. It is, however, a much more reasonable comment upon this momentary increase, so *occasional* and timed to meet the sudden resurrection of energy in the general movement, that the money has flowed so freely altogether under that same persuasion which also has drawn the peasantry to the meetings—viz., the fixed anticipation of an immediate explosion. Multitudes in the belief, suddenly awakened and propagated through Ireland—that now at length, all further excuses laid aside, the one great national enterprise, so long nursed in darkness, had ripened for execution, and would at last begin to move—have exerted themselves to do what, under other circumstances, they would not have done. Even simple delay would now irritate these men beyond control. They will call for an account. This will be refused, and cannot *but* be refused. The particular feeling of these men, that they have been hoaxed and swindled, concurring with the popular rage on finding that this storm also, like all before it, is to blow over—if there be faith in human nature, will do more to shake the Repeal speculation than any possible course of direct English resistance. All frauds would be forgiven in an hour of plausible success, or even in a moment of undeniable preparation. But disappointment coming in the rear of extravagant hopes will be fatal, and strike a frost to the heart of the conspiracy.

For it cannot be doubted that none of these extra services, whether in money or personal attendance, would have been rendered without express assurances from high quarters, and not *merely* from fond imaginations founded on appearances, that the pretended regeneration for Ireland was at hand.

Now let us see how these natural sequences, from the very nature of the showy demonstrations recently organized, and from the very promises by which they must have been echoed, will operate in relation to the measures of the Government; either those which have been adopted, or those which have been declined. Had the resolution (a fatal resolution, as we *now* think) been adopted in the cabinet to disperse the meetings by force, blood would have flowed; and a plea, though fraudulent in virtue, would have been established for O'Connell—such as we may suppose to be built upon a fact so liable to perversion. His hands would have been prodigiously strengthened. The bloodshed would have been kept before the eyes of the people for ever, and would have taken innumerable forms. But the worst, ultimately the ruinous, operation of this official intervention would have lain in the plenary excuse from his engagements furnished to Mr. O'Connell, and in the natural solution of all those embarrassments which for himself he *cannot* solve. At present he is at his wits' end to devise any probable scheme for tranquillizing the universal disappointment, for facing the relapse from infinite excitement, and for propitiating the particular fury of those who will now hold themselves to have been defrauded of their money. Leave this tempest to itself, and it will go near to overwhelm the man: or if the local separation of the parties most injured should be so managed as to intercept that result, assuredly it will overwhelm the cause. In the estimate, therefore, of O'Connell, we may rely upon it—that a battalion of foot, or a squadron of horse, appearing in aid of the police to clear the ground at Mallow or at Donnybrook, would have seemed the least questionable godsend that has ever illuminated his experience. "*O jubilate* for a providential deliverance!" that would have been his cry. "Henceforward be all my difficulties on the heads of my opponents!" But at least, it is argued, the *fact* would have been against him; the dispersion would have disarmed him, whatever coloring he might have caused it to bear. Not at all. We doubt if one meeting the less would have been held. Ready at all times for such emergencies, the leader would not suffer himself to be found without every conceivable legal quillet, sharpened and retouched, against the official orders. He would have had an interview with the authorities: he would have shown a flaw in the wording of the instructions: he would have rebaptized his assembly, and, where no business goes on, any name will answer: he would have called his mob "a tea-party," or "an agricultural association:" the sole real object concerned, which is the exhibition of vast numbers trained and amenable to instant restraint, would have proceeded under new names. This would no longer have languished when Government had supplied the failing impulse: and in the mean time to have urged that, merely by its numbers, combined with its perilous tendencies, the gathering was unlawful—would have availed nothing: for the law authorities in parliament, right or wrong, have affected doubts upon that doctrine; and, when parliament will not eventually support him, it matters little that a minister of these days would, for the moment, assume the responsibility of a strong measure. Or, if parliament were to legislate anew for this special case, the Repealer would then split his large mobs into many small ones: he would lecture, he would preach, he would sing, in default of other excuses for meeting. No law, he would observe coolly to the magistrate, against innumerable prayer-meetings or infinite concerts. The items would still be reported to one central office: the *facit* would be the same; and it would tell for the same cause.

Thus it appears that no fact would have resulted against the Repealers, had the Government taken a severe course. Still, may it not be said that a *fact*, and a strong one, survives on the other side, viz., against the Government, under this forbearing course which they really have taken? What fact? Is it the organization of all Ireland? Doubtless that bears an ominous sound: but it must be considered—that if the leader cannot wield this vast organization for any purposes of his own, and plainly he cannot so long as he acquires no fresh impulses or openings to action from the indiscretion of his opponents, but on the contrary must be ruined—cause and leader, party and partisan chief, by the very 'lock' (or as in America is said, the 'fix') into which he has brought himself, by the pledge which he cannot redeem—far less can that organization be used by others or for any other purpose. It is an organization not secret; not bound by oaths; loose and careless in its cohesion; not being good for its proper object, it is good for no other, and we hear of no one attribute by which it threatens the public peace beyond its numerical extent.

But is *that* true? Is it numerically so potent as it is represented? We hardly need to say, that the exaggerations upon this point have been too monstrous to call for any pointed exposures. With respect to one of the southern meetings—that at Cork, we believe—by way of applying some scale or measurement to the exaggerations, we may mention that a military man, actually measured the ground after the retirement of the crowd. He ascertained that the ground could barely accommodate twenty-five thousand men standing in regimental order. What was the report of the newspapers? Four to five hundred thousand, as usual. Indeed, we may complain of our English Conservative journals as, in this point, faithfully reflecting the wildest statements of the Repeal organs. So much strength was apparently given, for the moment, to the Repeal interest by these outrageous fictions, that we, for our own parts, (whilst hesitating as to other points of the Government policy,) did not scruple to tax the Home Minister and the Queen's Lieutenant with some neglect of duty* in not sending experienced officers of the army to reconnoitre the meetings in every instance, and authentically to make returns of the numbers present. Since reading the minister's speech, however, we are disposed to think that this neglect was not altogether without design. It appears that Sir Robert relies in part upon these frightful falsehoods for effecting a national service by rousing the fears of the Roman Catholic landholders. In this there is no false refinement; for, having very early done all the mischief they could as incendiary proclamations of power to the working classes, the exaggerations are now, probably, operating with even more effect in an opposite direction upon the great body of the Catholic gentry. Cordially to unite this body with the government of Ireland would, by much, overbalance the fickle support of the peasantry, given for the moment to the cause of disaffection. That disaffection, under its present form, is already, perhaps, on the point of unlocking its union. It *cannot* be permanent as an organization; for, without hope, no combination can sustain itself, and a disaffection, founded purely upon *social* causes, can be healed by no Government whatever. But if the Catholic gentry, treated as they now are with fraternal equality, should heartily coalesce with the party promoting a closer *British* connection, that would be a permanent gain.

The Irish policy, therefore, the immediate facts of the policy, pursued by the Government, if we distinguish it from the general theory and principles of their policy as laid down in the speech of the Premier, has not been what it is said to have been. Summing up the heads, let us say that we are *not* resigned negligently to the perils of civil war; those perils, though as great as Mr. O'Connell could make them, are not by any means as great as Mr. O'Connell describes them; the popular arrays are ridiculously below the amounts reported to us: in some instances they have been multiplied by 20, probably in all by 15; the rumor and the terror of these arrays have operated both ways; *for* us more permanently than against us. Lastly, it is not true that the Government has proceeded only by negative steps; the army has been increased in Ireland, the garrisons have been better arranged, military stations have been strengthened, and seditious magistrates have been dismissed.

Upon this last point, one word: we have seen nothing more grossly factious in the conduct of the Whigs, than the assertion, that these magistrates ought *not* to have been dismissed. Well might the Chancellor say, that the discussion had been conducted by petty lawyerlike quibbles. The case stands thus: there are two principles concerned in the tenure of the magistrate's office—theoretic amenability to the letter of the law, and practical serviceableness for his duties. Either furnishes a ground of dismissal. To be scandalously indecorous, to be a patron of gambling in public places, would offer no *legal* objection to a magistrate; but he would be dismissed as a person unsuitable by his habits to the gravity of the commission. If you hire a watchman to protect your premises, and you discharge him upon the ground that he has been found drinking with reputed burglars, no man will hold the watchman to have been hardly used, because the burglars had not been convicted judicially. That allegation amounts to this: that he has not committed any offence known to the laws. What will you reply? "I know it," you say: "I grant it; and therefore I charge you with no offence. But I dismiss you on a principle of expedience. You have violated no law; but you have shown yourself to be a man disqualified for the very urgent duties of the post—much more disqualified than you would have been by sickness, blindness, or any other physical infirmity."

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* A more striking neglect is chargeable upon *some* administration in suffering the Repealers quietly to receive military training. We no more understand how this seditious act could have been overlooked at the time, than we understand the process by which modest assemblies of Orangemen have come to be viewed as illegal, pending a state of law, which, upon the whole, justifies the much larger assemblies of "foul conspirators."

Mr. O'Connell now threatens to pursue his career, by repeating that same absurd misdemeanor of summoning a mock parliament, which, some twenty and odd years ago, a Staffordshire baronet expiated by the penalties of fine and imprisonment. At that crisis we shall see the tranquil minister unmask his artillery. But could it be reasonable to look for a faithful discharge of painful duties, arising in these latter stages of the Repeal cause, (and duties applying probably to the cases of gentlemen, neighbors, fellow-partisans,) from one who had already promoted that cause, in its previous stages, to the extent of sedition and conspiracy? He who has already signalized to the nation his readiness to co-operate in so open a mischief as dismemberment of the empire, wherefore should he shrink from violating an obscure rule of the common law, or a black letter statute?

But enough of the policy which *has* been pursued. *That*, by its nature is limited, and of necessity, in many points of recent application, is a policy of watching and negation. Now, let us turn to the general policy, as it is reviewed in the very comprehensive speech of the Prime Minister. This applies equally to the past and the future. The French journals, and in particular the *Débats*, complain that it is crowded with details. How should this be otherwise? Can there be an answer given to charges whose vice is their vagueness, otherwise than by *circumstantial* exposures of their falsehood? Ireland, for instance, has been unfairly treated as to taxes, partition of indulgences, pecuniary advances. That is the charge. Can it be met with another answer than by absolute arithmetic, tax-office proofs, or returns from the Exchequer? "But in these a foreigner takes no interest." Doubtless! and *that* should be an argument with the foreigner for his declining to judge upon the question. Want of understanding is not at all a worse disqualification for acting as a judge than want of interest in the subject. We mention this pointedly; because it is not to foreigners chiefly that this maxim applies: a profound injustice continually operates in this way amongst the parliamentary foes of Government. Often in private life we witness the unprincipled case—that, upon suspecting a man's vindication to be established by any investigation, men will decline to look into it, as really possessing too little interest for themselves; though these same people had not found any want of interest in the allegations—nay, had mastered all the details—so long as the charges pointed to some disgraceful issue, and the verdict threatened to be unfavorable. An instance of this baseness, truly shocking to the moral sense, is found in the ridiculous charge against the ministers, founded upon the mail-coach contract. This was not at all too petty to be pressed with rancor. However, it was answered. The answer, on the principle of the case, and coupled with the illustrations from parallel cases, is decisive. And then the taunt is——"But why fasten upon charges so minute and frivolous?" Minute and frivolous, we grant; but not so in that degree which prevented you gentlemen in opposition from dwelling on them with genial spite, as being odious in proportion to their pettiness. "You, you, it was," says Sir Robert, "that pressed the case!" Certainly: and they it was who would never have withdrawn the case had they not found it untenable. It is thus easy for two men to concert a collusive attack which shall succeed either way, and be dishonest both ways. "Do you," says the one, "*try on* this particular case for harassing the minister. If it tells, if it sticks, then we both pitch into him. If it fails, then rise I and say:—'How shameful in an official person to throw dust in the eyes of the House by detaining it upon a miserable trifle, whilst the criminal gravities of his conduct are skulking in the rear under this artifice for misleading the public attention!' "

With this prefatory explanation, called for, perhaps, by the unequal importance of the points reviewed, we shall now rehearse the heads of this speech. It is a speech that, by anticipation, we may call memorable, looking before and after; good, as a history for half a century gone by since our union with Ireland; good, we venture to hope, as a rule and as a prophecy for the spirit of our whole future connection with that important island. We shall move rapidly; for our rehearsal will best attain the object we have in view by its brevity and condensation.

I. Mr. Roebuck had insisted that Ireland was made the victim of our English parsimony; not once and away, but systematically. This happens to be a charge peculiarly irritating to all parties—to the authors of the parsimony, and to its objects. And, says Sir Robert, I am told to avoid it as secondary; but observe, it is quite substantial enough, as others, say to justify "an impeachment." This is the honorable barrister's word; and a "soft" impeachment it will turn out.

a. By the Act of Union, it was provided that, in voting the civil estimates for Ireland, whatever sum it should appear that Ireland had averaged for six years before the Union, in her own votes for a particular purpose, annually that same sum should be voted for a period prescribed by the United Parliament. The purpose was, internal improvement in Ireland, and any national uses, whether pious or charitable. What, then, had been the extent of the Irish vote? We neglect small fractions, and state that it had averaged seventy-three thousand a-year. For the first twenty years, therefore, the obligation upon the Imperial Parliament had been, to vote twenty times that sum, or £1,460,000. This was the contract. What was the performance? Five millions, three hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds, or three and a half times the amount of the promise.

b. Another extraordinary vote in the Irish Parliament, previous to the Union, had been upon the miscellaneous estimates. This vote, when averaged on the same principle, had produced annually one hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds. To the same sum the United Parliament stood pledged for the first period of twenty-eight years succeeding the Union. The reader will see at once that the result ought to have been little more than three and a half millions. That was the debt. What was the payment? Something beyond five millions.

c. Upon another comparison, viz., between Scotland and Ireland, as to another class of *extras* and contingencies, it turns out—that, during the last period of seven years, to Scotland had been voted six hundred and sixty thousand pounds, to Ireland two millions two hundred and sixty thousand; to Scotland, that is, less than *one* hundred thousand *per annum;* to Ireland, more than *three* hundred thousand.

In the same category stands the relative taxation. Ireland was to pay two-seventeenths of the whole imperial burden. That was the bargain, which we are not called on to reopen. But, as *extras*, as a liberal *bonus* upon this bargain, Ireland has been excused from paying for windows—for assessed taxes—for soap. At this moment, in addition to these liberal discounts, she has no *national* share, *as* Ireland,[*] in the Income Tax: and she may be said, in one sense, to receive her letters gratuitously, for the postage yields nothing to Government, all being absorbed by the Irish post-office. It is little, after this, to start possibilities of unequal contribution as regards the indirect taxation: this could not be separately apportioned to the three great limbs of the empire without disturbing the great currents of commerce. It is enough that by exemptions upon the direct taxes, so far as concerns three of them—window, assessed, and income—Ireland receives a large indemnity.

II. Connected with the last head is the reproach made to Great Britain upon the subject of railway encouragement. What encouragement? By money? Yes, says Lord John Russell, whose experience in office (as one of a cabinet plagued in the way that all cabinets are by projectors and scheming capitalists) ought to have taught him better. Have we given any money to our own railways? No: but England is rich. True: and Ireland is not suffered to be *so* rich as she might be by her Irish "friends." But rich or not rich, is no question here. If schemes of profit are not profitable in this country, we do not encourage them. If they *are* profitable, they want no encouragement. Still, it is said, might it not be prudent to feed the railroads in Ireland, not with any view to the scheme for itself, but considered as a means of development for the circumjacent country? No, replies Sir Robert, that is an error: railways may benefit *by* the country: but the country through which they race, is rarely affected by *them* more than the atmosphere aloft by the balloons. The great towns on the route, or at the extremities, doubtless benefit; but in too small a degree, unless they are manufacturing towns, to warrant the least thoughtful of ministers in assisting them. However, to make a beginning, and as a topic to be borne in mind, how much would be wanted? A matter of *ten millions*, says Lord John. *Olli subridens*, replies the minister, "What! only that?" But, returning to business, he reminds the house—that even for so small a sum as ten millions sterling, the nation would perhaps expect security. Who is to give it? Are the counties traversed to be assessed? But they will disown the benefit arising. And, says Sir Robert, take a miniature case—a sum little more than one-tenth of ten millions was advanced by this country on account of the Irish workhouses, and for a time there was some advantage gained to the industry of the land. But that soon passed away, and then two evils arose at once. The money was to be repaid, and the employment was at an end. But this latter evil was worse than it seemed, for it did not act as a simple privation of so much good; the *extra* stimulation of the national industry, as invariably happens, and as at this moment we see in England upon the cessation of a ten years' demand for iron, on account of our own railways, brought about a corresponding exhaustion for the new Poor-Law, tending violently to civil tumults. The repayment of that advance will yet cost Ireland many a groan.

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[*] People *in* Ireland, under various heads, as officers of the different services, &c., pay, but not in quality of Irishmen, when by accident they are such.

III. If Ireland, then, is not ill-treated as to her taxation, or her public improvements, is it true that she is ill-treated in the persons of her children? That also has been said; but Sir Robert disperses that fancy by facts which are as conclusive as they are really little needed at this day. Sculptors had been appointed by members of the cabinet, police commissioners, &c.; and, as will easily be believed, with no question ever mooted as to their birth, whether English, Scotch, or Irish. Subsequently, however, it had turned out as a blind fact, which is useful in showing the entire indifference to such a point in the minds of public men, that the larger proportion of successful candidates were Irish. This was an accident certainly, but an accident irreconcilable with the least shadow of prejudice pointing in that direction.

IV. Of social grievances, grievances connected with the state of society, there are but too many in Ireland: relations between landlord and tenant for instance; but these are so little caused or aggravated by Parliament, that they cannot even be lightened by Parliament. What little is possible, however, says Sir Robert, we will attempt. The elective franchise is another case; yet, if that is now too much narrowed, why is it so? Let Ireland thank herself, and the growing indisposition amongst Irish landlords to grant leases. Might we not, then, transfer to Ireland our English franchise? But *that*, applied to Irish institutions and arrangements, would narrow the electoral basis still further than it *is* narrowed. Not, therefore, *against* the Irish, but in their behalf, we withhold our own unsuitable privileges. It is a separate question, besides, whether the *moral* civilization of Ireland is equal to the exercise of our English franchise. Education of the people again, if there is an obstacle at this time to its movement in Ireland, where does it originate? We all know the great schism upon that subject existing amongst the Irish Protestants, and how embarrassing the Government has found that feud—how intractable and embittered, for the very reason that it rested upon no personal jealousies which might have relaxed or been overruled, but (for one side at least) upon deep conscientious scruples. Reverence those scruples we must; but still the Irish are not entitled to charge upon ministers a public evil of their own creation. In all these calamities, or others of the same nature, oppressing the state of society in Ireland, and derived as an inheritance from ancient times, the blame too notoriously, in no part of it, rests with the English ministers; and the proof is evident in this fact—that, except by one monstrous anti-social proposal from a very few of the opposition members, as a remedy for the land-occupancy complaints—a proposal strongly disavowed by the leaders of the party, no *practical* flaw was detected, either of omission or commission, as affecting the ministerial policy. The objections were pure generalities; and even Lord John Russell, who adopted the usual complaint against the minister, that he brought forward no definite plan, and whose own field of choice was therefore left all the wider, offered nothing more specific than the following mysterious suggestion, which is probably a Theban hieroglyphic,—that, like as the "celebrated" Cromwell, in times past, did appoint Sir Matthew Hale to the presiding seat on the bench of justice, even so ought Sir Robert Peel to ——. But there the revelation ceased. What are we to suppose the suppressed *apodosis* of the proposition? Was it to disarm Mr. O'Connell, by making him an archbishop? Little propensity have we to treat a great national crisis with levity; but surely every man is entitled to feel indignant, that when the burden of attack upon Government, is for their silence with regard to specific measures, (which, to be effectual, must often be secret,) those who have the good fortune to be under no such restraints of secrecy, find themselves able to suggest absolutely nothing. National resources were not locked up in the treasury—the particular choice may be secret, but the resources themselves lie open to the whole world—to us, to Lord John Russell, who have no power, quite as much as to Sir Robert Peel, who wields the thunder. And we cannot but remind the reader, that one reason, beyond the policy of concealment, which made it hard for Government to offer suggestions absolutely new, was the simple fact, that such as were fit to be published they had already *acted* on. The remodeling of arrangements for the army, the bill for intercepting the means of arming a rebel force, and the suppression of insurrectionary magistrates; these three measures were clearly the first steps to be taken. One only of the three is still lingering; whom have we to thank for *that?* A ministry to which the Duke of Wellington belongs, is not likely to talk first and act afterwards. By the time it became necessary to talk, their work, *for the present*, had been done. But some few significant words there were from leaders in both Houses, which convince us, that, upon any important *change* of movements on the part of the Repealers, the silent menaces of Government will begin to speak in a tone such as no man can misunderstand.

V. *Patronage.*— Has that great instrument of government been abused by Sir Robert Peel in the management of Ireland? This question might have arranged itself under either of the two first heads; but we choose to bring it forward in an insulated form. For we believe that no administration of any day has ever made the avowal, or had it in their power to make the avowal, which Sir Robert Peel made to the House of Commons in the speech we are now reviewing. He read two separate extracts from his own official instructions to Lord De Grey, which actually announced his resolution (unfettered by the slightest reserve) to renounce the entire church patronage of Ireland as an instrument of administration. The Lord Lieutenant was authorized to dispense this patronage with one solitary view to merit, professional merit, and the highest interests of Ireland. So noble an act as this, and one so unprecedented in its nobility, needs no praise of ours. It speaks for itself. And it would be injurious to spend words in emblazonry of *that* which, by a spontaneous movement, *both* sides of the House received with volleying cheers. That kind of applause is as rare and as significant as the act itself.

VI. and VII. Finally, however, all other questions connected with this great crisis, sink in importance by the side of the one great interest at stake upon the Union—is *that* to be maintained? And, as the Union could not possibly survive the destruction of the Protestant Establishment, is *that* to be protected? Are we to receive, at the hands of traitors, a new model for our glorious empire? and, without condescending to pause for one instant in discussing consequences, are we to drink of this cup of indignity—that the constitution and settlement of our state, which one hundred and fifty-five years ago required the deliberations of two ancient nations, England and Scotland, collected in their representatives, to effect, now at this day are to be put into the furnace anew by obscure conspirators, and traitors long since due to the gallows? Say not, with Sir James Graham, "that this all-conquering England would perish by the consequences." If that were endured, already she *has* perished: and the glory of Israel has departed. The mere possibility that, by a knot of conspirators, our arch of empire could be dismembered, that by a bare shout of treason it could be thrown down for ever like the battlements of Jericho at the blast of trumpets, would proclaim, as in that Judean tragedy, that we stood under a curse of wrath divine. The dismemberment itself would be less fatal than the ignominy of its mode. Better to court the hostility of foreign nations; better to lay open our realms to a free movement of that wrath against us which is so deeply founded in their envy, than to perish by the hands of poltroons, of thieves, of conspirators. But, this fate is not ours. Many times our Government have repeated that assurance. But, as in the expressions of our affection to the Sovereign, this assurance is rightly renewed from time to time, and occasions are sought for renewing it, let the ministers be assured—that, on this point, we are all sound at heart. All of us are with them from shore to shore. In this island there will be no faltering. It is shocking, undoubtedly: it is awful, and *at such a moment*, to hear three lords of old official standing Lords Palmerston, Howick, and John Russell, taking occasion to propound ridiculous and senseless modifications of a plan essentially rebellious, the plan of partial confiscation, or of partial degradation, for the Protestant Church. Patience can hardly keep pace with the deliberate consideration of the contradictions which would follow—whether from tampering with the Church, or with the political settlement of our nations. Sir R. Peel has traced both. From the one case *must* follow an independent army, for Ireland an independent government, an independent war as often as the popular will should speak loudly. From a participation of Protestant property, or Protestant dignities with the Roman Catholics, would follow instantly the transfer of Protestant churches, already few enough, the translation of Popish priests (that is, of selected traitors) to our senate. The very hint is a monument to the disgrace of these noble lords; fatal to all pretences of *earnest* patriotism; but still in *them* accounted for, and perhaps a little palliated, by the known necessities of party. As respects the *general* mind, there is no such imbecility abroad; no such disposition to traffic or go halves, temporize or capitulate with treason. One only error is prevalent: it has been noticed by Sir R. Peel, who indeed overlooked nothing; but it may be well to put the refutation into another form. The caballing for dissolution of the Union, why should that be treasonable? Is the Act of Union more than an Act of Parliament? Is not every act of Parliament open to objection, petition, annulment? No. It is dismemberment, says Sir Robert Peel, of the state. We add this—How, and in virtue of what law, does the house of Brunswick reign? By the Act of Settlement—an act of Parliament—an act about a hundred and fifty years old. That is but an act of Parliament. Is it open, then, to any of us, or all of us, to call a meeting for rescinding the Act of Settlement? But all will now advance to a rapid consummation; Mr. O'Connell pursues only his old movement—then he is lost by the decay of the enthusiasm. He adopts a new one—that which he has obscurely announced. Then we are as sure as we are of day and night, of *his* treason, as of British power to crush it, that the suspended thunderbolt, now raised aloft by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, will put an end to him for ever.

Roman Antiquities.—An antique silver vase of great beauty, and covered with bas-reliefs, has been discovered at Tourdan, in the arrondissment of Vienna. It is semi-oval, and sixteen centimères high, with allegorical representations of the seasons, &c. Several consular coins, and a bronze statue of Venus had been previously discovered in the same village. At the village of Werden, in the neighborhood of Cologne, on the high road to Aix-la-Chapelle, the grave of a Roman general has been discovered in good preservation. In it have been found several coins, and one of the reign of Vespasian, A. D. 70. There are also three marble statues, and two elaborately carved seats, likewise of marble.—*Athenæum.*

IRISH SONG.

THE CHIEFTAIN OF ERIN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

He stood on the deck, the lone Chieftain of Erin,
And gazed on the beautiful land of his birth;
More dear at that moment of sorrow appearing,
Than all the bright gems of the ocean and earth:
He watch'd till the last blush of day had departed,
And thought of the friends he had left broken-hearted;
Then dashed off a tear that in sadness had started,
And sang the wild measure of "Erin go Bragh!"

"Dear land of my fathers, renowned in story!
No more shall thy proud harp awaken for me;
A dark cloud has swept o'er the sun of my glory,
Yet I share but the fate of the faithful and free.
An exile I go, where thy tongue is unspoken,
But my heart o'er the wave sends thee many a token;
Thou shalt live in that heart till the last chord has broken,
Erin mavoureen, 'Erin go Bragh!'

"My brothers, my brave ones! what fond recollections
Bring round me, all freshly, the days that are past,—
The home, and the hearth, and the holy affections,
We shared in our boyhood, and loved to the last!
Oh! dear are the scenes where together we sported,
The wild mossy cromlech where pilgrims resorted,
And Dargle's deep glen,* where my Aileen I courted,
That gem of thy beauty, sweet 'Erin go Bragh!'

"But the cry of the sea-mew around me is breaking,
Dark shadows have shrouded the sun's fading fires;
One look—('tis my last!)—of the land I'm forsaking,
The land of my first love, the home of my sires.
Yet, yet, o'er thy valleys, now wasted and gory,
May the star of thy freedom shine out in its glory,
And thy battle-flag wave with the proudest in story,
Erin mavourneen, 'Erin go Bragh!'"

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* The environs of Powerscourt, in the county of Wicklow, are highly picturesque. The Glen of Dargles is beautiful beyond expression, and may vie with the choicest spots of Italy. Dargles is a deep valley, about a mile long, bounded by steep, sylvan, craggy hills; and at the bottom runs a small serpentine river, murmuring over innumerable little breaks and falls. Many pleasant walks intersect the brows of the hills, by which are erected benches and summer-houses, for pleasure and repose.

Near the Glen of Dargles is another valley, called "the Glen of the Mountains," the scenery of which is uncommonly grand and romantic; indeed, this part of the country may justly be termed the very garden and Eden of Ireland. By way of contrast, however, on the other hand, is an extensive tract, wholly composed of barren mountains and bogs—a perfect desert. In the midst of these savage wilds are the ruins of seven churches, and a round tower; which proves that this uninviting spot was once habitable, the abode of holiness and industry, and that desolation and sterility have overspread it from *neglect*, rather than from its own nature.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PART I.

WHEN first I saw the Duke of Orleans, now King of the French, he was advancing with light step, and the air of a *bourgeois gentilhomme*, towards the little ferry-boat of Twickenham. It was a fine summer day in the month of July. Father Thames looked his brightest and his best. The old green Ait was covered with happy citizens who had visited the then rustic habitation of the fisherman, now transformed into a spacious hotel, to partake of the viands peculiar at that time to that sylvan retreat; and here and there were to be seen gliding, like fairy cars, those beautiful wherries, so renowned all the world over, crowded with fair nymphs and youthful rowers. The lovely meadows of Twickenham; the heights of Richmond; the classic bridge; the proud and noble swans; the fish gambolling in the crystal waters, or springing on the face of the stream, just to show that they participated in the general festivity of nature, and then to disappear in the bosom of their ancient sire; the bright sun pouring his warmest beams, yet the zephyrs mitigating the heat by playing amongst the leaves, and filling some small snow-white sails; the deep shade of many fine trees, and the varied colored flowers of rich parterres, formed the landscape on which my eyes feasted with rapture: and it mattered at that time very little to me who were my companions in the ferry-boat.

"Here comes the Duke of Orleans," said the owner of the old ferry-boat; who to show his perfect indifference to the French language and French names, called him *Arlines* instead of by his real cognomen. "When he's got in, we'll push off: so don't be in no hurry, young gentlemen." The truth was, that three young rogues, each one as roguish as myself, had been waiting full a quarter of an hour for the ferryman's departure; and an apparently wealthy merchant, looking all good-nature and smiles, had kept down our ill-humor by some quiet jokes and mild rebukes. As the duke approached the boat, the ferryman took off his cap, the merchant raised his beaver, and we three holyday youths sprung on our feet and smiled a good welcome. The duke was not behind us in his civility; "hoped that he had not detained us;" pointed to the surrounding scenery with evident sentiments of delight; raised his eyes, and his shoulders, and smiled, and looked quite graciously at the old man who forked along the "punt," as well as at a younger one who helped his father. The duke was dressed in a summer and country attire. There was nothing of display or affectation in his manner; and I remember quite well that, when we landed, he gladdened the heart of the ferryman by a silver sixpence. At least the old man looked gratitude and satisfaction; for his *right* fare was one penny, and you may be sure that "we three young rogues" paid no more.

I have thus commenced these reminiscences of Louis Philippe, the king of the French, because I have a striking anecdote to record connected with this accidental rencontre. As we were all about leaving the ferry-boat to tread the verdant meads on the other side of the river, the Duke of Orleans took the precedence of the landing; but whether from a jerk of the boat, or from a slip of his foot, I cannot tell, his hat, which was in his hand, fell to the ground. The worthy citizen who had been our companion prior to the arrival of his royal highness, and who had likewise crossed the ferry, took up the hat, and, presenting it to Louis Philippe, said, in a mild and respectful voice, "THOU SHALT BE KING HEREAFTER!" The duke evidently understood both the quotation and the application, and shaking the worthy stranger most cordially by the hand laughed heartily, walked a few steps with him, and then departed. The next time I thought of that scene was prior to the revolution of 1830, when Charles X., on proceeding to open the Chambers, having let fall his hat and feathers, the same Duke of Orleans raised it from the ground, and, presenting it on one knee to the king, his cousin, "hoped his majesty would long live to wear it!" But the crown and the feathers were destined for himself, as we shall see hereafter. Though the bright scenery and festive joys of the period when I first met the future king of the French in the Twickenham ferry-boat soon obliterated for years from my mind the fact that I had ever seen him, yet in imagination I still behold the fine, commanding, gentlemanly prince, polite, affable, gay, courteous, "*biding his time*," and having an eagle eye to all that was above and to all that was around him.

How varied had been the fortunes of the seven human beings who had crossed the Twickenham ferry on the occasion in question! The old ferryman was dead. His son had seen strange changes in the old-fashioned Ait. One of my companions had made a fortune in India; the other had distinguished himself as a combatant for church, but Protestant, principles at Oxford. Louis Philippe had been more or less involved in the opposition of fourteen years to the government of the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon. And now I had become an anxious and almost interested spectator in a political struggle between faction on the one hand, and right on the other, in a foreign land far removed from those sylvan retreats and from that beauteous scenery to which my "*heart untravelled*" always turns with delight and love. But this is the world's history. We meet—we love—we sigh—we dream—we part; but we shall all meet again.

The sketch I am about to supply of the extraordinary man who for a period of thirteen years has preserved France from anarchy, devastation, and ruin, and Europe and the world from an almost interminable war, will not, I hope, be a dull and dry detail of dates and figures. Volumes, instead of pages, would be required to supply such a history. But the moment has not arrived for the completion of the task. We must wait for his apotheosis. This sketch will be rather a series of *tableaux*, presenting the Duke of Valois, the Duke of Chartres, the Duke of Orleans, and the King of the French as he was, has been, is; and this I hope to accomplish in *three* parts. They will all, I am sure, be true to nature; and those which relate to his career as king will be personal reminiscences. The King of the French is a great man; but circumstances have undoubtedly favored the development of his qualities. His life has been extraordinary; and he has had wisdom and tact to avail himself of events which ordinary minds would not have appreciated or seized. I have much of his history at my fingers' ends, and I long to tell it; so I will begin with him as

THE DUKE OF CHARTRES.

On the death of that Duke of Orleans whose intrigues with Madame de Montesson have formed the subject of many a calumny, as well as of many a curious and instructive narrative, but to whom he was afterwards privately married, the Duke of Chartres, his son, took the name of Orleans; and the present King of the French, his grandson, became the Duke of Chartres.

Although I do not profess to present any formal biographical sketch of the family of Orleans, the character and pursuits of the father of the present king must not only be referred to, but must be specifically delineated. They had not much to do, indeed, with the tastes or occupations of his son in his earliest days; but they must necessarily have had this effect, that the instructors, friends, and acquaintances of the young duke, could not fail of being in some manner influenced and affected by those of his father. Just as the children of a studious and thoughtful man will often have their minds naturally directed to serious and suitable studies, at once calculated to raise and to enlighten, so those of a dissolute and licentious prince must be placed in a far from beneficial and wholesome atmosphere. The father of Louis Philippe, as a young man, was sprightly, witty, and elegant; but his governor, the Count de Pont St. Maurice, paid attention to but three points in his education—to secure that he was polite, to take care that he had attractions and pleasing manners, and to teach him *bon ton.* Neither his mind nor his heart were cared after; and in vain, under such a governor as the count, did the Abbé Alary urge his pupil to study and to think. Louis Philippe, however, delights to relate anecdotes of his father favorable to his moral character, although he condemns most strongly his conduct as a politician; and amongst various other incidents is the following. When the Duke of Orleans (his father) was only in his fifteenth year, he gave levees in the morning to the gentlemen who came from those of his father, and amongst them were officers of every rank belonging to the regiments of the two princes. One of those officers attracted in an especial manner his attention by his remarkably fine person and melancholy aspect. He learned that the object of his interest was very poor, giving, as he did, nearly the whole of his pay for the purpose of supporting his mother and two sisters, who had nothing else to depend on. On hearing this statement, the father of Louis Philippe saved the whole of the contents of his private purse for two months, and laid by for the officer a purse of forty louis d'or. The question, however, then arose as to how he should present them to the individul for whom they were destined. But a present of "*bon-bons*" was resorted to as the expedient, and the officer found the sum in question concealed in those confectionery preparations for which the French are so distinguished.

But he who evinced by such actions as these a benevolence of disposition and tenderness of heart was ruined by his own father, whose first *paternal care* was to give him a mistress, as soon as his nominal education was completed, that mistress being the celebrated Mademoiselle Duthé. Alas! what right had a father, a court, his family, or society at large, to expect moral habits from a youth whose father not only first tempted him to evil, but who encouraged him to associate with such dissipated and unprincipled young men as the then Chevalier de Coigny and Messieurs Fitz-James and De Conflans? Thus, at seventeen, the father of Louis Philippe found even the society of the ladies of his father's court in the Palais Royal too "prudish" for *him*, and he set about the too easy and successful task of ridiculing all female virtue, self-respect, and dignity. The results of this warfare were most disastrous to the character and influence of the duke. For, whilst it was conceded that he was possessed of talent, grace, politeness, and pleasing and dignified manners, he was always accused of having a hard and unfeeling heart. That such was the public impression, he soon learned; but, instead of seeking to disabuse the general mind of this error, he set public reproach and reproof at defiance, and at last refused to defend himself from the most odious charges, when a single word from him would have sufficed to convict his traducers of falsehood.

There is another little anecdote of the father of Louis Philippe, when Duke of Chartres, which has often been related by the present king of the French. The Count Benyowski, so celebrated on account of his exile to Siberia, and for the manner of his escape, by means of confiding his intentions to forty of his companions in misfortune, persuading each one privately that to him alone had he confided his secret, had, as an intimate friend the Chevalier de Darfort, a knight of Malta, and who was allowed to hold benefices. In behalf of this unfortunate chevalier the Count Benyowski had succeeded in interesting a friend of the Duke of Chartres; who, hearing that a benefice of the value of 15,000 francs per annum was vacant, and in the gift of the Count d'Artois, sent off a courier to the duke, and entreated him to interest himself in behalf of that individual. The duke, without losing a moment, made the demand, obtained the favor, and rendered more joyous than can be well described the worthy object of his bountiful exertions.

Excuses are not wanting, independent of the libertine conduct of the then Duke of Orleans, for the subsequent degeneracy of life and morals of the father of Louis Philippe. The court had become most corrupt and abandoned. Madame du Barri had indecently triumphed over the old and noble families of the country; and, whilst it must be admitted that in former times it was bad enough to witness the Marquise de Pompadour at court, while her husband, M. le Normant d'Etoiles, was only a farmer-general, it was yet more abominable to behold a woman of the lowest and most vicious reputation pompously presented to the whole of the royal family. Such scenes and facts as these all contributed to form the character of him who was the father of the prince now ruling with wisdom and decision over the French nation. Louis XV. thus prepared by his conduct that resistance to royalty, which, when it commenced, was so feebly opposed by those who had the power to do so, but who felt that some catastrophe was really next to unavoidable.

The death of the grandfather of the present King of the French led to the latter taking the title of Duke of Chartres, and to his father becoming Duke of Orleans. The latter had confided to Madame de Genlis the education of his four children; and the anecdotes which are to this hour repeated at the Tuileries and at Neuilly of the younger portion of the life of the Duke of Chartres are alike honorable to his instructress and to himself. One of these will here suffice. The health of the Duchess of Orleans, his mother, having been much improved by the waters of the Sauveinière, the Duke of Chartres, and his brothers and sister, prompted by their instructress, resolved on giving a gay and commemorative *fête*. Round the spring they formed a beautiful walk; removed the stones and rocks which were in the way, and caused it to be ornamented with seats, with small bridges placed over the torrents, and covered the surrounding woods with charming shrubs in flower. At the end of the walk conducting to the spring whose waters had been so efficacious was a kind of little wood, which had an opening looking out upon a precipice remarkable for its height, and for being covered with majestic piles of rock and trees. Beyond it was a landscape of great extent and beauty. In the wood was raised, by the present King of the French and his brothers and sister, an altar to "*Gratitude*," of white marble; and the inscription was the following:—"The waters of the Sauveinière having restored the health of the Duchess of Orleans, her children have embellished the neighborhood of its springs, and have themselves traced the walks, and cleared the woods with more assiduity than the workmen who labored under their orders." On the *fête* day in question the young Duke of Chartres expressed with grace and effect his filial sentiments of devotedness and love, but suddenly left the side of his mother, and appeared with his brothers and sister, a few seconds afterwards, at the foot of the altar, himself holding a chisel in his hand, and appearing to be writing on it the word "*Gratitude.*" The effect was magical; all present were at once charmed and touched; and many a cheek was bedewed with even pleasurable tears.

Connected with this incident, there is related a story of the Duke of Chartres, that, on perceiving in the neighborhood, on the top of a high hill, the ancient castle of Franchemont, in which were prisoners confined for debt, he exclaimed, "While there are prisoners in that castle for debt, the landscape seems sad, and mournful. I cannot be gay." And he then proposed to make a subscription towards their release. The plan succeeded; the few prisoners were liberated; and the young Duke visited afterwards the empty castle; and said, "Now, I confess I *can* be gay, and the landscape looks as cheerful as it is beautiful."

Much has been said, and even more perhaps has been written, with regard to the education of the Duke of Chartres and his sister and brothers. The editor of the Duc de Montpensier's Memoirs asserts, that the plan of education adopted by Madame de Genlis was borrowed from the *Emile* of Rousseau. This was an unfair and a most incorrect statement. Whatever may be the opinions held as to the lady in question,—whether her intimacy with Egalité was of a pure and honorable, or of an impure and dishonorable, character,—whether she was an "*intrigante*," as some allege, or a virtuous and high-minded woman, as many maintain, I own it to be indisputable that her plan of education was literary, suitable, moral, and religious, and that it was found to be, in the case of all of her illustrious pupils, most satisfactory and successful. The health of their bodies, the subjugation of their passions, the triumph of their reason and their principles over the various temptations which presented themselves to their minds, the formation of their characters, the cultivation of a taste for all that was great, noble, wise, and good, and their possession of moral and religious principles, were the objects of her unremitting care. Her success cannot be denied. The present King of the French never hesitates to admit how much he owes to her talents, her perseverance, and her varied and wise plans and schemes of education and improvement; and whilst living he visited and esteemed her, and now that she is dead he speaks of her memory in terms of no doubtful praise.

Amongst the various anecdotes which the family of Louis Philippe relate in favor of their paternal grandfather there is one worth recording, as it tends to confirm the accuracy of the observation, so often made, that there is no character in which there exists unmixed evil. When the old Duke of Orleans died, his son, formerly the Duke of Chartres, resolved on continuing the annual pensions of 600 francs each to several learned men. And not only did he continue those pensions, but he added to the list of the recipients of his bounty, and gave similar sums to De la Harpe, Marmontel, Pallisot, Gaillard, and Bernardin de St. Pierre, who had just completed his *Studies of Nature*. At that time M. de St. Pierre was in the deepest poverty; and the pension, small though it was, was peculiarly gratifying, especially as it was accompanied with a visit from the Duke of Chartres, the present King of the French and his brothers. The author of the *Studies of Nature* was delighted to find that at least the Duke of Chartres was well acquainted with his publication, and that his tastes were evidently of a right character. The author of *Paul and Virginia* had no slight insight into character; and who that has read that work, as well as the *Indian Cottage* and the *Studies of Nature*, does not envy the Duke of Chartres at this interview? Though Bernardin St. Pierre has long since slept with his fathers, I had the pleasure of passing a long summer day a few years since at *L'Etang* near St. Germain with his most excellent and truly accomplished and amiable widow. As she perceived that I appreciated, at least in some degree, the writings of her deceased husband, she was kind enough to relate many anecdotes of St. Pierre, full of interest and beauty. She seemed to feel that Madame de Genlis had spoken unjustly of her husband in her *Memoirs*, especially when she accused him of accepting under the reign of Robespierre the post of Professor of Public Instruction. "But why did he do so?" asked Madame de St. Pierre. "Was it not that he might be able, as a religious man at least, to maintain a system of moral, if he could not of religious, education? Madame de Genlis," she added, "has made it a ground of serious complaint against my husband that, seeing that religion was absolutely banished from the system of education and instruction then in use, that he should accept a post under government. But this was precisely the reason why, when offered a post, a good man *would* accept it. I knew he felt that by this means he might, as a religious man, in some degree check the spread of irreligious principles, and might now and then at any rate speak a good word for virtue and religion."

This excellent resolution was not allowed by St. Pierre to lie dormant, and, as he had many opportunities afforded him in his intercourse with the youth of France of opposing the false philosophy of Rousseau and Voltaire, then raging in all its recklessness and impiety, so he availed himself of them to plead the cause of Christianity and truth. But to return to the young Duke of Chartres.

His affection for his brothers and sister was of the liveliest and most unceasing character; and when one of his sisters died, his grief was marked and durable. To the survivor, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, he then attached himself with all the affection of a devoted brother; and to this hour, through all the manifold changes of his most unsettled life,—in sorrow, exile, poverty, joy, wealth, happiness, prosperity, fame, and renown, no brother could be more devoted than the present King of the French to his sister, Madame Adelaide. Through years of despondency, labor, and misfortune, when the horizon was the least promising and when sorrows were the darkest and the saddest, they comforted each other by their mutual hopes, counselled each other with their best advice, cheered on each other by their brightest anticipations, defended each other from the calumnies of their detractors, and have fought each other's battles, shared each other's dangers, and vindicated each other's fame, with a steadfastness of purpose and a devotedness of heart which all honest men must admire, and all good men must praise. "My brother is too good a man to be king of the French;" "My brother is the most honest man in his dominions;" "My brother is a model for a husband, father, son, brother, prince, king," are some specimens of those eulogiums which she still continues to pronounce upon Louis Philippe. And his majesty is not less enthusiastic in her praise. He never undertakes any great enterprise, decides on any vast question, or enters into any new engagement, without consulting Madame Adelaide. Yet the influence she exercises over him by reason of her quick insight into character, her remarkable memory of past events, and the facility of bringing them to bear on the facts and circumstances upon which she is at the time being consulted, as well as by her correct judgment, her masculine mind, her heroic character, and her indifference to danger when she perceives clearly the path of duty, she never abuses for private ends, or even to serve those in whom she takes a lively interest. Those who apply to her with confidence for patronage and support often receive for reply, "That his majesty is too much importuned already," and, rather than endanger a refusal, she frequently declines to interfere. But when her support is promised it can be relied on with confidence, for the king feels that to refuse *her* a request, when that request is deliberately made, would be to reject a wise and a prudent opportunity of doing good. This mutual affection of the King of the French and Madame Adelaide commenced when they were very young, and indubitably "it has grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength."

For the Duke of Montpensier, one of the brothers of the Duke of Chartres, (now Louis Philippe,) the latter also cherished a sincere affection; but Madame Adelaide (then Mademoiselle d'Orleans) was always his favorite and most intimate friend. The Comte de Beaujolais, his other brother, was, as a youth, of some promise, and Madame de Genlis always spoke of him with hope and affection. Louis Philippe mentions him less than he does Montpensier.

It will not, of course, be forgotten by the readers of this sketch of the Duke of Chartres, that when his father bore that title he was the Duke of Valois; that on his father becoming Duke of Orleans he became the Duke of Chartres; that on the death of his father the title of Duke of Orleans descended to him, and, finally, at the Revolution of 1830, he was elected King of the French. Strictly and chronologically speaking, then, the subject of this sketch was not Duke of Chartres but Duke of Valois when some of the incidents passed which I have already referred to; but I was unwilling to embarrass the reader by a division of the king's life into four epochs, and have incorporated the youthful days of Valois and Chartres together.

There is a story told of the Duke of Chartres which may confidently be relied on. When informed in the early period of the first French Revolution that a decree had just annulled all the rights of elder brothers, he embraced the Duke de Montpensier and exclaimed, "Ah! how delighted I am! We are now in all respects equal!" Of the Duke de Montpensier it was said, by one who knew him well, that "he was less exempt from vanities and frivolities than the Duke of Valois, but not so mild or docile; that he had a natural disposition for all that was honorable, and was distinguished for a sense of, and love for, equity."

The Duke of Valois (afterwards Duke of Chartres) had for his first tutor the Chevalier de Bernard, who was instructed to remember that if a prince had graceful manners, politeness towards women, and was *un homme d'honneur*, he was perfect. Then came the Abbé Guyot and Madame de Genlis; and some time after M. de Bonnard, who gave way for M. Lebrun. The Abbé Guyot was superficial, but he attended to the religious duties of his illustrious pupils, and Lebrun was indefatigable in his attention to their minor studies. Journals were faithfully kept of all that transpired between the children and Madame de Genlis, and were continued to the termination of their education. The King of the French now possesses them, and regards them as great treasures.

As his earliest years had been exposed to the false and absurd flatteries and tricks of those who surrounded him, when he first received a lesson in history, instead of listening, he yawned and stretched himself, then laid on the sofa, and placed his feet on the table; but he was ordered into confinement, and, as his natural good sense was sound and strong, he soon listened with attention. A German *valet-de-chambre*, an Italian servant, and an English teacher, surrounded him at an early age, and neither of them were allowed to converse with their youthful master except in the language of their respective countries. On one occasion the English teacher forgot himself, and, to assist him in conveying his meaning more rapidly to the duke, made use of the French tongue. "I *will not* understand you now," said the duke, "because you speak to me in French. This, you know, is against our rules. I did not understand you before when you spoke in English, I admit, but I will have patience to learn, if you will to speak, and we will begin it all over again." This charming reproof was so properly uttered, that the English teacher was not offended, and a repetition of the mistake very seldom occurred. It is for this reason that the King of the French is now so well acquainted with several languages, converses with fluency, writes not only grammatically but in good taste, and conducts with ambassadors and other diplomatic agents long conversations and correspondences without being obliged to resort to interpreters or secretaries for their aid. This facility has undoubtedly, with other causes, led to the fact, that his majesty has sometimes offended his ministers since 1830, by conducting negotiations which they felt he could not constitutionally superintend under a limited monarchy, where "the king reigns, but does not govern;" and changes of cabinets have consequently ensued. On the other hand, by the facilities which this knowledge of modern languages has given to Louis Philippe, he has on many occasions ascertained privately the views and dispositions of his allies, and has prevented collision and war.

The *political* education of the Duke of Chartres has been frequently referred to. It has been said that Madame de Genlis encouraged too much the love of liberty, which was then almost inseparable from the characters of nearly all Frenchmen. But those accusers of that lady appear to have forgotten, in their party enmity towards her, that the father of the young princes was, after all, the example to which they would naturally look, and that he had taken the lead in the movements of the ultra party. Now without resting the defence of Madame de Genlis on her own statement that she did not belong to a political, but to the religious party in France, it may fairly be urged that, if she had been ever so disposed (which I freely believe to have been precisely otherwise) to encourage revolutionary views and opinions, the conduct and proceedings of the then Duke of Orleans would have rendered any measures of excitement on her part wholly unnecessary and uncalled for. On the contrary, her great object seems to have been as much as possible to divert the minds of her pupils from attending to political debates and questions by keeping them constantly occupied with studies and pursuits much more suitable to their ages and position. To have wholly prevented them from conversing on such events as those which nearly daily occurred would have been impossible, and even unwise if possible. The true course to be taken was precisely the one which was really adopted. The royal pupils were taught to love liberty, but the liberty of the law, and not the liberty of faction.

The mind and heart of the Duke of Chartres were exposed by the conduct, rather than by the principles, of his father, to very severe and most difficult trials. Young, ardent, and attached to the principles of the Revolution, he was struck by the vast designs and the extraordinary intentions of the successive governments. But yet the National Assembly, either constituent or legislative, had no charms for him, and the National Convention was the object of his horror. He saw with sentiments of grief and shame, which he could not conceal, his father attach himself to the ultra republicanism of Marat and Robespierre; and again and again did he caution that father in letters full of strong sense and manly argument, against the results to which such an alliance must infallibly lead. He saw his father, also, giving the sanction of his name, rank, fortune, position in society, to revolutionary horrors the most atrocious; and the murder of the Princess de Lamballe was never absent from his mind. The renunciation of his title of Duke of Orleans for himself and his children, and the adoption of the vulgar and plebeian name of "*Egalité*," much annoyed the young Duke of Chartres, who could not forget the history of his family, and who loved to remember the fame and the greatness of his ancestors. There, however, was his father, descending from rank to vulgarity, from honor to disrespect, from power to servility, the mere football of the regicides, the traitors, the murderers by whom he was surrounded, and all this to save his own life, and exist in shame, reproach, and misery!

One of the first events which produced a profound impression on the mind of the Duke of Chartres was the *destruction of the Bastille*. Madame de Genlis has been reproached for having conducted the prince and his brothers to witness the scene, and for this act she has been denominated a revolutionist and a terrorist. But these epithets she did not deserve. Those who are but very partially acquainted with the history of the first revolution seem to have forgotten, that it was divided into various and very opposing phases. They forgot that the *Bastille* was not a legal and a necessary prison, and was not a part and portion of those institutions of the country, which are essential to its preservation from the vices and crimes of those who seek to injure the reputations, properties, and lives, of their fellow-subjects; but that it was a political prison for the arbitrary incarceration of men of rank, fortune, learning, and virtue, who were obnoxious to the court or to the minister of the day, and that thither they were sent and confined, by virtue of *lettres de cachet*. The history of the Bastille was associated with the worst times and with the worst men in France, and wise and good men were therefore entitled to rejoice at its destruction. Thus the most exemplary men and the most high-principled statesmen were delighted at this act of national indignation. Those who love a *monarchical* form of government are equally removed from an attachment to the violence of democracy, and to the stifling and crushing spirit of despotism. It is not, then, just to accuse Madame de Genlis of acting with want either of prudence or propriety, when she conveyed her pupils from St. Leu to Paris, to witness the destruction of the Bastille.

It has often been said of the subject of this sketch that "Louis Philippe should have been a good, honest, private citizen, fond of domestic life, of farming, of masonry, and of spending a handsome income in improvements, building, and repairs." Now, although there was intended to include a calumny and a reproach in this statement, yet it is true that the citizen king was, from his earliest years, attached to mechanical pursuits and to family occupations. Thus he had a turning machine when young, and acquired a knowledge of many trades. He excelled as a basket-maker and as a cabinet-maker, and far surpassed all the rest of the family. Aided in some measure by the Duke of Montpensier, he manufactured for the house of a poor woman of St. Leu a large press and a table with drawers, which were as well made as if put together by an experienced carpenter. Even his own playthings and those of his brothers he was instructed to make, and he was an apt scholar.

When the death of his grandfather led to the assumption of the title of Duke of Chartres, the young prince exclaimed, "There are two evils in this death—the loss of my grandfather and my own elevation. I fear I shall be less happy, as I become more elevated." There is an anecdote related of him at this period which is striking and agreeable. On visiting the old family *château* of Eu in Normandy where his majesty is now spending, at the time I am penning this sketch, a portion of his summer, he was walking on the sea-coast, when a vessel was towed up to St. Valery which had not received any name. After having dined at an inn near the coast, and close to the vessel, he was asked to stand godfather, and to give his own name to the boat. "With all my heart," said the Duke of Chartres, "If you think my name an auspicious one, but what have I done that any thing should be named after *me?*" The ceremony, however, took place, the *curé* prayed for prosperity to the vessel and to its owners, the former of which he also blessed, strewing salt and corn around it as symbols of plenty, and the duke heartily joined in the petitions which were offered up by the priests and spectators.

There are some coincidences in the lives of us all which are well worthy of attention; but this observation is particularly the case as it regards princes. One of these relating to the Duke of Chartres is the following. Soon after he took the title of Chartres on the death of his grandfather, he visited the famous prison of Mount St. Michel. He was forcibly struck with a dull sound of bells which were pealing in honor of himself and his brothers; and, as he listened to them, he avowed that they excited most melancholy sentiments. He interrogated the monks, who then had the care of the prison, relative to the famous "*iron cage*," but they told him it was not of iron, but of wood, framed of enormous logs, between which were interstices of the width of three or four finger-breadths. It was then about fifteen years since any prisoners had been *wholly* confined therein, but any who were violent were subject to the punishment for twenty-four hours. The Duke of Chartres expressed his surprise that so cruel a measure, in so damp a place, should be permitted. The prior replied, that it was his intention at some time or other, to destroy this monument of cruelty, since the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) had visited Mount St. Michel a few months previous, and had positively commanded its demolition. "In that case," said the Duke of Chartres, "there can be no reason why we should not all be present at its destruction, for that will delight us." The next morning was fixed by the prior for the good work of demolition, and the Duke of Chartres, with the most touching expression, and with a force really beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage, amidst the transports, acclamations, and applauses of the prisoners. The Swiss who was appointed to show this monster cage, alone looked grave and disappointed, for he made money by conducting strangers to view it. When the Duke of Chartres was informed of this circumstance, he presented the Swiss with ten louis, and with much of wit and good humor observed, "Do now, my good Swiss, in future, instead of showing the cage to travellers, point out to them the place where it once stood; and surely to hear of its destruction will afford to them all more pleasure than to have seen it."

On quitting this prison, the Duke of Chartres obtained for several of its sad inmates a privilege they ardently desired, of being allowed to follow them to the foot of the castle. One of them, who had been confined for fifteen months, and who till that time had been deprived of the liberty of moving from the upper part of the fort, when he found himself out of the convent and on the little landing-place, but especially when he saw the grass which covered the steps of the staircase, displayed emotions of joy and tenderness, and exclaimed, "Oh, what joy is it to walk once more on the grass!" The Duke of Chartres was overcome; inveighed against the policy which needed such a prison to be filled with political offenders; expressed his horror at the treatment of the Abbé Sabatier, who had been confined there for having spoken in the parliament with great force against abuses of the grossest description which then existed; and when he went to Paris obtained the enlargement of two prisoners. Little did his royal highness then imagine that at a future period of his life he would be King of the French! And now comes the contrast. The prison of Mount St. Michel, so abhorred by the Duke of Chartres, has been precisely the very prison to which political offenders have been sent since his majesty ascended the throne. True the "cage" exists no longer, and true, also, that many improvements have been effected in the interior of the gaol, but it is not the less true that many have died therein during the last ten years from disorders contracted there by reason of its dampness; some have gone raving mad owing to the desolation and isolation of the spot, and many still linger on their wretched and deplorable existences in that spot for offences of a political character! This contrast is striking! Madame Adelaide has often been reminded of her visit to Mount St. Michel, and has been requested by prisoners to intercede with her brother for their removal; but so great is the difference between the aspect with which we regard offences committed against ourselves, and those whom we love, and those so committed against others, that she has invariably refused to interfere, giving as her reason that political offenders, under the benignant sway of her brother, and enjoying the blessings of a constitutional government, are not subjects for pity, but for reproach. It is thus that we are often unintentionally unjust, when we set ourselves up as judges in our own cases. Mademoiselle d'Orleans and the Duke of Chartres contemplated with horror that very prison to which they afterwards directed hundreds of political offenders to be conveyed.

The father of the present King of the French was one of the leading Jacobins of that period of excitement, anarchy, and crime. Not satisfied with being a member of the Jacobin Club himself, he insisted on the Duke of Chartres being likewise received, and thus placed him in opposition, broad, distinct, and violent, to all monarchical principles. His reception created some stir, and gave much offence to the court; but what cared his father for that? He was blind, violent, and almost mad with political excitement, and acted on the impulse of the moment, heedless of all consequences, and reckless as to the future. His son, without his knowledge, had been received as a member of the Philanthropic Society. This annoyed him. To be a political personage was his desire for his son; philanthropy was, in his opinion, quite out of the question in the times in which they lived.

At the age of seventeen the Duke of Chartres terminated his education, and was provided with an establishment for himself. That education had been at different periods more or less confided to M. Peyre, to whom the duke was greatly attached; to M. Mérys, one of the secretaries; to M. de Aroval; to M. d'Avary, and the Chevalier de Grave.

The introduction of the Duke of Chartres to the Jacobin Club is an irrefutable argument to oppose to those who still dare, in the face of history and indubitable facts, to maintain that Madame de Genlis, and not his own father, inspired Louis Philippe with a love of what was called liberty, and of the first acts of the French Revolution. For is it not a fact that at the very moment the Duke of Chartres was so introduced the Jacobin Club was at the very zenith of its infamy and its power? Were not the arrival of the confederates from Brest and Marseilles, the attack on the palace of Louis XVI., the *massacre* of the royal family, (for it was nothing else), the destruction of multitudes of beings without even the semblance of a trial, and all the other atrocious acts of rebellion, treason, murder, rapine, and crime perpetrated by Jacobinism, to be really ascribed to this Jacobin Club? And yet the father of Louis Philippe caused his eldest son to become a member. To the honor of the young duke it must be recorded that, whilst for some of the celebrated men who belonged to the National Assembly he felt sympathy and respect, perhaps somewhat exaggerated, he had no similar feeling for the Jacobins, and but seldom took part in their wild, fantastic, but lamentable proceedings. At the "*Society of the Friends of Revolution*," indeed, where Mirabeau was often heard and listened to with rapture, the young Duke of Chartres was a frequent attendant; and there his talents excited admiration and surprise. He was there, however, rather the philanthropic pleader for suffering humanity, than the supporter of any measures of a purely revolutionary tendency.

The ambitious projects of the father of Louis Philippe have sometimes been denied, because, when the question of a regency came to be discussed, he wrote to the public journals a disclaimer of his intention to accept the office of regent. But this is a very poor and most unsatisfactory reason. He had attempted to withdraw himself and his family from Paris, and to place himself under the protection of the army at Montmedy, but he had failed. Latour, Maubourg, Barnave, and Pétion, had reconducted him to the capital, and, whilst the populace were partly in his favor, the government knew full well that he was not to be trusted. At such a moment of terror, suspicion, and division, to have seconded the cry of "*Let us have the Duke of Orleans for Regent*," would have exposed him to arrest, to trial, and to death. It was not that he was averse to power; it was not that he had not conspired against the king and the reigning family; it was not that his party had abandoned the hope of seeing him at the head of a sort of republican monarchy; it was not, above all, that he was not ambitious; but the Duke of Orleans perceived that the time had not arrived when, in his opinion, the great effort had to be made, the great blow to be struck; and therefore he addressed the letter of renunciation to the journals. But, though these journals inserted his letter, they laughed at his protestations, and several held up the document to scorn, and its author to reproach.

Attempts have been made to deny that the father of Louis Philippe was a conspirator. Such attempts are absurd and useless. Undoubtedly, in the first place, he had a party. Undoubtedly, in the second place, that party was opposed to the king, always threw discredit on his truthfulness, always represented Marie Antoinette as a conspiratress against the country and its liberties, always kept aloof from moderate men who attempted reconciliation, always seconded the most violent and decisive measures, always spoke of past events as preparatory for coming changes, always sought to unhinge and unsettle the public mind whenever there was a leaning towards peace or repose, always took the most ultra views of what is called public liberty, the sovereignty of the people, and national rights, and always aided in giving a revolutionary direction to the public mind. The Duke of Orleans was, in fact, in heart a conspirator; and Marie Antoinette, by her private and public reproaches addressed to him and to his followers, increased the animosity which already existed. The vote which he gave on occasion of the mock trial of Louis XVI. was the crowning act of his vengeance. The duke hated the royal family, and the moment at last arrived when all his past animosities could be concentrated and indulged in. Louis XVI. expressed his conviction that the vote of his relation would be precisely what it was, and he was not mistaken; but that vote was only the precursor of his own death, as it is to this hour the greatest of all blots on his character.

As I am not writing the history either of the French Revolution or of the intrigues, policy, and life of the father of the present king, I shall not refer further to political events than as they influence the life and destinies of the then young Duke of Chartres. From the time the States-General were assembled the best friends of the children of the Duke of Orleans, perceiving the evils which must arise, and the convulsions which could not but follow, advised their removal to Nice, but the frail and dangerous popularity of the house of Orleans was opposed to the proceeding; and they remained in France. Their father sowed to wind, and, alas! in time he reaped the whirlwind with a vengeance! The duke, ever sanguine in his expectations, believed that "the constitution" would soon be *settled*, and promised that when that should be the case, his children should visit England. But popular favor was too short-lived for his plans, and the duke himself set out suddenly for Great Britain, and at London he remained for nearly a year. To all but his political friends this journey and foreign residence appeared unaccountable, but it had the effect of detaining his children in France, as they became, in fact, objects of watchfulness and suspicion. M. de Laclos was his adviser in this circumstance, and M. Shée forwarded his views and acquiesced in his plans.

During the period that the sister of the Duke of Chartres visited England his correspondence with her was most affectionate and frequent. She had travelled with Madame de Genlis under the protection of the famous Pétion, about to be elected mayor of Paris, and who had hoped by his journey to escape the charge of intrigue. It was whilst sojourning at Bury St. Edmund's that the intelligence was first received by her from the Duke of Chartres that a powerful party in Paris had resolved on subjecting Louis XVI. to a mock trial, and on setting at defiance all the laws of justice and humanity. The Duke of Orleans, who had returned to France, and had witnessed without dismay the massacres in the prisons in September, 1792, desired that his daughter should leave England for Paris. So little did he apprehend the disasters which awaited him, that he even dreamed of peace, prosperity, and favor. He hoped he should retain his fortune; he hoped his daughter would be excepted from the operation of the retrospective law against all emigrants; he hoped that, although he had so powerfully contributed towards the overthrow of the monarchy, still that he would escape the general thirst for outrage and vengeance; and, though he had madly and criminally declared in favor of the Jacobins, yet he thought, by submission and acquiescence, to be *the one exception* of the royal family. He perceived not that the very Jacobins he supported sought to degrade him in the eyes of France, that he might the more easily become a sacrifice in their hands—another royal victim for the scaffold.

The mission of the father of Louis Philippe to England was one of policy on the one hand, and of security on the other. By the French court and royal family he was abhorred. His vanity had led him to make declarations, amounting almost to threats, "that he should be regent," "that he should be king," "that those who then hated him (meaning the royal family) would one day crouch at his feet;" and these imprudent as well as disloyal observations were repeated to Louis XVI. and his queen, both of whom viewed him in the same despicable and unfavorable light. His absence in London was also a measure of precaution. During the period of his residence in the British metropolis the most despotic rule had prevailed in Paris, and, as he was suspected by all parties of entertaining ambitious projects, and had a real, active, conspiring party of his own, he was, in fact, honorably banished for upwards of a year, and returned as a deputy of the National Assembly almost without permission. But who was not at that period the object of suspicion? Mirabeau, the eloquent, the patriotic, and the magnificent, was also accused immediately afterwards, with the Duke of Orleans, of having been guilty of "*Treason against the country*," and, although both were for the moment acquitted, yet the latter remained the object of suspicion and hate. He was, in fact, a state-prisoner in Paris, and could not pass the barriers of the city.

The young Duke of Chartres was, during this period, much agitated by contending emotions. He knew that the first men and the first measures of the Revolution of 1788 were moderate and wise, but he felt within him all the horror of which a young and pure heart is susceptible at the contemplation of the crimes which had succeeded. His father sought to make him believe that the only chance of escaping the scaffold and ruin, ignominy and death, was to march *with* the Revolution, and not to oppose any measures, however unprincipled and deplorable. That the Duke of Orleans was imperceptibly led on to this sad eventual decision, step by step, and day by day, must, I think, be admitted, and the duchess did not oppose his views, or seek to restrain the licentiousness of his political career.

The Duke of Chartres felt in a pre-eminent degree the practical evils which the Revolution was bringing upon himself when his sister was compelled to proceed to Tournay, there to await for the Decree of Exceptions. The prince accompanied his sister to the frontiers, shed many bitter tears on leaving her, and sighed for times more in harmony with his views of "a happy life."

Events marched with such rapidity, and the fate of the Duke of Orleans, his father, became so evident, that the Duke of Chartres joined his sister in Belgium. Louis XVI., the virtuous and the unfortunate, had been murdered, and the Duke of Orleans had consented to his death. After that memorable vote had been given, he wrote to the Duke of Chartres, "My heart is oppressed with sorrow, but for the interests of France and of liberty I have thought it my duty to vote the death of Louis Capet." The son looked on the letter with horror, and bathed it with his tears. Attached to the cause of liberty, and ardent in its pursuits, he saw in the conduct of his father an act of treason to the cause he affected to espouse, and an event which must terminate fatally to himself. The Duke of Orleans himself apprehended from that very moment his own arrest and assassination, and he said upon one occasion, "I am perfectly sure I have signed my own death-warrant." Oh, with what feelings of horror and disgust did the Duke of Chartres place the letter of their father in the hands of his sister—that sister whose life was aimed at by the act against the emigrants.

Disgusted with the march of the Revolution, and satisfied that for him there was neither peace nor happiness in France, the Duke of Chartres formed the resolution of writing to the Convention for permission to leave for ever the land of his birth. The resolution so taken, was his own act, and was the result of the impressions produced upon his mind by the murder of Louis XVI. The letter was drawn up; but, notwithstanding the political conduct of his father had been atrocious, his filial duty towards him induced him to submit the letter for his consideration prior to forwarding it to the assembly. As the Duke of Orleans was a member of the Convention, he could have aided the desire of his son; but he simply wrote to state, "that the idea was destitute of common sense." The Duke of Chartres obeyed, although his brother, Montpensier, was allowed to serve with the troops at Nice, and thus proceeded to Italy.

Of the military life of the Duke of Chartres it is now essential that I should speak at some length, and with great distinctness, and to connect it with the previous part of this sketch. It is a charge brought against the present King of the French that he served all governments as a soldier, and that he thus, indirectly, at any rate, supported the cause and projects of the National Assembly. When but fourteen years of age the young prince was appointed colonel of the Chartres Infantry. This was, of course, a mere compliment, but it was the beginning of his future, though brief, military existence. Though young, however, he was courageous and ardent, and, being attacked on one occasion by a mob of armed peasants, himself and his brothers were in danger of their lives. But boldly they confronted their assailants, and the king often now laughs at the remembrance of the altered features of the people when himself and his brothers caused their horses to halt, turned upon those who had been their pursuers, and caused it to be made known that it was the young Duke of Chartres who now required their dispersion. It was in November, 1785, that the duke was appointed proprietary colonel of the 14th regiment of Dragoons. Accompanied by his brothers Montpensier and Beaujolais, he wore the uniform of the National Guards in the district of St. Roch on the 9th of February, 1791; and, as a lamentable proof that at that period revolutionary principles had, in spite of all the lessons of Madame de Genlis, taken possession of his youthful mind, when he entered his name in the register he struck out all the titles of rank and nobility which had been inserted, and absurdly wrote, "*Citizen of Paris!*" I am afraid this mode of attracting popularity had something to do, in prospective, with his subsequent candidateship for the post of commandant of the battalion of St. Roch. If such were the case, his object failed, for he was *not* elected. The desire of securing popularity for the moment, to effect the object for the moment desired, has been through life the policy of Louis Philippe. This is one of the *weak* points of his character. "*I think the Republican government is the most perfect in the world!*" said Louis Philippe to Lafayette, at the Hôtel de Ville of Paris, in July, 1830, and by that phrase he obtained the silent acquiescence of the Republican party in his favor. But what was the consequence? They afterwards reproached him as a traitor, and for ten years sought to take away his life, because the programme of Republican institutions was necessarily abandoned as incompatible with a monarchy. "You are my brethren," exclaimed Louis Philippe to the National Guards; "I am only one of your comrades." What was the consequence? His "comrades" took the liberty of dictating to him what line of conduct he should take in his political government; and his "comrades" in other places, when he did not follow their advice, took up arms against him, and fought day by day against his throne, himself, and his family.

At length came the order for proprietary colonels to join the army, and the Duke of Chartres proceeded to Vendôme, and there, accompanied by his tried and faithful friend M. Peyre, took his post as head of the regiment. In the army he sought to forget all politics, and to be nothing more nor less than a soldier. He used to say, "that he was a soldier of France, and that she required their lives and their services, and not their opinions." He preserved discipline, set an example of order, secured for himself the respect and confidence of his men, but once more, however, resorted to his policy of gaining temporary popularity by adhering to the movement of the moment. That movement, at the period of which I am writing, was for the supression of all emblems of nobility; and he declared, at a meeting of the Constitutionalists of Vendôme, "that he was too much the friend of equality not to have received the decree for the suppression of such emblems with transport." The rest of his declaration was in the same spirit; but nearly forty years afterwards he was reminded of it by those who cried, "Down with the Lilies of Orleans! Down with the Lilies of the Bourbons!" And masons were employed with their chisels and their hammers to erase the "Lilies" from the Palais Royal. By acts of justice, benevolence, and charity, the young duke however distinguished himself; at one time in saving the life of a Romish priest from the fury of a sanguinary mob; at another time, rescuing an individual from a watery grave; and at all times taking care of the health and comfort of those who were placed under him. Thus his political failings were compensated for by his personal virtues and graces.

In August 1791, the Duke of Chartres proceeded with his regiment to Valenciennes, and there spent the winter. He was commandant of the place, and discharged the duties which devolved on him with zeal and ability. His brother, Montpensier, as well as himself, were thus serving in the Army of the North, when they were joined by their father, and by their other brother, the Count of Beaujolais, the latter of whom was only twelve years of age. It was under the orders of the Duke of Byron, a friend of his father, that the Duke of Chartres made his *début* on the battle-field. The Duke of Byron at that time commanded a division of the northern army of Valenciennes and Maubeuge. The campaign was opened at the end of April 1792, at Boussu and Quaragnon, and the Duke of Chartres gained his first laurels at Quirevain, by rallying a division of the army which, under false apprehensions, had fled towards Valenciennes. Under Marshal Lucknor, also, he distinguished himself by taking Courtray, though the subsequent retreat of his commanding officer prevented him from availing himself of all the advantages of the victory. And who can avoid noticing the extraordinary coincidences of the chequered life of Louis

Philippe? After having served under Lucknor, that marshal was replaced by Kellermann, subsequently Duke of Valmy. "Ah! sir," said Kellermann, when he first gazed at the Duke of Chartres, "this is the first time I have had the honor of seeing so young a general officer. How have you contrived to be made a general so soon?" To most young men of his age the inquiry would have been sufficiently embarrassing, but to the Duke of Chartres it was not so; and with great promptitude and ready wit he replied, "By being the son of him who made a colonel of you," alluding to his father. The Duke of Valmy was so delighted with the answer, that he seized his hand, and expressed his satisfaction at such a rencontre. That Duke of Chartres is now King of the French; but the son of the Duke of Valmy is now one of his most enlightened but vigorous opponents in the French Chamber of Peers.

When the Legislative Chamber screamed at the very top of its voice that "the country was in danger," and, in July 1792, called on all who could carry arms to rush to the frontiers, France assembled various armies, and, amongst the rest, 33,000 men at Sedan under Dumouriez. The Duke of Chartres was appointed to the command of Strasbourg, but he replied, "I am too young to be shut up in a citadel; I entreat to be allowed to remain in active service." The request was complied with, and the young prince served under Dumouriez. It was in the month of September 1792 that the battle of Valmy was fought, in which the duke so distinguished himself as to have for ever after caused his name to be especially remembered as connected with that memorable event. He commanded twelve battalions of infantry; and such was his bravery, talent, and indefatigable zeal, that Kellermann said of him, "Embarrassed by an attempt at selection, I shall only particularize amongst those who have shown distinguished courage M. Chartres and his aide-de-camp, M. Montpensier, whose extreme youth renders his presence of mind during one of the most tremendous cannonades ever heard, the more remarkable."

The Duke of Chartres not only was no coward, but he had even a taste for war, or, at least, for active duty; for, when offered a superior command of newly levied troops to be stationed at Douay, he declined the promotion, and preferred the camp and the trenches to a comparatively easy life in a comfortable garrison.

Permitted by the government of the day to remain in the line, the Duke of Chartres joined the army of Dumouriez, then advancing to the frontier to commence an active campaign. That general divided his army into two wings of twenty-four battalions each, and the right wing was intrusted to the young duke. It was at this period of his life that the battle of Jemmapes was fought, and to which Louis Philippe ever and anon delights to return, and of which he is justly proud. Many sarcasms, diatribes, quolibets, caricatures, and burlesque songs, have been published, since Louis Philippe ascended the throne in 1830, to endeavor to ridicule the battles of Valmy and Jemmapes, and to detract from his merits and efforts; but all who know the history of the Republican wars, and, above all, those who can remember the effects they produced at the time on the public mind, will not allow themselves by such artifices to be cheated out of the certainty, that they were great, important, and very memorable events. His chain of mounted chasseurs and his *Bataillon de Mons* saved the French army from a most signal defeat, and that at a moment when a victory by the Austrians seemed wholly certain. Driven from all their positions, the Austrians fled, and left the battle-field at Jemmapes covered with their dead and their artillery. At Anderlacht, at Tirlemont, and at Varroux, new successes added to his already established fame; and the Duke of Chartres, covered with laurels, left the winter quarters of the army of Belgium to visit his beloved sister, who had been included as an emigrant in the laws of proscription.

How sad was that moment! Young, healthy, patriotic, enthusiastic, full of talent, enterprise, and knowledge, he found himself no longer the Duke of Chartres, but the son of "Egalité;" his father tracked, hunted down, suspected; all his family scattered and in danger; his country torn to pieces by a despotic, sanguinary, and most criminal government; and Buzot, a popular demagogue, demanding that his father and his three sons should be exiled from their native land.

That was the moment that the duke pressed upon his father the duty of availing himself of a decree of proscription, and of retiring to the United States. But his advice arrived too late: the decree had been withdrawn. "Egalité" still deceived himself with the false hope of better days, and retreat from that moment became impossible.

Again did the Duke of Chartres return to the army, and acquired new eulogiums and deserved praise for his conduct at the siege of Maestricht. At Nerwende, also, under

Dumouriez, he showed the most extraordinary courage, and had a horse killed under him, still remaining on the field of battle the whole night, and, by rallying the troops, prevented the reverse of fortune which Dumouriez and his army experienced from becoming still more disastrous to the French army.

This was the critical moment for both Dumouriez and the duke. Their hour had arrived; and they, who had fought so nobly and so well, were required by the Committee of Public Safety to proceed to Paris. They were supping at Saint Amand-des-Boucs when the order arrived; and, as it was obvious that their lives were to be demanded as an act of vengeance for the advance of the Austrian forces, Dumouriez and the duke resolved on leaving France, and on seeking at least safety from a scaffold already saturated with the blood of the good and the brave. In vain were they followed, fired on, pursued. They repaired to the Austrian head-quarters at Mons; and there the duke, who was invited to enter the service of that power, declined to do so, "as he could not consent to carry arms against his country," obtained passports, and in a few days joined his sister in Switzerland. His father and brothers had been arrrested and confined in prison. His mother was a prisoner in the castle of Penthievre, the château of her illustrious ancestors. He was a stranger in a strange land, without friends, fortune, prospects, or home, and compelled to suffer from the odium attached to his father's name, "Egalité of the Convention." This was the *military* life of Louis Philippe. He was afterwards a wanderer and a teacher; but here ended his life as a soldier.

Madame de Genlis and Dumouriez have been accused of having been really the cause of the condemnation and death of the father of Louis Philippe. The accusation against them may be thus condensed. *First*, as Madame de Genlis inspired the Duke of Chartres with a horror of the Convention, and as all her notions were opposed to the spirit of the age in which she lived, the young duke, by expressing himself strongly in society, and by writing to his father letters which were subsequently seized, rendered him obnoxious to the populace as well as to the Convention, and afforded a pretext to the demagogues for the execution of their murderous projects. *Second*, As Dumouriez came to the resolution of no longer defending France against hostile invasion, and induced Valence to join him in his defection, he influenced also the mind of the young Duke of Chartres, leading him also to abandon his post as general, and thus exasperated all parties against his father. That these are facts, cannot be denied. But why should Dumouriez, and why should Madame de Genlis, have acted contrary to their convictions and their principles? The latter was a Monarchist, the former a Constitutionalist. Then why should they both act as Conventionalists? It was impossible. Dumouriez felt that he was no longer fighting for the nation, but for a faction, and for a faction opposed to the real welfare of his country. Why, then, should he be reproached for having refused to serve it? So with regard to Madame de Genlis. She had no one feeling in common with regicides; and her pupils she taught to love liberty, but to love justice more.

The defection of Dumouriez, the avowed abhorrence of the Convention by the young Duke of Chartres, the flight of General Valence, the determination of Madame de Genlis and Mademoiselle d'Orleans to seek an asylum in Switzerland, all concurred to render the arrest and condemnation of "Egalité" next to unavoidable. But is the present king to be blamed? Was it his duty to wait in France till *his* turn came to be denounced, arrested, and massacred, because his father still continued the slave of Marat and of Robespierre? He exerted all his influence with his father to prevail on him to leave France; but first he would not, and then he could not, do so. He besought his father to cease to have connection with the regicidal faction. But his father was too deeply pledged to listen to this salutary counsel. What was to be done? He had fought for his country when her government was apparently national, and when the independence and integrity of the nation were threatened. He had gained the applause, as he had merited the approbation, of the best generals of France for his military skill, and for his enthusiasm and zeal. But how could he aid a cause which had actually changed, which had forsaken all its original principles, and had degenerated into one of crime and bloodshed? It was unfortunate that his letters to his father were seized, and it was unfortunate that they were thus brought in evidence against the author of his being. But he would have been unworthy of the name of a son had he not at least sought to have prevailed on his father to forsake the cause of the sanguinary Convention.

But to renew the thread of the narrative. The Duke of Chartres soon followed his sister, and rejoined her at Schaffhouse.

They proposed to live at Zurich in peace and solitude; but they were discovered. The Royalists abhorred the very name of Orleans; the emigrants loathed them even more than they did the republicans, and often insulted them in the public streets. Thus new calamities were in store for them. The Duke of Orleans, their father, was arrested and sent to prison. Not one voice could be heard in his favor; no one pitied him; no tear was shed for himself or his children; and at Zug the latter sought an asylum and peace. Scarcely a month had elapsed when they were seen by some emigrants, and denounced, and the magistrates, fearful of offending the then savage government of France, requested that they would withdraw from that small Swiss canton. What was to be done? A thousand romantic projects suggested themselves. Separation seemed unavoidable. The features of the Duke of Chartres were too marked to be easily concealed. His sister was received into the Convent of St. Claire at Bremgarten, and the duke resolved on making a pedestrian journey through Switzerland. Beautifully was it said by his devoted friend and instructress, "How often, since my misfortunes, have I congratulated myself on the education I gave the Duke of Chartres; on having made him learn, from his childhood, all the principal modern languages; on having accustomed him to serve himself without assistance, to despise every thing that was effeminate; to sleep on a plank of wood merely covered with a straw mattress; to face the sun, cold, and rain; to fit himself for fatigue by daily practising violent exercises; and lastly, on having taught him many branches of knowledge, and on having inspired him with a taste for travelling. All that he was indebted for to the chance of birth and fortune, he had lost; and nothing now remained to him but what he held from nature and from me."

The young soldier and duke, after having traversed the Swiss cantons, assumed the name of Chabaud, and entered the College of Reichneau in the month of October, 1793, as professor of mathematics. He was then only twenty years of age! To hard fare, early hours, college rules, strict discipline, he conformed with cheerfulness and regularity, and calmly suffered the severity of his lot, and the injustice of men who, when they knew him, treated him with arrogance, not only without complaint, but without even seeming to be astonished. Under a most inclement sky, and amidst the snows of winter, he rose every morning at four o'clock, to give lessons in the higher branches of geometry in the college in question; and, during fifteen months, he did not once fail in fulfilling his duties with scrupulous punctuality and care; nor once, during his long exile, cease to render his misfortunes honorable by the noblest resignation.

The death of the Duke of Orleans, his father, reached him soon after his entrance to this college, and deeply affected him.—He was by right and descent, law and justice, from that moment the Duke of Orleans. But where was his palace? where his mother? where his sister and brothers? where the Adelaide and the Montpensier he loved so well? Even his name he was compelled to conceal, and to write "Chabaud" instead of "Chartres" or "Orleans." At the expiration of that period, he remained with M. de Montesquieu under the assumed name of Corby, and with the title of aide-de-camp. But as his sister was residing with his aunt the Princess of Conti, as the Duke of Modena, their uncle, had provided them with a small sum of money, and as Madame de Genlis had at last given up her charge, and retired to Hamburgh, he resolved on proceeding thither;—and there was he, the young, talented, amiable, interesting Duke of Orleans, the son of a regicide, and the son of a traitor, whose life had been forfeited to the decision of revolutionary savages,—there was he, without friends, profession, property, home, uncared-for, unloved, unthought-of, except by his sister, Montpensier his brother, and Madame de Genlis, as much a wanderer on the earth as if his own crimes had been the cause of his poverty and disgrace. But he had the happy consciousness of having done right, and of intending to do it; and, with such resolutions, he came to the determination of exploring on foot the Scandinavian peninsula.

As Duke of Orleans, if not by name, at least by right, I shall follow him in his wanderings in the *second* part of his eventful and extraordinary career. There we shall find him with a steadfast friend, Count Montjoie, and an honest, faithful servant, good Baudoin, who shared with his master all the sufferings and sorrows of a persecuted exile. I shall conduct him from Europe to America, to England, to France; install him at the palace of his ancestors, see him revelling in the enjoyment of rank, fortune, society, and every luxury which taste, wealth, and ease, can bestow, until the Revolution of 1830 once more rang the tocsin in his ears, and which proved to be the death knell to a monarchy of ages, to the dynasty of the Capets, as well as to his own domestic joys and family bliss: for the Revolution of July 1830 has been any thing but a blessing to the then Duke of Orleans.

LINES,

BY ELIZA MARY HAMILTON.

[Written at the request of a relative, on the death of a dear friend in Honiton, *February*, 1843.]

From Tait's Magazine.

Oh! blessed are the dead in Christ!
Why will we mourn for them!
No more the stormy billows here
With weary heart they stem!
No more they struggle here below
To guide, through many a gulf of woe,
Their being's fragile bark,—
But, harbored in eternal rest,
By far off islands of the blest,
Calm on a sunlit ocean's breast,
Anchor their fearless ark.

Seem they to sleep? 'tis but as sleeps
The seed within the earth,
To burst forth to the brilliant morn
Of a more glorious birth;—
Seem they to feel no breath of love
That o'er their icy brow will move
With tearful whispers warm?
'Tis that upon their spirit's ear
All Heaven's triumphant music clear
Is bursting, where there comes not near
One tone of sorrow's storm!

Oh! give them up to Him whose own
Those dear redeemed ones are!
Lo! on their wakening souls He breaks,
"The bright and morning star!"
His are they now for evermore,—
The mystery and the conflict o'er,
The Eternal city won!
As conquerors let them pass and go
Up from the fight of faith below,
The peace of God at last to know
In kingdoms of the sun!

"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"
And let the Lord of Glory's train
Throng the bright courts of day!
We follow, too, ye lov'd ones gone!
We follow, faint but fearless, on
To meet you where the Lamb, once slain,
Amidst His ransom'd church on high
Shall dwell—and wipe from every eye
The tears that, through eternity,
Shall never flow again!

Uniform rate of Postage.—We learn from St. Petersburg, Aug. 31, that, on the proposition of the senate, the emperor has issued a ukase establishing a uniform postage throughout Russia and the Grand Duchy of Finland, no matter what the distance may be; so that henceforth the tax on letters will vary in charge only according to their weight.—*Galignani.*

At the thirteenth meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, Major L. Beamish, F. R. S., read a paper 'On the apparent fall or diminution of water in the Baltic, and elevation of the Scandinavian Coast.'—During a journey to Stockholm in the early part of the present summer, the author had occasion to see and hear much respecting the diminution of water in the Baltic, a practical and personal evidence of which he experienced in the harbor of Travemunde, on the 4th of May, by the sudden fall of water at the port, which took place very rapidly, and to great extent. The steamer, which ought to have left Travemunde on the 18th, was detained by this cause until the 21st. It is well known, that, although without tide, the Baltic is subject to periodical variations of depth, but the water has fallen during the present summer, to a degree far below these ordinary variations: and the fact was considered so remarkable as to be thought worthy of being brought before the notice of the Swedish Academy of Sciences, by Baron Berzelius, in July last. This fall or diminution of water was already perceptible in the summer of 1842, since which, the Baltic has never returned to its mean height: but, on the contrary, has diminished, and there seems now no probability that the former level, or the height of 1841, will be again attained. Meantime, no perceptible change has taken place in the waters of the North Sea, and the unscientific observer asks, what has become of the waters of the Baltic? The answer is probably to be found in a simultaneous phenomenon apparent on the Swedish coast, the gradual elevation of which has been satisfactorily proved by the personal observation of Mr. Lyell. Recent observation, however, would seem to show, that this elevation does not proceed at any regular or fixed rate, but, if he might use the expression, *fitfully*, at uncertain periods, and at a rate far greater than was at first supposed. At the same meeting, when Baron Berzelius drew the attention of the Swedish Academy to the diminution of water in the Baltic, a communication was made from an officer who had been employed on the south-west coast of Sweden, in the Skägard of Bohuslän, north of Gottenburg, giving evidence of the recent elevation of that part of the coast, and stating, that during the present summer, fishermen had pointed out to him, near the Malostrōm, at Oroust, *shoals* which had never before been visible. The elevation of the Swedish coast forms a striking contrast with the unchanged position of the contiguous coast of Norway, which, as far as observation has been hitherto extended, has suffered no change within the period of history, although marine deposits, found upon the Norwegian hills, at very considerable elevations above the level of the sea, prove that those parts were formerly submerged. More accurate information, however, will, before long, be obtained on this interesting point, as a commission has been appointed by the Norwegian government, to investigate the subject, and marks have been set up on the coast, which will, in a few years, afford the desired information; meantime the Scandinavian peninsula presents an extraordinary phenomenon; the western, or Norwegian side, remaining stationary, while the south and east, or Swedish sides, are rising, and that, as the author had endeavored to show, at no inconsiderable rate.—*Athenæum.*

Alexis Olenin, President of the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, died at the end of April, aged upwards of 70.—*Ibid.*

FACTS ON SUICIDE.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

The 29th number of the British and Foreign Medical Review extracts some facts respecting suicide from the Third Annual Report of the Registrar-General. Suicide is most prevalent in London, the proportion, there, for a year, being 10·9 to 100,000 inhabitants. "Next to this discreditable pre-eminence stands the south-eastern counties, bordering on the metropolis, where it is 8·4 to 100,000; the range in other parts of England is from 6·8 to 7·4, which is the proportion in the western counties; whilst in Wales it is but 2·2. The proportion throughout England and Wales is 6·3; and the total number in the year was 2001. The greatest number of suicides occurred in the spring and summer, when crimes attended by violence, and also attacks of insanity, are also most common. Thus, in April, May, and June, there were 563; in July, August, and September, 539; in January, February, and March, 484; and in October, November, and December, 465." [November thus appears by no means the peculiarly suicidal month which proverbial observation would make it.] "The suicides in males were considerably more than double those in females; for of the 2001 examples of this crime, 1387 occurred in the former, and 614 in the latter sex, the proportions being as 23 to 10. "The tendency to suicide," adds the reviewer, "is least among persons carrying on occupations out of doors, and greatest among artisans who are weakly from birth, are confined in-doors, have their rest disturbed, or have little muscular exertion. The statistical illustration of this point shows that 1 in 9382 masons, carpenters, and butchers, committed suicide in the year; and 1 in 1669 tailors, shoemakers, and bakers; the tendency to suicide in the first class being as 1 to 5·6 in the second. A similar result is obtained by comparing the suicides in the class of laborers with those among artisans and tradespeople; for the tendency to suicide is more than twice as great among artisans as it is among laborers; in the former class, the proportion being 6·0 to 10,000; in the latter, but 2·9 to the same number. In the miscellaneous class, designated by Mr. Rickman, 'capitalists, bankers, professional, and other educated persons,' the proportion is 4·9 to 10,000."

Mr. Farr does not grant much force to the opinion of certain theoretical writers, that suicide is most common where education is most diffused. He admits that in England suicide is most frequent in the metropolis, the south-eastern counties, and the northern counties, where the greatest number can write; and is the least frequent in Wales, where the proportion of persons signing the marriage register with a mark (the Registrar-General's test of deficient education) is the greatest. But he remarks very particularly regarding these facts:—

"There is a general, but no constant relation, between the state of education thus tested and the commission of suicide. It may be admitted that there is some relation between the development of the intellect and self-destruction; but the connexion must be in a great measure indirect and accidental. In opposition to the arguments derived from agricultural districts and laborers in towns, there is the fact, that suicide is more frequent among several classes of artisans than it is among better educated people. If the progress of civilization is to be charged with the increase of suicide, we must therefore understand by it the increase of tailors, shoemakers, the small trades, the mechanical occupations, and the incidental evils to which they are exposed, rather than the advancement of truth, science, literature, and the fine arts."*

Apparently to show the distinction between the influence of education, abstractly considered, and circumstances with which a certain amount of education is occasionally associated, Mr. Farr mentions the facts, that about 2·0 to 10,000 persons assured in the Equitable Society, and 7·8 in 10,000 dragoons and dragoon-guards, have been ascertained to commit suicide every year.

We can see no reason for supposing that education gives a tendency to suicide; but those districts in which education, indicated by the proportion of the population who can write, is most diffused, contain the most numerous class of artisans occupied within doors. Now, there is in such persons, as compared with a sailor or agricultural laborer, a low state of health, and a morbid sensibility, which may give a proneness to self-destruction. As a general rule, these trades are least exposed to accidents; and Mr. Farr remarks, that the mind, left unexcited by natural dangers, imagines and creates causes of death. We would say rather, that the individual rendered morbid, moody, and sensitive by seclusion from free air, variations of temperaature, muscular exertion, and light, sees in the circumstances around him, viewed through the diseased condition of mind which these very circumstances have engendered, a reason why life is no longer desirable, and, consequently, an incentive to the act of suicide.

Regarding this crime, Mr. Farr suggests—"That some plan for discontinuing, by common consent, the detailed dramatic tales of murder, suicide, and bloodshed in the newspapers, is well worthy the attention of their editors. No fact is better established in science than that suicide, and murder may perhaps be added, is often committed from imitation. A single paragraph may suggest suicide to twenty persons; some particular chance, but apt expression, seizes the imagination, and the disposition to repeat the act in a moment of morbid excitement proves irresistible. Do the advantages of publicity counterbalance the evils attendant on one such death? Why should cases of suicide be recorded in the public papers any more than cases of fever?" The reviewer does not agree in this view, thinking that the certainty of publicity may act more powerfully as a preventive; but we do not concur in his opinion. He quotes, with approbation, the following passage from Mr. Farr's letter:—"It may be remarked, that the artisans most prone to suicide are subject to peculiar visceral congestions; that suicide is most common in unhealthy towns; and that the influence of medicine on the mind, and on the unstable or ungovernable impulses which are often the harbingers of suicide, is incontestable. To place the shoemaker, tailor, baker, or printer, in the same favorable circumstances with respect to air and exercise as carpenters and masons, would be impossible. But the workshops of all artisans admit of immense improvements in ventilation. Cleanliness is greatly neglected. Neither the men nor all the masters appear to be aware that the respiration of pure air is indispensable; that the body requires as much care as the tools, instruments, and machines, and that without it, neither the body nor the mind can be kept in health and vigor. The new parks and public walks will afford the artisan an opportunity of refreshing his exhausted limbs and respiring the fresh air; and the health and temper of the sedentary workman may be much ameliorated by affording facilities in towns for athletic exercises and simple games out of doors, which, while they bring the muscles into play, unbend, excite, and exhilarate the mind. Moral causes, and the regulation of the mind, have perhaps more influence on the educated classes; but all must derive benefit from out-door exercise."

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* Letter to the Registrar-General, pp. 80–1.

A PILGRIM OF NATURE.

From Tait's Magazine.

You boast of the grandeur of cities in vain
To one who loves valleys, wild mountain, and plain:
Have you beauties to vie with the river and rill?
Have you fragrance, like morning's, on heath and on hill?
O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Will you match me the lamps of some festival fine,
With the gems on night's mantle, so pure and divine?
Will you minister music devotion to form
Like the voice of the forest that sings to the storm?
O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Have you curtains like evening? Can you find hair or eye
Like the cloud of the thunder, or smile of the sky?
Have you clothes like the lilies? Like the night-wind's a kiss?
Or language like summer's pure anthem of bliss?
O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling and narrow for me.

Keep your gold-moulded mansions, let Pomp have his seat,
To give him all place I will gladly retreat;
From Vanity's banquet one guest you may spare,
Brake, meadow, and wilderness, beckon me there:
And a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city's too stifling—too narrow for me.

London. J. A. O.

Waves.—The Report of the Committee on Waves, of the British Association for the advancement of Science, was presented by Mr. S. Russell, along with a short account of the researches with which he had been engaged since the period of the former report. He had reduced the whole subject of inquiry into a more systematic and complete form than it had at an earlier period in these inquiries, and had found that the arrangement adopted had the effect of removing many of the seeming contradictions of wave phenomena, by showing that phenomena formerly identified were actually the result of conditions essentially distinct from each other, and that there exist orders of waves heretofore confounded, but now ascertained to differ in their origin, nature, and successive phases of existence. These different orders he had separately examined; he had determined their characteristic properties, and registered their phenomena, and proposed to arrange them in the following system:—

Orders: waves of translation—of oscillation—capillary waves—corpuscular waves. Characters: solitary—gregarious. Species: positive or negative—stationary or progressive. Varieties: free—forced; of which distinctions the instances are: wave of resistance, tide wave, aerial sound wave, steam ripple, wind waves, ocean swell, dentate waves, zephyral waves, water sound wave.

The phenomena of these different orders had been examined, and in their mode of genesis, their laws of motion, their form, the nature of the forces by which they are transmitted, their duration, and the manner of their final extinction, they were found to differ essentially from each other. These various properties were then illustrated by a few examples. In the first order, the velocity is dependent on depth and height alone; in the second, on length alone, being perfectly independent of depth and height; in the third case it is constant; and constant also in the fourth case. In the first, also, the nature of the motion of each individual particle of water during wave transmission is, that the particle describes a semi-circle or semi-ellipse, and then relapses into repose, all the water particles to the bottom having an equal range of horizontal translation. In the second case there is no permanent translation, but a continuous series of revolutions in a series of complete circles, or rather in a spiral, and these revolutions do not extend to great depths below the surface. In the third case the disturbances of the particles do not extend deeper than the range of the capillary forces, excited by the disturbance of the superficial film on the surface of the liquid. And in the fourth class, the motions of the particles are only made sensible through the organ of hearing.—*Athenæum.*

The Berlin Monument— to commemorate the duration of peace for a quarter of a century in Prussia, of which the first stone was laid three years ago, was uncovered on the 3d of August last. The shaft is a monolith of granite, twenty-two feet high, standing on a pedestal, with a colossal bronze statue of Victory, by Rauch, on its summit. The capital is Corinthian, with eagles on the side, and the whole monument is fifty-eight feet high.—The new museum, in the same city, is rapidly advancing towards completion. One large room will be especially devoted to Etrurian art, of which Mr. Waagen has formed a large collection.—An art-romance, called 'Semida, the Original Thinker,' recently published in Berlin, is spoken of very highly, and appears to be exciting much attention.—*Ibid.*

CARDWELL AND AKERMAN ON COINS.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Lectures on the Coinage of the Greeks and Romans; delivered in the University of Oxford*, by Edward Cardwell, D. D., Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and Camden Professor of Ancient History. pp. 232. 1832.
2. *A Numismatic Manual.* By John Yonge Akerman, F. S. A. &c. pp. 420. 1840.
3. *A Descriptive Catalogue of Rare and Unedited Roman Coins, from the Earliest Period of the Roman Coinage to the Extinction of the Empire under Constantinus Paleologus; with numerous Plates from the Originals.* By John Yonge Akerman, F. S. A., &c. 2 vols. pp. 1018. 1834.

When some uninitiated modern, not yet infected with the virus of *virtu*, sees the collector doting on his coins, and hears him discoursing of their preciousness, he is quite at a loss to account for an interest so deep shown about rusty copper, and an eloquence so profuse displayed upon antiquated money lost by thriftless housewives in the times of old. It seems to him in the nature of a new sense, or likelier, of a new nonsense. He cannot comprehend an enthusiasm, apparently both hot and strong, for hoarding coins no longer current, nor can he estimate a mode of valuation so glaringly inadequate as that which the antiquary sets upon his mouldered pence; nay, when he spends an instructive hour in Leigh Sotheby's prince of auction-rooms, and is then and there made cognizant, by the testimony of his own eyes and ears, of the startling price given for some drachma or denarius of more than common interest, he complacently thanks his own good sense, that it has hitherto preserved him from the folly of walking forth a numismatic maniac.

Still, in sober cheerfulness, there are many excuses to be urged on behalf of the coin-enthusiast. He is neither a miser who worships money for its own dull sake, nor a madman who endows it with imaginary attributes. He is nothing of the mere dealer, who seeks his mercenary gain in purchasing rare specimens at common prices, — the matter-of-fact trader in antiquity, whose first object it is to lay out his capital shrewdly, so that from the field of prostituted knowledge he may reap the harvest of vulgar cash: nor yet will he confess to the spirit of 'restless Curio,' which rejoices in the selfish possession of a Pertinax, and will outbid national museums to secure some choice unique, with the sole view of reflecting on himself an ignis-fatuus of learned notoriety. He is not to be taunted as a 'keen critic in rust,' nor to be dubbed a jealous snatcher from time's own teeth of morsels fit only for oblivion: and he will scorn to be accounted one of those greedy shareholders in the numismatic lottery, who have in their eyes the goodness of a bargain rather than the educational ideas floating round antiquity itself—who regard the accident of rarity rather than the quality of interest, — and who are scarcely gifted with intelligence capable of higher flights than pricing a catalogue or watching for a fortunate investment. These sutlers and lucre-led camp-followers, encumbering the march of antiquarianism among the ruins of old time,—all these and similar characters the true numismatist will disavow; and (with a humble saving-clause for his own human infirmity) will protest against any sympathy with their feelings, or participation in their motives. Far higher would he claim to be regarded, —and let us hear him in his foolishness,— as the meditative poet, as the clear-sighted historian, as the entertained connoisseur in art, and the well-taught student of humanity. The true collector, says Addison, 'does not look upon his cabinet of metals as a treasure of money, but a store of knowledge; seeing he may find as much thought on the reverse of a coin as in a canto of Spenser.' The true collector is not the demented 'antiquist' of a wrathful Pinkerton, the pseudo-doctor who would value mystery above knowledge, who prefers the obscurity of rust to a legible inscription, and justifies his ignorance of the present by doubting of the past; but rather the good, the honest-hearted 'antiquary,' credulous, if you will, as old Herodotus, but as brimfull of his simple charity and uncompromising truthfulness, who seeks by any means to add the history of men and ages past away, to a close and sociable acquaintance with modern times and manners. He looks upon his coins as silent monitors, teaching many things. Delicately traced upon those small green fields, he can discern and read a thousand poetical impersonations; within their magic circles he discovers the historic record, and inspects the contemporary portraiture of deeds and those who dared them centuries ago. He can show to the artist and the sculptor the time-hallowed perfection of design and grouping, and microscopic modelling: he can take the architect aside, and exhibit to him 'triumphal arches, temples, fountains, aqueducts, amphitheatres, circi, hippodromes, palaces, basilicas, columns, obelisks, baths, sea-ports, pharoses,' and other glorious edifices, which have long since in substance crumbled into dust, and the shadows whereof, thus only fixed for ever on a coin, may help him in his structure of to-day, and teach him to venerate the mighty builders of antiquity. He can, for his own high intellectual pleasure, make acquaintance with a world of miniature figures, many and minute as the fairy forms in a midsummer night's dream, shaped each and all in elegance and beauty; figures, or profiles of ideal deifications, all the more interesting from having probably been copies of then existing works by Phidias, Apelles, Parrhasius, or Praxiteles, or some other Promethean quickener of the stucco, or the canvas, or the Parian stone; and he can at sight borrow from these little people of the mint, faultless conceptions of the excellent in form, and graceful ease in composition. He can amuse and instruct, nay, elevate, his mind, with ingenious allegories, deep myths of eternal truth, and the manifold embodying of abstract attributes. For example, let him look for a minute on these few reverses of the Roman large brass,—he sees Valor standing fully armed,—Honor robed and chapleted,—Happiness crowned with obliviscent poppies,—Concord with extended hand, and the horn of plenty in her bosom,—Hope tripping lightly, and smiling on a flower-bud,—Peace offering the olive-branch,—Fortune resting on a rudder,—Military Faith stretching forth his consecrated standard,—Abundance emptying her cornucopia,—Security leaning on a column,—Modesty veiled and sitting,—Piety taking her gift to the altar,—Fruitfulness in the midst of her nurslings,—Equity adjusting her scales,—Victory with wings and coronal and trumpet,—Eternity holding the globe and risen Phœnix, or, better, seated on a starry sphere,—Liberty with cap and staff,—National Prosperity sailing as a good ship before the favoring gale,—and Public Faith (look to this, Columbia!) with joined hands clasping between them the palms of success and the caduceus of health.

These, and such as these, unillumined eyes might only deem fit for some old Prætorian to have therewith paid his tavern reckoning, or at best for some curious modern to use as markers at his whist: to the enlightened they are replete with classical interest, heraldic device, geographical knowledge, evidences of early civilization, and curious objects both of nature and of art; he finds them charged, on obverse or on reverse, with legends of heroic valor,—with names and types of cities to their modern sites unknown,—with head-dresses, jewelry, highly-wrought arms, embroidered robes, and, above all, with exquisite delineations of human beauty; he perceives upon them also the likeness of strange creatures, as the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the crocodile, the Tyrian murex, and the cuttle-fish; as well as those more fabulous abortions, a sphinx or a minotaur, a pegasus, a phœnix, a chimæra. He may, guided by a Gnossian didrachmon, roam now-a-days the labyrinth of Crete, and find it a maze differing only from that in the Harrow Road by being square instead of circular: taught by a Cydonian obolus, he may perceive that Rome, ever plagiarizing upon Greece, stole the idea of wolf and twins from the young Miletus and his foster-mother Lupa: and, warned by certain well-known tetradrachms, bearing a crafty snake that emerges from a hamper, he may note therein a fitting prototype for the hanaper office and chancery litigation. Yet more to the purpose, for it tends to his deeper knowledge of mankind, man's noblest study, he sees the medal pictured in all faithfulness with 'many ancient customs, as sacrifices, triumphs, congiaries, allocutions, decursions, lectisterniums, consecrations, homages, and other antiquated names and ceremonies, that we should not have had so just a notion of, were they not still preserved on coins.' So, from learning ancient manners, he learns man, even down to this our day: and not less,—in the flattering titles showered upon tyrants, who, being such as Nero, Domitian, or Caracalla, are sure to go forth severally dubbed 'pius, felix, augustus,' and 'the father of his country,' or, in the lying epithets of warlike triumph applied to effeminate cowards, who, being such as Commodus and Caligula, unblushingly take the names of Dacian, or German, or Britannic conqueror,—he may trace the sycophancy of men in all ages to their worst and unworthiest oppressors; nay, he may find Greece, the Roman's slave, fawning in the depths of her degradation on an emperor as her 'god' supreme, on a senate as 'the conclave of divinities.' Moreover, he can study the physiognomy, or, if he be so minded, even the more dubious phrenology, of magnates and leaders and liberators, and others the giants of old time—may speculate on their seeming dispositions, and compare the characters which history has given them with the lineaments of their acknowledged likeness; lineaments so true to life and nature,—(saving only in the few and well-seen instances of complimenting a new emperor by investing him in his predecessor's features)*—that the stamped metal bears testimony alike to its own genuineness, and to the voice of history.

It should be considered that, however stale and commonplace many of these concreted virtues or local genii now may seem to our long-accustomed eyes, burdened as those mystic figures are with the frequent cornucopia and other triter emblems, there was a time when these so obvious thoughts were new, just-born, unfledged—and that time might have been the coin's own birthday. Keeping this in mind, how many of the countries in the wise old world are typified in a fine spirit both of poetry and truth on the beautiful money of ancient Greece and Rome! It would seem not improbable that the personification of nations upon coins was the same as that adopted in triumphal processions. There, in appropriate masquerade, mingled with the military pageantry, were borne on stages or platforms the figured representatives of conqueror and conquered; there, the Dacian lay bound, while the Roman built a trophy of his arms; there, 'sad Judæa wept beneath her palm,' and 'being desolate, sat upon the ground,' while the Gentile sentinel stood guarding her and mocking; there, some dusky Ethiopian, drawn in a car by elephants, leaning on tusks of ivory, and holding out the scorpion, personated Africa; the crocodile, the sistrum, and the ibis testified to formal Egypt; Spain had her strange barbaric weapons, and the timid coney that creeps in her Sierras; Arabia, laden with spices, followed with the camel at her feet; Parthia, 'fidens fugâ versisque sagittis,' came in the procession with bow and quiver at her back; Sicily was chapleted with Cerealic wheat; Achaia wore her coronet of parsley; Britain leant upon a rock, enthroned amid the seas; and Italy, the world's stern step-mother, was crowned like Cybele with towers of strength, sat on the celestial sphere, and stretched forth the sceptre of her monarchy.

Yet further; for more than may allure his fancy, for higher things than serve to tickle ingenuity, the sensible numismatist looks with satisfaction on his coins. In them he perceives the very seed-corn of history, pocket epitomes of interesting facts, stepping-stones across the shallows of Lethe. Within the series of a few continuous coins he can read the records of otherwise unstoried empire, and at once aid memory and prove historic truth as he notes them nested in his cabinet.

Dr. Cardwell has well stated that famous instance of the testimony given by ancient coins to history, in the matter of Thurium; and various others in which the corroboration of laconic statements, nay, the filling up of vague sketches, have been due to the preservation of these tiny memorials. But examples might be multiplied at will: perhaps we may, in soberness, be said to know as much of the world's history—the Roman world in particular—from ancient money as from authors: indeed, many of the mighty among men, and more of their mighty deeds, would have remained unknown to their posterity but for some numismatic witness to their lives and actions. How little, but for coins, could the student know of the goodly reigns of Nerva and Trajan; nay, even of the better chronicled days of Hadrian and Probus? How inadequately, were it not for them, would he have estimated the high civilization of ancient Sicily—of Syracuse, Heraclia, and chiefly Agrigentum? How lightly would he have deemed of Rome's early struggles with the states of Magna Græcia, if he had not the testimony of coins to the refinement of Tarentum, and the unequalled elegance of Thurium? But for coins, how little had he known, or knowing kept in memory, the civilizing occupation of our own Albion under Claudius, and Hadrian, and Geta, and Severus? Where else could he have read at all, or in any case half so well, of the beautiful unhistoried Philistia, of the Ptolemaic and Antiochian kings, of the Sassanidæ, Arsacidæ, and other monarchs of the East, and the consular families of Western Rome? Not a little let us Britons at the ends of the earth confess to owe of historic facts to the care and skill of the numismatist; we speak but of our earliest age, our otherwise unstoried childhood: Tascio and Segonax, equally with heroical Bonduca and the noble-hearted Cymbeline, are found, almost exclusively from coins, to have been far other than fabulous personages; and Ifars, Anlaf, and Sithric, primal kings of Ireland, claim from coins alone to be considered as realities. Imagine what stability it would add to our belief in the existence of a quondam King Lear, or the sturdy Brutus of our London-Troy, to discover pieces of metal stamped with their images and superscriptions; with what corroborated faith would we think of the chivalric Arthur, if we found an obol charged obverse with his profile, and reverse with the Round Table! With what interest would the men of Bath gaze upon their Bladud, and on the fortunate thirsty swine that laid the foundations of his city!

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* The early Trajans, for example, exhibit the head of Nerva—as we have a coin of Henry VIII. masked with his father's face.

To take a few only of those great names who have confessed an interest in what Addison does not scruple to style 'the science' of numismatics—Pericles and Augustus are to be counted among its patrons, no less than Elizabeth and Leo, and yesterday the Napoleon of war, as to-day the Napoleon of peace; Lorenzo and Petrarch take their rank among the band; Alfred, Bede, Alcuin, and the elder Bacon are reported, on sufficient grounds, to have been of the fraternity; Cromwell too, following the example of his martyred master; Selden, Camden, Laud, Clarendon, Evelyn, Wren—not to mention Walpole, and a thousand of less note—knew the joys of the collector. But in truth, from Rubens and Raffaelle, from Chantrey, and Canova, and Thorwaldsen, from Newton, and Mead, and Hunter, down to the veriest smatterer in art and science of our own all-educating day, it is probable that few men of intellect have escaped the influenza of a hankering for coins, if at times they were incautiously exposed to the attractions of a cabinet: for it is verily both a pleasant thing and profitable to collect, possess, study, and enjoy these small but imperishable records of the past, pocket triumphs, miniature temples, deciduous morsels shed from Fame's true laurel, whose stem is iron, and its leaves bronze, and its buds silver, and expanded flowrets gold, and the bloom or patina as the morning dew upon them all; to keep, we say, and have a property in, these little monuments of brass as lasting as the pyramids—these scoriæ struck out on all sides when the fetters of an empire were forged—these relics of primitive antiquity more genuine than Helen's cross or Peter's chain—these elixir-drops of concentrate durability congealed to adamant and graven with the short-hand memorials of truth—these ineffaceable transcripts of character, fact, and feature—in number multiplied, and in authenticity undoubted, that now at these last days may well defy the ravages of chance, change, suppression, or forgetfulness.

The word coin is derived from κοινός, common or current; and occurs on some Greek money nominally of Alexander, but really of the Roman Emperor Philip, a difficulty well explained in one of the valuable lectures of the Camden Professor:—

'We have coins bearing on the obverse the head of Alexander the Great, encircled with a diadem, together with the inscription *ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΥ*, and on the reverse a warrior on horseback, with the inscription *ΚΟΙΝΟΝ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΩΝ*. Now, were this the whole account that the coins in question afford us of themselves, we should probably have assigned them to some period in the history of Macedon connected with that illustrious conqueror. We might indeed conceive that the coins of Alexander would extend themselves as far as his conquests, and that, in acknowledgment of his talents and of their admiration, his successors would still retain his name and impress long after he was dead. We find too, even on a slight acquaintance with numismatic antiquities, that many cities of Greece and Asia did in fact adopt the badges chosen by him for the coins of Macedon, and that they continued to be in use to an advanced period of the Roman empire. Still if the coins, that I am considering, had given us no further tokens of their date, we should probably have assigned them to Macedon, without fixing upon any precise time in Grecian history as the exact period they belonged to. Fortunately we find, after the word *ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΩΝ*, other letters, which convey a reference to Roman history of the time of the empire, and beneath the figure of the horse the three Greek numerals ΕΟϹ, expressing the date 275. Now, referring this date back to the battle of Actium, the epoch commonly adopted during the time of the empire, we are brought down to the year of Rome 998, corresponding with the year 245 of the Christian era, the precise period at which Philip the elder, who then occupied the throne of the Cæsars, was celebrating his recent victories in the East, and connecting them, as we may suppose, with the ancient fame of Alexander the Great. To complete the proof, if confirmation be wanting, we meet with a medal having the same reverse in all its particulars of inscription, device, and date, but bearing on the obverse the titles of this very Philip, with the head of a Roman emperor. So then these coins, which, from most of their tokens, might at first sight have been assigned to a much earlier period, were minted for the use of Macedon, about the middle of the third century after Christ, in obedience to the mandate of the emperor Philip, and displaying some alleged connexion between that emperor and the ancient conqueror of the East.'—pp. 35, 36.

The word κοινόν not unfrequently occurs elsewhere; as, for example, on a silver piece from Cyrene in Africa, bearing obversely the head of Jupiter Ammon, and with its characteristic silphium on the reverse. This silphium, we may note in passing, was a plant yielding a drug as much esteemed by ancient Greeks as opium is now by the Chinese: it was called Opopanax, or heal-all—and as a matter of course effected miraculous cures. So great was its price that, according to Pliny, Julius Cæsar defrayed the expenses of the first civil war by selling 110 ounces of silphium, which he found stored in the public treasury. After thus much we may be startled to be told, that a drug so choice was neither more nor less than *assafœtida*. But to return.

Some have preferred to χοινόν the etymology of 'cuneus,' a wedge or ingot, asserting that the earliest form of money was the lump or mass. Whether 'cuneus' be the root or not, the fact is indisputable that mere crude metal was weighed as money long anterior to its formation into coin. 'Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver, four hundred shekels, current with the merchants;' now, the shekel was a weight centuries before it was a coin; 3000, according to Arbuthnot, being equal to a talent; and the word 'current' may be understood more fitly by sterling, as being unalloyed, of right assay; the word 'sterling,' as we need hardly observe, being a corruption of Easterling, so termed from the money of Eastern Germany, which was remarkably pure, and therefore in request, at a period when our own coinage was excessively corrupt. We all remember too how Brennus the Gaul flung his heavy sword into the scales that were too penuriously weighing the ransom of Rome: and similar instances need not be multiplied. Unminted bullion, as a legalized medium of exchange, is not less a modern than it has been an ancient expedient; for it has been revived in our own times by Mr. Ricardo, although the project was abortive and dropped immediately, only one brick of gold weighing sixty ounces, and impressed with a sovereign stamp, having been made and issued for foreign commerce: a leaden model of this, gilt to resemble the original, is now in the British Museum; and furnishes a remarkable illustration of the manner in which the arts circulate, 'the whirligig of time bringing round its revenges.' The progress from lumps of metal to the minted 'flan' of coinage, was gradual and natural: for, after the mere mass or weight, it would seem likely that the gold bracelet, the mancus, the torques, or the fibula, or other decoration, of legitimate size and purity, succeeded; as, to take a familiar instance, we find Le Balafré in Quentin Durward paying his reckoning with links untwisted from his gold neck-chain: in like manner the bracelets of Judah, and his staff, (upon which the signet was commonly carried,) were Tamar's hire; the bushels of gold rings by which Carthage bought a truce with Rome, were possibly this sort of substitute for coin: the same kind of ornamental money (and the idea of combining money with ornament is still extant in head dresses of Venetian sequins, and in circlets of old coins worn commonly in the East) has been dug up by the Duke of Argyll from beneath the upright stones at Inverary.

Others have been found in Ireland—of which Mr. Akerman gives faithful representations, and thus writes:—

> 'With regard to the iron rings mentioned by Cæsar, it is somewhat remarkable that nothing of the kind is known to have been discovered with British coins in England; while in Ireland rings of gold and brass have been dug up in great numbers. Enough to load a cart were found in a tumulus, in Monaghan, a few years since; and this fact proves, that though these rings might occasionally have been applied to the purposes of money, they were originally intended for fibulæ, or some such personal ornaments.'

We must confess that, at first sight, the fact of finding a cart-load of these rings seems to us to prove the direct opposite—namely, that it was rather a hoard of cash than an accumulation of ornaments. Mr. Akerman might, we think, have stated a better reason for his opinion; it is not impossible that over the dead body of a chieftain his followers may have flung their bracelets in his honor. Nevertheless, when we recollect that the Egyptian hieroglyphic for money is a ring, we think it less likely that a tribe should impoverish itself, than that their chief should hoard his treasures.

But precious *metal* (and this word is more likely to be the root of 'medal' than the Arabic 'methalia,' head) was soon found to require some guarantee for its purity, as well as the more easily discoverable fact of its just weight; and in a day when seals were sacred things, no test was so obvious as the signet. Heraldic emblems, or rather allegorical devices, to save anachronism in terms, would appear to be the first idea—as the Babylonish lion, Ægina's tortoise, Bœotia's shield, the lyre of Mytilene, and the wheat of Metapontum; but it would soon seem advisable to add the sanction of religion to that of mere honor, and this will at once account for the common impress of the head of some divinity. Thus Juno, Diana, Ceres, Jove, Hercules, Apollo, Bacchus, Pluto, Neptune, and many of the rest of the Pantheon, have sanctioned by their effigies impressed the most perfect mean of barter in the world. Superstition dared not cheat, in the very face of Rhodes's brilliant Phœbus, of the stern Athenian Minerva, and the mighty Jupiter of Macedon. Almost without doubt the coin's prototype, the original model of these beautiful heads, was in each respective case some statuary idol, venerable for alleged miracles as any Lady of Loretto, or for indefinite antiquity as the black Jupiter now doing duty as St. Peter. It seems to us clear that it was owing to this exhibition of idolatry on coins that the Jewish shekel never bore a head, but was charged only with the almond rod and pot of manna; for Israel, as we know by her banners, might innocently bear an heraldic emblem, but was forbidden to fashion any device which the heathen nations worshipped. Mohammedan money in like manner, and for a similar reason, is prohibited by the Koran from exhibiting any portraiture. Another interesting fact may be explained in an analogous manner—namely, that until Alexander of Macedon had overrun the Persian monarchy in the East, and until Julius Cæsar had consummated the Roman empire in the West, no image of a living man was permitted to be stamped upon a coin; deities or heroes alone could resume to give a sanction to the national redit.

Besides and beyond the usual metals (gold, silver, and copper,) many and strange substitutes have often been adopted as means of commercial circulation. Dr. Cardwell says:

> "We are informed, on such authority as that of Suidas, that money of leather and of shells was once used by the Romans; and by Cedrenus, that wood was also employed by them for the same purpose. Aristides says that leather money was once current at Carthage, and Seneca makes the same remark on Sparta. But with respect to all these cases alike we may answer, that no such money is now known to exist; that the authorities quoted are in no instance competent evidence respecting times so far remote from them; and that if such money ever had existed, and could have been preserved to the present day, it would be as utterly destitute of historical usefulness to us as of intrinsic value in itself. We are told, on authority somewhat more considerable, that iron was used in the same manner at Sparta, at Clazomenæ, at Byzantium, and at Rome, and tin also, by Dionysius of Syracuse. No ancient specimen in either of these metals has ever been discovered; but we may admit that such coins have actually existed, and may account for their total disappearance by the extreme remoteness of the time when they were made, and the great probability that they would long since have been decomposed. Lead has also been mentioned by ancient authors as formerly used in coinage."—p. 94.

We do not altogether agree with Dr. Cardwell in much of the above, especially in the apparent incredulity as to Suidas, &c.; for we can add with certainty to this list a multitude of well known similar substitutes, many even much stranger, and worse adapted for exchange. For example, a species of coal-money, and circular bits of hide, are not unfrequent in our British barrows; the Dutch have minted pasteboard; our old exchequer tallies might be called in some sort wooden money; James II. coined gun-metal; in 1690 we had a tin coinage to the extent of £70,000; lead and pewter have circulated largely as tradesmen's tokens; the Malays have a currency of betel-nuts, the Madagascar people of almonds, the African tribes cowrie-shells, the inhabitants of Yucatan certain seeds of plants, and the original settlers in Massachusetts accounted 'musket-balls, full-bore,' a legal tender; so lately as in 1803, *teste* Captain Marryat, deer-skins at the stated value of 40 cents per pound were a legalized mean of barter at Cincinnati, and if proffered instead of money could not be refused. But no need to look either far back or far abroad; *silver paper*, flimsy as a stoutish cobweb, liable more than any sibylline leaves to be scattered and destroyed by water, wind, and fire, exposed to demolition by mere contact with its sturdy brother cash, and to illegibility from mere grease and dirt—this very type of insecurity, if not of immateriality, is our own chief circulating medium, and represents our highest sums.

Coins were first stamped on one side only, the reverse of the earliest Greek money being the impress of points on which the stricken flan was fixed, and that of our own most ancient British, as well as some of indefinite antiquity from Hindostan, being the indentation of a smooth concavity. The metal was a bead hot from the furnace—perhaps our own skeattas (shot-money) were so called from their form before striking—and the money, when stamped, was often naturally serrated, from radiation caused by the blow; this effect giving the first idea for our modern safeguard against clipping—the milled edge. The simple mechanism used for minting were hammer, anvil, and pincers, as we find them portrayed on an interesting consular coin inscribed 'MONETA.' Now, concerning the dies, nothing is more wonderful in ancient coins than their infinite variety. Dr. Cardwell says, and the statement is known to be correct by all numismatists—

> "It may also be a matter of surprise, that, with their imperfect command over metals, the ancients should still have recourse to the hammer for common purposes, as they would be com-

pelled, from want of a well-tempered material. to be constantly making new dies, after a small number of impressions had been taken; but this difficulty only furnishes us with a new evidence in favor of what has been stated as to the general practice. It is a singular fact, that in very few instances have any two ancient coins been found which evidently proceeded from the same die. The Prince Torre-Muzza, for instance, who was for many years a collector of Sicilian medals,* could not find in his extensive cabinet any two that corresponded in all particulars with each other."—pp. 101, 102.

It is possible that these perishable dies, so exquisite in workmanship, may have been carved, for the greater ease, in a sort of clay, or other plastic composition, which hardened by heat, would thus be made capable of striking one impression on the drop of precious metal still softened from the furnace. The ancients had no steel, their coins were numberless, and the dies as diverse as the coins. Striking, not casting, was, from many marks, their method; and we can only imagine that the heavy hammer had attached to its face the quasi mould, the highly-wrought but fragile dies, which, like Virgil's bees, must perish as they strike—

'Animasque in vulnere ponunt.'

Even with all our modern skill, and its many mechanical appliances, the longevity of dies, steel of treble temper though they be, is always problematical; one may be capable of striking half a million coins without material deterioration, while another will give way beneath a score; to so many casualties are steel dies liable from the variations of temperature, from degrees of force in striking, from chemical deficiencies in the original process of face-hardening, and from other causes little understood.

But leaving thus too slightly touched the mysterious topic of an ancient die, upon which no light has been thrown even by the discovery of moulds for casting, which were certainly the tools of Gaulish forgers, let us proceed with the history of coins. It is a remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding high civilization, there appears to have existed no money in Egypt anterior to the Persian occupancy. Cash does not seem to have entered into the calculations of a Pharaoh, and nothing like a coin is found upon sculptures or papyri: Joseph's 'money for the corn' need not have been other than personal ornaments; and although there are extant an abundance of circular seals or 'cartouches' stamped on burnt clay, we nowhere see the idea carried on to the precious metals.

The earliest known coins, or at least those now in being, bore the indented square, as the monies of Ægina: to this soon succeeded simple incusion, as the wheat-ear of Metapontum, and the bull's head of Phocis. And this incused kind of coin followed probably very close upon the indented; for, instead of being fixed on points, the idea would soon occur of fixing the metal on some slightly yielding surface —lead, for example, or wood—so as to produce a reversed intaglio of the obverse cameo. Incused coins next came to have two different impressions; thus we find the Neptune of Posidonia with his drapery arranged both back and front, evidencing distinctly the obverse and the reverse. To this succeeded the double stamp—or proper tail-piece added to the profile—often within squares, as we find on the Darics, and early Athenian money; from which step it is easy to imagine further gradations, until the perfect medal is attained. And a word here concerning the term medal—Dr. Cardwell observes—

"You will have observed that the words 'coins' and 'medals' have hitherto been used indiscriminately, as if it were not intended to acknowledge that any important distinction exists between them. The distinction, in point of fact, has not been generally observed; and the neglect of it is probably owing to the impossibility of separating those specimens which were intended to be used as money, from specimens designed for other purposes. There are, indeed, some among them of so large a size, and so peculiar in other respects, that they cannot be confounded with common currency; but for these I reserve the term *medallion*, intending to use the term *medals* as denoting all minted pieces whatsoever, and *coins* to distinguish those among them which were designed as money.

"It was an opinion, however, maintained by Hardouin, and before him by Erizzo, that none of the various specimens we possess were issued as money, but were all of them originally bestowed as tokens or memorials. But the opinions of Hardouin, as Barthelemy well observes, have no longer any claim to be refuted; and the circumstances of the case are so directly opposed to this opinion of his, that we now endeavor to ascertain what medals are tokens or memorials by examining whether they possess the known characteristics of coins.

"Those characteristics may be thus briefly stated. Wherever any class of specimens preserves the same specific character, though minted in different years, or even reigns, or even, as in some cases, in different centuries; wherever they present a uniformity of weight, or device, or general style of workmanship, allowing only for the changes required by the varying condition of the arts; wherever they have been found in immense numbers; wherever they bear in their inscription either the name or the denoted value of a coin: in those cases we may infer that they were issued as common money. We have, for instance, a series of gold and silver coins of Philip and Alexander, preserving a strict correspondence, with each other, and being specimens doubtless of the money so often mentioned by ancient authors under the names of those illustrious sovereigns. We have also a long series of Athenian tetradrachms, varying somewhat, as we might naturally expect, in their actual weight, but maintaining a constant resemblance to each other, and extending apparently from the earliest times down to the Christian era.

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* 'This collection was purchased by Lord Northwick.'

> "On the contrary, when medals are of much greater bulk than the common coins of the same country; when they are few in number, and yet varying among themselves; when, in addition to these circumstances, they are highly finished in their workmanship, we cannot reasonably consider them as money, and must include them in the class of medallions. We have examples in each of the three metals."—pp. 88-90.

The fact seems to be that the distinction between a coin and a medal is very much one of modern invention. Addison, speaking of ancient mintage, recognizes no difference whatever between them: Mr. Payne Knight is of opinion that, even in the case of a medallion, from a Cæsar's gift-of-grace to his favorite, even to the beautiful Sicilian prize for the Athlete, it had its legal value, and is to be accounted as a coin. There would seem in all cases to be a specialty of die; and if the fact of a legalized currency is nowhere recorded as to medallions, either on their face or concerning them in authors, at least we know nothing to the contrary.

However clumsy the mechanical contrivances of the ancients, their progress towards perfection in design, and in artistic execution of the die, was astonishingly rapid. Mr. Ackerman says:

> "In the types of some of the earliest Greek coins we find a spirit and a boldness, both in design and execution, with which many of the more elaborate productions of modern times will not bear comparison. The rude, and often misshapen, lump of silver upon which these types are impressed, contrasts most singularly with the wonderful freedom and spirit of the design. Armor, weapons, animals, plants, utensils, and the most graceful representations of the human figure, appear in infinite and astonishing variety within a space so circumscribed, that the artists of antiquity would seem to have sometimes vied with each other in the production of the most striking representations within the smallest possible limits."—*Mum. Man.* p. 12.

Of the earliest annals of *forgery* we know nothing; but, so long ago as 600 A.C., we find Solon issuing sanguinary laws against the crime. Hereafter we shall have a word to say about many modes of fraudulently imitating coins, as far as collectors are concerned; but perhaps the uninitiated will not be prepared to hear that ancient forgeries are as common as modern ones, and would be be even more evidently so if the astuter moderns had not often forged ancient forgeries! Under Claudius, Rome found herself inundated with legalized false coins—a regular issue of denarii formed of silver plating over an iron foundation; and when the people, to evade such a currency, cut the edges with a file, there were issued serrated coins of a similar dishonest mintage.

To detail at length the progress of coinage might be rather of the dullest. Silver seems to have taken precedence, and to have been in its utmost purity at Athens, which had no gold coins of her own, but contented herself with the Cyzicenes and Darics of her neighbors, and governed the money market of the ancient world by the standard of her own just currency. Copper followed at an early period—perhaps almost simultaneously—to answer the demand for subdivision, though Athens issued silver coins no heavier than two grains; and gold, in a race almost equal, was probably the last: all being of very pure standard, far exceeding modern notions of a just assay. Dr. Cardwell tells us that, 'the most important property of the Athenian coinage was its purity, carried to so great an extent that no baser metal appears to have been united with it as an alloy;' and 'the specimens of Athenian silver now remaining are of the highest degree of purity.' And again, for other times and countries, among the ancients, 'the Darics of Persia appear to have contained only one-twenty-fourth part of alloy; the gold coins of Philip and Alexander reach a much higher degree of fineness; and, from some experiments made at Paris on a gold coin of Vespasian, it appears that in that instance the alloy was only in the ratio of 1 to 788. In our own gold coin the alloy consists of 1 part in 12.'—p. 96.

The earliest money—no doubt from some some patriarchal idea connecting all property with flocks and herds—though some say from the idolatry of the bull, so prevalent in the East, from Sol having entered Taurus at the era of the creation—was impressed with the figure of a bull, at least with some kind of *pecus*. Maurice, in his 'Antiquities of India,' vol. vii., gives an interesting testimony to this fact 'that the earliest coins were stamped with the figure of an ox or sheep.' For proof that they actually did thus impress them, we can appeal to the high authority of Scripture; for there we are informed that Jacob bought a parcel 'of a field for an hundred pieces of money,' (Gen. xxxiii. 19.) The original Hebrew term, translated pieces of money, is 'kesitoth,' which signifies 'lambs;' with the figure of which the metal was doubtless stamped.

There seems to be an odd incredulity in Dr. Cardwell's mind respecting this primitive sort of money, whereof Pliny (N. H., xxxiii. 3,) says, 'Signatum est notis pecudum, unde et pecunia appellata.' Dr. Cardwell says distinctly, (p. 144,) 'As to the early coinage of Rome, we may observe that, if a "pecus" were the first device impressed upon it, there is no known specimen of it in existence.' Now in the British Museum, not to mention other less accessible collections, there is in existence a specimen of the original Roman As, with a bull impressed upon it, (we had almost said,) as large as life; for the specimen in question is in surface nearly the dimensions of a brick. Again, as to Greece, Dr. Cardwell states,—

> 'I may observe, that in none of these specimens, nor yet in any known coin of Athens hitherto discovered, is there that impress of a bull, which is said by Plutarch to have been the device adopted by the Athenians as early as the days of Theseus, and is commonly supposed to have given occasion to the proverb βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ.'—p. 120.

Since Dr. Cardwell could get over the Latin household word 'pecunia,' one could not expect him to be staggered even with a genuine proverb in the case of Greece. We are far from unaware that the interchange of arms between Diomed and Glaucus, and the valuation ἑκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων, is not likely to be at once admitted as proof sufficient against the Doctor: but there are various points to be considered before we adopt his conclusion. Theseus, according to Plutarch, is said to have stamped bulls; the Trojan war was undertaken when Menestheus, successor of Theseus, reigned in Athens, and when accordingly these bull-coins would be seemingly in circulation; while, as to the explanation that the armors had really cost separately one hundred bulls and nine bulls, creatures with horns and hoofs, it would be as reasonable to say hereafter of one hundred sovereigns, or of nine rose-nobles, that they intended a century of kings, or a tailor's sum of vermilion-visaged peers. It was a similar confusion of ideas which gave force to the pleasantry of Agesilaus, who, when compelled to retire from the invasion of Asia by the force of Persian gold, (the well-known Darics which had bribed over Sparta,) declared that it was no wonder he had been defeated, for he had to fight against thirty thousand *archers*. It certainly appears to us that the bulls which purchased those Homeric arms were silver bulls; and we think the true explanation of their having become non-extant to stand as thus; —first, there is no great wonder if money of such extreme antiquity should not have survived to our day; for the probabilities are that it was so large and so coarse that it could not well have escaped the crucible: and, secondly, (though this supposition is less likely,) if it were less bulky than we think, and has at all survived, an extract from Dr. Cardwell himself, immediately preceding the assertion upon which we comment, may possibly settle the question:—

> 'M. Cousinery has assigned a considerable number of silver coins to Athens, which, if properly so assigned, must belong to a very early period of its coinage. The workmanship is rude; the reverse possesses, in several instances, the squares or crosses of the most simple style of minting; there is no inscription whatever; and the device is not the customary owl or head of Pallas, but commonly *a horse* or a mask.'—p. 119.

Now, it is quite possible—and those who know what rude workmanship amounts to, will easily understand us—that in this horse may be found the identical βοῦς we seek. These coins of M. Cousinery were 'all found at Athens, in company with others, certainly of Athenian origin,' and are not assignable to any other state. However, our first ground is that within which we would entrench ourselves.

Roman coins may be divided generally into the consular series, or those struck by Roman magistrates and commemorative of their own family legends, and the imperial series, or those struck by the Emperors in gold and silver, and by the Senate in copper and brass, to the honor of Roman prosperity and her favoring Augustus of the hour. To this rough classification we may add, the dozen subdivisions of the As, the little company of medallions, and sundry pocket-pieces or tokens, which seem to have served as tickets of admission to the public baths, or the Amphitheatre. Dr. Cardwell observes:—

> 'It is the opinion of some persons that these tesseræ, though not originally so intended, were afterwards used as money; and the counter-marks, which are in many instances found upon ancient coins, both silver and brass, are supposed to be the public stamps, by which they were acknowledged as a legal tender.'

In the consular series are many points of interest: one of the most noticeable, as being common to the majority, though not universal, is the adoption of the head of the Athenian Minerva, with, as Dr. Cardwell very fitly supposes, the wings of her owl upon the helmet, and taken as the emblem or genius of Rome: serving to show either that Athenian money had gained such mundane credit for its purity, that Rome took it for her model, or that Greek artists worked the Roman mint, and with a religious patriotism preserved the sanction of their national divinity: both of which indeed were antecedently to be expected. The consular series abound with corroborations of Livy's tales, and other legendary stories of old time, as well as present to us numerous traditionary portraits of the earliest worthies of primæval Rome: no likeness of a living man being allowed to appear upon them. The coins of the empire commence with Julius Cæsar, who first struck a living portrait, and they run in a continued succession of so-called Cæsars, their queens, and crown-princes, from about 48 A. C. down to Romulus Augustulus, emperor of the west, who was dethroned by Odoacer about 475 A. D. Their chief excellence, but during the early period only, is portraiture; and the next, as we have said, are poetical impersonation and historic incident: in the later times of the empire, for the last 200 years, the execution is generally as barbarous as the design is unclassical. The tickets called contorniati, named from the hollow circle or frame round their edge, are of very low relief, (as if belonging to the lower empire,) bear on one side some personage of ancient fame, on the other a mythological device, and were probably used as tesseræ; while the spinthriati, or bath tickets, are impressed with scenes and subjects of debauchery, fit only for the gardens of Nero, or the Capreæ of Tiberius.

There are several coins and medals highly interesting, and therefore worthy of mention in this sketch, seeing they allude to Christianity, or its corruption, in a very early age. Such is a certain Hebrew medal, bearing the similitude of our Lord, found near Cork in 1812; such, also, sundry coins of Diocletian and Maximian, illustrative of their triumphs over the serpent-monster, (shaped like Milton's Sin, a human form with snaky legs,) whereby the absurdity of Gnosticism had dared to symbolize the Christian mystery of two natures in one person, human and divine: such, too, many coins of Constantine, Constantius, Decentius, Jovian, Gratian, and Theodosius, on all of which we see that interesting emblem, (the X and P monogram of Christ, with His α and ω in the field,) which succeeded to heathen symbols on the Labarum and monies of the lower empire: not to mention money of Justinian, Phocas, and others who placed the cross upon their coins, from which it was undoubtedly copied by our own Saxon kings, and by breakage in the crucial indentations afterwards produced the half-penny and *four-thing*.

We have not room at present for enlarging on the clever devices of forgery; how the unwary tyro must be cautioned not merely against casts, and electrotypes, and alterations made by the graver's tools in legends and in portraiture, but also against novel dies sunk in exquisite imitation of the ancient, against medals sawn in half in order to interchange reverses, against genuine coins struck with modern additions, and a thousand other tricks of trade, wherewith coin-dealers have damaged numismatics. It is comfortable to be assured, on the other hand, that with all the ingenuity of a Cavino at Padua, a Galli at Rome, a Becker on the Rhine, and 'several others who seem,' says Dr. Cardwell, 'to have acquired more reputation by their skill, than they have lost by their dishonesty, and to have obtained for a work of imposture the name of an ingenious and elegant invention'—the real numismatist is rarely taken in. There are indeed cases, as the unique gold coin of Athens, the triplicate of Orsini's Cicero, and so forth, *vexatæ quæstiones* of old time, which have long formed pleasant pivots for sages to dispute upon: but, as our Camden professor well observes, we must remember—

> 'that whatever skill and knowledge may have been employed in forging, the same degree of skill, and a greater degree of knowledge, have been exerted in detecting. . . . . . The very knowledge of these difficulties presupposes the power of disentangling them; the skill and ingenuity of fraud have been followed step by step through all their windings, and wherever they have given birth to new devices, have as readily suggested some fresh caution or contrivance for exposing them. Even when all the arts of fraud have been exhausted, and mechanism has been assisted by learning in the business of delusion, there still remains on the other side that *eye*, at once keen and cautious, which seems to have converted a long experience into a quick perception. As in works of music a fine and practised ear can discern, by tokens imperceptible to common organs, the difference between a genuine master and the most able imitator—so too an antiquary of native talent, grown prudent

from long use, and enlightened by various knowledge, has acquired for his pursuits a power of intuition, which fraud cannot easily elude, and ignorance cannot possibly comprehend.'—p. 65.

Anecdotes of coin-mania might also have proved a fruitful topic of amusement; but we can in this place mention only two, the climax to one of which happened under our own observation at Leigh Sotheby's. There is a gold coin of Mithridates, intrinsically weighing the worth of about ten shillings, which in 1777 fetched £26 5*s.* In the course of forty years it had reached the value of £80, and as such came into the possession of a certain spirited collector. As ill-luck would have it, the acquirer of this unique Mithridates had hardly made his purchase before a duplicate came into the market: it was his interest to purchase this, and competition ran the auction-value up to £90, at which he purchased again: not long after, a third was produced, and bought up by him also at £100: and we ourselves, a year or two ago, saw a quadruplicate of the same coin sold in the same auction-room for £113; the original possessor of the now depreciated triplicates having bid up to £110, and then given over in despair. Human nature did its utmost, but could stand the contest no longer. A brass medallion of Commodus fetched at Christie's this spring the sum of £23, being intrinsically worth twopence; and the famous Athlete-medallion of Syracuse, about five shillings' worth of silver, has repeatediy produced forty pounds.

However, let not the young collector who hears these things despair; as in all other good things of nature and of art, we find the union of medium excellence with high rarity to be the exception, and not the rule—even so it is with coins. Fair, and even very pretty specimens of genuine ancient Greek money may be readily procured for little more than their actual value as silver; and, generally speaking, the differences which constitute scarcity, and consequent high price, will be found to amount to somewhat as trivial as a mint-mark, or other such unimportant variation from the recognized standard—coins, namely, that have been published and described. To this remark there are of course brilliant exceptions; an ancient piece—be it proud gold stater or humble copper chalcus—perfect in condition, with the bloom of its birth still fresh upon its face, as if 'dew from the womb of the morning'—must ever command a high appreciation, even though the type be common; and large fine specimens—as from Syracuse, Thurium, or Panormus—always bear a value which will only seem absurd in the eyes of the illiterate. But the fact remains that one may at small expense obtain undoubted specimens of Greek coinage, in fair condition as coins, and otherwise desirable for art or interest—as, Alexander, the Rhodian pomegranate flower, the Bœotic shield, the Attic owl, the Pegasus of Corinth; nay, if the collector will but eschew those minuter differential marks, for which few but enthusiasts contend, he can cheaply buy in the numismatic market-place a very 'feast of reason, and a flow of soul:' thus he will have turtle from Ægina, crab from Agrigentum, and dolphin from Tarentum: he can be supplied with wild boar from Ætolia, drinking cups from Cyrene, and corn from Metapontum; the rose will add its fragrance from Zacynthus, and Chalcis with her sounding lyre harmonize the feast. Neither with less ease can Rome just as reasonably furnish abundance of interest, both historic and poetical: very good coins, as well consular as imperial, can in general be had for two shillings a-piece; even Othos are cheap, so they be silver ones; and, safely possessed of this prim-wigged portrait on danarii, it were little wisdom to 'sigh for an Otho' in improbable brass.*

The collector, who wishes to frame his cabinet on the economical basis of common sense, (and with this true taste can never be at variance,) will supply himself with the portrait or the incident, on brass, if silver be extravagant—on silver, if brass be all but unattainable: whatever be the metal, the historical idea must be the same; and a Claudius Gothicus will have no deeper interest for his eye, minted in the rarest billon, than in the frequent copper. A contrary feeling, and one too rife among the numismatic world, tends to exalt scarcity (though it be but of mere metal) to the first rank in costliness; and there often is a conflict for rare brass, where the gold and silver are too common to be prized. But this kind of valuation by rarity alone, exclusive of interest or workmanship, sometimes leads the connoisseur astray — convinced too late that coins, however scarce, may be bought too dearly, if they have nothing else to recommend them to his cabinet. For example, the Pax-penny of William the Conqueror, one of the most barbarous bits of money in existence, some time ago was of the first rarity, and bore a value pretty nearly equivalent to its weight in diamond-carats: but, lo, a hoard, thousands in number, of some old Norman miser is luckily unearthed at Beaworth; and, to the intense chagrin of competitors for scarcity, Pax-pennies were latterly sold upon Cornhill for sixpence a-piece. Again, sundry early Saxon coins, within a little year past, were esteemed invaluable, from bearing the names of Alfred, Ethelbert, Edward of East Anglia, and so forth; their interest to an English mind is not attempted to be gainsaid; neither also will be disputed the uncivilized character of their execution, nor the fact that the patriotic interest aforesaid was estimated at much too high a price. But alas for those who had possessed themselves of Saxon pence at £14 a-piece! The bank of Cuerdale overwhelmed those units by its hundreds.

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* Dr. Cardwell (p. 207) expects to find these yet in plenty:—'It is possible that the senate may never have issued any brass coin with the insignia of Otho, and may have supplied the wants of Rome by continuing to use the dies of his predecessor; but it is a more reasonable solution, that such coins were actually minted, and may hereafter be brought to light by some fortunate discovery.'

And now one word about patina:—

'With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore;
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.'

We shall not be so bold as to dwell upon the beauty—though, in truth, the coins of Naples have a charming tint, and pleasant is the gloss of Malta: but hear our learned professor on its usefulness:

> 'The brasses of the ancients contain for the most part a quantity of tin united with the native copper. As the mines which are known to have been worked by them do not appear to have given them these two metals in combination, we also infer that tin was made use of designedly, and from their knowing the unfitness of mere copper for the purposes of money. The advantage, however, of the combination is shown more clearly in its reference to numismatic studies. Disinter some Roman brasses, containing but little admixture of other metal with their native copper, and you have to mourn over a work of destruction, like the havoc made by some confluent disease upon a beautiful countenance; but if the alloy have been properly united with it, the specimen has become much more attractive during its concealment by that soft shadowing of green and brown, which has spread itself over it, *οἷον τοῖς ἀκμαίοις ἡ ὥρα*, and which, more than any other property, baffles the ingenuity of modern forgers.'—pp. 99, 100.

This must satisfy the utilitarian, and now let us hear no more malicious ridicule about rust and verdigris.

There is one other view of ancient coins, at which we must be allowed to take an almost parting glance—their localities. It is stranger to hear of Roman gold having been dug from the ruins of a Hindoo temple, than of hoards of imperial coin found in Transylvania; but the stories are alike true. Lieut. Cunningham discovered in Cashmir a hitherto unknown coinage, some fifteen centuries in duration, of Indo-Scythian kings, who, until the gallant soldier disinterred their monetary effigies, had been utterly unknown. So also in Bactria and Affghanistan many a forgotten potentate of old time has to thank Colonel Todd and Mr. Masson for having rescued their fame from non-entity through the medium of their coins. But not to dwell on these grand remote discoveries, we ourselves have been startled more than once by picking up Roman coins in the course of a country ramble—no further off than in Surrey. What a new charm it gives to this familiar scene; what interest it adds to the purple uniformity of this broad heath; how the air begins to sound with the clangors of lituus and tuba; how the hollows round about are thronged with bivouacking legionaries! There are shaggy horses, hung with trappings, drinking in a line at the trout stream; here, stand the banners circling the prætorium, Rome's bloody hand, her wolf and twins, and her consecrated labarum: this fine white sand among the fern has rubbed bright many a breastplate; this fragrant sod been drenched with the blood of invaders hewing out the glory of Rome, and of patriots fighting for their homes and altars. From that hill, no doubt, rushed at seeming unawares the swarthy cloud of Britons; but the iron cohorts were ready at a word:—the rout is over, the legion has returned, and pile their bloody arms. How know we all these deeds of old? What brought the Roman and the Briton to this field, and made us witness to the battle?—A few copper coins, immortal in their patina, which we have just shaken from a lump of turf, and have exultingly discovered to be early British, mingled in a mass with those of Claudius, Gallienus, and the Constantines.

The remarkable discoveries in Lycia by Mr. Charles Fellowes, and those in Affghanistan by Burnes, may also be mentioned as notable illustrations of the interest which ancient coins may well excite, as connected with locality: for the former may by means of their old money ascertain the names and the religion of otherwise unstoried cities—as the latter has exhibited to our wondering view whole dynasties of monarchs of whom history is silent. Mr. Fellowes very sensibly tickets his coins with the name of the place where they were severally found, on purpose to make them serve as historic records; he seems to consider them of the Homeric age, or thereabouts, and remarks that, 'like fossils in geology, they may be useful in indicating a date and a name to their different localities.'

Addison's Cynthio sarcastically observes that 'to have a relish for ancient coins it seems necessary to have a contempt for the modern.' And small, in truth, can be our self-congratulations on the score of coinage.

> " O, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
> Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?'

The perfection of machinery is attained by us, but our dies are below mediocrity. It is true that money must stack or pile for commercial purposes, but even the flattest jetton might be wedded to an elegant device: it is true that rapidity of mintage is a desirable object, but it may be equally well exerted on a good die, as on a bad one. Mr. Akerman — who understands these matters thoroughly, and has done so much for his favorite study — says with scornful brevity:—

> 'Of the coins of our monarchs, succeeding Queen Anne, it will scarcely be necessary to speak, except to notice their utter insignificance both in design and execution.'

HANS EULER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

From the Literary Gazette.

"Hark! Martha, some one knocking: go, let him in, I pray;
It may be a poor pilgrim who wanders from his way."
"God save thee, gallant soldier, be welcome to our cheer—
The bread is white and spungy, the drink is fresh and clear."

"What here I seek is neither your drink nor yet your food;
But if you be Hans Euler, then will I have your blood!
Learn, that for months my vengeance has darkly menaced you—
Yonder I had a brother, and you that brother slew.

And as he lay there writhing, I swore to him his fate
Should be by me revenged on his slayer soon or late!"
"And if I kill'd your brother, in rightful war it fared,
And come you to avenge him? Well, then, I am prepared!

Yet not in house I combat, not door and wall between,
But in the face of that for which all my strife has been:
My sabre, Martha, know'st thou, with which I laid him low:
Should I return not—Tyrol has ample greatness now."

They go with one another up to the steep rock nigh—
The morning has just open'd her golden gate on high:
Hans first, the eager stranger behind, with rapid tread,
And with both still ascending the sun's young radiance shed.

Now stand they on the summit—there lies the Alpine world!
The wonderful, the mighty, before them wide unfurl'd:
The fading mist developes the valleys, rich in charms,
With herds upon their bosoms, with hamlets in their arms.

Yonder are giant-torrents,—gulf upon gulf below,—
Above the crowning forests,—o'er all free Heav'n's pure brow;
And, to be felt, though viewless, with godlike peace entwined,
In homes and hearts the ancient soul of Truth and Faith enshrined.

On this the twain look down—slow sinks the stranger's hand,
But Hans has pointed proudly to his dear fatherland;
"For *that* I fought—your brother his sword against it drew;
For that have I done battle, for *that* your brother slew!"

The stranger glances downward, then in Hans' face does gaze—
He strives to lift his arm, but that arm he cannot raise—
"And didst thou slay him yonder, in rightful war it fared?
And wilt thou now forgive me? Come, Hans, I am prepared!"

JANET W. WILKINSON.

SONNET TO A LADY PRAYING.

From the Metropolitan.

When on thine eyes of holy light I gaze,
And see them gently, with imploring grace,
Turn to that fount of still more holy light,
Thy lip full ripe with extasy of praise,
And all the expressive silence of thy face,
By tears of rapture made more purely bright,
My soul then longs from life to spread its wing,
And move, in beauty equal to thine own,
To realms of glory, the eternal throne
Of Him whose praise no lip less pure should sing.
O! since within thy hallowed bosom lie
All we should learn, the holy secret give;
Teach me to live, that I may never die;
Teach me to die, that I through death may live!

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

From the Literary Gazette.

We have taken some pains to extract interesting and valuable matter from the reports made to this Association, at its late session at Cork: and we can assure our readers of profit from the perusal.—Ed.

The general Committee met at 3 o'clock, Aug. 16th—the Earl of Rosse in the chair—and a good attendance of members, including the Marquis of Northampton, Sir W. Hamilton, Professor Robinson of Armagh, Col. Sabine, &c. &c.

The minutes of the last two meetings were read and confirmed; also a complimentary letter from the Italian Society of Sciences at Modena.

The report of the council was read by Col. Sabine.

The principal point of the report of the council referred to the resolution passed at Manchester, that application be made to government to undertake the publication of the Catalogue of the Stars in the southern hemisphere, which have been reduced and prepared for publication at the expense of the British Association, and that the president and council of the Royal Society be requested to support the application. A report was accordingly drawn up and submitted to the above officers of the Royal Society, and co-operation asked: they declined to accede, and the application was transmitted to Sir R. Peel by the British Association alone. The reply of the lords of the treasury expressed regret that they were not originally apprised of the intention of embarking in the work in question, or of the probability of government being called upon for aid, and stated the inconvenience of being required to defray expenses of works already commenced without any previous consideration or concurrence of their lordships, and asked for information as to the circumstances which have rendered the funds of the British Association incompetent to complete the work. This was done by showing the large pecuniary grants already made for scientific inquiries by the Association, the sums for which they are now liable, and likely to be immediately called upon to disburse, &c. The result was a treasury authority for an issue of 1000*l.* towards printing the copies of the reduced Catalogue of Stars of Lalande and Lacaille. The council congratulated the general committee on the ready disposition which her Majesty's government has shown to receive favorably and to comply with the recommendation thus made by the British Association on the behalf of science. Another point was, the arrangements made at the observatory at Kew. Persons have been appointed to take charge—a regular meteorological register was commenced, under the superintendence of Prof. Wheatstone, in Nov. last—a self-registering meteorological apparatus, which we have already described, has been deposited there—and an electrical apparatus established in the cupola by private subscription. Records of these will be submitted in the course of the meeting.

This report was adopted; and Prof. Robinson moved the thanks of the committee to government for the 1000*l.* grant, taking occasion to illustrate the importance of the subject. Lacaille in the southern hemisphere was only second to Bradley in the north; and the services of both to astronomy were of interest to the whole world. But Lacaille's labors had remained a dead letter till this work was undertaken. He stated that the mere observation of a star might be made in two seconds, which it would require two hours to calculate; and thus, except for what the British Association had done in this respect, and now with the liberal aid of government, the whole was lost to the lovers of science. With regard to Lalande's *Histoire Céleste*, Bonaparte, who was no mean judge of what such services deserved, created him a peer of France, with a pension; and now we had gone far beyond what he had accomplished, by reducing his observations. Whenever science applied to government for assistance on real grounds, he had always found the answer such as to deserve acknowledgments similar to those he now moved.

Mathematical and Physical Science.—Dr. Robinson read a brief report accounting for the delay of printing the British Association catalogue of stars. The whole of the reductions, with a few trifling exceptions, have been made; and no farther expenditure on this account will be required. The cause of delay was, that the number to be printed had not been decided upon. This will be determined at the present meeting, and a farther sum applied for, to procure the requisite preface, for press-corrections, and other contingencies. The catalogue will include nearly 10,000 stars, and will be of high value to all astronomers.

Sir W. Hamilton expressed gratitude for the extreme service already practically rendered; and he looked forward to the completion of the work with great interest. He was certain that, even if there had been no other fruit of the existence of the British Association, this important contribution to astronomical science would entitle it to the memory of all ages.

Prof. Powell's communication contained a list of various substances which exhibit the phenomenon of elliptical polarization. As far as his observations had yet gone, it seems restricted to metallic substances and their compounds. It would be desirable to determine the metallic proportion of the latter, and the nature of the elliptical vibration for each.

Prof. Lloyd stated that this physical optical problem had hitherto baffled theory. He had been engaged in its investigation, but he could not as yet boast of success. He thought the solution depends on assuming that the ether varies in imperceptible degrees, instead of terminating abruptly on the metal, constituting an indefinite number of layers indefinitely near to each other. The ray of light varies with every varying portion of the medium; and, at each infinitesimal change, a portion of the wave is reflected, and again the next portion—an infinite sum of indefinitely small reflected waves resulting and producing the phenomenon. A difficulty, however, occurring, forced him into a second hypothesis, still retaining the sum of infinitesimal reflections, but assuming that the ether does terminate abruptly on the metal, although not on the successive layers.*

Prof. Kane submitted to the section Prof. Draper's proofs of the newly discovered property of light. The subject treated was chlorine gas. That a change is produced therein by exposure to the solar rays is well known; but the novelty disclosed is, that the gas absorbs the rays, or that they become latent, altering the character of the gas. After exposure to the sunbeams, chlorine gas, its electro-negative properties being increased thereby, unites readily with hydrogen. This state Prof. Draper terms the tithonic, and has given the same title to the ray of light which he says is absorbed, and which corresponds in refrangibility with the indigo ray. Two glass tubes of chlorine were mixed with hydrogen, the chlorine of the one having been previously exposed and tithonised, that of the other made and kept in the dark. The mixed gases were carefully placed in a beam of light admitted at a window, the tithonised chlorine instantly united with the hydrogen, the untithonised not; but becoming slowly tithonised by the exposure, did at last combine with its hydrogen. This exaltation of the electro-negative properties of chlorine is not temporary; the change is permanent; and its nature is said to be the absorption of the tithonic ray, similar to the disappearance of heat in water to produce ebullition. If the disturbance were merely molecular, it would be transient, but this is not the case; for when once the gas is tithonised, it never loses it; the electro-negative property of the chlorine is permanently increased.†

Dr. Robinson mentioned a circumstance which appeared to him to bear out the views of the absorption of rays from the solar light. He had hoped to succeed in obtaining accurate delineations of the irregularities of the lunar surface by means of the daguerreotype process. He had prepared a plate after the process of Claudet, and placed it in the focus of a telescope directed to the moon. The light was so intense, that the eye could scarcely be employed to adjust the plate; and Dr. Robinson thought there would be no difficulty in obtaining a correct representation of Copernicus. There was also attached to the telescope a clock-movement, so accurate that no variation of position could occur. Notwithstanding this, and after an exposure of half an hour, there was on the plate no trace of Copernicus. It is to be inferred, then, that the chemical or tithonic power of moonlight is far less, in proportion to brilliancy, than that of solar light, as if these rays were absorbed on the surface of the moon.

Meteorological Observations at Plymouth.—Mr. Snow Harris gave a most satisfactory account of his stewardship. The first series of tabulated results were from Whewell's anemometer, which windgauge Mr. Harris has greatly improved, and from which he expected to get an integral of the wind, the direction and intensity in a given time. The observations had been continued for two years, and the first conclusion to be drawn was, that the resultant of the current at Plymouth resembled a trade-wind from south to north; second, that the rate of the current was five miles an hour. Mr. Ostler's anemometer will not register small forces, which is a desideratum; but the mean hourly pressure obtained from it was a result of interest. Both the instruments have greatly advanced in usefulness since taken up by the British Association; but they are far from perfect yet. The series of hourly observations for the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, have been extraordinary for the last year to Christmas 1842. They have been continued now for five years, and projected in curves; but the remarkable fact is, that the curve for 1842 is very nearly the mean of the whole. The connection between the intensity of the wind and the oscillation of the barometer is also striking,—intensity low, barometer high, and *vice versa*. Mr. Harris proposes to continue the observations to the end of 1843, especially in regard to Whewell's windgauge, which Mr. H. thought possible to make as perfect as a chronometer, and he asks for a farther small grant: the instruments at the end of 1843 to be deposited at Kew. The final report will be ready for York next year.

Prof. Lloyd read an extract from a letter which he had received from Mr. Ostler, communicating that he had effected improvements in his anemometer, whereby he could obtain very superior records. He had projected a new form of vane, which greatly reduced the oscillation; and he had doubled the size of the pressure-plate, which gave smaller observations, and yet it was not too large for hurricanes.

Prof. Lloyd described the present method of representing physical results, and the difficulty of connecting by a regular curve the series of points obtained. He proposed the bisecting the interval of these by a new series of points, the connecting line of which, avoiding the excessive points and steering a mean course, would be the true curve and the nearest approximation to exact graphical representation.

Mr. Hutchinson's new theory may briefly be described as the resultant of the velocities of the revolving motions of the earth on its axis and in its orbit. The accordance or opposition of which, and their several relations to each other, being considered sufficient to account for atmospheric variations, diurnal atmospheric tides, barometric alternations, the annual maxima of Humboldt, &c. &c.

Mr. S. Harris said, that Mr. Hutchinson's theory was ingenious and worthy of attention. It would be curious to see what relation to physical forces the orbitual and diurnal rotations may have.

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* Our readers will remember the interesting discussions on the theories of light which rendered Sec. A. at Manchester A. 1. There were present then flint and steel advocates of opposite views; but this year unanimity of opinion seems to prevail to a considerable extent; and therefore sectional discussion is less interesting and profitable. This arises, doubtless, from the absence of many of the peers of science already noticed: and it pervades most of the Sections.—*Ed. L. G.*

† The absorption of heat by ice changes its character permanently, and alters, moreover, its specific gravity: may not a like absorption of the "tithonic" ray produce a new form of chlorine gas, which the testing its specific gravity may develop?—*Ed. L. G.*

The principal point submitted to the section was the subject of winds, and their relation to the barometer. There appear to be two kinds, —winds of translation and of oscillation. The trades, monsoons, &c., are examples of the former; the latter are winds of local origin,—prevalence of rains, &c. It is desirable to make out the law of these movements, and to this end the reduction of the observations is to be continued by Mr. Birt. Already there are marked manifestations of Brussels being a nodal point, and hence hopes of success.

Since the last meeting of the British Association, the committee have obtained and published, in the 11th and 12th numbers of *Taylor's Scientific Memoirs*, translations of the four following works: Gauss's Dioptric Researches; Dr. Lamont's Account of the Observatory and Instruments at Munich; Gauss's Magnetic Observations at Göttingen; and Lamont's Magnetic Observations (three years) at Munich. No portion of the grant placed at the disposal of the committee has been expended; and this is to be attributed, if we rightly interpret and apply what fell from Sir W. Hamilton, to the acquirements and industry possessed and devoted to the advancement of science by the accomplished lady of the gallant colonel.

Total reflection is a problem in physical optics which has long excited curiosity, and baffled research. Newton's explanation of it affords no account of the phenomena in cases of polarized light. He considered, however, total reflection to be an insurmountable proof against the undulatory theory of light; and this opinion, very generally adopted, retarded the progress of this science for a century. Poisson was the first to see the mode of solution, by imagining the motion in one direction of two fluids superposed, the one of greater density than the other: the motion would not pass into the rarer medium, and hence the common method of expression was not available, the expression being by sines and cosines multiplied by exponential functions. Fresnel, however, made the greatest advance; he formed certain formulas and expressions, reduced from values verified by experiment, for refracted light. But of refractions beyond the surface he could form no conception; he labored for six years, but he had not the dynamical equations for the motion of light in transparent media. Prof. M'Cullagh found them by conjecture in 1835. He only has recently applied them, and has been able to assign not merely the laws of insensible refraction, but also to explain the nature of total reflection, and to prove each by mutual confirmation. He described the laws of insensible refraction, dependent on the motion of the molecules in rarer medium, being elliptic, not rectilinear, the elliptic vibrations increasing in magnitude as they recede from the glass. In one case only will the vibrations be right lines, and that is when light is polarized vertically. When polarized in the plane of incidence, the vibrations are ellipses, the minor axes being parallel and the major perpendicular to the surface of the glass. Although the result is exactly the same as Fresnel predicted, the laws of total reflection have never before been explained. The explanation, moreover, applies to doubly-refracting crystals, or to the refraction of a crystal in a fluid of a higher refractive power. The laws are extremely beautiful, and completely connect Fresnel's laws of double refraction with the laws of insensible refraction and total reflection.

Dr. Peacocke (chairman *pro tem.*) proposed the thanks of the section to Prof. M'Cullagh for this exposition of his important researches. He designated the realizing Fresnel's anticipation as the greatest march ever made in physical optics.

The labors of the committee are proceeding. German works which may influence their decision have been ordered. The final report may be expected to be ready for the meeting next year.

The observations conducted by Prof. Lloyd in the magnetic observatory of the University of Dublin extended over a period of four years and a half. The elements observed were, 1, magnetic declination; 2, magnetic inclination; 3, horizontal component; 4, vertical component of the total force. They were not, however, all accurately observed from the first in 1828. There had been a difficulty in obtaining the third element, which difficulty, however, he had overcome. The results of observation were given in a diagram, showing the diurnal changes of declination and inclination for the summer months, for the winter months, and for the whole year. First element; the change of declination is extremely small during the late hours of night and those of early morning—it decreases to 7 A. M. and then rapidly increases, motion westerly, to maximum at 1 P. M.; the succeeding maximum is at 10 P. M. In summer the evening maximum disappears, in winter the reverse takes place; also for the morning maximum, which is well marked in the summer months. The maximum easterly movement is 7 A. M., minimum 1 P. M. It does not reach a maximum in the afternoon, it increases to midnight but slowly, and then faster to morning maximum, and afterwards decreases rapidly. The daily range is greatest in August, being then 13′·7; least in January, 7′·2. The mean daily range for Dublin is 9·3 minutes. One remarkable fact, however, is, that the period of the minimum at ¼ past 1 P. M. is nearly constant during the year. Second element: magnetic inclination has two maxima and minima during the day—a minimum at 3 A. M., maximum 5 A. M.; principal minimum ½ past 10 A. M., principal maximum 6 P. M. In the summer months the morning fluctuation is obliterated. In the winter months the double maxima and minima appear, and also a third maximum, the evening maximum breaking into two. The daily range is greatest in July, 0·0045; least in January, 0·0008; mean, 0·0024. Third element, obtained by balance-magnetometer and by induction, whence are deduced the changes of total intensity and inclination: inclination greatest ½ past 10 A. M., minimum between 5 and 6 P. M., extending in winter to 2′, and in summer to double that amount. It corresponds nearly in period with the intensity, the curves being similar, but inverted. There appears to be a daily change in the total intensity decreasing to 9 A. M., increasing with double maxima and minima in the afternoon; and so remarkable as to lead to the belief that these phenomena depend on the sun. But on farther experiments and comparisons, Prof. Lloyd was led to conjecture that there were other causes than the direct action of the sun, acting indirectly. The change of total force appears to observe law, but it is extremely small in comparison with the changes of declination and inclination. The observations to determine the annual or secular change are not yet numerous enough; but he hoped to complete them before the next meeting of the Association.

Col. Sabine spoke to the great interest attaching to these observations, and to the prodigious labor given to them in Norway. The observations have been taken there every ten minutes, day and night, and the results are in course of reduction.

Dr. Scoresby communicated the results of his experiments on the circumstances which affect the energy of artificial magnets, their mutual relation, influences, and anomalies. He spoke also of the value of large magnets for locomotion, and of their being so much more useful to this end than electro-magnets. He has constructed a magnet that will support a ton weight.

After mentioning the views entertained by Möser and Draper, and remarking on the very unscientific nomenclature of the latter, the author proceeded to show that the hypothesis of latent light radiating in darkness, was quite uncalled for and unnecessary in explaining these very remarkable phenomena. That the effect is due in some way to the calorific element, the author thinks he has proved by the following experiments. A condensed prismatic spectrum was kept fixed by a good heliastat upon one spot on a plate of copper for three hours. The plate was then submitted to the action of mercurial vapor. The space covered by the visible chromatic spectrum was untouched by the vapor, which had deposited in a thin film over the other parts of the plate; but over the space occupied by the extra-spectral red ray the deposit of vapor was much greater than on any other part, forming a well-defined white space. The experiment was varied by allowing a very condensed prismatic spectrum to traverse slowly over a copper plate for two hours. It was found, on exposing the plate to the vapor of mercury, that the space covered by the luminous spectrum was, as before, left free of vapor; but a well-defined line marked the path of the extra-spectral red ray. An arrangement was made by which, by means of colored media, the calorific, luminous, and chemical rays were isolated with tolerable purity. Under each of these, a copper plate, having a design in paper on its surface, was placed, and left exposed to the light of the sun for an hour. On removing the plates in the dark, and exposing them to the vapor of mercury, there was no impression found upon either plate, except the one under the influence of the red rays. This experiment was many times repeated, the results being in each case the same. The author then mentioned the theory of M. Fizeau, which theory has been followed by some others, who attribute the formation of these images to an organic film of a volatile nature, which he supposes diffuses itself over the surfaces of all bodies. It was contended, that if the impressions were thus formed, they would exist only on the surface of the plates, whereas it had been found that a molecular change was produced to some considerable depth in the plate, that many surfaces might be removed, and still the image rendered apparent. Several experiments were instituted, in which copper plates carefully polished with polishing stones and water, and then boiled, and so dried that any organic matter must have been removed. On these, medals and coins, all of them carefully washed in boiling water, were placed, and allowed to remain for different periods. While, at the same time, plates and medals, which by rubbing with the hand had been covered with these supposed films, were placed alongside of them. All were examined in the same way, and the effects were nearly the same upon the boiled plates as upon the others. We select two of these experiments in illustration. On a copper plate, which had been kept for some time in boiling water, bronze and silver medals prepared in the same way were placed, the whole being at the temperature of 61·5 Fahr. The temperature was elevated by the spirit-lamp to 89°, and the whole left in contact until the thermometer fell to 62°. Breathing on the plate gave a defined outline of the space occupied by the silver medal, the vapor being deposited on *the space covered by the rim*. But the vapor of mercury attacked the plate generally, leaving the space corresponding with the rim quite free of vapor. Of the bronze medal there was no impression. It has been repeatedly observed, that when two medals, having in relation to heat different conducting powers, are placed on the same plate, that one interferes with the impressions which the other would have made if placed by itself. On a piece of plate-glass, washed with boiling-water and caustic potash, with a bronze medal, a silver one, a sovereign, and a shilling, placed on its surface, was placed under the receiver of an air-pump, and a good exhaustion kept up for 18 hours; a very distinct image of each of these coins and medals was seen when the plate was vaporized. Thus it appears to be proved that the action is quite independent of any organic film or deposit of dust, which has also been brought forward in explanation of these magical phenomena.

The next paper in the list was No. 8. This supplementary report, the principal points of which only were submitted to the section, presents the results of experiments in a more complete shape than those which Mr. Scott Russell had formerly laid before the Association; the essential difference in the characteristics of the different classes of waves having been ascertained. In water there are four distinct classes of waves; of these the fourth is the common sound-wave, introduced merely to give completeness to the system. The third class had not previously been examined to any considerable extent, if at all. The following is the classification of the whole:—1st class are called waves of translation; 2d, oscillatory waves; 3d, capillary waves; 4th, sound-wave in water. Of these the first is always solitary, the second and third always in groups; the first class has two varieties, positive and negative; the second has also two, stationary and progressive. There are no varieties in the third and fourth. Besides these species there are the following subvarieties, the free and the forced wave, in each class. Such is the natural history or classification of waves. Their principal characteristics noticed were—velocity, motion of particles, reflection, and diffusion. 1. The velocity. The velocity of the first class is represented by $\sqrt{g\,(h + k)}$, where h is the height of the wave, and k is the depth of the channel. The velocity of the second is $3{\cdot}57 \; x \; \sqrt{\text{length of wave}}$; the velocity of the third is 8·5 inches per second; the fourth is the well-known velocity of sound, 13·437. 2. The different kinds of motion of the particles of water. In the first they undergo a permanent and final displacement; in the second an oscillatory or continued series of temporary displacement; the third is the same. In the first the horizontal displacement is equal at all depths; in the second it diminishes according to the depth; in the third it does not extend to a sensible depth below the surface of the water. In the first class the path of transmission of all the particles is a semi-ellipse; in the second the displacement is a simple spiral; in the third it is so minute as not to be ascertained. 3. Phenomena of diffusion and reflection. The second and third classes are reflected according to the usual law. The first does not appear to suffer complete reflection; but at considerable angles with the surface a curious phenomenon is presented. If the angle which the ridge of the wave makes with the surface of the water be less than 30°, total reflection takes place; from 30° to 60° it decreases, and ceases altogether from 60° to 90°; then, instead of being reflected, the wave advances forward, increasing in magnitude, until in a short time the whole wave is converted into another parallel to the surface. This phenomenon of non-reflection is peculiar to the wave of the first order. There is another curious phenomenon in waves of the first order; they are not diffused in circles round the point of generation, as in the common wave when a stone is thrown into the water; but from a given point there is always a direction in which the motion is most rapid; thus the path approaches an ellipse. The magnitude at different angles from the direction of greatest velocity has been ascertained: at 30° from the axis the intensity has diminished to a half, and at 45° to one-third of the greatest; thus the degradation follows a certain law. We cannot generate a wave of the first order except it be confined in a narrow channel. A stone dropped in the water will generate a wave of the second order, spreading equally in every direction. Capillary waves are in all cases confined to the surface of the liquid.

Chemistry and Mineralogy.—R. Hunt on chromatype, a new photographic process; and on the influence of light on the growth of plants.

Mr. Hunt, after describing the process introduced by Mr. Pontor, by which negative photographs were produced on paper by the use of the bichromate of potash, and the improvements introduced by M. E. Becquerel, with a view to the production of positive pictures, but which process was tedious and very uncertain,—gave an account of his new process, the chromatype, and exhibited very interesting specimens of pictures produced by it. The process, which is exceedingly simple, is as follows:—paper is washed over with a solution of the sulphate of copper, dried, and then washed with a solution of the bichromate of potash. When dry these papers are fit for use, and will keep for any length of time unimpaired, if preserved in the dark. The strength of the solutions may be considerably varied, by which the shades of colour of the finished picture are pleasingly changed. This paper is not recommended for use in the camera obscura, but for all other purposes it is exceedingly useful. An engraving, botanical specimens, or the like, being laid on the paper in a proper manner, it is exposed to the sun's rays for a period varying, with the intensity of the light, from five to fifteen minutes. A very faint picture results from this exposure. It is then washed over with a tolerably strong solution of the nitrate of silver, which brings out a very intense orange-colored image, the lights and shades being correct as in nature. The only fixing required is simple washing in pure water, and drying. If one of these chromatype pictures is placed in a very weak solution of common salt, it rapidly fades out, and the paper is reduced to its original whiteness. The picture, however, is not obliterated; if the paper is held in the sunshine for few minutes, the images gradually come out, and the picture is restored; but instead of being of an orange color, it is now a fine lilac. This variety requires no fixing.

Mr. Hunt's second communication was simply a statement of the results he had obtained since the report which was made by him and published in the last volume of the Transactions of the Association. Most of the results were in confirmation of those already arrived at; and all went to prove the injurious effects of the luminous and calorific rays upon the young plant, and the energetic and healthful action of the chemical rays. The author had, however, discovered that the continued action of those chemical rays in a pure state, exerting a most powerful stimulating influence upon the plants, occasioned the production of an extraordinary amount of leaves, and these of a fine dark color; but that the energies of the plant being thus exhausted, it could not be brought to flower, and speedily decayed. This influence of the chemical rays on the vegetable world was similar to that exerted by pure oxygen gas upon animals. The author also noticed a remarkable property which he had observed in the luminous rays, namely, that under their influence agarics grew very rapidly, but not at all under the agencies of the other rays; which fact appears to correspond with the experience of gardeners, who attribute great power to the moon's rays in producing this variety of plants.

The last paper was read by Prof. Kane. Prof.

Draper's theory is, that the decomposition of carbonic acid by the leaves of plants is effected by the luminous rays of the spectrum, and not by the chemical rays. For the purpose of proving that, he took a series of tubes, half an inch in diameter and six inches in length, and arranged so that the colored spaces of the spectrum fell on them. In those tubes water, impregnated with carbonic acid, and containing a few green leaves, was placed. He supposed that if the decomposition were due to radiant heat, the tube occupying the red space, or even the one in the extra spectral space at that end, would, at the close of the experiment, contain most gas; if to the chemical rays, in the violet, indigo, or blue; but if to the luminous rays, the gas should make its appearance in the yellow, with some in the green, and some in the orange. The result proved his anticipations. In the tube in the red space a minute bubble was sometimes found, but sometimes none at all; in the orange a considerable quantity; in the yellow a very large amount comparatively; in the green a much smaller quantity; while in the blue, the indigo, the violet, and extra spectral space on that side, not a single bubble was observed. He stated that he decomposed the alkaline bicarbonate by leaves in the sunshine—the effect not being limited to the removal and decomposition of the second atom of the acid, but passing on to the first—the neutral carbonate of soda itself decomposing, and yielding oxygen gas. He also mentioned an important improvement on the tithonotype, and a new process of multiplying daguerreotypes. For the latter, his old plan was to evaporate to dryness on their surface, after being fixed by a film of gold, a solution of gelatine; but his new is to precipitate copper by the electrotype on the surface of the daguerreotype, after it has been fixed by gold. The copper being much more tough than the gelatine, separates readily from the silver, and, when the operation is successful, bears a perfect representation of the beauty and perfection of the original picture. Prof. Draper considers this method totally different from the attempt which many persons made to copy the daguerreotype by voltaic electricity, and that, in consequence of the ease with which they are made, the problem of multiplying the daguerreotype may be regarded as solved.

Professor Apjohn questioned the results announced by Prof. Draper, and called on Mr. Hunt, who had experimented so much on the subject; who confirmed his opinion that the chemical and not the luminous rays were the most efficient in producing the decomposition of the carbonic acid absorbed by the plant. Mr. Hunt described his experiments on plants with colored glasses and with glass vessels filled with colored media; and, from every result he had observed, differed entirely from Prof. Draper. He would resume his study with the rays of the prism;* and, in conclusion, he mentioned certain peculiarities in the vegetation of South America, which seemed to lead to the conclusion, that there existed a difference between the effects of light in southern and northern climes.

As closely bearing upon this subject, we may add here Mr. Hunt's paper read in Sect. B. on Saturday.

The object of Mr. Hunt's communication was to show the high probability that the rays which emanate from the sun are constantly acting upon all bodies, and that but for our ignorance of methods by which the impressions can be brought out, we should be enabled to use any body as a photographic material. In addition to those combinations which were well known to possess photographic properties, the author called attention to the wonderful additions made to the list by Sir J. Herschel, who had shown that the salts of iron and of mercury were very rapidly changed by light; and nearly all kinds of vegetable juices were changed by its influence. The author was now enabled to add the results of numerous experiments, all of which went to prove the decomposing power of the solar rays. In addition to the salts of silver ordinarily used, it had been found that more than twenty combinations with organic acids gave very beautiful results; and that the cyanate, and arseinate, and sulphuret of silver, previously considered as insensible, were really acted upon with great rapidity. Combinations of gold with cyanogen, and benzoine, and many other bodies, proved the readiness of this metal to change in the sun's rays. The salts of platinum were also found to be rapidly affected; and some pleasing photographs on papers prepared with combinations of platina were shown. Mr. Hunt had also been successful in proving this change to take place under the same influence on nearly all the salts of copper—many of which changed rapidly, and produced very pleasing pictures—and, as far as they had been yet examined, on the salts of manganese, of antimony, of tin, of lead, of cobalt, and of arsenic. In addition to these, many of the cyanates, the ferrocyanates, and the iodides, with alkaline bases, were found to change with considerable rapidity. Many of these preparations which had received photographic images were shown to the section; and the author expressed his regret that, from the fleeting character of some of the most interesting of these results, he was unable to do more than describe the effects.

The author then detailed many very remarkable phenomena which were presented by receiving the impressions of the prismatic spectrum upon different sensitive materials; all of which went to show the necessity of separating from light and also from heat that agent which was active in producing these changes which have been described. This element had its origin in the sun, and always accompanied the rays of light and heat; but its functions were different from either; and it appeared that we were on the verge of discovering an important power, which was ever active in maintaining that system of change which appeared to be constantly going on throughout the works of creation.

Geology and Physical Geography.—The next paper read was by Messrs. Rogers, on the phenomena and theory of earthquakes, and connected with the same mountain range. The anticlinal flexures already alluded to were ascribed to a billowy movement of the earth's surface, like the phenomena attending an earthquake; and the two remarkable earthquakes which had occurred within the year were referred to as furnishing laws which confirmed in a striking manner the supposed origin of the Apallachian chain. All earthquakes consist of a remarkable motion, which is not simultaneous but progressive, and which moves parallel to itself from the source of disturbance. The author referred to the observations of Capt. Fitzroy and Prof. Mitchel in confirmation of his views, and dwelt on the phenomena attending the earthquake at Guadaloupe and Antigua, and also the earthquake at Lisbon. The zone of undulation extended in all directions, and at sea the sympathy seemed to be indicated by huge waves remarkably isochronous, propagated at the rate of five minutes after each other. Upon this hypothesis the American writers relied for the explanation of boulder stones, without resorting to the glacier theory. Mr. Hopkins questioned the law laid down for the organization of the Apallachian chain by Messrs. Rogers. A fluid mass beneath the earth might expand the outer crust, but would a horizontal force produce such power? A horizontal crust, with a reservoir of lava beneath, as in Vesuvius or Ætna, might cause a rising of the crust, assuming a curved form, but the elevation would produce fissuring, and it would be impossible to put it into the same form as before. The fluid matter would be forced into the fissures. Thus two causes would operate, lengthening by tension and injection. Besides, a wave was movable, and could not act in the way laid down, nor could the elevations correspond with successive waves.

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* Assuredly the best method, and freest from suspicion of chemical interference.—*Ed. L. G.*

Mr. Phillips, Mr. Murchison, and Major Clerke, also spoke on the subject, and doubted the accuracy of the theory.

Mr. Griffiths, on the great drift in Mayo and Sligo, noticed the position of the erratic blocks or boulders which occurred in these counties, as well as in other parts of Ireland. In the north part of the counties of Mayo and Sligo the current was from south to north, as was indicated by boulders of red sandstone from the Corlew mountains having been transported to the northward across the limestone valley of Ballymote to the base of the Ox mountains; and also, by large boulders of granite from the Ox mountains, some of them weighing upwards of 100 tons, being now found in great numbers on the surface of the limestone country to the north as far as the sea coast at Easky. Blocks of such large size were probably transported on ice, though it was remarkable that in this case, their direction was from south to north. They were so numerous, that when he first came to Ireland, he thought it was a granite, not a limestone country. It was well known that the removal of these blocks was accounted for in different ways—by currents—floats or drifts of ice—and glaciers. Limestone blocks might be transported by currents, but it was not so easy to account for the removal of the masses of granite. Sometimes shells were found on the tops of mountains, which could only be accounted for in this way, that these mountains had been once submarine valleys, but by the up-heaving of the earth from some internal convulsion the present position was acquired.

Mr. Lyell held that floating ice was capable of carrying larger blocks than any found here. When melted it might deposit these blocks in any place. This process was going on every day in large parts of Europe. The shells in Ireland and Scotland are found 700 feet high. Mr. Murchison agreed with Mr. Lyell as to the floating powers of ice. The great northern plains of Europe offered strong proofs of this. In Germany he had found large blocks on slight acclivities, bedded in earth.

Mr. Hopkins gave an exposition of his views respecting the cause of the motion of glaciers. De Saussure had adopted and expounded the theory which attributes this motion to the resolved part of gravity acting along the inclined surfaces on which all glaciers in motion repose; and he explained also how the motion would be facilitated by the effects of the internal heat of the earth, and of subglacial currents. When the attention of philosophers, however, was recalled a few years ago to this subject, and more accurate observations and admeasurements were made, the inclinations of the beds of glaciers were found, in many cases, to be so small (in the glacier of the Alesch, for example, not exceeding three deg.) that it appeared extremely difficult to conceive how the force of gravity alone could be adequate to overcome the friction on the bottom and sides of the glacier, and the numerous local obstacles to its movement. Numerous experiments on the descent of bodies along inclined planes had shown, that, when the surfaces of the bodies and planes were perfectly hard and polished, no motion would ensue without an inclination considerably greater than that of many glaciers; and, moreover, that the inclination required to produce motion was independent of the weight of the sliding body. These considerations led to the very general rejection of De Saussure's theory, and to the adoption by many persons of the dilatation-theory, of which M. Agassiz had been the principal advocate. According to this theory, a part of the water produced by the dissolution of the superficial portion of the glacier during summer passed by infiltration into the minute pores and crevices of the glacier, when it was again converted into ice; and, by its expansion in the process of freezing, produced a dilatation and consequent motion of the glacier. It was manifest, however, that the frequent alternations of freezing and thawing within the glacier, which this theory assumed, could not possibly take place at depths beneath its surface exceeding a very few feet, and therefore could not produce any sensible effect on the motion of the whole mass. If the effect were referred to the freezing of water at greater depths, it could only be attributed at most to annual variations of temperature, and the consequent motion would take place during the colder season, or at its commencement, and not during the summer, when, as appeared by observation, the glaciers moved most rapidly. If, again, the dilatation were attributed to the freezing of the infiltrated water at still greater depths, where the temperature of the ice was unaffected even by annual variations of the external temperature, and where consequently it was necessarily constant, how, it might be asked, were the internal pores and minute crevices of the ice to be again formed, when the infiltrated and subsequently frozen water had once filled these up, as it must necessarily do before it could produce a dilatation of the mass? No adequate solution had ever been given of these difficulties, and the author could not but consider this theory as being contrary to the most obvious mechanical and physical principles; but while he expressed this opinion of the theory, he would also express his sense of the important service which its distinguished advocate, M. Agassiz, had rendered to geology by the penetration with which he had detected the effects of glacial action, and the steadiness with which he had maintained his general views on the subject. Another theory had also been put forward, which attributed the motion of glaciers to the expansion of water in the act of freezing after it had filled, not the minute pores of the ice, but internal cavities of considerable dimensions. But, since the temperature of the glacier at considerable depths must be sensibly constant, how were new cavities to be formed when existing ones were thus filled up, if the cause now assigned were the principal cause of glacial motion? The author always regarded both this theory and the preceding one as totally untenable; and was thus led to examine how far the apparent objections to De Saussure's theory were really valid by a series of experiments on the descent of ice down inclined planes. The experiments were made in the following manner:—a slab of sandstone, prepared to be laid down as a part of a common flagstone pavement, was so arranged as to be easily placed at any proposed inclination to the horizon. The surface of the slab, so far from being polished, retained the grooved marks of the instrument with which the quarryman had shaped it. A quantity of ice was placed on the slab, and within a frame nearly a foot square, without top or bottom, and merely intended to keep the ice together without touching the slab, with which the ice alone was in contact. The following were results obtained in one set of experiments, the ice being loaded with a weight of about 150 lbs.:—

Inclination of plane.	Spaces in decimals of an inch through which the loaded ice descended in successive intervals of ten minutes.	Mean space for one hour.
3°	·08 ·05 ·07 ·03 ·04 ·05 ·07 ·06 ·04	·31
6	·09 ·10 ·09 ·07 ·08	·52
9	·14 ·12 ·17 ·14 ·19 ·20	·96
12	·38 ·34 ·36 ·27	2·0
15	·43 ·41	2·5
20	The mass descended with an accelerated motion.	

When the weight was increased, the rate of motion was also increased: the least inclination at which sensible motion would take place was not determined, but it was ascertained that it could not exceed half a degree in the case of a smooth but unpolished surface. With a polished surface of a marble slab, the motion of the ice indicated a deviation from horizontality with as much sensibility as water itself. It will be observed in the results above given, that (1) the motion was unaccelerated; (2) it increased with the inclination, and (when the inclination was not greater than 9° or 10°) in nearly the same ratio; and (3) the rate of movement was of the same order of magnitude as in actual glacial motion, which may be stated generally, in cases yet observed, never to exceed two feet a day.

The extremely small friction between the plane and the ice indicated by the small inclination necessary to produce motion, was manifestly due to the circumstance of the lower surface of the ice being in a state of gradual disintegration, which, however, was extremely slow, as proved by the small quantity of water proceeding from it. In the application, therefore, of these results to the case of actual glaciers, it was necessary to show that the temperature of their lower surfaces could not generally be less than 32° Fah. Such, the author stated, must necessarily be the case unless the conductive power of ice was greater than it was deemed possible that it could be. For the proof of this, and for other details, he referred to his memoir on the subject recently read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society. He also considered the subglacial currents as powerful agents in the disintegration of the lower surfaces of glaciers, especially near their lower extremities.

Soon after the reading of the memoir above referred to, a work had appeared on the glaciers of the Alps by Prof. Forbes, the descriptive details of which could not be too highly commended. The results of his observations on the motion of the Mer de Glac of Mont Blanc afforded, as regarded that glacier, (and by inference as regards all other glaciers,) a complete refutation of the theories which attribute glacial movements to any expansion or dilatation of the ice. In this work, Mr. H. stated, the professor had put forth a new theory, which agreed with that offered by himself in attributing glacial motion to the action of gravity, but differed from it entirely as a mechanical theory in other respects. The author appeared to reject the sliding theory of De Saussure on account of the difficulties already mentioned, (which were now removed by the above experiments,) and assigned to the mass of a glacier the property of *plasticity* or *semifluidity* in a degree sufficient to account for the fact of its descending down surfaces of such small inclination. Thus, according to this theory, the motion was due to the small cohesion of one particle of glacial ice to another; while, according to the views now offered, the motion was due to the small cohesion of the lower surface to the bed of the glacier: the smallness of the latter cohesion had been proved by the experimental results above stated, that of the former appeared opposed to all observation, and was wanting in all experimental verification. Mr. H. stated his conviction that the internal cohesion of the mass was immensely greater than its cohesion to the surface on which it rests whenever the lower surface is in a state of disintegration. It was perfectly consistent with this conclusion to assign to the glacier whatever degree of plasticity might be necessary to account for the relative motions of its central and longitudinal portions, under the enormous pressures to which, according to his theory, he showed it might be subjected. Such relative motions, however, were probably facilitated more by the dislocation than the plasticity of the mass. For a complete mechanical exposition of his views, he must again refer to the memoir already cited. Sufficient, he trusted, had been advanced to prove that the sliding theory assigned a cause adequate to the production of all the observed phenomena of glacial movements.

With respect to the transport of erratic blocks and detritus of the Alps to the Jura, Mr. Hopkins observed that the greatest height which glaciers had formely attained in the valley of the Rhone (whence a large portion of the erratics had been derived) appeared to be well defined by lateral moraines and polished rocks, while the greatest height at which these blocks had been deposited on the Jura was also well defined. Thus, according to M. Charpentier, the Rhone glacier must have risen at the mouth of the valley to about 2500 feet above the existing surface of the Lake of Geneva, while the highest band of detritus on the Jura was stated to rise to a still higher level. It was inconceivable, therefore, that such detritus should have been lodged at its present elevation by former glaciers. The only way in which it appeared possible to obviate the mechanical difficulties of the subject was, to suppose the transport to have been effected when the Jura was at a lower level relatively to the Alps, and the whole district lower relatively to the surface of the ocean. In such case, the space between the Alps and the Jura may have been occupied by the sea, and the ice, with its transported materials, may have passed from the former to the latter chain, partly with the character of a glacier, and partly with that of an iceberg. This hypothesis is perfectly consistent with the supposition of the general configuration of the surface of the Jura having been the same at the epoch of transport as at the present time; and Mr. H. believed it would be found equally so with all the observed phenomena of that region.

Col. Sabine read a letter from an officer of the antarctic expedition, stating that in the lat. 79° they had met immense cliffs of ice, forming the sea-borders of an enormous glacier, above which, at a great many miles distance, the tops of the mountains were visible. The ice-cliff was constantly breaking and tumbling down, and the disjoined masses congregated and floated away to the north to the 60th degree of lat., where an enormous extent of icebergs were constantly to be found floating and not fixed to any submarine ridge. Here they were constantly depositing, by their dissolution, immense quantities of stones, earth, and other materials brought from the distant mountains of the antarctic region. The remarkable analogy of this great extent of glaciers and iceberg action to the presumed processes supposed to have taken place on the earth during the distant cold period, of which the traces remain in the elevated ridge of boulders at a height of 2500 feet above the present glaciers in the Alps, with the marks of scratching and polishing on the Alpine tops, and the erratic blocks scattered over the plains, seems almost to confirm beyond further question the truth of the inferences drawn from these data. Col. Sabine also read a letter, stating that in the mountains to the N. W. of Bantry numerous traces of former glacier-action were to be seen.

Mr. Peach then read the following report:—The object of this paper is to lay before you information which, connected with the other discoveries made of the fossil organic remains of Cornwall, may give to the rocks a "name and habitation" in the geological scale, which for some time past they have not had, without both being disputed. I do not place my hopes so high as to say that I shall do either positively; at any rate, I believe there is now strong presumptive, if not positive, evidence, which will induce you to come to a better finding than has been done by the late trials on the subject. Hoping this, I have come over for the purpose of hearing the decision, and being at the christening. In Messrs. Murchison and Sedgwick's paper, in the Geological Transactions, vol. v., new series, I find, when speaking of the rocks of Polperro, they say, "As the same prevailing northern dip is continued to the mouth of the Fowey river, it is obvious that the beds above described are inferior to the fossiliferous group." Some time ago I received from the Messrs. Couch, surgeons of Polperro, in a letter, two or three pieces of what they considered coral from the rocks of their neighborhood. I thought them interesting, but could not agree with them that they were *coral*, and gave my opinion that they were portions of bone, and probably fish-bone. These gentlemen were both opposed to me, and said, "that they knew of no bone with such a structure." This added strength to my suspicions, from having somewhere gleaned, "that the structure of the fossil fishes of the older rocks agreed with that of no known existing ones." I felt determined, if possible, to examine these rocks. On the 20th of June last I did so, accompanied by Mr. R. Q. Couch, when, to my inexpressible delight, I found a large and extensive fish-bone bed, extending east and west of Polperro, containing immense quantities of portions of the *cephalaspis* and *onchus* of the old red sandstone, with a few other indistinct and ill-defined shells; also portions of the skin or shagreen of the *sphægodes*, &c. of the upper Ludlow rock, all figured and described in Mr. Murchison's silurian remains. These remains are found in the rocks described in their paper, quoted above, with the "transverse fracture," and placed by them as "inferior to the fossiliferous group." I must beg of you to bear with me a very short time longer, just to say, that when I had the honor of reading my paper before this section at Plymouth, I mentioned my having found "fish-bones," and also "remains of a fossil, the structure of which resembled sepiadæa;" and although I could not convince you then of such being the fact, from the obscurity of the specimens then produced, I never could banish from my mind the fossil fish of Cornwall. Now I believe I may say without doubt, the specimens I produce give proof positive that I then had truth on my side; and if I feel highly delighted with the discovery, I trust I shall be pardoned. I will just mention that I have found similar remains, though small and indistinct, from the Gribbon to beyond Fowey, and from Looe to two miles eastward of that place: they agree with those of Polperro, and at Fowey are in a similar rock with the "transverse fracture." I pretend not to advance any opinion on this discovery, but leave the matter in your hands, merely mentioning that the proof is furnished for those who argued so much against the proper position of the Cornish rocks "from the absence of fish remains;" that obstacle is now removed, and full proof supplied; and I trust that some one well able will soon take the matter up and do us that justice we require. As I am now on my legs, I will just mention that I have found a conglomerate near Caerhayes Goran, in which are large rounded limestones, enclosing corals, cruisidea, orthercerites, &c. These are mingled with green-stones, argillaceous schist, porphyry, &c.

Mr. Murchison said that he felt much pleasure to be able to state that he could bear testimony to the truth of the specimens produced by the author of the paper being fish remains, and that they were of exceeding beauty. One which he held in his hand bore the name of (he trusted he should be pardoned in mentioning it) *Onchus Murchisoni*, and he could not distinguish it from the one figured in his silurian remains: several others also bore great resemblance to others figured and described in that work. There were some which appeared to differ, and which it would be necessary to submit to the inspection of Prof. Agassiz.

Prof. Phillips then said, that, through the kindness of the author, he had been permitted to read the paper and inspect the specimens then produced; that they were of exceeding beauty and of great value he hesitated not to say, and would greatly facilitate the settlement of the long-disputed question of the age of the rocks of Cornwall. He well remembered when at Plymouth doubting the statement then made by Mr. P. respecting some of the specimens produced, but now all doubts were completely removed from the very perfect state of the specimens; his only regret was that more were not produced. His opinion, if he must give it, was, that before any decided steps could be taken, a very careful examination of the specimens must be made, as amongst them he observed new forms. He felt perfect sympathy with the author in his great delight in the discovery, and complimented him on his perseverance in carrying out his suspicions.

Mr. Peach thanked the gentlemen for their kindness, and said that as he had to travel on horseback to get to the steamer, he could not conveniently carry larger specimens. He also said that it would give him great pleasure to render all the assistance in his power to any one who felt desirous of carrying on the researches, and that his collection might be used for that purpose; for he felt happy in stating that he had an extensive one of very good specimens.

Prof. Owen read his report on British fossil mammalia, (to hear which a crowded auditory might be anticipated.)

The present division of his researches was addressed to the remains of mammalia which were exclusively vegetable feeders, beginning with the order of *Pachydermata* of the largest size; respecting which he said he would, *vivâ voce*, condense the pith of the paper, so as to bring it within the limits of the time which could be allowed for its discussion. He began with the genus *Elephas*, and noticed the early reports of its bones being discovered in countries where the animal was no longer to be found. These, together with the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, were referred to Pyrrhus and the Roman legions; insomuch that Cuvier's anatomical distinctions (about 1796) could not obtain much of public credence or attention. But the British specimens which had since been discovered fully confirmed all he had advanced; and Sir Hans Sloane's fossils were demonstrated not to be the *ossemens fossiles* of the elephant which Polinæus states to have accompanied the invading army of Cæsar. The rhinoceros and hippopotamus never could have been brought hither by the Roman armies; and the bones of the elephant were equally found in Ireland, where the Romans never were. Such remains were scattered over all the pleistocene strata of Europe; and those in the soil of Great Britain differed from both the living species of the *El. Indicus* and *El. Africanus*. He pointed out wherein this difference in the structure of the teeth (of which colored diagrams and sections were exhibited*) consisted, and showed that they must have been intended for crushing and comminuting coarse branches of trees. They bore, however, though distinct species, a greater resemblance to the Indian than to the African elephants. The skulls were also different; and he could say, from more than 3000 mammoth-teeth which he had examined from British strata, that the conclusions he had just stated were unquestionable. Here the professor pointed out a remarkable succession of molars, resembling the living elephant's—a constant growth to supply the place of those which were going out, the number of plates increasing in a regular geometrical ratio; and spoke of its correspondence with the general law of development, of all animal tissues from the primordial cells. Upon the whole, he was not inclined to agree with those authors who from a difference in the number of dental plates were of opinion that there were several distinct species of mammoth (Parkinson supposed two, one in Essex, and another in the Yorkshire Museum; Von Meyer admits eight); on the contrary,—and the same was to be observed of the remains in the American drift, exhibiting the same varieties as the English,—the apparent difference depended entirely on the age of the animal, as the enamel-isles wore away, and blended into one transverse section. Neither was there any corresponding difference in the bones to warrant the inference that there was more than one species. There was also only one in Africa and one in India. Ours was identical with the Siberian. He then mentioned the measurement of parts of several skeletons in support of his position, and in demonstration of the gigantic size of the extinct elephant of the northern latitudes. The humerus, or upper bone of the fore-leg, of a Norfolk mammoth measured 4 feet 5 inches in length; that of the large Indian elephant, Chuny, killed at Exeter 'Change, 2 feet 11 inches. Corresponding comparisons were made with the femurs and other bones. The parts of England in which such fossil remains occurred were numerous. They were abundantly dredged up (2000 teeth, we believe) off the Norfolk coast; they were found in Suffolk, in Essex, in the bed of the Thames, in the gravel of the metropolis,* in the valley of the Medway, in the vicinity of Brighton, (where Dr. Mantell had made so valuable a collection,) in Wales, and on the Severn; on the Avon, where they were mingled with fresh-water shells; in the coarse gravel of Scotland; in Cavan and Tyrone, Ireland: and often crushed and broken by tremendous force. This he considered to be effected by ice in motion. The bed of the German Ocean was also rich in similar organic remains; bones and teeth of the mammoth had been dredged up off the Dogger Bank and in the British Channel.—The evidence of the next genus examined related to the mastodon, an animal also with a proboscis, of which there was now no living representative. It was found in the lower deposits, with fresh-water and marine shells, forming Lyell's 'fluvio-marine crag,' in Norfolk and also at Whitlingham; the strata being less recent than that in which the elephant was imbedded. It was identical with the remains discovered in France and Germany, and especially in the miocene of Hesse Darmstadt; and he considered it to be the same as Cuvier's *M. angustidens;* with which reasons were assigned for regarding the *Mast. longirostris* of Dr. Coup as being identical.

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* There appeared ridges and deep fissures of various forms, filled with enamel and transverse plates, which would work like millstones in crushing their food.

The learned professor next adverted to the former existence of the rhinoceros, almost entire skeletons of which had been found in England. Thus, it was taken from a cavernous fissure in a limestone-quarry near Plymouth, also at Wirksworth; together with large deer, the ox, and cave *carnivora*, including the gigantic *felis*. Other caves were filled to the top with similar remains, which had either been drifted into them, or accumulated from the fall of the animals. This rhinoceros corresponded mostly with the two-horned rhinoceros of Siberia, and differed from all existing species in the form of the skull. The diagrams, to which we have alluded, on the walls of the room enabled the professor to explain the structure of the fossil-teeth of the rhinoceros, and likewise of the hippopotamus, and show that they were quite different from those of the living species now confined to Africa. These remains of hippopotamus were discovered near Brentford, 40 feet below the level of the Thames, and elsewhere. They identified the creature with Cuvier's *H. major* of the continent.—The attention of the meeting was next directed in succession to vegetable-feeding *Palæotherium* and *Anoplotherium*, discovered in the older tertiary strata. In the Isle of Wight the remains were mingled with comminuted shells and marl, and also with fresh-water reptiles. The modifications of the teeth and bones, by which these extinct pachyderms connected the tapir and rhinoceros with the ruminant order, were explained. The lophiodon, from the eocene clay, near Maidstone, resembled a huge hornless rhinoceros; and the still more restricted locality in the Isle of Wight yielded more anomalous genera of pachyderms. There was the jaw of a chæropotamus, 6 or 7 inches in length, forming a transition between the hog and the bear, and having a more carnivorous character in the upper teeth. It was something like the piccary. From the fresh-water formations of Seafield and Binsted there were remarkable analogues. Prof. Owen now referred to the cranium of a very remarkable extinct small pachyderm, about the size of a hare's, discovered in the London clay, near Herne Bay, in 1839. From the structure of its teeth it was seen in this respect to resemble the chæropotamus, and he had given it the name of hyracotherium. It was the smallest example of the pachydermal order. Another species had been found in Suffolk, in the eocene sand, associated with the remains of the fossil monkey described in the first part of the report.—The paper next passed to the fossil remains of the genus *Sus*, or hog. They were abundant in Auvergne, and also found in the miocene of Norfolk. There they were associated with a *Felis* as large as a leopard, and with the mastodon. More recent remains of the hog had been found in a peat-bog, with immense quantities of hazle-nuts. The next genus, *Equus*, was very common in different formations. Like the American horse, it was distinguished by a greater degree of curvature in the teeth. It had been found of two sizes: the one might be a zebra, the other was thirteen hands high. Of the ruminants he now came to the gigantic deer, improperly called the Irish elk, for it was not confined to Ireland, but was spread over England, the Isle of Man, and other sites, and was in reality not an elk at all. It was a fallow-deer, with a slight affinity to the reindeer. The females had no antlers, (which had led some erroneously to imagine there were two species,) and there was a slight resemblance to the skull of the giraffe, in a middle eminence, which had been compared to a third horn. It was found in the Isle of Man in fresh-water basins, in strata posterior to the pleistocene period. The enormous extent of the antlers of the male was proved by one pair being 9 feet 2 inches from tip to tip. A second species of fossil *cervus* could not be distinguished from the red deer, and was very generally dispersed. A third species was identical with, and only a little larger than, the fallow-deer. A specimen of roebuck was also noticed. Genera of *Capra*, or goats, were next treated of; they were found with mammoth, deer, &c. But the professor had not traced the sheep to this remote period by any well-marked fossil remains. The last animal brought forward was the *Urus*, or oxen, discovered in fossiliferous caverns, and far larger than any now in existence. They were found in Essex till and drift, and might possibly be the *Aurochs* still living in some parts of Russia. Essex was rich in these and other remains. An extinct species of short-horned ox was preserved in the late John Hunter's museum; and the same species had been discovered by Mr. Ball in bogs in Ireland. This species had a longer and narrower forehead than the modern favorite short-horned breed.

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* As in Gray's Inn Lane, and in the county of Northampton, 6 feet delow the surface, and many other places. Dr. Buckland found them in great numbers, accompanied by the bones of the hippopotamus and hyæna.

There were many other remains, from more superficial deposits, in the beds of rivers, and bogs. There were sheep, hogs, dogs, and cats. A gravel-pit in Lincolnshire, two miles from the sea-shore, afforded all these; but they could not be regarded as true fossil or extinct remains.

After stating all the varieties, the professor took a comprehensive retrospect of the whole; and his survey of extinct mammalia was listened to with intense interest. The oldest remains were in the middle of the oolite series; and they were entirely different from any existing animal. They appeared to be allied to the *Marsupialia* of New South Wales. From hence to the tertiary there were no remains, till we came to the eocene clay. Here the very strange forms of *Palæotheria*, *Chœropotami*, *Anoplotheria*, *Hyracotheria*, &c. presented themselves, taxing to the utmost the skill of the comparative anatomist; next came the miocene, with the mastodon, &c.; then the pliocene and post-pliocene, and unstratified drifts, in which were buried countless mammoths, with bears, hyænas, &c.; and so the ladder approached to the animal life of the present time. In conclusion, Mr. Owen alluded to the facilities afforded to future investigators and collectors of fossils by the classified summaries given in the reports called for by the British Association, and expressed his acknowledgments for the aid and encouragement afforded by the Association in the prosecution of these researches.

Mr. Murchison called the attention of the section to the geological points illustrated by the report; and referred particularly to the remains in the eocene group, as he had but lately returned from the country. In the tertiary basin of Frankfort and Mayence, and the valley of the Rhine, a vast multitude of animals were congregated together; and in one place a remarkable new group had been brought to light. It was, he observed, difficult to resolve the ages of the tertiary deposits, and those who attempted to base a system upon shells might afterwards find themselves altogether in error. He mentioned the *calicotherium*, a link in the mammalian chain; also a saurian, or lizard, an inch or two long; a *Pisodon Coleii* of very remarkable structure. All the tapirs, rhinoceroses, &c. were of the Sumatran type, and differed from those of Europe. The question arose with regard to the superficial deposits, were they all of local character, and the animals living upon the adjacent hills? This seemed to be the case from entire skeletons being found, and many others where the bones were slightly detached from each other. Or, had there been a cataclismal and general destruction, such as Pallas supposed the great Asiatic drift to have been? Or, would change of climate explain these phenomena? This last idea he illustrated by a curious story of Prince Menzikoff, a Russian exile, who died in banishment, and was buried in full uniform, with all his orders upon him, in the frozen soil of Siberia. A hundred years after, his grave was opened, and the corpse was found as fresh as when interred, the clothes and orders all perfect, and the whiskers and moustachios as in life. Such preservation might account for many geological phenomena. He concluded by warmly eulogizing Prof. Owen for his valuable report.

Zoology and Botany.—Prof. E. Forbes then proceeded to describe the sea needles of the order *Nucleobranchiata*, which he has added to the British Flora, and generally the genus *Sagitta*, a gelatinous animal with horizontal fins. He had first found the new order (of which two enlarged drawings were suspended on the wall) while cruising in the Frith of Forth, and near Guernsey, and laid it before the Wernerian Society, who coincided in his opinion that it was anomalous, and might be the type of a genus, as he did not know what else to do with it. It differed from the *Medusæ* in being symmetrical. The only circulation he had been able to detect was in certain globules in the tail. He had seen no more of them till he visited the coast of Greece, where he met with them in vast numbers. There they were much larger than in our seas, and very active in their habits, darting about the glass in which they were placed, and erecting a bristly process or fringe about their head, as might be seen in the drawings he had made of them. They were about two inches long. Dr. Allman stated that he had discovered *Sagitta* on the coast of Ireland; and Mr. Patterson inquired about some cavities in its head, which he thought might afford means of identifying it with the genus *Cydippe*. Professor Forbes pointed to a difference: the *Cydippe* possessed the power of attaching itself to any body, which the *Sagitta* had not.

Mr. R. Dowden read a paper on the phosphorescence of plants. In this he mentioned that his attention was attracted to the luminous rays proceeding from a bed of marigolds; the light was vivid and scintillating, of a light golden tinge, and the weather was particularly warm and dry. On turning his back to the light, the luminous appearance became more vivid; to test the source of the light he watered the flowers, which, not diminishing the effect, dispelled the idea of its being electrical, and, on considering the color, he could not allow it to proceed from any irritation of the retina, or the complemental color of the marigold, a light green, would have been produced. He thought the source of the light to be phosphorescence; the double marigold was the only one suited for examination, as the other closes with the sun. He said that the Indian cress when shaken emitted flashes; and thought that all orange flowers were phosphorescent.

Dr. Allman did not agree in the explanation given by Mr. Dowden, but attributed the appearance to a phenomenon mentioned by Sir D. Brewster, namely, that in obscure light, objects appeared, as it were, and disappeared intermittingly. This simple alternation, he thought, was sufficient to account for the curious effect.

The analogy of the golden color with the shade of the flower supported this view; also the diminution of luminosity with increasing darkness, the reverse of which would occur if phosphorescence were the source.

Dr. Lankester quoted Linnæus as an authority for a similar appearance: he was the first to describe it. Many others had mentioned it since, but without any attempt to account for it. Dr. Allman's was probably the best explanation. It was a singular fact, however, that it had never been seen in any but bright golden-colored flowers; and hence there was a possibility of the color having much to do with the appearance.—Mr. Babbington mentioned a moss in Cornwall which in caves threw out a phosphoric light.

Dr. Allman read a paper on the phosphorescence of some animals of the annelidæ family. He stated that in a bog lately, on turning up some peat one night, he noticed a vivid green light, which on examination proved to proceed from some worms. They were all luminous throughout, and on irritating them, by holding them over alcohol, the light was greatly increased.

Mechanical Science.—Mr. S. Russell communicated to the section a paper on the application of our knowledge of the laws of sound to the construction of buildings. It is well known, as he stated, that the adaptation of buildings to the purposes of seeing and hearing, to the accommodation of speaker and hearer, was one of the most important tasks of the architect, and also one in which he was least successful. The blame of this subject was by no means to be laid on the architect exclusively, as had been too often done, but was at least equally to be shared by the man of science, whose duty especially it was to determine the laws of sound, and to develop their application in such a manner that the architect should have nothing more to do than simply to consult a scientific treatise, in order to find all the principles and maxims which should direct him in this important branch of acoustics. This, however, had not hitherto been sufficiently accomplished. The object of this paper was twofold. First of all, to apply our knowledge of the known laws of sound to the phenomena of speaking and hearing, in a given building; and, secondly, to develop certain laws of sound recently discovered and not generally known, and to show their application to the same practical purposes. Part 1 of the paper consisted of the application of the known laws of sound to the construction of buildings. The author prefaced this part of the paper by describing a form of building which had been found to be perfectly adapted to the purpose of seeing and hearing with distinctness and comfort, and which appear to combine, in a great degree, the requisites of such a building. This arrangement of building had been described by him in a paper communicated to the Royal Society of Arts of Scotland some years ago, but had not been actually constructed on a large scale until lately, when a young and clever architect, Mr. Cousins of Edinburgh, having been employed to construct some large buildings, felt the necessity of studying the question of sound as an element of construction, and, lighting on this paper, adopted its principles as his mode of arrangement. Buildings had now been erected on this principle, which contained from fifteen hundred to three thousand people, whom they perfectly accommodated, without difficulty, and with perfect comfort both to speaker and hearer. He had little doubt, from experiments he had recently made, that as many as ten thousand people might be so arranged as to hear a good speaker with ease and comfort. The principle of Mr. S. Russell's construction is, to place the speaker in the focus of a curve which he calls the curve of equal hearing, or the isacoustic curve, and to place the seats of all the auditors in such a manner that their heads shall all be arranged in this curve. Such is the vertical section of the building. The horizontal section was either circular or polygonal, having the speaker at the centre. This form had been found perfectly successful in affording the highest degree of comfort both to the hearer and speaker, and therefore he submitted it with confidence to the section as a practical and established principle more than as a mere theoretical speculation.

The writer next proceeded to investigate the nature and causes of such evils as are found in buildings of the usual forms. One class of these evils arose from the known laws of reflexion of sound; a second class from the spontaneous oscillations of the column of air in the room. From this phenomenon he was enabled to explain the fact, that, in the generality of buildings, there existed a certain key-note or pitch in which the voice of the speaker is best heard. He showed how it was possible to predict what the key-note of a building would be, and gave rules by which a speaker might ascertain that pitch. A third class of evils arose from the phenomena of interference of sound; and the author pointed out the forms which were most liable to this evil. In one case he stated that a building constructed at the expense of the government expressly for the purpose of accommodating a large assembly, had been found so utterly unsuitable that it had been abandoned, and a new one, at a great expense erected in its stead. The evils in this case were those of the second and third class.

In Part 2 the author explained certain new phenomena in sound which he had recently discovered. He had been engaged, in another section of this Association, in the examination of water-waves: and, from the phenomena discovered in these waves, he had been led to take a new view of the phenomena of the sound-wave. He had found in the water-waves of the first order certain phenomena, which he denominated *polarity, lateral accumulation,* and *non-reflexion;* and on examining the phenomena of sound, he found there analogous phenomena. By this means he was enabled to explain many phenomena of sound hitherto anomalous, and to discover the cause of certain evils in buildings which had not been formerly accounted for. The phenomena of whispering-galleries, and the reverberation of sounds along the walls of buildings, he explained, and showed the method of remedying. By the form which he described, these evils might be remedied in old buildings, and avoided in such as were still to be constructed.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANY.

Sugar.—We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of giving publicity to the following facts, which recent experiences have brought to light and established, in the manufacture of sugar, and published by Messrs. H. O. & A. Robinson, of Old Jewry.

1. The cane contains 18 parts in 100 of its weight of pure saccharine substance, the whole of which is crystallizable: molasses being the product of a vicious process of manufacture.

2. Instead of the actual produce in merchantable sugar approximating to 18 parts of 100 of the weight of the canes of the sugar colonies, only 5 parts in 100 finds its way to the European market.

3. The waste (with the exception of the comparatively trifling value of the molasses) is, therefore, in the enormous proportion of 13-18ths, or 72 per cent. of the saccharine substance of the cane.

4. This almost incredible waste is solely caused by the defectiveness of the machinery and apparatus employed in the colonies, and by the want of skill in the manufacture. It may be divided thus:

6-18ths, or 33 per cent., is left unexpressed from the canes by the mill, in the shape of juice.

7-18ths, or 39 per cent., represents the proportion rendered uncrystallizable by the vicious treatment of the juice expressed, and that destroyed and dissipated by the action of fire with the common pans.[*]

5. The beet-root contains 9 parts in 100 of its weight of saccharine substance.

6. At the commencement of the manufacture a few years ago on the continent, 2 parts in 100 only was the produce obtained, equivalent to a waste of 75 to 80 per cent.

7. At the present time, by the aids of science and improved apparatus, the produce is 5 parts in 100 of its weight in merchantable sugar, i. e., the waste has been reduced to 37 per cent.

These facts lead to the conclusion that a great increase may be obtained in the produce of the cane by similar aids.

An experience of nine years of one of our firm as an engineer in the cane countries, added to our practice here as constructors of colonial sugar machinery and apparatus since the year 1838, enables us to state that such a conclusion is no longer problematical, and that it is perfectly practicable to obtain an increase of produce from the cane fully equal to that which is above shown to have taken place with the beet-root.

In that part of the process which consists of converting the cane-juice into sugar, after its expression by the mill, the French, owing to the means of experimenting afforded their men of science by the beet-root juice, have taken the initiative in improvement. The late Mr. Vincent was the first to establish, at the Island of Bourbon, an improved apparatus for operating upon the cane-juice, by means of which upwards of 35 per cent. more sugar is obtained from the juice. Since then, Mr. Villa Urutia has had put on his estate at Cuba, a similar apparatus, with a favorable result, according to the Havanna mercantile circulars, of 30 to 35 per cent and an improved quality. Having had the advantage of perfecting our knowledge of this part of the manufacture by actual and careful observation of the working of Mr. Vincent's apparatus at Bourbon, we are prepared to supply apparatus at least equally effective.

In that part of the process which consists in expressing or extracting the juice from the cane, we have enjoyed the most favorable opportunities of perfecting the machinery, and we have recently invented a new description of sugar-cane mill and steam-engine, capable of diminishing, to the extent of 30 per cent., the waste of juice which takes place in the common vertical cattle-mill, and of 20 per cent. that which occurs with the common horizontal-mill and steam-engine.

The result that we can accomplish by the adoption of both these improvements, may be briefly stated at, as a minimum, the delivery to consumption in Europe of double the present average produce from the canes, with an important amelioration in quality.—*Colonial Magazine.*

Newspaper Reporting as a Political Engine.—When Jefferson expressed the opinion that a free press is more essential to a country than a government, he only put two ideas in logical sequence—it is necessary to know what a country is and does, before you can tell how to govern it; and if the country itself knows what it is and does, public opinion must exercise a more effectual rule than a government acting in ignorance. The value of freedom in a press by no means consists alone in freedom of commentary. Commentary is in great part the concentrated reflex of public opinion; but public opinion cannot exist without information on facts as they arise: opinion is complete, mature, and potent, in proportion as that information is copious, correct, and freely circulated. The freest and most vigorous commentary, unsupported by a full statement of the facts on which it rests, would have little more influence than mere book-learning and abstract reasoning. Moreover, it is only with absolute freedom that the practice of giving unreserved information can obtain; for if the informant has to think at every sentence whether a particular statement will pass the censorship or whatever authority performs the function of one, sheer distaste at so irksome a task will at once teach him to reject all doubtful matters, and nothing but what is agreeable to the authorities will appear. Those who defy that rule will be parties hostile to established authority, and their information will have the discredit that attaches to extreme and irregular views. On the other hand, perfect freedom of statement tends very materially to encourage moderation, by neutralizing extreme opinions: the ample reports of the London papers go along with the more decidedly colored commentaries of the original writing; every person of note in the country, of whatever party, has his opinions on the whole fully and faithfully developed in each of the principal papers; so that every newspaper reader throughout the country is supplied with facts and reflections, and ample materials for opinions of his own, independently of any one section of party-politicians. In this way, the newspaper has come to perform a very important function, impossible to be rightly performed without thorough freedom of statement: it is the "channel of information" between all classes in the country—it tells the country what the Legislature and Government are doing; it tells the Government and Legislature what the country is about; it lets the rich and the poor know what is going forward beyond their own sphere. A newspaper is a political map of the country, as necessary to the statesman as a geographical map to the general.

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[*] These are average results, but even in the exception of the sugar-houses wherein the juice is expressed with horizontal sugar-cane mills propelled by steam-engines, and the "Boiling" is conducted with the greatest care, the waste of the saccharine contained in the cane is not diminished more than 12 per cent.

Practically, the English press is the freest in the world; and one important result is seen in the extraordinary activity of its reporting department Each of the chief papers has "our own correspondent" at every commanding point in the world, and many of those correspondents are actual reporters. As soon as any remarkable series of events sets in, in any quarter of the globe, "our own correspondent" or "our own reporter" travels thither. The war in Syria had its professional reporters; "gentlemen connected with the press" have established a permanent footing in India; and if that class had not reached China during the late war, arrangements had evidently been made which are tantamount to having "our own reporter" on the scene of every enterprise. No sooner is Spain once more under the dominion of revolution, than the spirit of the English press roves the land in every direction, and the cockney and ale-house politician have a more comprehensive and faithful view of the seat of civil war than the people at Madrid or Barcelona.

A troublesome enigma arises in our own country, in South Wales; "our own reporter" is sent to solve it—and he does so. The able and intelligent reporter of the *Times* is a good type of his class. He is ubiquitous in his activity; his courage—and the office of a reporter sometimes needs no small share of cool courage—is unhesitating, to poke, unarmed and unprotected, into the most suspicious nooks; and, with the practice of his craft strong upon him, he seizes at once upon the essential points Some Welsh papers, before the invasion of any accredited reporter, accused their London contemporaries of defective local information. There is nothing more delusive than mere "local information." Persons on the spot are not only warped by close interests in disputed matters, but, from that circumstance, they attach undue importance to trivial things, and overlook things which are really of moment, but so familiar to them as to become matters of course. In the accounts from which we make extracts this week, the passing sketch of a remote dingle, the quotation of a translation into English by a Welshman—showing in its phrases at once that the translator is no "ignorant" man, and yet that he is remarkably ignorant of the language of our rulers and laws—these are traits which would have escaped the man of "local information," but which forcibly illustrate material circumstances of the disturbance. Moreover, none but a practised hand, confident in the name and resources of a great London journal, would have had so much tact and boldness in pushing himself into the very heart of the riot—beyond all troops, and police, and other regular functionaries.

A knowledge of the actual state of the disturbed districts is of the utmost value. One great means which "our own reporter" had at his command, consisted of the prestige attaching to newspaper publicity as an auxiliary to agitation of any kind—of confidence in the substantial honesty of respectable newspaper reports, and of faith in the writer's singleness of purpose. The strange gentleman was admitted solely as a newspaper-reporter, where it is obvious that any other collector of information would have been avoided, or misled, if not roughly treated. This feeling it were well to encourage to the utmost, as affording the best facility to that full information whose advantages we have described. That object suggests a useful practice to be observed in courts of justice—to abstain from calling reporters as witnesses in crown prosecutions of a political kind. Newspaper men are admitted to all kinds of meetings, in the just belief that they go there for no purpose of collecting judicial "evidence;" but sometimes they are brought forward—as at the trials in the manufacturing districts—to prove facts which they have witnessed in their professional capacity. Were that practice to be frequent, they would be avoided, or excluded from many a political meeting, the dangers of which are neutralized by publicity. There should be no set rule on the subject expressly exempting them from summons as witnesses; for that would at once invest them with inconvenient immunities and responsibilities: but the conductors of the crown prosecutions would do well to bear in mind, that whenever a newspaper-reporter is called as a witness, injury is done to that organ of general publicity which is one efficient safeguard of peace and good government.—*Spectator.*

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia.—His Imperial Highness has joined the Emperor of Russia at the Prussian capital, having, it is said, relinquished for the present his intention of visiting England. Political motives are assigned for this sudden resolve, as it is well known that his Imperial Highness, who has been travelling in Germany under the name of Count Paulowski, intended to have proceeded direct from Darmstadt, where he has been on a visit to the Ducal Court, to Antwerp, and there to have embarked for Dover, where his Excellency the Baron Brunnow has been sojourning in expectation of his arrival.—*Court Journal.*

Silk Cocoons.—Notwithstanding the disappointment of many, who, since the year 1839, engaged in the culture of the *morus multicaulis*, and other varieties of the mulberry, and the raising of silkworms, there has been, on the whole, a steady increase in the attention devoted to this branch of industry.—This may be, in part, attributed to the ease of cultivation, both as to time and labor required, and in no small degree, also, to the fact that, in twelve of the States, a special bounty is paid for the production of cocoons, or of the raw silk. Several of these promise much hereafter in this product, if a reliance can be placed on the estimates given in the various journals, more particularly devoted to the record of the production of silk. There seems, at least, no ground for abandoning the enterprise so successfully begun, of aiming to supply our home consumption of this important article of our imports. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Tennessee, and Ohio, there has been quite an increase above the amount of 1839. The quantity of raw silk manufactured in this country the past year is estimated at more than 30,000 pounds. The machinery possessed for reeling, spinning, and weaving silk, in the production of ribands, vestings, damask, &c., admit of its being carried to great perfection, as may be seen by the beautiful specimens of various kinds deposited in the National Gallery at the Patent Office. The amount of silk stuffs brought into this country in some single years from foreign countries, is estimated at more in value than 20,000,000 dollars. The silk manufactured in France in 1840, amounted to 25,000,000 dollars; that of Prussia to more than 4,500,000 dollars. Should one person in a hundred of the population of the United States produce annually 100 pounds of silk, the quantity would be nearly 18,000,000 pounds, which at 5 dollars per pound, and much of it might command a higher price, would amount to nearly 90,000,000 dollars—nearly 30,000,000 dollars above our whole cotton export, nine times the value of our tobacco exports, and nearly five or six times the average value of our imports of silk.

That such a productiveness is not incredible, as at first sight it may seem, may be evident, from the fact that the Lombard Venetian Kingdom, of a little more than 4,000,000 of population, exported in one year 6,132,950 pounds of raw silk;—which is a larger estimate, by at least one half, for each producer, than the supposition just made as to our own country. Another fact, too, shows both the feasibility and the importance of the cultivation of this product. The climate of our country, from its southern border even up to 44 degrees of north latitude, is suited to the culture of silk.—*Colonial Magazine.*

Loss of the Hair from the effects of Terror.—Dr. O'Connor detailed the particulars of a remarkable case, in which the hair was entirely lost from the effects of extreme terror; a healthy boy, twelve years of age, awoke screaming from the vivid impression made on his mind by a dream, in which he thought he was about being murdered; the next day his hair began to fall off, and in a fortnight he was quite bald, and he continues so, though several years have elapsed. Dr. O'Connor observed, that although the opinion exists among physiologists, that depressing passions, such as grief or terror, may turn the hair gray, or cause it to fall off, yet well authenticated cases of such phenomena are very rare; for this reason he deemed it right to lay this case, which came under his own observation, before the Section.—*Athenæum.*

Alliance in High Life.—The marriage of the Marquess of Ormonde with Miss Paget is to be solemnized on Tuesday next, the 19th inst. The Duchess of Gloucester will come to town from Kew to honor the ceremony with her presence.

The marriage which has been some time on the tapis between Lord Paget, son of the Earl of Uxbridge, and grandson of the Marquess of Anglesea, with Miss Greville, daughter of Captain Greville, R. N., and niece of Brooke Greville, Esq., is postponed till winter. His lordship is about to take his departure for the continent.—*Court Journal.*

Navigator's Islands.—The Rev. T. Heath read a paper on the inhabitants of the Navigator's Islands. He had been a missionary for the London Missionary Society for seven years. The Navigator's Islands were his chief station, but his attention was drawn to the Harvey Islands, the Harvey Marquesas, and New Hebrides. The people were a remarkably fine race, about six feet high, very well proportioned; the women a few inches lower, and very plump, nay pretty brunettes,—all had black hair, mostly crisp. The chiefs are a remarkably fine race; they intermarry among the aristocracy, but do not appear to deteriorate by it. Their language is the universally spoken Polynesian dialect, but they have, in fact, two: one used by the people, and the other appropriated to the chiefs, a chief's head, or any article of his property, being too sacred to be named in the vulgar language. It is only used to a superior; the chiefs use it in prayer. He had discovered some Sanscrit words in it, but very few. The language was distinguished by its reciprocal conjugation. As usual in the Oceanic dialect, the vowels end words. The young children were named after the god who was most in fashion at their birth. At about twelve years old they were circumcised, which constituted them candidates for tatooing, which done, they were deemed men. Infanticide was not known, and children were never deserted by their parents; on the contrary, widows and orphans were carefully provided for by their relatives. Their morality was not remarkable before marriage, which, however, was early. All bodily senses were most acute; they were industrious also, cultivating yams, &c.; they used intoxicating liquors, though not fermented; now, however, whale-ships had introduced spirits instead of the cava, their old beverage. The neighboring group, the New Hebrides, were a very inferior race; but had he not seen it in books, he would not consider them negroes. One island, Tanna, was peculiar in many points. They adopted the singular custom of burying a man in the sea with his widow attached to his body; their language also was peculiar, their words ending in a consonant frequently; they did not adopt the custom of tatooing.

Mr. Heath did not think the group had been peopled from America; the opinion of Ellis, Pritchard, and Williams, supposed the Malay coast to have been their origin, in which he coincided. He did not consider the chiefs a different race from the people, as had been thought; they were not mentally superior; indeed the people were a very intellectual race.—Prof. Owen complimented the author on his valuable paper, and concurred in the wish to allot more funds for the carrying out such an object as the Ethnological Society had in view—*Lit. Gaz.*

Inimitable Puns—The city-jester, who is maintained at the Mansion House to "poke fun," was asked the other day in what capacity the ex-regent of Spain was to be fêted; whether as a sovereign ruler, or merely a distinguished general and statesman; he answered, "Simply *As-part-hero.*" The Lord Mayor laughed heartily at being got thus out of a dilemma by his fool. It was the same inspired Wit, who, in the late mayoralty of Sir John Pirie, when a South-sea missionary party, of the tea-total species, were to be entertained, said, "If he were *Mare*, he would put them in mind of their mission by giving them the principal island as drink." "How so?" inquired the remembrancer, (who repeated the story.) "I would," said the jester, "give them *Oat-tea-hay-tea* to tipple with their *Sandwiches.*" It is supposed that nothing more brilliant than this was ever spoken at the Mansion House; though it is not even mentioned in the pamphlet we have just received respecting the *City Good Things*, extracted from the *Westminster Review.*—*Ibid.*

Scinde.—The overland mail from India arrived in London, August 2d, bringing intelligence from Bombay to the 19th of June. From the newly-acquired province of Scinde, the news is of great interest. That most fertile district, which, under a good government, and properly cultivated, will become a garden, is now nearly pacified by the measures adopted by Sir Charles Napier, its present governor. He has made terms with most of the chiefs, and even Meer Shere Mahomed is stated to have offered to make his submission provided he could have his private property secured to him. There is no doubt that within a short time the complete pacification of the country will be effected.—*Colonial Magazine.*

Expense of the Expedition to China.—A parliamentary return, just published, shows that the sums paid, or to be paid, on account of the war with China, amount to 2,879,873*l.*, of which sum 864,954 are required to be voted in 1843–44, as balance due to the East India Company.—*Ibid.*

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Mr. Nott 'On Terrestrial Magnetism.'—This paper was in continuation of that on Electricity, read on Saturday. The author denied the existence of magnetic poles. The situation of the points of greatest intensity (commonly called poles) in magnets, he conceived to be merely a result of figure. On a globular magnet the maximum intensity is, according to his experiments, situate about 75° from the equatorial zone. He maintained that the earth is a globular magnet, the maximum intensity of which is in lat. 75°, and that the magnetic poles of the earth have never yet been found. Terrestrial magnetism being considered as the effect of electric currents which move on the surface, will be affected by the irregularities of that surface, and hence the anomalies of the earth's magnetism. The author denied the conclusiveness of the arguments used to show that the earth is an oblate spheroid. He asserted that globular magnets, if freely suspended, would, by their mutual attraction, rotate and revolve round each other; and, finally, that the doctrine of gravitation must ultimately give way to that of universal magnetism.—*Athenæum.*

Glow-Worm.—M. Matteuci has found the phosphorescence of the glow-worm to be a phenomenon of combustion, a result of the combination of oxygen with carbon, one of the elements of phosphorescent matter.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Photography.—M. Daguerre denies the usefulness of a fatty film on the surface of plates for the formation of images. The greasy layer left by the cotton, he says, is injurious. If, as it is said, a layer of the spirit of turpentine applied to the plate be no obstacle to the formation of the image, it is because the iodine, being soluble in it, penetrates the layer and comes into contact with the silver. M. Daguerre recommends for the polishing process a mixture of equal quantities of olive-oil and sulphuric acid to be put on the plate lightly with cotton, and then rubbing with pounce-powder, or a mixture of one part of nitric acid and five of olive-oil.—*Ibid.*

Celtic Remains.—In the Duke of Rutland's preserves at Longshaw, near Buxton, has been recently discovered a Hu Cairn, or city of the gods, commonly called in that neighborhood Cael's Wark. It is an elevated plot of ground or rock, of some extent, barricaded on one side by huge rocky piles, heaped one upon another, evidently by the work of man. Within this enclosure are found fifty rock idols, dagons, &c. One temple is dedicated to Hu Gadarn, the mighty; one to Esus, the supreme god of fire; one to Molk, the god of war, and one to the goddess of victory, Andrasta. To the two last deities human sacrifices were offered. There is also a large temple to Sanham, the lord of death, and one to Baal Sab, the lord of judgment, both perfect; a tolmin, with several tumuli, occupies the centre of this interesting place.—*Buxton Herald.*

The Nelson Monument.—It is now confidently stated that the figure of Nelson will be raised to the top of the column in Trafalgar Square on the 29th of October, the anniversary of the victory of Trafalgar. There will be a grand ceremony on the occasion, at which all the Greenwich pensioners are to be present.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Adelaide Gallery.—Fresh electrical wonders have also this week been placed among the numerous attractions here: two electrical eels from the country of our old friend the electricus gymnotus, whose obituary we wrote some months ago. The new-comers are from Para, having been caught in one of the tributaries of the Amazon. They are young, and only about 2 1-2 feet long. A third lived to the Channel, where it died, off Tor Point, during a storm. They were brought to England by the master of the brig Romance, and were readily purchased by the spirited proprietor of the gallery.—*Ibid.*

The Staff of Life.—A box of bread, prepared according to a process invented by M. Alzard, and which had been packed two years ago, was opened at Liverpool last week, in presence of the mayor and others, and found to be perfectly sweet and sound. It is said to be a mixture of rice-meal and wheat-flour; to be nutricious and wholesome, and imperishable, through an incredible lapse of time.—*Ibid.*

Egyptian Gold-mine.— A rich gold-mine is stated to have been discovered in the Soudan, near Dj Doslebel Lall; an event of considerable importance to Egypt and its pasha.—*Ibid.*

Hydro-electric Machine.—A new machine, called the hydro-electric, invented by Mr. Armstrong, and which is said to be of greater power than any electrical machine before constructed, was exhibited on Thursday evening at the Polytechnic Institution. The experiments performed were very brilliant, and went far to prove the assertion made respecting it. A shaving of wood was ignited by the electric spark, and an immense battery was charged by it in the short space of eleven seconds. The principle on which this machine is constructed is simple. It consists of a common tubular boiler, isolated by means of glass supporters, and a telescope chimney, capable of being lifted off. The steam is let off by means of curved tubes, opening upon a box filled with a row of iron spikes, on which the steam is condensed. The steam, on being let loose, carries away the positive electricity from the boiler, leaving it in a negative state. The equilibrium is then restored to the boiler, by means of a conductor brought near to it, and the electric spark is elicited.—*Athenæum.*

The Unity of the Human Race.—M. Flourens, from his researches on the skin of the human being, and from his having found the pigmental apparatus in all races, infers the common origin of mankind; the universality of the pigmental apparatus he considers a direct proof of primitive unity.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Milk.—M. Donné described an apparatus for the preservation of milk; an apparatus in which the milk, kept at a low temperature by means or ice, is submitted to a continual rotatory motion, which prevents the cream from separating.—*Ibid.*

Magnetic Disturbances.—During the current year considerable magnetic disturbances have been observed at Parma,—on the 6th, 7th, 24th, and 28th of Feb.; the 6th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of March; the 2d, 3d, and 28th of April; and the 9th of June; several of which have also been noted at other continental observatories. The disturbance on the 20th of Feb. occurred during an extraordinary fall of the barometer; and that of the 13th of March was accompanied, between a quarter past eight and a quarter past nine, P. M. by a faint aurora borealis, and by a number of shooting-stars.—*Ibid.*

OBITUARY.

John Murray, Esq., F. S. A.—June 27. In Albemarle-street, in his 65th year, John Murray, Esq., the distinguished publisher.

He was the only son, by a second marriage, of Mr. John McMurray, a native of Edinburgh, who was originally an officer of marines, and in 1768, succeeded Mr. Sandby, the bookseller, opposite St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street, on that gentleman entering into partnership with the well-known firm of Snow and Co., the bankers in the Strand.

Mr. McMurray was desirous that Mr. Falconer, the ingenious author of "The Shipwreck," should become his partner; and an interesting letter from Mr. McMurray to Falconer on this occasion, is printed in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," iii. 729. The Poet would probably have entered into partnership with him, but was unfortunately lost in the Aurora frigate. A ship figures in full sail on the bill-heads of Mr. Murray's old accounts, allusive to his original destination in the marines.

On settling in Fleet-street as a bookseller, Mr. McMurray (afterwards known as Mr. Murray) was ushered immediately into notice by publishing a new edition of Lord Lyttleton's "Dialogues," and also an edition of his "History;" and under his auspices many useful works were offered to the learned world. Langhorne's Plutarch, Dalrymple's Annals, and Mitford's Greece, are three of Mr. Murray's surviving publications. He also published several pamphlets connected with his trade, and was an author in various shapes.

Mr. Murray's father died Nov. 6, 1793, when John was in his fifteenth year, an age too young to conduct the business unaided. He was, however, joined by Mr. Samuel Highley, the assistant and shopman of old Mr. Murray, and the father of the present Mr. Highley, the bookseller, of Fleet street. When Mr. Murray was of age, he entered into partnership with Highley, but this was not of long continuance, as the deed of separation is dated 25th of March, 1803. They drew lots for the house, and Murray had the good fortune to remain at No. 32; Highley setting up for himself at No. 24, and taking away with him, by agreement, the large medical connection of the firm, a connection enjoyed by his son to this day.

Mr. Murray now started on his own account, and began a career of publication unrivalled in the history of letters. In 1807 he added "The Art of Cookery," by Mrs. Rundell, to his list; in 1809 the *Quarterly Review;* and in 1811 "Childe Harold." One of his earliest friends and advisers was Mr. D'Israeli, the author of the "Curiosities of Literature." His connection with Sir W. Scott began in 1808 with his publication of Strutt's "Queen Hoo Hall," edited by Scott.

His early connection as the publisher and friend of Lord Byron established him at once as one of the most spirited and successful publishers of the day; and the reputation he thus early acquired, led to the establishment of the *Quarterly Review.* The great success of the "Edinburgh Review" naturally led the Supporters of Church and State to wish for as powerful an organ to express their sentiments. The Quarterly was suggested by Murray himself, and his letter to Canning on the subject is still in existence. Sir Walter Scott, in 1808, or 1809, in his letters to his literary associates, passes many eulogies on the young London bookseller who was to conduct the publication of the work,—and speaks of his talents, spirit, and judgment, in terms which Mr. Murray's subsequent management of that great journal fully confirmed. The first editor of the "Quarterly" was the celebrated W. Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, and his successful conduct of the journal has been most ably continued by Mr. Lockhart.

"Childe Harold" was a poem of his own seeking, for he had been one of the first to foresee the budding genius of Lord Byron. He was a proud man, we have heard him say, when Dallas put the MS. of "Childe Harold" into his hands. He had been a poet's publisher before, for he had a share in "Marmion."

The Athenæum observes, "The readers of Lord Byron's Life and Works will recollect the friendly tone in which he writes to Mr. Murray; and the exquisite rhyming letter of excuse, which the poet wrote in the name of his publisher to Dr. Polidori, politely declining the proposed publication of his play. Nor can they have forgotten the many bagatelles in verse which the poet addressed to his enterprising friend, 'the *αναξ* of publishers,' as he calls him, 'and the Anak of stationers.'

"Mr. Murray's career as a publisher is one continued history of princely payments. His copyrights were secured at the most extravagant prices—for he never higgled about the sum if he wanted the work. To call him the—

Strachan, Tonson, Lintot of the times—

is awarding him but a portion of his praise. Contrast his liberal dealings with Lord Byron with old Jacob Tonson's hard bargains with John Dryden,—John Murray's *hard cash* with Jacob's *clipped coin.* But he did more very often than abide by his agreement. To Campbell he doubled the price agreed upon for his 'Specimens of the Poets,' by paying the stipulated £500 and adding £500 more. He gave £50 per volume additional to Allan Cunningham for his 'Lives of the British Artists,' and made the payment retrospective. Another anecdote of his liberality of spirit we shall allow him to relate in his own words.

"'*To Sir Walter Scott.*

"'Albemarle Street, June 8, 1829.

"'My dear Sir,—Mr. Lockhart has this moment communicated your letter respecting my fourth share of the copy-right of Marmion. I have already been applied to, by Messrs. Constable and by Messrs. Longman, to know what sum I would sell this share for; but so highly do I estimate the honor of being, even in so small a degree, the publisher of the author of the poem, that no pecuniary consideration whatever can induce me to part with it.

"'But there is a consideration of another kind, which until now I was not aware of, which would make it painful for me if I were to retain it a moment longer. I mean the knowledge of its being required by the author, into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned in the same instant that I read his request.

"'This share has been profitable to me fifty-fold beyond what either publisher or author could have anticipated; and, therefore, my returning it on such an occasion you will, I trust, do me the favor to consider in no other light than as a mere act of grateful acknowledgment for benefits already received by, my dear sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"'John Murray.'"

"Five hundred anecdotes of the great spirits of his time have died with Mr. Murray—enough to make a second Spence, or another Boswell. His conversation was always entertaining, for he had a quiet vein of humor that gave his stories a palatable flavor, adding largely to their excellence, without destroying the *race* of their originality. His little back parlor in Albemarle Street, was a sort of Will's, or Button's; his 'four-o'clock visitors' embracing the men of wit and repute in London. Few men distinguished in literature, in art, or in science, but have partaken of the hospitalities of Mr. Murray's table. If Tonson had a gallery of portraits,

With here a Garth and there an Addison,

so had Mr. Murray; but Tonson's Kit-Kat Club pictures were all *presents*—Mr. Murray's kit-kats were all commissions; commissions to men like Lawrence, Phillips, Hoppner, Newton, Pickersgill, and Wilkie; and portraits, too, of Byron and Scott, Moore and Campbell, Southey and Gifford, Hallam and Lockhart, Washington Irving, and Mrs. Somerville—a little gallery in itself of British genius. Scott and Byron were made personally known to one another through the friendly mediation of Murray, as were Southey, and Crabbe, and Scott, and Wilkie.

"Mr. Murray let few good things in literature escape him, and his two last works, the Journals of Lieut. Eyre and Lady Sale, were each, in the language of the trade, a lucky hit. He might have had, it is true, 'The Bridgewater Treatises,' and he made a mistake with 'The Rejected Addresses.' 'I could have had "The Rejected Addresses" for ten pounds,' he said to the writer of this notice, 'but I let them go by as the kite of the moment. See the result! I was determined to pay for my neglect, and I bought the *remainder* of the copyright for 150 guineas.' The 'Navy List' and other publications are thus referred to by Lord Byron:

Along thy sprucest book-shelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine,
The 'Art of Cookery' and mine,
My Murray.
Tours, Travels, Essays too, I wist,
And Sermons to thy mill bring grist,
And then thou hast 'The Navy List,'
My Murray.

He said once, to the present writer: 'Lord Byron used to come to my shop in Fleet Street, fresh from Angelo's and Jackson's. His great amusement was making thrusts with his stick, in fencer's fashion, at the spruce books, as he called them, which I had arranged upon my shelves. He disordered a row for me in a short time, always hitting the volume he had singled out for the exercise of his skill.' He added, with a laugh, 'I was sometimes, as you will guess, glad to get rid of him.'

"Let us illustrate his sagacity in business, by an anecdote which will be new to many of our readers. Constable published a little 'History of England' in one small volume, which, as it were, fell still-born from the press. Murray perceived its merits, bought Constable's share, and baptized his little purchase by the name of 'Mrs. Markham's History of England,' a name it still enjoys. The work flourished in his hands, and is, to this day, realizing a large annual profit."

Another great undertaking of Mr. Murray's was the "Family Library." This series, which undoubtedly contains many works of much excellence and value, was not so advantageous to Mr. Murray as might have been anticipated.

In 182–, Mr. Murray attempted to establish a daily newspaper, called "The Representative," but, to the surprise of all who were aware of Mr. Murray's general ability in literary speculations, it proved a failure, and was soon dropped.

To enumerate the authors with whom Mr. Murray was associated, is to recall his most celebrated literary contemporaries. By Byron, Scott, Crabbe, Bowles, Southey, Washington Irving, Milman, Wilson Croker, Barrow, Lockhart, and an innumerable list of eminent travellers and others, he was regarded as a fit associate and a valued and respected friend; and their sentiments of him are recorded in their writings. Of Byron he was a constant correspondent; and it is to him that many of the Poet's most brilliant as well as famous and confidential letters are addressed. And it may here be added, that of all the numerous circle with whom he was connected, no one had cause to regret having reposed in him the most entire confidence; for his whole transactions were equally just and liberal. In private society he was much beloved. His disposition was benevolent and kindly, his manner polished, and his habits hospitable and social. His departure will leave a blank not easily filled, in the hearts of the many friends who lament his loss. The *Literary Gazette* thus speaks of Mr. Murray:

"His situation in the literary world has long been most prominent; and there is hardly an author of high reputation, either now living or dead within the last quarter of a century, who has not enjoyed his intimacy and regard. With the majority his social intercourse was most gratifying, and his liberality towards their public undertakings such as merited their esteem and gratitude. That he was warm-hearted and generous will be allowed by all who ever knew him; whilst those who had the pleasure of a more genial acquaintance with him, will long remember his lively conversation, and the ready humor which often set the table in a roar. He was, indeed, on such occasions, a very agreeable companion, and his ready wit was only an indication of the acuteness and judgment which he carried into his professional concerns. His clear mind in this respect led him to enterprises of great pith and moment; and we owe to it some of the most celebrated works in our language. * * * He was a true friend to the arts, which he largely employed."

In 1812, he bought the good will and house of Mr. W. Miller, No. 50, Albemarle Street, removing thither from No. 32 Fleet Street.

In 1806, Mr. Murray married Miss Elliot, the daughter of a bookseller at Edinburgh. This amiable lady is left his widow; with three daughters, and a son and successor, Mr. John Murray, the editor of the Continental Hand-books, who we hope will emulate the friendly and liberal traits of his father's character.—*Gents. Magazine.*

A Copenhagen journal announces the death of Dr. Jacobsen, physician to the Royal Family, aged 61. Dr. Jacobsen was a Jew by birth, and throughout his life remained steadfast in that faith; notwithstanding which he was elected Professor of Anatomy at the University, and at the College of Surgeons of Copenhagen; although the charter expressly forbids the admission of any person to that office, unless subscribing to the Protestant religion. Dr. Jacobsen was the author of several valuable works on Anatomy. In 1833, he was chosen corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in place of Sir Everard Home, and the same year he obtained from the same learned body a gold medal worth 4000 francs, for the invention of an important surgical instrument.—*Court Journal.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

1.—*The New Punctiuncula Stenographic System of Embossing. By G. A. Hughes.*

Mr. Hughes is totally blind, having been deprived of sight in 1837. Previous to that calamity he had been in the scholastic profession, and he particularly mentions that he was thoroughly acquainted with stenography. His stenographic taste and expertness, no doubt, together with the necessity which his bereavement imposed, drove his inventive powers into the channel which he has followed out to what he considers a perfect and most satisfactory issue. He feels most confident not only that a person who has lost his vision is better qualified to devise a plan for instructing those who are blind, than an individual who is blessed with sight, for the blind alone, he observes, can really judge what is easy or difficult for all such,—but that his method is by far the most simple that has ever been laid before the public, and vastly superior to any in which embossed type is used. Mr. Hughes hesitates not to assert that by his plan and means the blind of all nations will be able to emboss for themselves, on any paper, without the use of type, and to attain a perfect knowledge in reading, arithmetic, &c., with unprecedented facility.

The system consists of two dots, one smooth and the other rough, together with the aid of a sign line; the different arrangements and positions to which these may be subjected giving the person who can make a dexterous use of them, an extraordinary command upon paper. Besides paper and the little embossing instrument, a cushion, and a little framework having many small square divisions, called by Mr. H. the formula, are necessary.

The system may be understood by a person having sight in a very short space of time, but its ready practice will come to hand with something of the kind of slowness which attends the aquisition of stenography. In fact, in Mr. Hughes's system the characters are applied stenographically. Still, we do not conceive that there can be any very formidable difficulty in the way of the blind becoming expert in the practice of the system; but on the other hand, we feel assured that the process of acquiring this system would afford an enviable species of amusing occupation, not to speak of the incalculable satisfaction that would accompany and follow the daily use of its helping hand for the purposes of intercourse.

The present is no ordinary case, whether one looks to its literary importance, or individually to the case of the inventor; and therefore let him be heard for a moment:

"George A. Hughes, of Ramsgate, in the county of Kent, aged 34, and totally blind, formerly in the scholastic profession, in the Isle of Thanet, begs leave to call the attention of his friends and the Public to the New System of Embossing, which he has invented for the Blind, and which will enable them to emboss, and record their thoughts without the use of type, with an instrument, occupying no more space than a common pencil-case, and in every way as simple in its construction. Likewise every individual who can read, including the deaf and dumb, will be able to correspond with the blind by post, by only studying the alphabet, and if two leaves of paper are placed on the cushion instead of one, the copy of any letter, &c., will be obtained while embossing the original.

"To illustrate the system, the author has been at considerable expense in publishing a work in which he has embodied the letter-press with the embossed characters, thereby enabling those who can read by sight, as well as the blind, who can only read by the touch, to judge at once of the utility and simplicity of the system.

"To accomplish his great undertaking, the Inventor makes this appeal to his friends and the public, in the full confidence that it will be responded to, in a country abounding with so much Christian charity as is found in England, and especially in a cause which has for its object, the happiness, education, and improvement of the Blind. Several Friends, well-wishers to his system, and 'enlighteners of darkness,' have come forward to aid him in the accomplishment of his plans, to furnish the Blind with progressive and scriptural lessons, and he doubts not but that many others will be found ready to lend a helping hand towards lessening the expensive burthen, which has fallen so heavily upon himself and his parents, by whose assistance he has already accomplished so much."

Such are some of the interesting particulars concerning this new system of embossing, and its ingenious inventor. We can hardly doubt of its success, which success must be identified with the worldly prosperity of Mr. Hughes, who is about, we believe, to open apartments for the purpose of taking in pupils at his residence in the Strand. His book, together with the other articles essential to the study and practice of the method, we can have no doubt, requires merely to be advertised to attract extensive notice, and to establish for the inventor the character of an enlightened philanthropist.—*Monthly Review.*

2.—*The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* With an Essay on his Language and Versification, and introductory Discourse, with Notes and Glossary, by Thomas Tyrwhitt. 8vo, double cols., pp. 502. London: E. Moxon.

In this, as in the new edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, Mr. Moxon has done spirited and good service to English literature; and we sincerely trust that he will meet the reward his efforts so truly deserve. The glorious father of our poetry, in a noble single volume, is a library of itself—a mine of mental treasures and poetical beauties, solid veins of gold and silver, and innumerable clusters of diamonds and precious gems. How delightful it is to dig into the depths of the former, and dabble with the sparkling sands where the latter are so abundantly found! The reading of Chaucer is enough to make a poet almost equal in power to the *poeta nascitur.* Let all who can enjoy this recreation.—*Ibid.*

3.—*A Short Treatise on Life Assurance, with the Rates of all the Offices in London, Mutual, Mixed, and Proprietary. Alphabetically arranged. By Frederick Lawrence, Esq., Secretary to a Life Office.*

By far the most intelligible and interesting treatise that we have ever met with on the subject of Life Assurance. The work is as remarkable in respect to brevity, as it is of simplicity and plainness; and, a thing that one would never think of looking for in such a quarter, there is information in it sufficiently entertaining and popular, to keep you reading page after page at one sitting, till the end is reached; by which time, to a certainty, a strong anxiety will have been created to secure in some form or another, the benefits of Life Assurance. The treatise begins with a history of the rise and progress of such institutions; and in due course shows the great good that may thus be effected for the assured whilst living, and for friends and relations after his decease—the applicability of the benefits to every contingency which can possibly occur in mercantile operations; and, in short, explaining the whole subject in a manner that is singularly clear and instructive.

The little book has assuredly not been written for the sake of pecuniary gain, its price being only *one shilling*. Neither has it a particle of the character of a puff, for Mr. Lawrence does not advocate the interest of any one particular office; not even mentioning the name of the establishment of which he is secretary. His object evidently has been to increase the number of policy-holders, and to circulate such an accurate knowledge of the science of Life Assurance as will be sufficient to induce people to enrol themselves amongst those already assured. —*Monthly Review.*

The Iodated Waters of Heilbrunn in Bavaria, &c., as a Cure of Scrofulous, Cutaneous, and other Diseases. By Sir A. M. Downie, M. D. &c. Pp. 92. Frankfort, C. Jugel; Paris, Galignani; London, J. Churchill.

THE author of this *brochure* is, it appears from the fly-leaf, the author of another on *The Spas of Homburg*, and of a volume, entitled *A Practical Treatise on the Efficacy of Mineral Waters.* He was formerly physician to our princess the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and has had much experience in the use and abuse of mineral waters during an extensive practice and pretty long residence at Frankfort. We say *abuse*: for Sir A. Downie, though powerfully advocating mineral waters in a variety of complaints, is far from believing in their universal applicability, or that chronic gout and rheumatism is to be miraculously cured by quaffing a certain quantity of water for three or four weeks; as many German doctors, and some recent writers nearer home, have promulgated.

In the third chapter it is pretty distinctly shown, indeed, that patients need not go to Heilbrunn, where there is no suitable accommodation; as this water, called the Adelheid's Quelle, and others equally efficacious, may be imported and drunk at a distance from their native spas with the same effects. For this purpose they must, however, be bottled in glass according to the method, and then they will keep for a very long time. Fifty thousand bottles are thus annually sent off for consumption in various parts of the continent,—Munich, Petersburg, Paris, Frankfort, &c. Whilst drinking it, strict attention to diet is strongly recommended, differing according to the maladies of the patients. Much of the efficacy of the waters is ascribed to iodine, for the detection of which a simple test is given, viz., to "take two table-spoonfuls of the water and a small piece of starch and mix them, then drop in about 20 or 30 drops of nitric acid; the liquid will immediately assume a purple color, which, on adding more acid, or being allowed to remain some time in the glass, will gradually change to a deep blue. Iodine (adds Sir Alexander) in large doses is a very energetic irritative poison; in smaller ones, it exercises a general stimulating influence, especially on the mucous membranes. It has also been found to exert a very decided effect on the glandular system; a fact which ought to be borne in mind by those who prescribe the drug, since experience has proved that the excessive use of it may be attended by the most untoward results."

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America; effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, during the years 1836–39. By Thomas Simpson, Esq.

A Guide to Greek for Beginners, or Initia Græca. By Rev. W. Cross.

Pathological and Philosophical Essay on Hereditary Diseases. By. J. H. Steinau, M. D.

Exposition of Hebrews XI. By an Indian Layman.

Theodoret's Ecclesiastical History.

A Pastor's Memorial of the Holy Land. By G. B. Fisk.

The Vital Statistics of Sheffield. By G. C. Holland, Esq., M. D.

GERMANY.

Kritisch. exegetischer Kommentar über das neue Testament, von. H. A. W. Meyer. *Göttingen.*

Drei Predigten, von A. Tholuck. *Hamburg.*

Chronologische Synopse der vier Evangelien, von K. Wieseler. *Hamburg.*

Staats-Lexicon, von v. Rotteck u. Welcker. *Altona.*

Philosophische und theol. Vorlesungen von C. Daub, herausgeg. von Marheineke u. Dittenberger. *Berlin.*

Abu Zakariya Yahya El-Nawawi. The Biographical Dictionary of Illustrious Men, chiefly at the beginning of Islamism. Now first edited by F. Wüstenfeld. *Göttingen.*

Vom Gebrauch des pronomen reflexivum sui, sibi, se, etc. von G. F. Löschke. *Bautzen.*

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Thesaurus Græcæ linguæ ab Henrico Stephano constr. edid. C. H. B. Hase, Giul. et Lud. Dindorf. Vol. V. Fasc. 3. Fol. *Paris.*

L'Histoire de Dix Ans, 1830–40. Par M. Louis Blanc. Tomes I. II. III.

Relations des Ambassadeurs Venetiens sur les affaires de France au seizeième siècle, recueillies et traduites par Tomasseo. *Paris.*

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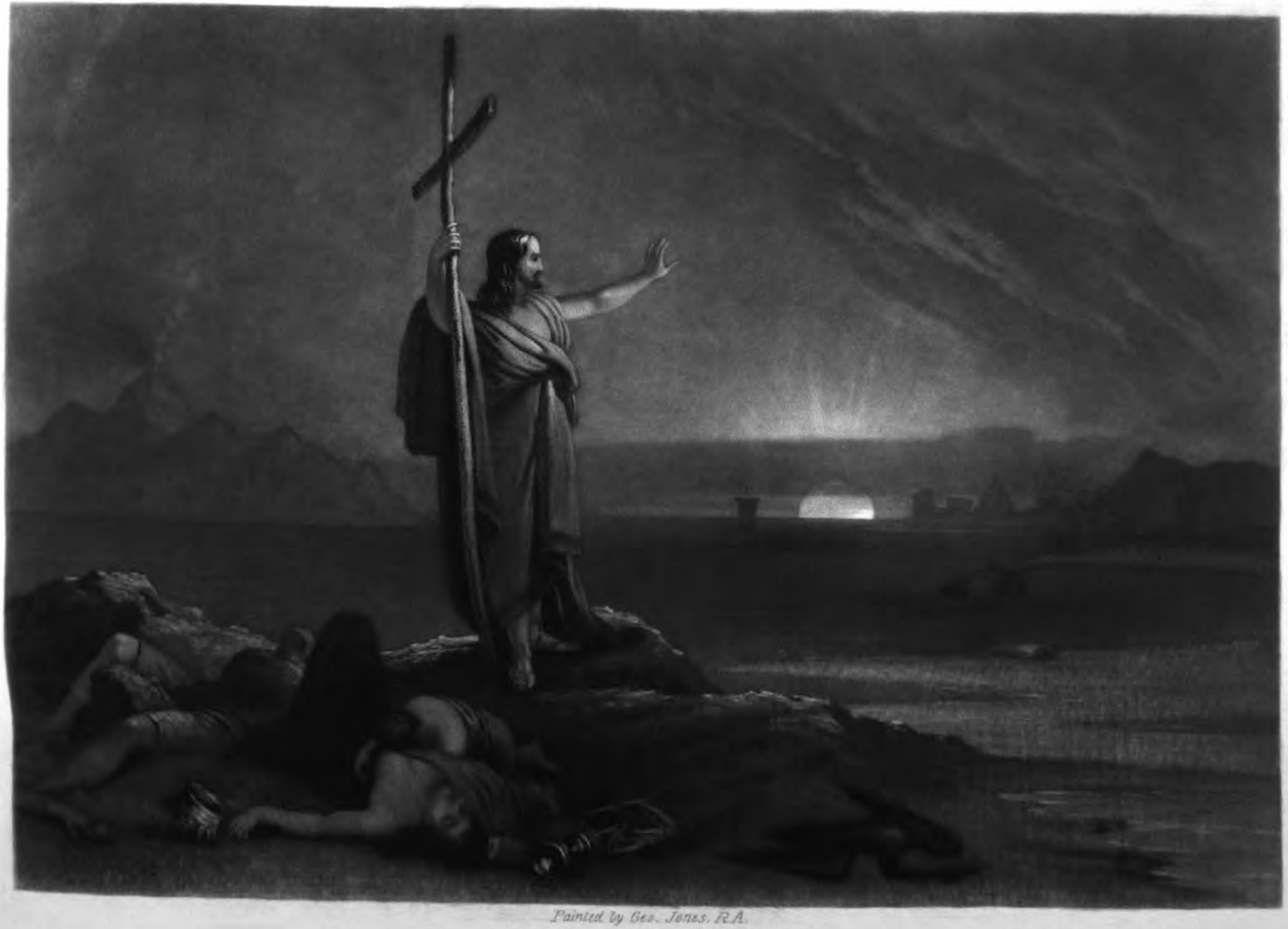
Correspondance mathématique et physique de quelques célèbres géometres du 18 siècle, précédée d'une notice sur les travaux de L. Euler, publiée par P. H. Fuss. *St. Pétersbourg.*

Coup d'oeil historique sur le dernier quart-de-siècle de l'existence de l'acad. imp. des sciences de St. Pétersbourg. *St. Pétersbourg.*



Painted by Geo. Jones, R.A.

THE LAST MAN.

Engraved for THE ECLECTIC MUSEUM by John Sartain.

THE LAST MAN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For these ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, floods, and earth,
The vassals of his will;
Yet mourn not I thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and girgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recalled to breath.
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell that night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

THE

ECLECTIC MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1843.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

From the Edinburgh Review.

I. Biographia Britannica Literaria; or, the Biography of Literary Characters of Great Britain and Ireland, arranged in Chronological Order. Anglo-Saxon Period. By Thomas Wright, M. A. Published under the Superintendence of the Royal Society of Literature.. 8vo. London: 1842.

II. Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature. Second Series. Vol. I. 8vo. London: 1843.

So wide is the realm, and so densely peopled with a noisy multitude is the Republic of Letters, that we dare say there are many of our readers who know very little about the Society whose publications invite this notice. Yet it has been a number of years in existence, and was right royally founded and munificently endowed by George the Fourth. Among the literary institutions of the present century it holds a prominent place; and among its members and supporters are many individuals of the highest rank in society, and the highest fame in literature and science. Thus, standing apart from the numerous private associations formed for the cultivation and promotion of particular classes of learning, a brief account of its origin and progress may not be unacceptable. Having all the necessary information at our command, we shall therefore commence with a historical sketch of this royal foundation, which, though singular, as having emanated spontaneously from the Sovereign, yet presents in its formation, all the features of analagous associations, whether springing from private individuals or learned bodies pursuing similar objects. The original steps taken, the difficulties encountered, the gradual progress, and finally, the maturity of plans resulting in operations and effects which endure for many generations, and have an influence on them all, present details of curious interest, well deserving of literary record.

The "Royal Society of Literature" originated in an accidental conversation between the late learned and worthy Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Burgess, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury,) and an eminent person of the royal household, in October, 1820, respecting the various institutions which adorn the British name and nation. It was agreed that there seemed to be one wanting for the encouragement and promotion of General Literature; and that if a society, somewhat resembling the French Academy of *Belles Lettres*, could be established, it might be productive of great advantage to the cause of knowledge. This suggestion was communicated to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and by him mentioned to the King; and his Majesty having expressed his approbation, a general outline of the institution was, by command, submitted to the royal perusal. From seed thus fortuitously scattered, sometimes arise trees that furnish fruit and shelter to mankind.

In November, the Bishop of St. David's was summoned to Carlton House, for the purpose of devising the best mode of giving effect to the undertaking; and was entrusted with a full commission to arrange the plan of the society. He accordingly invited a few of his personal friends to assist him; and for some time they held frequent (almost weekly) conferences on the subject. Their first meeting took place on the 30th of that month; and the parties present were, besides the Bishop. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, (Mr. Vansittart, now Lord Bexley,) the Right Hon. J. C. Villiers, (the last Lord Clarendon,) and Prince Hoare, Foreign Secretary of the Royal Academy, a gentleman distinguished for his love of learning. Letters were read expressing his Majesty's "*eagerness* to promote the object" in hand, and appointing an audience for its further consideration. A statement was printed by Mr. John Mortlock, an early friend and member of this initiative committee, and five hundred copies distributed. The title was "Royal Society of Literature for the Encouragement of Indigent Merit,* and the Promotion of General Literature;" but the views and means it recommended were soon greatly modified and altered, to adapt them to the ultimate constitution approved of and munificently endowed by the King. A single part of the plan was, however, immediately acted upon, to give signs of public life in the society—namely, the offer of prizes for the following subjects:—

I. For the King's Premium, One Hundred Guineas—"On the Age, Writings, and Genius of Homer; and on the state of Religion, Society, Learning, and the Arts during that Period: collected from the writings of Homer."

II. For the Society's Premium, Fifty Guineas—"Dartmoor; a Poem."

III. For the Society's Premium, Twenty-five Guineas—"On the History of the Greek Language, and the Present Language of Greece, especially in the Ionian Isles; and on the difference between the Ancient and Modern Greek."

Anticipating somewhat the future result, we may here state, that five candidates appeared within the specified time for the second premium. Two others (as is not unusual with poets) were too late. Their productions were referred to a sub-committee of seven, and at a meeting in the British Museum, the prize was adjudged to the motto, "Come, bright Improvement;" and the poem, of which two hundred copies were afterwards printed at the expense of the society, was found to be written by Mrs. Felicia Hemans. The other premiums were renewed, the third being increased to fifty guineas, and another, of the like sum, was proposed for the best poem on "The Fall of Constantinople in the XVth century." By March 1822, six Essays were received for the Homeric premium; and ten Poems on the Fall of Constantinople; but only one on the Greek language!

Meanwhile, the Society continued to gather strength, enrolling among its first members the King, who again by letter spoke of "his anxiety for the success of the infant undertaking," the royal Dukes of York and Cambridge, (each subscribing 100 guineas,) the Bishops of Durham, Carlisle, Chester, and Gloucester, Sir M. Tierney, Archdeacon Nares, Dr. Gray, (afterwards Bishop of Bristol,) Sir Alexander Johnston, and others;—several of whom immediately began to take a more or less active part in the proceedings of the committee. Among these, the earliest to be found on the list of attendances, were the Rev. Archdeacon Prosser, the Rev. H. H. Baber, the Rev. Lewis Way, Mr. William Jerdan, the Bishop of Bangor, and Mr. R. Westley Hall Dare. Towards the close of the London spring season of 1821, it was deemed expedient to appoint a provisional council, authorized to act till the Society should consist of two hundred members; and, on the 17th of May, the following were appointed, with three to constitute a quorum. The Bishop of St. David's, president, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Vansittart, the Bishops of Bangor, Lincoln, Chester, Salisbury, Gloucester, Mr. J. C. Villiers, Sir A. Johnston, Sir M. Tierney, Archdeacon Prosser, Dr. Gray, Archdeacon Nares, Messrs. H. H. Baber, George Croly, Taylor Combe, Westley Hall Dare, W. Jerdan, and Prince Hoare. The sittings continued till the 26th of July, there being generally from three to seven or eight members present. To afford an ideaof the trouble of working out such a design, we may intimate the number of what may be reckoned little less than preliminary conferences and meetings. The earliest conferences previous to the 30th November, 1820, were followed by fifteen committee meetings between that date and the 17th of May ensuing, when the provisional council was appointed; and during the remainder of May, June, and July, the council assembled eleven times, and then adjourned till November.

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* At the first subsequent meeting of the committee, these objectionable words were ordered to be cancelled; and the title then stood simply, "For the Encouragement of General Literature."

From November to April, 1822, the council continued to attend regularly to the business of the society, and enjoyed the accession of Dr. Richards, who has since bequeathed a legacy of £5000, to promote the objects of the society, which will fall in on a future contingency; of W. Hamilton, Esq., who has long filled, and now fills, the office of foreign secretary; of the Bishop of Carlisle; of A. E. Impey, Esq., who became treasurer, and discharged the duties till very near his death; of the Rev. C. K. Sumner, then librarian to his Majesty at Carlton House, and now Bishop of Winchester; and of Dr. Pearson. But its proceedings were greatly paralyzed by a sinister report, brought before it by one or two of its members of high rank, and using the name of Lord Sidmouth, intimating that his Majesty had withdrawn his countenance, and that he had been mainly influenced to do so by written representations from Sir Walter Scott. Some of the council were for receding, some for giving up, some for modifying, and only two or three for going on. The state of affairs thus became perplexing, and the resolution of the kind-hearted President was somewhat shaken. At length it was determined to ascertain what were the real feelings of the royal founder, and private measures were adopted to obtain this intelligence—such as are resorted to where true and direct information is desired from the heads of palaces and courts. The issue was most satisfactory. A letter addressed to the President, was received from Mr. Hoare, at Brighton, where the King was then residing, in answer to one from a fellow-councillor, Mr. Jerdan, in London, to the effect that "his Majesty's favor was in no manner withdrawn from the R. S. L.;" that "the question had been asked of the King himself, and that H. M. had expressly declared that *no change* had taken place in his sentiments of regard for the society, nor had the least unfavorable impression been made in his mind respecting it." But the session was, by this time, too far advanced for much action; and Colonel Leake and Dr. Pearson being added to the council, an offer of the presidency was made to Lord Grenville, who, though warmly approving of the society, declined the honor, in consequence of his retirement from all public business to Dropmore, and other reasons of a personal nature. On the 11th of July, the adjournment till winter took place; and thus it may be said the second year was spent, if not fruitlessly, yet with very little apparent fruit.

Of the third year, several months were, owing to accidental causes, wasted as before: the election of the Marquis of Lansdowne to the council, and a request that he would accept the office of president, which he also declined, being the most important of the transactions.

Up to this period, the end of February, 1823, nearly two years and a half were consumed before the constitution of the society could be framed, its objects distinctly defined, or any of its details forwarded into execution. The story of its vicissitudes is almost ludicrous, notwithstanding the continued and earnest exertions of the six or eight persons who might be considered the nucleus of its operations. To trace the thousand and one propositions made and discussed—occupying the time, and vexing the labors of this little conclave—might afford a lesson and a warning to all future laborers in the formation of any public establishment. The Royal *Society* of London objected to the title, and its president, Sir Humphrey Davy, must be met, argued with, and propitiated. Had that of the 'Royal *Academy* of Literature' been assumed, as was advised, the same sort of negotiation would have been necessary with Sir Thomas Lawrence! Separate plans of a constitution and regulations were propounded by Messrs. Hoare, Baber, Nares, Croly, &c., and each demanded its due share of attention: fortunately, the better parts of each were selected and condensed into one paper by Mr. Impey; but then *that* paper had as much of revision bestowed upon it, to fit it for its desired and final purpose, as any other of the endless schemes which every new week produced. Much of the evils experienced were attributable to the irregular attendance of members of the committee and council; some being thus only partially informed of what had been agreed to in their absence. Thus, what was done at one meeting was frequently undone at the next. Now appeared a person of authority, and suggested some new feature, which, being adopted and incorporated with the results of preceding deliberations, was found, on leisurely consideration, to be at issue with a previous rule, or in direct contradiction to the spirit of the whole. Then came a report that such and such a minister had expressed his disapprobation of the project—that such and such an author was hostile to it—that the mind of the King (as we have already noticed) had been turned against it;—in short, there was a good deal of intrigue and timidity, a good deal of vacillation and want of straightforwardness, which hung up the proceedings from November, 1820, till June, 1823, when a general meeting was held. At this meeting a provisional council was elected, including most of those parties who had taken an active share in the preliminary measures. The Society thus obtained a public *status;* having narrowly escaped being altogether swamped in more than half a dozen instances, when opposition was strong, and rumors of royal indisposition rife. Means having been taken to obtain directly from his Majesty the cordial repetition of his sentiments in favor of his original design, the Bishop of St. David's went to work in earnest; the Constitution and Regulations were completed, and submitted to the King on the 29th of May, and, on the 2d of June, 1823, were finally approved of under the sign-manual. On the 17th the first general meeting ensued; and the following Council and Officers were elected to conduct the proceedings of the now fully constituted Royal Society, with laws and objects organized, and published to the world: — Council, Lords Landowne, Grenville, and Morpeth; Sirs A. Johnson and T. D. Acland; Messrs. F. Chantrey, Taylor Combe, G. Croly, James Cumming, William Empson, Prince Hoare, W. Jerdan, and the Rev. Dr. Gray; Archdeacon Prosser, Dr. Richards, and C. K. Sumner—President, the Bishop of St. David's — Vice-Presidents, the Bishop of Chester, Lord Chief-Justice Abbott, Right Hon. J. C. Villiers, Hon. G. Agar Ellis, (afterwards Lord Dover,) Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir James Mackintosh, Archdeacon Nares, and Colonel Leake—Treasurer, A. J. Impey—Librarian, Rev. H. H. Baber—Secretary, in which office he has continued to act most efficiently for twenty years, the Rev. Richard Cattermole.

Thus terminated three years of doubt, wavering, and uncertainty; and the good work was consummated by a Royal Charter, granted in the sixth year of George IV., in these terms:—'To our right trusty and well-beloved *Thomas*, by divine permission Lord Bishop of Salisbury, (to which see he had recently been translated from St. David's,) and others of our loving subjects, who have, under our royal patronage, formed themselves into a society for the advancement of literature—by the publication of inedited remains of ancient literature, and of such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers; by the promotion of discoveries in literature; by endeavoring to fix the standard, as far as practicable, and to preserve the purity of the English language, by the critical improvement of English lexicography; by the reading at public meetings of interesting papers on history, philosophy, poetry, philology, and the arts, and the publication of such of those papers as shall be approved of; by the assigning of honorary rewards to works of great literary merit, and to important discoveries in literature; and by establishing a correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purpose of literary inquiry and information.'

It will be seen that the charter embraces desirable and comprehensive objects: and we believe that most of them have been attempted with greater or less degrees of success, as means and opportunities have permitted. The Society adopted, in 1828, the publication of the 'Egyptian Society' when *in articulo mortis;* and has since contributed some important researches into the antiquities of Egypt, that interesting cradle of civilization. Towards the reward of eminent literary men, the royal founder enabled it to act with princely liberality, by placing at its disposal no less a sum than eleven hundred guineas a-year; to be bestowed on ten associates for life, to be elected by the Officers and Council, each to receive one hundred guineas per annum; and the remaining hundred guineas to be expended on two golden medals, to be bestowed annually upon individuals whose literary deserts entitled them to the honor. The medals were very handsome, having the head of his Majesty on the obverse, and a whole length figure of Mercury, engraved from a beautiful gem in the Florentine Museum, on the reverse. During the donor's lifetime and reign they were adjudged, we believe, with impartiality and discrimination—in 1824, to Mitford, the historian of Greece, and Angelo Mai, the well-known archeologist; in 1825, to Dr. J. Rennell and Charles Wilkins, both eminent authors; in 1826, to the learned Professor John Schweighæuser of Strasburg, and to Dugald Stewart, the celebrated Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; in 1827, Southey and Scott were their recipients; in 1828, Crabbe and Archdeacon Coxe; in 1829, Roscoe and Baron Sylvester de Sacy; and in 1830, Hallam and Washington Irving were presented with the last of the fourteen; for, in 1831, George IV. died, and with him fell to the ground this gratifying bequest. King William, on his accession, had too many and urgent claims upon his private purse to continue the grant; and during the present reign, so friendly to literature and the arts, it has not been recommended, nor has it occurred to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to follow, in this way, the illustrious example of the founder, whose 'earnest' endeavor to patronize the literature of England, and conciliate foreign sympathy for pursuits confined to no country, thus, as far as the throne was concerned, concluded with him.

The election of the ten royal and *pensioned* associates was a task of still greater responsibility; and how it was discharged the public must judge from the list of names. The following were the ten chosen:—Coleridge, the poet; the Rev. J. Davies, author of Celtic Antiquities; Dr. Jameson, the Scottish lexicographer; T. J. Mathias, author of the 'Pursuits of Literature;' the Rev. J. R. Malthus, author of the celebrated work on 'Population;' Mr. Millingen, of classic fame; Sir William Ouseley, the Persian traveller; Mr. Roscoe, the biographer of Leo X.; the Rev. H. J. Todd, editor and enlarger of 'Johnson's Dictionary;' and Sharon Turner, the Saxon and English historian. Of these, Mr. Davies died before the royal bounty lapsed; and Coleridge, Jameson, Mathias, Malthus, Ouseley, and Roscoe, have since trodden the silent path. Three only, Millingen, Todd, and Turner, remain, in honored age, the relics of the learning and personal distinction so honorably recognized by the Royal Society of Literature.

Lord Melbourne, during his administration, made some inquiries respecting those associates who were deprived of a resource on which they had naturally relied for life; and it is to the honor of his government to state, that nearly all, if not all, were placed upon the usual pension list, to the extent of their annual loss; and thus the only difference was the failure of a few years, and the amount not being paid through the medium of the Royal Society of Literature. There was, and is, a second class of associates—an 'honorary' class—which consists of eminent Continental and British scholars. Before concluding this sketch, we may mention that the King, in 1826, made a grant to the Society of the crown land opposite St. Martin's Church; and that the leading and official members among themselves voluntarily subscribed £4300, as a building fund, with which they erected their present place of meeting. It would be a departure from our purpose to continue this historical sketch to the present day; suffice it to say, that, on the death of the Bishop of Salisbury, the Earl of Ripon was chosen, and continues to be, President; that a valuable library has been formed, and greatly enriched by the lexicographical and antiquarian publications presented by Mr. Todd; that of Papers read at meetings, and furnished by many of the most eminent writers of the age, three quarto volumes have been issued; and that the expense of the biographical works named at the head of this article, as well as a second volume on the Anglo-Norman period, by the same author, now in preparation, has been supplied by the 'generous subscription' of noblemen and gentlemen in ministerial situations, and other long-tried friends of the Society.

It was in his address in 1838, that Lord Ripon, as President, recommended the biographical undertaking just mentioned:—

> 'I would recommend the publication in parts by, or rather under the superintendence of, the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, of a biographical series, not in the ordinary inartificial and imperfect plan of alphabetical arrangement, but in chronological order—thus obviating the inconvenience of the anachronism which occur between the early and late volumes of a long set, as is the case in Chalmers's Dictionary, which occupied upwards of five years in publication; in consequence of which, notices were given in the latter volumes of persons who had long survived others of whom no mention whatever is made in the earlier sections of the work, while a still greater anachronism occurs from the juxtaposition of men who flourished at the most remote periods from one another; by which means Alfred and Akenside, Wickliff and Wilmot, Chaucer and Chatterton, are jumbled together in very absurd discrepancy.'
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> " Another defect of biographical dictionaries is the attempt to render them universal as to all nations, and as to every description of notoriety of character.
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> " I would endeavor to obviate both these sources of imperfection, by making the proposed biography purely national, and arranging it chronologically by centuries, on which plan each volume might be considered a separate work. The volumes might even be published simultaneously, or, beginning with recent centuries, work upwards to the source; and, in either case, the work would admit of indefinite continuance with the lapse of time, while the earlier portions would never become obsolete, or lose their relative value, as has invariably been the fate of all alphabetical biographies.
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> " The only attempt on any adequate scale at a national biography, was by the publication, between the years 1747 and 1766, of a " Biographia Britannica," of which an enlarged edition was in 1777 undertaken by Dr. Kippis and

others, and slowly continued until the year 1793, when it ceased to appear, having proceeded no further than the letter E. Independent of its vicious alphabetical arrangement, and its bulk and uncertain periods of its publication, enough of cause for its non-acceptance by the public, and consequent abrupt termination, would be found in its injudicious plan of giving the entire text of the former edition, and appending an immense quantity of elaborate and controversial notes, after the manner, but destitute of the critical acumen, of Bayle. A Dictionary of General Biography was soon afterwards compiled and edited by Drs. Aikin and Enfield, without, however, establishing any claim to distinction in the literary world.* Another mode of improving on the crude and desultory character of all existing large works in general biography, would be by a classification of the lives according to the different branches of literature and science to which they were devoted; but this would be attended with great difficulty, in consequence of the versatile pursuits of many distinguished geniuses, who, like Julius Cæsar or our own Alfred, have earned laurels in every field of fame.

"On the whole, therefore, I would repeat the expression of my predilection in favor of the scheme I have proposed; namely, a purely national literary biography, deduced chronologically from the first dawnings of British genius in the seventh century, to the mature, but I trust still far from declining, splendor of its emanations in the nineteenth."

On the execution of the first volume, which has appeared in furtherance of this design, we have now to pass judgment; and we at once concede, that we know of few literary undertakings of the kind which could be accounted more useful or more nationally attractive. A literary history of England—any tolerably correct and ample history—had long been felt as a great desideratum. We are in this respect far inferior to almost all our neighbors in civilized Europe. Nay, not to speak of nations, there is hardly a town of any considerable importance on the Continent which does not form the subject of a literary history. France has long had its *Histoire Litéraire*, begun by the learned Benedictines, and continued by the Institute, the funds being furnished directly by the government; whilst we, who can look to government for no such aid, are far behind, because such a work surpasses the utmost bounds of individual enterprise. It is, however, rather a memorable circumstance, that in the middle ages there were several attempts to form and produce literary biographies, or bibliographies which ran into that character. The performance of John Boston, a monk of Bury, in the XVth century, remains a marked example of the fact.

But the first author who compiled a detailed literary biography of our island, was Leland, who, profoundly versed in antiquities, fortunately had the opportunity of visiting the monastic libraries just about the time of their dissolution. He made the best use in his power of the information thus snatched as it were from the fire; nevertheless, his manuscript remained *in statu quo* till the last century, when it was disinterred and printed at Oxford. John Bale, the celebrated Reformer, following Leland, used apparently part of his materials, and, with more zeal than judgment, produced his work entitled "The Centuries of British Writers;" which he commences, something like the Welsh pedigree, soon after the Flood. The violent enmity to the "Papists" exhibited in almost every page, soon raised up rivals among the learned Romanists of the sixteenth century, and gave rise to the similar work of the Catholic, Pitsius. These volumes comprehended almost all that we had on their subject till Bishop Tanner composed his "Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica;" in which was condensed all that had been written by Leland, Bale, Pitsius, and others, with innumerable corrections and additions. Tanner, instead of following the chronological order observed by his predecessors, reduced the whole into the form of an alphabetical dictionary. It certainly seems to many that the juxtaposition of names, remote by hundreds of years from each other, tends much to confusion of ideas and memory in any thing which goes beyond a mere nominal catalogue. Others again think, that as such works are not read, or but rarely, in a continuous method, the alphabetical order, as best adapted to ready consultation, is preferable. Having on former occasions discussed this point, we shall not at present resume it; but shall go on to observe, that Tanner's valuable "Bibliotheca," being written in Latin, is a sealed book to the multitude, and only useful for reference to the more instructed classes. Even for the latter it abounds in errors, mostly copied from the elder bibliographers; there is little attempt at minute criticism, either in dates or facts; and we can see, through many subsequent publicatians, how largely their compilers have been led astray by adopting them without examining the original authorities, and comparing them with the texts they have so carelessly copied.

It gives us pleasure to remark, that Mr. Wright has not followed this sordid prac-

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The great work of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," described in a previous Number, had not, at the period of this discourse, been undertaken.

tice. In the principal biographies, those of "Gildas, Nennius, Asser," and others, there are pregnant proofs of his careful investigation of the authenticity, both of the histories of the writers, and of the works attributed to them. The discovery of the *un*-authenticity of Asser's "Life of Alfred" is particularly important, not only in itself, but because it affects so very interesting a portion of the Anglo-Saxon literary and political annals.

"It appears, in the first place, strange," says Mr. Wright, "that the life of Alfred should have been written in his lifetime, when he was in the vigor of his age, (in his forty-fifth year,) and particularly by a man in the position of Asser. It is not easy to conceive for what purpose it was written, or to point out any parallel case; but it is still more difficult to imagine why (if Asser the biographer and Asser, Bishop of Sherborne be the same) its author, who lived nine years after Alfred's death, did not complete it. When we examine the book itself, we see at once that it does not support its own character; it has the appearance of an unskilful compilation of history and legend. Asser's life of Alfred consists of two very distinct parts; first, a chronicle of events, strictly historical, from 851 to 887; and secondly, a few personal anecdotes of Alfred, which are engrafted upon the chronicle at the years 866 and 884, without any particular reference to those years, and at the conclusion. No person can compare the first, or strictly historical part of the work, with the Saxon Chronicle, without being convinced that it is a mere translation from the corresponding part of that document, which was most probably not in existence till long after Alfred's death. Why the writer should discontinue his chronological entries at the year 887, when he distinctly states that he was writing in 893, does not appear, unless we may suppose that the copy of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle he used was mutilated, and reached no lower than that year.

"The second part of the book, or the matter interpolated in the Chronicle, evidently contains legendary matter which could not have been written in Alfred's time, or by his bishop, Asser. The account he gives of Alfred's youth, cannot be strictly true; it is impossible to believe that the education of the favorite child of King Ethelwulf, who was himself a scholar, should have been neglected, or that in the court where Swithun was the domestic adviser, he should want teachers. His early mission to Rome is a proof that such was not the case. Yet Asser states that Alfred complained that in his childhood, when he was desirous of learning, he could find no instructors. There are several things in the book which are not consistent: on one occasion the writer quotes the authority of King Alfred for the story of the West-Saxon queen Eadburga, which must have been well known to Alfred's subjects; whilst in another part he goes to a legendary life of St. Neot for all the information relating to Alfred's misfortunes at Athelney, which he has added to what is said in the Saxon Chronicle. In the same manner he asserts in one place that King Alfred labored under a painful disease, which never quitted him from the time of his marriage till his *fortieth* year, when he was miraculously relieved from it in consequence of his praying to St. Neot, after which he never suffered a relapse; and in a subsequent page, he says that the king still continued to suffer from it at the time he was writing, in his *forty-fifth* year, and that he had never been free from it an hour together.

"There can be no doubt that the writer of this life of Alfred made use of a life of St. Neot. The story of Alfred and the peasant's wife is considered to be an interpolation in the original text, because it was omitted in the older manuscript; but even in that manuscript (the one printed by Matthew Parker) the reference to Neot remained in the words—"Et, ut in vita sancti patris Neoti legitur, apud quendam suum vicarium." There are also other allusions to this life of Neot. It is our firm conviction that there existed no life of Neot in the time of the real Asser. There is, on the contrary, every reason for believing that the life of St. Neot began to be written after his relics were carried into Huntingdonshire, in 974. In this case, the life of Alfred attributed to Asser, cannot have been written before the end of the tenth century; and it was probably the work of a monk who, with no great knowledge of history, collected some of the numerous traditions relating to King Alfred which were then current, and joined them with the legends in the life of St. Neot, and the historical entries of the Saxon Chronicle, and, to give authenticity to his work, published it under the name of Asser. At the time when it was published, and when the Anglo-Saxons looked back to their great monarch with regret, it may have been intended to serve a political object. There is another work which bears Asser's name, itself a poor compilation from the Saxon Chronicle, but which is also described as a Chronicle of St. Neot's, though it is asserted that it ought to be called *Asseri Annales*. It is not impossible that the writer of both was a monk of St. Neot's, which would account for the frequent use of the life of St. Neot in the life of Alfred."

This extract affords a fair example of the author's style, reasoning, and learning. In like manner, he shows, in his sketch of Alfred himself, that the metrical translation of Boethius, attributed to him, must have been executed by another person; and the popular name of the king attached to it, either by the author or by fond posterity. The subject being curious, we shall present our readers with another extract of some length.

"We must not," says the author, "let ourselves be led by the greatness of his exertions to estimate Alfred's own learning at too high a rate. In "Grammar" his skill was never very profound, because he had not been instructed in it in his youth; and the work of Boethius had to undergo a singular process before the royal translator commenced his operations. Bishop Asser, one of Alfred's chosen friends, was employed to turn the original text of Boethius 'into plainer words'—'a necessary labor in those days,' says William of Malmsbury, 'although at present (in the 12th century) it seems somewhat ridiculous.' And in a similar manner, before he undertook the translation of the *Pastorale*, he had it explained to him—the task was perhaps executed sometimes by one, sometimes by another—by Archbishop Plegmund, by Bishop Asser, and by his "Mass-priests" Grimbald and John. But Alfred's mind was great and comprehensive; and we need not examine his scholarship in detail, in order to justify or to enhance his reputation. His translations are well written; and, whatever may have been the extent of his knowledge of the Latin language, they exhibit a general acquaintance with the subject superior to that of the age in which he lived. Whenever their author added to his original, in order to explain allusions which he thought would not be understood, he exhibits a just idea of ancient history and fable, differing widely from the distorted popular notions which were prevalent then and at a subsequent period in the vernacular literature. There is one apparent exception to this observation. In translating the second metre of the fifth book of Boethius, beginning—

Puro clarum lumine Phœbum
Melliflui canit oris Homerus'—

Alfred has added an explanation which shows that Virgil was then much better known than Homer. "Homer," says he, "the good poet, who was best among the Greeks, he was Virgil's teacher; this Virgil was best among the Latins." Alfred probably means no more than that Virgil imitated Homer; but in the metrical version of the Metres of Boethius, also *attributed* to Alfred, the matter is placed quite in another light, and Homer not only becomes Virgil's teacher, but his friend also.

'Omerus wæas	Homer was
east mid Crecum	in the east among the Greeks
on pæam leod-scipe	in that nation
leopa cræftgast,	the most skilful of poets,
Firgilies	Virgil's
freond and lareow,	friend and teacher,
pæm mæran sceope	to that great bard
magistra betst.	the best of masters.'

Metres of Boeth, ed Fox, p. 137.

We will, however, willingly relieve the Anglo-Saxon monarch from all responsibility for this error, which seems to have arisen from the misconstruction of Alfred's words by some other person who was the author of the prosaic verses that have hitherto gone under his name. Several reasons combine in making us believe that these were not written by Alfred: they are little more than a transposition of the words of his own prose, with here and there a few additions and alterations in order to make alliteration; the compiler has shown his want of skill on many occasions. He has, on the one hand, turned into metre both Alfred's preface (or at least imitated it) and his introductory chapter, which certainly had no claim to that honor; whilst, on the other hand, he has overlooked entirely three of the metres, which appear to have escaped his eye as they lay buried among King Alfred's prose. The only manuscript containing this metrical version which has yet been met with, appears, from the fragments of it preserved from the fire which endangered the whole Cottonian Library, to have been written in the tenth century."

We have cited these passages, both as a specimen of the author's language and manner, and because they refer to a personage who never can be viewed without interest, whether considered in his personal history, his rule, or his love of letters. But there are other biographies of the Anglo-Saxon period which elucidate matters of much importance;—such as the lives of "Alfric of Canterbury," (one of three Alfrics mingled in hitherto inextricable perplexity;) and "Alfric, archbishop of York," his disciple; and of "Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester," whose Homilies were published under the title of *Lupus Episcopus*. From these, in particular, we ascertain the importance of the elder Anglo-Saxon religious doctrines, as approaching those of the Reformed Church. The principles of the future Reformation were there: they only expanded and flourished in the after days of Wickliffe and Lollardism.

The Anglo-Saxon mind appears to have been eminently poetical. Columbanus, Tatwine, Bede, Acca, Cuthbert of Canterbury, Boniface, Alcuin, Ethelwolf, Fridegode, Briestan, and Wolstan, who wrote in Latin; and Cædmon, Aldhelm, and Cynewulf, who composed their verses in the native tongue, are lasting expositors of this fact. Of the first-mentioned of these, Columbanus, Mr. Wright speaks as follows:

'His poems show that he was not ignorant of ancient history and fable, and that he had read attentively a certain class of authors; and his letters on the period of observing Easter, prove that he was well acquainted with the theological works then in repute. It has been conjectured from a passage at the end of one of his letters, that he could read Greek and Hebrew; but the inference seems hardly authorized by the observation which gave rise to it.

'The works of Columbanus, which have always found the greatest number of readers, and have been most frequently printed, are his poems. Yet they are few in number, and of no great importance. His style is simple, and not incorrect; but there is little spirit or vigor in his versification. He frequently imitates the later poets; and, like them, is too partial to dactylic measures—a fault which strikes us in his hexameters, most of which have a dactyl for their base. He also possesses another fault in common with all the poets of the middle ages, the frequent use of unnecessary particles, inserted only to help the verse. The subject of Columbanus's poetry never varies; all his pieces are designed to convey to his friends his exhortations to quit the vanities and vexations of the world, which he seems to have thought would be longer retained in their memory if expressed in metre.'

We pass over the illustrations of the rude, alliterative, and punning imitations of the classics by Aleuin and Aldhelm—the 'Ænigmata of Tatwine,' who died A. D. 734, the second in point of date of the Anglo-Latin poets—the industrious versification of Bede, and the unknown poems said to have passed as those of his friend Bishop Acca of Hexham—Archbishop Cuthbert's poor epigrams, most of which have been lost—the superior literary remains of Boniface—Ethelwolf's 'Metrical Account of the Abbots, &c., of his Monastery, Lindasferne'—Fridegode the monk of Dovor's 'Life of St. Wilfred,' in heroic verse, so filled with Greek words as to need translation—Bricstan's 'Elegy on the Destruction of Croyland Abbey,' of which only a few lines have been preserved—and Wolstan's 'Miracles of St. Swithin,' about the last and best of these Saxon Latinists. Respecting the second class to whom we have alluded, we shall only quote a few remarks from Mr. Wright. Of Cædmon he says—

> 'While men of higher rank and education were laboring to introduce among their countrymen the language and literature of Rome, we find a person rising out of the common orders of the people, under remarkable circumstances, to Christianize and refine the vernacular poetry. No name has of late years excited more interest among scholars than that of Cædmon, yet he is not mentioned by any early writer except Bede.'

The 'Cowherd at Streaneshalch,' (now Whitby) furnishes a romantic history; and he was much imitated in his religious poetry, though so little of the imitations have survived the ravages of time. Of Aldhelm's Anglo-Saxon compositions we have no remains; and of Cynewulf, who lived at the commencement of the eleventh century, above 300 years after Cædmon, we learn that his identity, as an Anglo-Saxon poet, has only recently been discovered by the name, concealed in a playful Runic device, among the poems in the Exeter and Vercelli manuscripts. But the chief and peculiar interest created by a view of all these writings, and the general statements respecting the men of the Anglo-Saxon period, whose deeds and productions have reached us in story, is owing to their possessing so much of modern feeling and sentiment, and even, in some degree, of literary character. How extraordinary to contemplate the reflections of the mirror of a thousand years!—to see how many of the features bear a strong resemblance—how much of the family likeness is preserved! To draw out the parallels would be a delightful task; but it would require a large volume, and we are near the close of a limited article.

We may, however, remark, what these biographies show, that the Anglo-Saxons cultivated almost every branch of literature and science, and that they even endeavored to solve questions which still puzzle the scientific world. What would the patentee of the *Aerial* say to their speculating on the possibility of making a machine to fly? The inventor of the Æolian harp was forestalled by St. Dunstan. He was accused of magic for making an enchanted harp, which performed tunes, without the agency of fingers, whilst it hung against the wall.

The biography of Bridferth has some curious and interesting references to the educational works of our Saxon ancestors, and those perused in their schools. Bridferth (who flourished A. D. 980) was one of the most eminent men teachers of the school of Ramsey, and commentator on the scientific treatises of Bede. He is said to have been a disciple of Abbo of Fleury, and called by some Thorneganus, perhaps from being a monk of Thorney.

> 'It has not,' says Mr. Wright, 'hitherto been observed, that Bridferth had pursued his studies in France; though in his Commentary on Bede, *De Temporum Ratione*, he mentions an observation which he had himself made at Thionville. Bale says that Bridferth flourished about A. D. 980. All the known allusions to him, seem to concur in pointing him out as the most eminent English mathematician of the latter part of the tenth century.
>
> 'Bridferth's Commentaries on the two treatises of Bede, *De Natura Rerum* and *De Temporum Ratione*, are extremely valuable for the light they throw on the method of teaching in the Anglo-Saxon schools. They are probably nothing more than notes of the lectures delivered in the school at Ramsey. Bede's Treatises were still the text-books of the Anglo-Saxon scholars. In commenting upon them, Bridferth adduced various kinds of illustrations. Sometimes he supports the statements of Bede by slight numerical calculations. In some instances he explains the meaning of the text, where the words of the original appeared to him not sufficiently clear'—and sometimes his Commentaries become mere explanations and derivations of words. In his Commentaries, he 'quotes the authorities of the fathers of the Church, as Clemens, Augustine, Ambrose, Eusebius, Jerome, Isidore, &c.; with those also of Latin writers of a different class, such as Pliny, Macrobius, Marcus Varro, Terentianus, Priscian, Hyginus, and Marcianus Capella; and he fre-

quently cites the Latin poets Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Terence, and Lucan, as writers well known to his readers.'

In a general point of view, the 'Biographia' exhibits the greatness and energy of the Anglo-Saxon character. The labors of Wilfred, the first great patron of architecture, as manifested at York and Ripon to bring in the Papal authority, and cause it to be servilely obeyed, may be instanced as a proof of this; and so may the wanderings of Benedict Biscop to seek ornaments and treasures for his church and monastery of Wearmouth. Among other valuables, he imported vast quantities of books for the library; had foreign glaziers to adorn them with glass windows; and introduced, through the archicantor of St. Peter's, the Roman choral service into Wearmouth, whence it soon spread over the island. The library was doomed to perish amid the depredations of the Danes; and the loss is the more to be deplored, since, from references and allusions in the writings of his disciple Bede, it is evident that it must have contained, together with works of other kinds, a rare collection of Greek and Latin authors. With the same view, we might appeal to the daring missionary adventures of Wilbrord and Boniface to convert the German tribes; to the travels of Willibald (born 700, died 786) to the Holy Land, combined with King Alfred's sending 'alms' to the Christians of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew, in the remote regions of India, whence his messengers, Sighelm and Athelstan, brought back numerous rich gems and other costly commodities; and lastly, to the struggles for the introduction of monarchism under Ethelwald, Dunstan, and Oswold. From all their biographies, facts strongly illustrating their perseverance and energy of character might easily be adduced.

We may remark, that notwithstanding the general and comprehensive title of the work, 'Biographia Britannica Literaria,' the author has (and we think wisely) omitted the numerous class of early but very doubtful writers enumerated by the Welsh and Irish bibliographers; inserting only such Welsh and Irish writers as can be proved to have been known to the Anglo-Saxons, and their productions to have had a wide circulation in that period of our literary history. Such were Columbanus, the geographer Dicuil, and the pseudo Gildas. Welsh and Irish literary history in its earlier ages, is full of obscurities and difficulties; and as yet, little, we fear, has been done towards separating the false from the true. This is not, however, a task connected with the volume before us. To conclude: We think the work, of which it may be regarded as the first portion, singularly appropriate to the Society from which it has emanated; and that portion is certainly creditable to the care, research, and scholarship of Mr. Wright. We trust that the sequel will contain at least an equally interesting history of the Anglo-Norman period which followed, and which is so full of varied matter, connected with all that has since been done.

Of the other volume mentioned at the head of this article, we must fairly say, that though we have seen nothing from any English institution which could pretend to rival the Continental archeologists on its chosen ground, yet in Greek and Egyptian antiquities, it may compete with the best publications of France, Germany, and Italy; while, as a commencement, it may, on the whole, be allowed to be alike honorable to the Body and to our national literature.

Ortolans.—Perhaps the greatest refinement in fattening is exhibited in the manner of feeding ortolans. The ortolan is a small bird, esteemed a great delicacy by Italians. It is the fat of this bird which is so delicious; but it has a peculiar habit of feeding, which is opposed to its rapid fattening—this is, that it feeds only at the rising of the sun. Yet this peculiarity has not proved an insurmountable obstacle to the Italian gourmands. The ortolans are placed in a warm chamber, perfectly dark, with only one aperture in the wall. Their food is scattered over the floor of the chamber. At a certain hour in the morning the keeper of the birds places a lantern in the orifice of the wall; the dim light thrown by the lantern on the floor of the apartment induces the ortolans to believe that the sun is about to rise, and they greedily consume the food upon the floor. More food is now scattered over it, and the lantern is withdrawn. The ortolans, rather surprised at the shortness of the day, think it their duty to fall asleep, as night has spread his sable mantle round them. During sleep, little of the food being expended in the production of force, most of it goes to the formation of muscle and fat. After they have been allowed to repose for one or two hours, in order to complete the digestion of the food taken, their keeper again exhibits the lantern through the aperture. The rising sun a second time illuminates the apartment, and the birds, awaking from their slumber, apply themselves voraciously to the food on the floor; after having discussed which, they are again enveloped in darkness. Thus the sun is made to shed its rising rays into the chamber four or five times every day, and as many nights follow its transitory beams. The ortolans thus treated become like little balls of fat in a few days.—*Playfair*, in the *Journ. Agricult. Soc.*

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

From the Literary Gazette.

Report on the Mollusca and Radiata of the Ægean Sea, and on their distribution, considered with reference to Geology. By E. Forbes, Prof. Bot. King's College, London.

The report now presented to the Association, and drawn up at its request, embodies the results of eighteen months' research in the eastern Mediterranean, among the islands of the Archipelago and on the coasts of Asia Minor, during the greater part of which time daily observations were made and numerous explorations of the sea-bottom conducted by means of the dredge, in all depths of water, between the surface and 230 fathoms. During the progress of the inquiry, the author was attached as naturalist to her majesty's surveying vessel Beacon, and received every possible assistance from Captain Graves and his officers, without whose active co-operation the results laid before the meeting could not have been obtained. The objects of the inquiry were—1st, to collect and define the several species of mollusca and radiata inhabiting the Ægean; 2d, to ascertain the conditions under which those animals lived, and the manner in which they were associated together; 3d, to inquire whether species known only as fossil existed at present in a living state, in depths and localities hitherto unexplored; and 4th, to compare the species and the associations of species now inhabiting that sea, with those found fossil in the neighboring tertiary deposits.

The first part of the report is devoted to an enumeration of the species observed, with an account of the range of each in depth, and the ground which it inhabits. The Ægean sea, although most interesting to the naturalist, as the scene of the labors of Aristotle, has been but little investigated since his time. The partially published observations of Sibthorp, and the great French work on the Morea, include the chief contributions to its natural history. In the last-named work are contained catalogues of the fishes and mollusca, with notices of a few other marine animals. The lists of Prof. Forbes greatly exceed the French catalogues, more than doubling the number of fishes, and increasing that of the mollusca by above 150 species; not to mention radiata, amorphozoa, and articulata. Of the animals which especially form the subject of the report, nearly 700 species were observed, full catalogues of which were laid before the meeting.

The second division of the report treats of the causes which regulate the distribution of the mollusca and radiata in the Ægean, and of the several regions of depth presented by that sea. There are eight well-marked regions of depth in the eastern Mediterranean, each characterized by its peculiar fauna; and where plants are present, by its flora. These regions are distinguished from each other by the association of the species they severally include. Certain species in each are found in no other; several are found in one region which do not range into the next above, while they extend to that below, or *vice versâ*. Certain species have their maximum of development in each zone; being most prolific in individuals in that zone in which is their maximum, and of which they may be regarded as characteristic. Mingled with the true natives of every zone are strangers, owing their presence to the action of the secondary influences which modify distribution. Every zone has also a more or less general mineral character, the sea-bottom not being equally variable in each, and becoming more and more uniform as we descend. The deeper zones are greatest in extent; the most superficial, although most prolific in animal and vegetable life, are least, ranging through a depth of two fathoms only. The second region ranges from 2 to 10 fathoms, the third from 10 to 20, the fourth from 20 to 35, the fifth from 35 to 55, the sixth from 55 to 75, the seventh from 75 to 105; the eighth exceeds in extent all the others combined, ranging from 105 to the lowest depth explored, and presenting a uniform mineral character, and peculiar fauna throughout. In the deepest part of this hitherto unexplored region, mollusca of the genera *Arca*, *Dentalium*, *Nucula*, *Ligula*, and *Neæra*, were found alive; and zoophytes of the genera *Idmonea* and *Alecto*. The region immediately above abounds in ozrachiopoda. Annelides were found as deep as 110 fathoms. Certain species range through several zones; and two,* *Arca lactea* and *Cerithum lima*, were common to all. Such testacea as had the greatest ranges in depth were for the most part such as have a wide geographical range. On the other hand, species having a very limited range in depth were found to be either forms peculiar to the Mediterranean, or such as, though very rare in that sea, were abundant in northern seas. The testacea of the Ægean are for the most part dwarfs as compared with their analogues in the ocean, and the numbers of medusæ and zoophyta comparatively small. Below the fourth region the number of animals diminishes as we descend, until in the lowest part of the eighth the number of testacea had decreased from 147 to 8; indicating a zero in the distribution of animal life at a probable depth of about 300 fathoms. In the upper zones, the more southern forms prevailed, whilst the inhabitants of the lower regions presented a northern character; indicating as a probable law, that in the distribution of marine animals regions of depth are equivalent to parallels of latitude. The colors of testacea become more varied and vivid in proportion to their proximity to the surface. The representation and replacement of specific forms by similar but not identical species has long been recognized in time and in geographic space. During the course of these researches, an analogous succession and representation of forms were discovered in depth. Each species attains a maximum in development of individuals, and gradually diminishes in numbers as we descend; but before its disappearance in many genera a representative species commences, attaining a maximum after the disappearance of its predecessor, and then in like manner diminishing to a minimum, and disappearing. When a genus includes several groups of forms or subgenera, we may have a double or triple series of representations, in which case they are very generally parallel.

There are representations of genera in depth as well as of species.

The eighth regions in depth are the scene of incessant change. The death of the individuals of the several species inhabiting them; the continual accession, deposition, and sometimes washing away of sediment and coarser deposits; the action of the secondary influences, and the changes of elevation which appear to be periodically taking place in the eastern Mediterranean, are ever modifying their character. As each region shallows or deepens, its animal inhabitants must vary in their specific associations; for the depression which may cause one species to dwindle away and die, will cause another to multiply. The animals themselves, too, appear by their over-multiplication to be the cause of their own specific destruction. As the influence of the nature of sea-bottom determines in a great measure the species present on that bottom, the multiplication of individuals dependent on the rapid reproduction of successive generations of mollusca, &c. will of itself change the ground, and render it unfit for the continuation of life in that locality, until a new layer of sedimentary matter, uncharged with living organic contents, deposited on the bed formed by the exuviæ of the exhausted species, forms a fresh soil for similar or other animals to thrive, attain their maxima, and from the same cause die off.

The latter portion of the report is devoted to the geological bearings of the author's researches. A few testacea, hitherto known only in a fossil state, were found by him living in the Ægean. They were all tertiary forms, and were either species of which but few examples have been found fossil, though now plentiful, or such as are abundant fossil, while but a few stray specimens were taken alive. In the former case, the mollusc is now attaining its maximum; in the latter, the species is dying out. The definition of the regions, and the determination of the associations of species in each, afford a means by which to determine the depth at which a stratum containing organic remains had been formed; and the data embodied in the report tend to show that climatal inductions from organic remains are fallacious in geology, unless the element of depth be taken into consideration. By application of such test, the bay of Santorin in the Archipelago, now more than 200 fathoms deep, was shown to have had a depth of only between 20 and 35 fathoms previous to the upraising of the island of Neokaimeni in 1707. This was ascertained by an examination of the animals imbedded in the sea-bottom upheaved during the eruption. Among the geological phenomena now in progress in the Ægean, the following are remarkable. The result of the filling up of the eighth region in depth by the fine white sediment continually in process of deposition, would be the formation of above 700 feet of chalky strata, uniform in mineral character and organic contents; whilst as the zero of animal life is in all probability close upon that region, and the Ægean is through a great part far deeper than 300 fathoms, thousands of feet of uniform strata may be formed, which will not present a trace of animal existence. Oscillations of level, however slight, would produce alterations of strata, containing distinct groups of organic beings, with others void of such; and in places, alterations of marine and freshwater beds would be formed, a phenomena now in progress on the coasts of Asia Minor. All this would occur without convulsions or violent catastrophes of any kind. Changes of level, however slight, might cause the extinction of whole genera of animals and plants, of which only such as had hard parts would be preserved. Were the present sea-bottom of the Ægean to be upheaved, whole classes of animals would disappear, and leave no traces to assure the future geologist of their having existed. The zone now presenting the most varied and characteristic fauna would form but a small proportion of the upraised strata; and the species which now afford the surest evidences of climatal influence would, for the most part, leave few remains behind.

Prof. Owen wished that every person felt the pleasure he did in the statements they had just heard, and evidently with so much delight; but, in truth, until a person had spent years in like studies, he could not appreciate the full value of such researches. Naturalists of old were content if they could describe the specific character of any animal; but they had now learned better things; they had become geologists and naturalists: all, however, must be assured that Prof. Forbes had brought strange things to light. Looking at the curious animals he had delineated, one would almost suppose that they resembled the inhabitants of another planet. They illustrated another point also—the successive development of animal life. To illustrate this, let any person break an egg in successive stages of incubation. In the early period he would not find a perfect though microscopic bird, but a mass almost formless. Next he would observe the limbs resembling the fins of fishes; then passing through the reptile group to the perfect form. All these Prof. Forbes had illustrated at no trifling sacrifice of time and health, for none could wield the dredge safely beneath an Ægean sky.

Mr. Lyell pronounced the subject equally important to the geologist and the zoologist; in fact, geologists had studied the sea too little, forgetting that their spheres of operation had once been marine. The analogy of the lowest stratum with the old inorganic rock was very striking.

The Earl of Rosse then expressed his gratification; and the meeting closed.*

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* The equal transmission of a sort of twilight to the lower depths of the sea, after it has reached a minimum at a certain point, is deserving of observation by all who feel (and who does not feel?) an interest in this new and strange course of inquiry; and also the striking result which seems to be elicited from what has already been done, that the "caves of ocean" may be divided into zones, according to their profundity; in which zones animal existence displays different colors as they descend or ascend in the scale—those at 20 fathoms being dissimilar to those at 40, and those at 40 unlike those at 60, &c. We hope that Prof. Forbes will have sufficient means placed at his disposal, not only to work out this remarkable problem, but to pursue (with his able coadjutors) a far wider series

Gigantic Bird of New Zealand.—To vary the scientific proceedings of the Association, Prof. Owen was induced to deliver a lecture, Lord Adair presiding, at the Corn Exchange, on Saturday evening, on the remains of the gigantic bird discovered last year in New Zealand, some account of which appeared in the particulars of Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, on the 10th and 24th of last January. The learned professor fixed the attention of a numerous auditory, not only by his description of the subject immediately under his notice, but by many interesting illustrations drawn from that wide domain of anatomical research in the minute examination of which he is so greatly distinguished. Particulars of the bird are thus originally given in a letter from the Rev. W. C. Cotton to Prof. Owen, dated Waimate, near the Bay of Islands, July 11, 1842; and referring to his meeting with the Rev. Mr. William Williams, whose station is at the east cape of that bay, he thus writes:

"I spoke to him about the gigantic New Zealand bird, of which you described a single bone. Oddly enough, he had a basket full of the bones in the next room, which he immediately showed to me. He has sent two cases of them to Dr. Buckland, together with a long letter, fully detailing the circumstances under which they were found. I have no doubt but that he will ere this have communicated the letter to you,—that is, should it have safely arrived. The bones are very perfect, not at all fossilized; and have been buried in the mud of freshwater streams communicating with high mountains. Mr. Williams had bones of thirty different birds brought to him in a short time after he set the natives about searching for them. One of the largest leg-bones, which measures 2ft. 10in., and which has been sent to Dr. Buckland, leads him to think that the bird must have been 16ft. high! A clergyman who came out in the Tomatia with us is going to be located in the Wairoa, a river about seventy miles south of Poverty Bay, a locality in which these bones have been found in the greatest plenty, and I will commission him to save for me all he can, in case you should not have any in the distribution which Dr. Buckland is authorized by Mr. Williams to make. No bones of the wings have been found. The natives have some odd traditions about it, which you will see in the letter. Strangely enough, after Mr. Williams had obtained the bones, he heard of the bird as having been seen by two Englishmen in the Middle Island. They were taken out by a native at night to watch for the bird, which he had described to them: they saw it, but were so frightened that they did not dare to shoot at it, though they had gone out expressly to do so. After this I should not be surprised if the Zoological Society were to send out an army to take the monster alive, for alive he most certainly is in my opinion."

Descanting on this theme, the professor gave his reasons for classing this bird with the *Struthionidæ*, or ostrich-tribe, and similar to, but much larger, and not of the same species, as the apteryx. The femur and tibia of the collection sent to Dr. Buckland, and placed by him in the hands of Prof. Owen, were compared with those of other struthious birds, and the resemblances and differences pointed out. But "the most instructive bone in the collection, is a tarso-metatarsal bone with the distal extremity entire, showing that the gigantic bird was tridactyle, like the emeu, rhea, and cassowary. The remains of the proximal end of the bone prove it to have been articulated with a tibia about 2ft. in length; the length of the tarso-metatarsal bone is 1ft., or half the length of the tibia, which is exactly the proportion which the tarso metatarsal bone of the apteryx bears to the tibia. In the emeu the tarso-metatarsal bone is as large as the tibia; in the ostrich it is a little shorter than the tibia. The comparative shortness and strength of the trifid-metatarsal of the gigantic New Zealand bird form its most striking resemblance to the apteryx, to which it thus approximates more closely than to any of the large existing *Struthionidæ*. The proportions of the leg-bones, their denser texture, especially that of the femur, which, as in the apteryx, contains no air, sufficiently indicate the generic distinction of the great New Zealand bird from the tridactyle emeu, rhea, or cassowary. The questions then arise—is it likewise generically distinct from the apteryx? or is it a gigantic species of that genus? These questions are determined by the tarso-metatarsal bone. The apteryx is distinguished from the other *Struthionidæ* not more by its elongated bill than by the presence of a fourth small toe on the inner and back part of the foot, articulated to a slightly elevated rough surface of the tarso-metatarsal about a fourth of the length of that bone from its trifid distal end. There is no trace of this articular surface on the tarso-metatarsal of the gigantic bird, which was consequently tridactyle, as in the emeu, rhea, and cassowary. The dodo was tetradactyle, like the apteryx; the shorter proportions of the legs of the dodo also distinguished it from the gigantic bird, whose career in the north island of New Zealand was probably closed about the same period as that of the dodo's existence in the Isle of the Rodriguez. The results of the comparisons justify the reference of the great bird of New Zealand to a distinct genus in the struthious order, for which I propose the name *Dinornis*,* with the specific appellation *Novæ Zealandiæ*. The extraordinary size of the tibia—still more that of the tibia said to measure 2ft. 10in. in length, obtained by Mr. W. Williams, and mentioned in his letter to Dr. Buckland—prove the *Dinornis* of New Zealand to be the most gigantic of known birds. There is little probability that it will ever be found, whether living or extinct, in any other part of the world than the island of New Zealand, or parts adjacent. At all events, the *Dinornis Novæ Zealandiæ* will always remain one of the most extraordinary of the zoological facts in the history of those

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of investigation than has yet been accomplished. Indeed, we see but the beginning of the system; and there are many seas—the Dead Sea, Persian Gulf, &c. &c.—yet to be examined, and deep inland lakes (such as Killarney) to be dredged for long-drowned intelligence.—*Ed. L. G.*

* **From** δεινος ***terrible*****, and** ορνις ***a bird*****.**

islands; and it may not be saying too much to characterize it as one of the most remarkable acquisitions to zoology in general which the present century has produced."

In concluding his lecture the professor observed, that "it might be thought strange to have this giant creature confined to such a narrow limit on the planet's surface; yet the ostrich was confined to a smaller part of Africa, the rhea to South America, the cassowary to Java. Also, long ago the Dutch voyagers described a strange bird confined to Madagascar, but so perseveringly had they rooted it out, that modern naturalists doubted its existence altogether; but lately looking at a picture, he was enabled to identify the dodo, and to perceive that it had been correctly painted from a living specimen. These things should cause naturalists to avail themselves of every opportunity to describe. How valuable would some old Dutch description of the dodo be now! This bird, the dinornis, threw much light on a geological question. Some time ago Professor Hitchcock had discovered some footsteps of birds in the new red sandstone. He (Prof. Owen) at first doubted the probability of their being really the traces of birds in so old a formation, but conjured up in fancy some two-legged cockatrices to account for them. The dinornis, however, a bird of our own day almost, might have been coeval with them; and, indeed, its low type of organization fitted it for such a period."

Prof. Phillips paid a deserved tribute to the high attainments of Professor Owen. His researches had rolled away the reproach from our age, which the lament of the past for the departure of monsters had thrown on it. In conclusion, he hoped Mr. Lyell would describe the fossil-footsteps alluded to.

Mr. Lyell had not intended to speak, but the facts were briefly these: When Professor Hitchcock first discovered these footsteps of birds of various sizes, he (Mr. Lyell) doubted strongly the existence of animals so highly organized at such a period. Mr. Green, however, had adopted the true mode of induction in the investigation; he had examined the traces of all animals in the mud of the Mississippi, some of which he cut out and preserved. The Geological Society, to whom he communicated his conviction that they were birds, heard with doubt, and appointed a committee of investigation. The one appointed to examine Prof. H.'s museum dismissed the subject summarily, declaring that they were not birds, till convinced that one he had included in the same condemnation was really the impression of the foot of a modern snipe dried into the likeness of a fossil.

Mr. Murchison proposed the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Owen.—In reply to a question from the Marquess of Northampton, Professor Owen mentioned the contrast between the largest ostrich known, only about nine feet high, and the dinornis, nearly sixteen.—Professor Phillips then addressed the meeting, expressing the gratification which he felt at the splendid lecture which had been delivered by Professor Owen.

Cardinal Fesch.—Our readers may remember that, amongst other bequests made to his native town of Ajaccio, by the late Cardinal Fesch, he directed that a collection of pictures should be given to the city, to be selected from his magnificent gallery, previously to its sale. Letters from Civita-Vecchia mention that these pictures have been embarked, at that port, for their destination, by the exertions of the French consul and two delegates from the town of Ajaccio, and at the cost of the Count de Survilliers, who has exhibited much zeal in carrying out the intentions of his uncle. They are to be placed in the vast edifice constructed at Ajaccio, in the cardinal's life-time, destined as an institution for the gratuitous instruction of the youth of Corsica in the higher branches of education.—*Athenæum.*

War against Pews.—In Westminster Abbey the choir is to be altered, the present miserable screen work is to be removed, and pews abolished. In the cathedral at Canterbury the choir is about to be furnished with new stalls and a throne, and the pews are to be removed. The new church in the Broadway, Westminster, has been built without pews.—*Examiner.*

Fall of Frogs.- An extraordinary phenomenon accompanied the heavy fall of rain on the 25th ult., namely, an innumerable quantity of frogs of small size. Thousands of them must have fallen during the evening and early part of Monday night. They were to be seen in immense numbers in the town of Stourbridge and its neighborhood, far removed from any place in which they could have been bred. On the same evening a man and a boy were passing in the storm from Brettel-lane to Stourbridge, when the latter called the attention of the former to the fact of one falling on his shoulder, which caused them to be more observant; and they afterwards noticed several which fell upon them. Similar phenomena have been observed before in different places. The circumstance may be accounted for on the supposition that a pool or other water containing the diminutive frogs has been within the influence of the storm, when the water and its contents have been carried up, in a similar manner to that in which we sometimes see dust or hay carried up in a spiral form by what is termed a whirlwind.—*Worcestershire Chronicle.*

New mode of preventing horses from running away when in harness.—Hitherto several means have been devised to prevent accidents of this nature. One of them most in favor is a mechanism for detaching horses from the traces, and setting them suddenly free, but it is not certain in its action; and it is obvious that, if the horse take fright on a descent, the sudden detaching of the carriage may be attended with very great danger. The author of this paper, having remarked that horses rarely take fright at night, imagined that all that was necessary, in order to check a horse from running away, was to cause him to be visited with temporary blindness; and, in order to do this, he contrived, by means of a string connected with the reins, to cover the eyes suddenly. This was done when the animals were at the top of their speed, and the result was their instantaneous stoppage; for the light being suddenly excluded, horses no more rush forward, he says, without seeing their way, than would a man afflicted with blindness.—*Athenæum.*

THEODORET'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

From the Spectator.

This volume appears to form part of a new series of the Greek Ecclesiastical Historians of the first six centuries: the Ecclesiastical History and the Life of Constantine by Eusebius, the "Narrative" of Sozomen, and the "History" of Socrates, would seem to have been already published, though they have not reached us. The design is worthy of encouragement, as furnishing a ready reference in a compact form to those who do not wish to be at the labor of consulting the originals, and a help to those who do. The execution of the only volume before us exhibits both judgment and ability. The translation is English in its idiom, whilst the character and style of the original author are preserved, so far as style depends upon the cast of mind without regard to the structure of language.

The time in which Theodoret lived was after the Church had conquered its Pagan foes, and succeeded in a great measure to the Pagan connexion with the State, to dispute and wrangle in a manner unknown to Paganism. He was born at Antioch, about the year 387, during the reign of Theodosius the Great; and died about the middle of the fifth century, when the Western Empire was in the agony of dissolution, and Leo the Thracian, on the throne of Constantinople, vainly meditated to avert its downfall. It is said that the future Bishop and Historian of the Church was marked out for religion before his birth. "His parents had long been childless, and much prayer was offered, especially by Macedonius, a hermit, that a son might be born unto them. Hence, when at length, in answer to prayer, this child was granted, the name *Θεοδώρητος* was conferred upon him, signifying *given by God*." He was early designed for the church, and is reported to have studied under Chrysostom: he entered the ministry very young, having been appointed when a child as a reader of Scripture; and his parents dying as he approached manhood, he divided his rich patrimony among the poor, retaining nothing for himself but some clothes of inferior quality, and retired to a monastery about thirty leagues from Antioch. From this retirement he was compelled to emerge in 423, to take upon himself the office of Bishop of Cyrus, a diocese with eight hundred villages in Syria Euphratensis. In this post he greatly exerted himself, both for the spiritual and temporal benefit of his flock; but becoming involved in the controversies of the times, he was more than once deposed from his dignity on charges of heresy, and as often reinstated. He is supposed to have died about 458.

His works are various and voluminous,—a commentary on the Bible; many controversies; a book called "Philotheus," being the lives, austerities, and miracles of about thirty anchorites, with many of whom he was personally acquainted; and the *History of the Church*, before us. The period this work embraces is from the time when Constantine began to favor the Church, about 320, to the persecution of the Christians in Persia, 414—424: but its principal subject is the Arian controversy, with the heresies that sprung out of it, and the troubles those disunions brought upon the Church. As preserving isolated facts and many epistles from Emperors and Bishops, it is very useful; it is also valuable for its incidental pictures of the times, and its notice of the practices of the Church: but it cannot properly be called a history. The arrangement and chronological order are admitted to be bad: these faults influence the narrative, which is incomplete and incoherent; and by bringing distant occurrences unskilfully together, makes the actions told look unlikely, when the fault is the narrator's. There is also a fundamental defect in the plan: the work is not a general history of the Eastern Church; nor is it a history of any particular part of it, such as the Arian controversy, for this is told imperfectly, and other things are introduced which do not belong to it. The History of Theodoret is in reality a species of memoirs—a collection of documents, which he strung together by an account of the principal events that caused them to be written, or a loose narrative of particular events that had interested him, often, very probably, from his own knowledge of the actions or the actors. His characters, however, are well drawn and fair, allowing for his prejudices; and his exhibition of the practices of the churchmen are always graphic, and sometimes startling. The good Bishop was a *reconteur;* and if any thing miraculous attached to the story, so much the better.

The style in a certain sense corresponds with the matter: it is easy, with an elegant though rather feeble prolixity, and impresses us as reflecting the character of an amiable, perhaps an humble-minded man, though not devoid of the professional prejudices of a priest, or the mild-spoken malignity of a theologian.

To the church historian, or the student of church history, every part of the book will have its value; nor can a passage be safely passed.

For such purposes, a translation is of great utility, by facilitating the general knowledge of the whole work, and limiting intentness, in the original, to those passages that are intended to be used. To the reader, even if a studious reader, the attraction will be confined to such parts as exhibit the manners or superstitions of the age: though these are often so intermixed with the narrative as not to permit of easy separation. One of the most striking scenes is a church brawl at Alexandria, consequent upon the triumphant return of the Arian party, which was made a pretext by a (suspected) Pagan governor to persecute the orthodox Athanasians. The account is by Peter, the then Bishop of Alexandria: but it must be received perhaps with allowance for its accusations, though doubtless true enough in its traits of the times.

"The people entered the church of Theonas singing the praises of the idols, instead of reciting words suitable to the place. Instead of reading the Holy Scriptures, they clapped their hands, shouting obscene words, and uttering insults against the Christian virgins, which my tongue refuses to repeat. Every man of correct feeling, on hearing these expressions, endeavored to shut his ears, and wished to have been deaf rather than to have heard such obscenity. Would that they had confined themselves to words, without carrying out into action the lewdness of their expressions! But the most insulting taunts are easily borne by those who have received the wisdom and doctrines of Christ. These people, who were vessels of wrath reserved for perdition, made loud and impudent noises through the nose, which might be compared to the gushing forth of a torrent; and at the same time tore the garments of the virgins of Christ, whose purity rendered them like the angels. They dragged them in a complete state of nudity about the city, and treated them in the most wanton and insulting manner, and with unheard of cruelty. When any one, touched with compassion, addressed a few words of remonstrance to them, they immediately attacked and wounded him. But what is still more painful to relate, many virgins were ravished; others were struck on the head with clubs, and expired beneath the blows; and their bodies were not permitted to be interred. Many of the corpses, even to this day, cannot, to the grief of the parents, be found. But why should comparatively small incidents be placed by the side of far greater atrocities? Why should I dwell upon such facts, and not proceed to the relation of what is still more important, and which will strike you with astonishment and amazement at the clemency of God that he did not destroy the whole universe! The impious people did that upon the altar which, as the Scripture says, was not done nor heard of in the days of our fathers. A young man who had abjured his own sex, and had assumed the dress of a female, danced upon the holy altar, where we invoke the Holy Ghost, as though it had been a public theatre, making various gestures and grimaces, to the diversion of the others, who laughed immoderately, and uttered many impious exclamations. In addition to disorders which they had already committed, as if they thought that what they had done was rather commendable than the contrary, one of their number, noted for his wickedness, stripped himself at once of his clothes, and of every remnant of modesty, and seated himself, as naked as when he was born, in the episcopal chair belonging to the church. All the others saluted him as an orator about to commence a discourse against Christ. He represented iniquity as superior to Scriptural doctrines, placed licentiousness above decorum, impiety above piety; and instead of inculcating temperance, taught that fornication, adultery, sodomitism, theft, gluttony, and drunkenness, are the most profitable pursuits in life. When these acts of impiety had been perpetrated, I left the church; for how could I have remained there while the soldiery were attacking it, while the people who had been bribed for the purpose were committing disorders, and while the idolaters had by means of great promises been assembled together in crowds? Our successor, [Lucius, an Arian,] who had purchased the episcopal office with gold, as though it had been a secular dignity, was a wolf in disposition, and acted accordingly. He had not been elected by a Synod of Bishops, by the votes of the clergy, or by the request of the people, according to the regulations of the church. He did not go into the city alone; but he was not accompanied by Bishops, Presbyters, or Deacons, nor yet by the people; neither did the monks walk before him, singing hymns selected from the Scriptures: but he was attended by Euzoius, who was once a Deacon of the city of Alexandria, who was deposed with Arius at the holy and general Council of Nice, and who is now reducing the city of Antioch to ruin. He was also accompanied by Magnus, the Royal Treasurer, who headed an immense body of soldiery. This Magnus was noted for his readiness in every work of impiety: he had during the reign of Julian burned a church in Berytus, a celebrated city of Phœnicia, and was in the reign of Jovian, of blessed memory, sentenced to re-erect it at his own expense."

Besides its indication of the credulous character of belief in those times, the following passage has a further interest; for it in reality contains all the evidence which exists to identify the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE TRUE CROSS.

When she [the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine] arrived at the place where the Saviour suffered, she immediately ordered the idolatrous temple which had been there erected to be destroyed, and the very materials to be removed. The tomb, which had been so long concealed, was discovered; and three crosses, the memorials of the Lord, were perceived near it. All were of opinion that one of these crosses was that of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that the other two were those of the thieves who were crucified with him. Yet they could not discern upon which one the body of the Lord had been nailed, and upon which his blood had fallen. But the wise and holy Macarius, the Bishop of the city, succeeded in resolving this question. After engaging in prayer, he induced a lady of rank, who been long suffering from disease, to touch each of the crosses; and the efficacious power residing in that of the Saviour manifested its identity. In fact, it had scarcely been brought near the lady, when the inveterate disease left her, and she was healed. The mother of the Emperor, on being informed of the accomplishment of what she had most desired, gave orders that some of the nails should be driven into the royal helmet, in order that the head of her child might be preserved from the darts of his enemies; and she ordered some of the other nails to be fixed in the bridle of his horse, not only to insure the safety of the Emperor, but also to fulfil an ancient prophecy, for Zachariah the prophet predicted that "what is upon the bridles of the horses shall be holiness unto the Lord Almighty." She had part of the cross of our Saviour conveyed to the palace; and the rest was enclosed in a covering of silver, and committed to the care of the Bishop of the city, whom she exhorted to preserve it carefully, in order that it might be transmitted uninjured to posterity.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PART II.

THAT was a striking moment, that was an auspicious hour, in the romantic history of Louis Philippe, when, standing on the sea-girt coast of his own well-beloved Normandy, whilst the golden rays of an early autumnal sun shed their beauteous colorings on the peace-approaching squadron of Great Britain, the monarch received with grace, dignity, and admiration, the young and charming queen of our own glorious isles! Ah! little did he think when a wanderin Switzerland, a teacher of mathematics in a mountain college, a pedestrian exile in Scandinavia, or, at best, an outlaw in America, when the name of Orleans was a reproach and a by-word, and when to harbor him was almost an offence in Europe, when none could cherish and none would love him;—not that he did not possess merit or virtue, magnanimity or courage, but that none dared to acknowledge his possession of those virtues; little did he then imagine that the day would arrive when he should rule over the destinies of France, and when the ships of that "Britannia" who still "rules the waves," should anchor at peace in the quiet waters of Trèport, conducting to the shores of that land the young, noble, daring, active, energetic monarch of the British empire.

No one can describe but Louis Philippe himself, the light which fell upon his brow, when he beheld, with rapturous emotions, the graceful figure and the oft-described form of his "fair cousin." The roar of the artillery had music in it for his ears, since it announced to him that his wise and enlightened policy was appreciated; that his honor and fidelity were prized; that his alliance was sought and valued; that his sacrifices for peace and order were known and estimated; and that so satisfied were the people, the government, and the monarch, of Great Britain, with the King of the French, that the queen herself had come to receive the kiss of friendship and esteem from the French king, to hold out the hand of a sincere friendship to the French people, and to sit side by side in the château of the Orleans family, thus recognizing the monarchy of the barricades, the revolution of 1830, the charta of the new dynasty, and disarming all envious, jealous, or unkind spirits, by carrying herself, as a gentle dove, not merely an olive-branch of peace, but even planting on the French soil the olive-tree itself. Long, long may it grow! May it be cultivated, watered, defended by French honor, gallantry, and truthfulness! May there cease to exist any other rivalry between the subjects of Victoria and those of Louis Philippe than that noble rivalry of who shall be pre-eminent in encouraging the cause of peace, order, progress, national happiness, individual improvement, and the extension of civilization and truth!

And that was a striking moment, too, in the life of our gracious and graceful sovereign, when, casting her eyes back on the placid waters, on which were to be seen the "*St. Vincent*," the "*Caledonia*," the "*Camperdown*," the "*Formidable*," the "*Warspite*," the "*Grecian*," the "*Cyclops*," the "*Tartarus*," and the "*Prometheus*," she could point the King of the French to the "*wooden walls of old England*," but, at the same time, throw herself, her consort, and her retinue, into the arms of the French monarch, of his admirable family, and of his courteous and hospitable people; and, with the lightness and freshness of youth and of hope, tread with delight the shores of that Normandy, endeared to all lovers of history by so many glorious and interesting recollections.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"—Yes!—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!" were the first notes which greeted her as she landed in France. Those notes she knew right well. Often had they been played and sung in her hearing! Often had they called forth in her presence expressions of the most devoted loyalty! But it was a happy thought—it was a joyous mode of welcome—to greet her in a stranger land with the first song of her childhood, the old national anthem of her native shores. Oh! how her young heart must have beat with joy when, calling to recollection the history of past days, and remembering the long and sanguinary wars of other times between the French and the British empires, she now beheld the rival flags no longer rivals, floating in peace and friendship in the same breeze, and herself the bearer of a magician's wand, for she carried with her the emblems of respect, confidence, and amity.

These, these are the fairy scenes in the wide world's history! They are few, brief, and far between; but their results extend to ages, and stand forth to successive generations like mighty monuments of civilization: showing where restless ambition ceased to agitate, where rival nations ceased to suspect and to hate, where wise and enlightened statesmen took their stand for truth and for civilization, and thus help on the history of man, and rescue human nature from the oft too-merited charge of selfishness, pride, and want of sympathy with fellow-men.

That being must, indeed, have but a sorry and a limited view of public events, who does not perceive in the late visit of the house of Brunswick to the house of Orleans an event replete with good, and big with joyous hope and bright anticipation. For does he not see in it the union of western and constitutional Europe against any policy hostile to right and to freedom which northern powers might be disposed to establish or promote ? And does he not see in it the security and permanency of Belgium as a neutral state—a neutral but effectual barrier against aggression and insult ? And does he not see in that interchange of kindly looks, affectionate sympathies, and national respect, a security against the predominance of a Bourbon policy in Spain, and against the establishment of a clashing policy towards Portugal, as well as against any unworthy or illiberal and intolerant spirit in the South Seas ? And does he not perceive in it a pledge that French policy as to Algeria will not be such as would require from us either protests or loud complaints, menaces or hostilities ? Two of the most honest, well-principled, and admirable men, have met—we mean M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen. The Queen Victoria was accompanied by the "Travelled Thane," and M. Guizot, with his unostentatious manners, simple and charming tastes and feelings, and irreproachable life, was there, to receive, with gentlemanly urbanity and statesmanlike dignity, our secretary of state for the foreign department. Tell me not that such an interview was nugatory. Tell me not that it will have no effect on the political or commercial relations of the two countries. Tell me not that all the charms of our youthful monarch, and all the high-minded courtesy and affability of her justly esteemed consort, have produced no effect on the French court, the French press, the French government, or the French people! Tell me not that the visit was one merely of ceremony, or of court friendship, or simply of pleasure and amusement. No! it was much more than this. The mere fact of the visit, which was asked by the one, and consented to by the other, was in itself a great event. To ask for a visit, and to pay it, showed how by pacific, honorable, unambitious, and straightforward policy, Louis Philippe had gained the confidence of the British Conservatives. It proved that they had not forgotten the pains which the French king had taken to preserve the revolution of 1830 from the excesses and barbarities of the revolution of 1793. It proved they remembered that Louis Philippe, in order to preserve the peace of Europe, had refused the crown of Belgium, though offered to his son the Duke of Nemours; that, from the same worthy motives, he had withdrawn his troops from Ancona, as well as from the walls of Antwerp, the moment the citadel had surrendered; and that he had, year after year, kept under, even at the risk of his own life, and of the lives of his sons, that spirit of aggression, conquest, and war, which, if it had not been repressed, must have involved Europe in years of bloodshed, rapine, and desolation. Do not tell me that this was no national act of respect or confidence paid by the Queen of Great Britain, but that it was simply a personal mark of respect and confidence. In constitutional states this is not the course or order of proceeding. In absolute monarchies, the imperial or the monarchical will is every thing. In limited or constitutional monarchies the royal will is directed by public opinion. Not the ever-varying, unstable, and inconsiderate opinion of the multitude, of the thoughtless and ill-informed, but that calm, quiet, deliberate voice which is heard and obeyed, because it is the voice of reason, of national respect, and of public principle.

It is a glorious sight to behold the flush of joy and delight, proceeding from kindred hearts, and expressed in kindred smiles or tears, at first interviews or at second meetings, where recollections of the first are vivid and delightful. Such were the interviews of Albert and Victoria, after years of youthful separation! It is a glorious sight to see old veterans in the public cause, once rivals, afterwards hoary-headed contemporaries, meet again on neutral ground, and exchange those hearty congratulations which wise and good men will offer to each other in after years. Such was the interview to which Soult and Wellington were parties, when the hero of Toulouse met the conqueror of Waterloo in the metropolitan banqueting-room of the citizens of London. But it was even a finer sight than these, when the young queen of a mighty empire, herself full of love, light, life, hope, peace, and joy, quitted for a while the shores of her own much-loved empire, to do homage to the venerable monarch of a great and a neighboring nation; and in the presence of other queens and other princes, to ratify the bonds of alliance and friendship which at present exist, and to give, besides this, a moral guarantee *for the future* to both governments and to both people, to both dynasties and to both empires, that slight causes should not be allowed to disturb the mutual relations of Great Britain and France. But there was more than even this. The visit of our monarch to the château of Eu is a pledge that our relations with France shall neither be stationary nor fruitless. The French people, sensitive sometimes almost to absurdity, are accessible to the most tender sympathies, and the most noble and generous aspirations. Talk as the republicans may in some of their journals, the smiles of the queen were not without their value—for they have disarmed the bitter spirits of the ultra-nationalists in spite of themselves. Talk as they may of France assuming an attitude of suspicion and distrust—but the French are as susceptible of acts of confidence and affection as they are of distrust and *méfiance*—our commercial relations will be influenced by our political alliances; and the chambers of peers and deputies will rightly feel that, when the Queen of Great Britain landed at Tréport, to render homage to the French government and king, the *nation was not forgotten;* and that the French were thus appealed to to form with us a yet closer and more compact alliance.

I have thus commenced the *second part* of the life of Louis Philippe; not that the events to which I have referred have any connection whatever with the portion of the history of that great man to which I am about to direct attention, but because events of such a nature as these are worthy of being most distinctly referred to and commemorated in the pages of REGINA. In future years, when the historian shall take his pen, and, searching though the periodical literature of our present times, shall turn to the journals which were contemporary with these transactions, he may, perchance, record that whilst *Fraser's Magazine* would yield to none in a love of national grandeur, independence, and dignity, nor to any in a desire to see all the old alliances of Great Britain maintained, and a profound respect for vested interests exhibited, as well as an adherence to existing and long-signed treaties displayed; and that, whilst it delighted at all times to contemplate the old governments, laws, and traditions, of by-gone days, as well as those ancient monarchies and empires whose foundations are almost as old as the world, which sprang from the deluge; yet that it hailed with delight this visit of Britain's queen to the monarch of the Gauls, and saw, in that visit, the triumph of a wise, enlightened, pacific, and truly statesman-like and Conservative policy. Honor to the King of the French! and honor to the Queen Victoria!—but honor, also, to Lord Aberdeen and to M. Guizot!

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

There is an incident in the life of the then Duke of Orleans belonging to the period at which I had arrived when I closed the *first* part of this monarch's extraordinary memoirs, which I had forgotten in my narrative. It is the following:—Whilst engaged as professor of mathematics, geography, and the French and English languages, at Richeneau, his conduct was so exemplary, his views so elevated, and his principles so worthy of one of his age and position, that, without knowing him to be either the Duke of Chartres or of Orleans, the inhabitants of that spot felt so sincere a respect for both his talents and virtues, that they elected him to be their deputy to the Assembly of Coire! True, indeed, the reception by him at that moment of the heart-rending intelligence of his father's execution prevented him from carrying into effect their highly complimentary intentions, but his majesty has always preserved a strong feeling of gratitude and affection for old Helvetia.

The day had at length arrived when, with knapsack on his shoulder, with staff in hand, and with a desire to increase his knowledge by travelling, and to obtain peace and repose from the dreadful agitations of western and of central Europe, he sallied forth, with a faithful French servant named Baudoin, to attain the objects he had thus in view. How often in his quiet family circle at Neuilly in after years did the duke converse with his friends and children relative to this expedition! He had originally intended at once to proceed to America; but, on arriving at Hamburg, his pecuniary resources were so small, that his aunt, the Princess de Conti, on the one hand, and his old and faithful friend, Madame de Genlis, on the other hand, so unable to assist him, that he came to the resolution of wandering over the regions of the north. Accustomed to brown bread and a draught of cold water, to a hard mattrass, a very little wardrobe, and to a variety of other privations, he proceeded with a small letter of credit to Copenhagen, procured passports for himself, for Baudoin, as well as for his sincere friend Count Montjoie, and hastened, as economically and as rapidly as he could to the Scandinavian peninsula. I remember to have met in Switzerland at the pretty villa of a lady, formed to grace, adorn, and elevate the circle of her family and friends, of which she was the centre, an ingenuous, able, and delightful old Swiss gentleman, M. de Bonstetten. Endowed with an admirable memory, enriched by great acquirements and by classical and historical knowledge, this most agreeable and well-informed man was received with delight into the best circles of Europe, and never failed to enliven and enchant all who listened to him. I connect his name with this portion of the life of Louis Philippe, because he related to me two anecdotes of the subject of this sketch which may be relied on, and which are worth preserving. Whilst at Hamburg on one occasion, an old refugee, a bad specimen of a good race, openly insulted him, and, accosting him in the public streets, demanded, "What right the son of a regicide had to meet the victims of his father's atrocious conduct, and why he did not hide his head in obscurity or the dust?" The young duke, who was unprepared for this unprincipled and ungentlemanly attack, fell back a few paces, regarded his adversary with a look of stern dignity, and then said, "Sir, if I have either offended or injured you, I am prepared to give you satisfaction; but if I have done neither, what will you one day think of yourself for having insulted in a foreign land a prince of fallen fortunes, and an honest and independent young man?" The wretched creature who had so insulted him stole off to his hiding-place, whilst some standers-by, who had understood the colloquy, applauded the young and courageous exile.

On another occasion at Hamburg the young duke, appealed to for relief by a former dependent on the bounty of his father "*Egalité*," but who had rushed from Paris to save his life, and had arrived at the city in question, the duke explained to him that his means were so limited, and his expectations of assistance so scanty, that he really had not the power of doing all he could desire for one whom his father and mother had regarded with respect and pity. "But," added the duke, "I have *four* louis left, take one of them; when I shall replace it I know not; make the best use you can of this, we live in times when we must all economize." The poor, exiled, disconsolate old man was so struck with this proof of generosity, and of filial respect for the object of his father's and mother's bounty, that he declined receiving so much as one out of four louis from the prince's hands; but the duke took to flight, and left the grateful but unhappy exile weeping with gratitude and joy.

At Copenhagen the duke was better known, but was freed from the sort of *surveillance* almost everywhere exercised over him before he arrived in that city by the emigrants, who seemed to pursue expressly to torment him. The Castle of Kronenburg, the Gardens of Hamlet, and the Sound at Helsinbourg, were all visited by him, and he thence proceeded to Sweden, and found himself in the midst of a most hospitable and endearing people. Gottenburgh and Lake Wener, the waterfalls of Goetha Elf, and the majestic works at Trollhæthan, undertaken to connect the Gulf of Bothnia with the North Sea, were explored by the duke, who states, now that he is King of the French, that one of the first occasions on which he took a deep and abiding interest in undertakings of a large and national character, was when regarding that effort of skill and industry. Thence he bent his steps to Norway, resided a little time at Frederickshall, and then proceeded to Christiana, where, in virtuous and useful occupations, he spent his days, devoting his time to moral, scientific, and philosophical pursuits. There is a curious circumstance connected with his residence in Christiana which I delight to record. The late M. Monod, senior, an enlightened French Protestant pastor, whose urbanity and Christian gentleness his successors and descendants would do well to imitate, was residing at that period in the Norwegian capital. Educated by Madame de Genlis to respect and honor the characters of all truly good men, the young duke soon learned to estimate the merits of M. Monod; and although he did not make himself known to that good man, he discovered in him exalted rank, perfect manners, and a virtuous mind. Their conversations often turned to the subject of France, and the progress of democracy in that country, and on one occasion M. Monod introduced the character and conduct of the Duke of Orleans on the *tapis*. With that Christian moderation which distinguished the conduct and life of M. Monod, senior, he observed, "I have been accustomed to hear much that is disgusting and revolting of the late Duke of Orleans, but I cannot help thinking that he must have had some virtues mixed up with his evil propensities, for no reckless or worthless man could have taken so much pains with the education of his children. His eldest son, I have been assured, is the model of filial affection as well as of all the virtues." The duke felt his cheeks suffused with blushes, and M. Monod perceived it. "Do you know him?" asked M. Monod.

"Yes I do, a *little*," replied the duke, "and I think you have somewhat exaggerated his praises."

The next time the venerable Protestant pastor saw the Duke of Orleans, was in his own palace at the Palais Royal! M. Monod was at the head of the Protestant Consistory of Paris, and was visiting the illustrious prince to congratulate him on his return to his native country. When the ceremony was over, the duke called M. Monod aside, and asked, "How long it was since he had quitted Christiana?"

"Oh! many years," replied the excellent man; "it is very kind of your royal highness to remember that I was ever an inhabitant of that city."

"It is more, then, M. Monod, than you remember *of me!*"

"Was your royal highness, then, ever an inhabitant of Christiana?" asked the astonished pastor.

"Do you remember M. *Corby*—the young *Corby?*" inquired the duke.

"Most certainly I do, and I have frequently sought for some intelligence with regard to him, but could procure none."

"Then I was M. Corby," replied the duke, and the rest of the conversation can be easily imagined. To the hour of his death the duke was much attached to the admirable M. Monod, and some of Louis Philippe's affection for Protestant families, Protestant communities, and the Protestant clergy, can unquestionably be traced to the influence exercised by that gentleman over the mind of his Christiana young friend.

There is, also, a story told respecting the Duke of Orleans at this period which is less authentic, but more generally known than the preceding. On one occasion he felt convinced he was discovered, and became much alarmed. The circumstances were the following. During a country excursion with some friends, or rather acquaintances, he heard one of the party exclaim aloud at the close of the day, "*The Duke of Orleans' carriage!*" There was no carriage to be seen. The duke became embarrassed, but he endeavored to conceal it, and asked the Norwegian gentleman why it was he called out for the Duke of Orleans' carriage, "What have you to do with him?" The gentleman, who was the son of a banker, replied that there was no other reason for making the exclamation than that, when he was in Paris with his family, every evening as they were leaving the French opera he heard the people vociferating, "*La voiture de Monseigneur le Duc d'Orleans!*"

Ah! how the times had changed! The popularity of former epochs had given way to low jests and indecent and brutal reproaches as the former idol of the "*canaille*" was led away by them to the guillotine and to death!

Drontheim and Hamersfeldt endeared themselves to Louis Philippe's remembrance by the courtesy of Baron Kroh at the former, and by the civility of the kindly Laplanders at the latter place; and to the inhabitants of that small and frozen spot the now King of the French has sent a large and handsome clock, capable by its admirable workmanship of resisting the influence of the temperature, to be placed in the church of Hamersfeldt. These are the changes in the life of a man which no romance can equal, and no fiction can imitate. The wandering exile, poor, unknown, visits the snows of Lapland, and almost envies the arctic and monotonous repose of its inhabitants. That exile is afterwards the King of the French, sends forth to those regions scientific expeditions of discovery, and forwards to the dreaming, sleepy, inoffensive, but still only half existing Laplanders, a permanent memorial of his interest and esteem.

Brought up by Madame de Genlis, by whom, at least, *I* will seek to do justice in this sketch of His Majesty Louis Philippe, wholly to disregard the luxuries of the table, to be indifferent to ease, to sleep, to soft couches, to fine linen, and, indeed, to all the superfluities of life, the young duke never repined at the humblest meal, never complained of the most wretched fare, never reproached those who supplied him with the least dainty provisions, thanked his God for his *daily bread*, laid up stores of information for coming years, and although he had no right whatever to presume that he would ever be called to the throne, yet acted as one should do who was certain of such an elevation.

Taught, likewise, to feel no fear, he visited on all occasions during his voyages and travels all that was interesting though surrounded by dangers; and amongst other spots the whirlpool of the Maelstrom in the Gulf of Salten. There, indeed, it was that the lines of the poet could be realized:—

> "Like ships which do go down at sea,
> When heaven is all tranquillity."

Still, his curiosity, his spirit of enterprise, and his love of nature, were not satisfied, and Iceland bore the imprint of his steps on its mountains and its precipices, until on the 24th of August, 1795, he reached the most northern point of the olden world:—

> "Hic tandem stetimus nobis ubi deficit orbis."

Yes, there he was, the successor of Maupertius and Regnard,—there he was, the exiled prince, learning philosophy from observation, drinking in happiness from the contemplation of the works of God, studying nature on the largest scale, and even sojourning with poverty and want, when compared with the profusion which once surrounded him, in order that he might learn to be contented with his singular and precarious lot,and be led to trust in Him who had said that man was of more value than many sparrows. And in order that his external aspect might not appear singular, and that he might be looked upon by the natives more as one of themselves than as a foreigner, he wore the *koufte* of the Norwegian sailors, inhabited the humble tent of the Laplanders, and identified himself with all their peculiar modes of existence. On foot and attended by some natives, he re-crossed Swedish Lapland, descended to Toraco, passed to Abo, traversed a part of Finland to examine on the spot the theatre of the last war between the Russians and Swedes under Gustavus III., and advanced to the river Kymène which separated Sweden from Russia. But there he stopped; for, though he was an ardent and enlightened traveller, he was above and before all a Frenchman; and although no one could more heartily disapprove and deplore the excesses and enormities of the French Revolution than himself, yet as the animosity of Catherine II. was not merely directed against the revolution, but against France herself, he resolved not to pass the Kymène, but to visit Stockholm, and remain at least where he would be free alike from the risk of the knout and from the chance of being sent to Siberia.

At a court-ball in the Swedish capital his *incognito* was put an end to by the French envoy, who recognized the prince; but, fortunately, that recognition led to no persecution or unfortunate circumstance. Whilst sojourning in that part of Europe, he repaired to the ruins of Dalécarlia, visited the former place of concealment of Gustavus Vasa, descended into the famous copper-mines, associated with the honest peasantry, and examined that vast rock of Mora, from which the same Vasa had harangued the Dalécarlians, and excited them to march against the despotic and merciless Christiern. In the very same farmhouse in which Vasa had taken refuge from the persecutions of his enemies, the Duke of Orleans found himself also an exile; and whilst Gustavus afterwards became the king of Sweden, the French prince is now the constitutional monarch of France. When these curiosities and objects of interest had passed in review before him, he returned once more by Copenhagen and Lubeck to the city of Hamburg.

There is, however, a power and a vigor in the monarchical principle which democracy dreads, and from the influence of which it in vain seeks ever and anon to escape. So it was with the French Directory! Although Louis XVI. had been murdered, Marie Antoinette had suffered the same fate, Madame Elizabeth had been beheaded, and the eldest Duke of Orleans had ascended the revolutionary scaffold; although the princes and princesses of the eldest and of the Orleans branch were either exiles or captives, still the fact that the young Duke of Orleans was free, haunted the French regicides and all French revolutionists, and they could not believe that their new government could possibly be secure whilst in Europe he could range and wander without restraint. It was not a purseless and deserted exile they dreaded,—that was impossible; but it was the force of the monarchical principle, which in time was embodied. That was their terror and their political nightmare. The duke, on his return to Hamburg, found himself almost without pecuniary resources, and knew not where to turn for assistance and protection. True, he had been offered distinguished posts in the armies of foreign princes, but such offers he could not accept. His patriotism was as pure as his life was irreproachable. He preferred poverty and self-respect to opulence, rank, and a consciousness that he had forgotten the allegiance he owed, at all times, and under all circumstances, to his father land. And when, at a subsequent period of his eventful history, he was called on to ascend the throne of St. Louis, his friends and supporters pointed to his antecedents and said, "He never fought against France! he never raised his arm against the liberties or independence of his country!" And but for such just and most efficient praise his majesty Louis Philippe would most certainly not now have been reigning in that country as King of the French.

The Directory, in order to accomplish its plan of procuring the expatriation of the Duke of Orleans from Europe to America, resorted to the expedient of offering to his mother, the Duchess of Orleans, to remove from her property the sequestration which affected it, as well as to grant the liberation of her sons Montpensier and Beaujolais from their captivity in the castle of St. Jean, at Marseilles, provided the whole three would embark for the United States. In the little town of Frederickstadt the Duke of Orleans was sojourning when news of these negotiations first reached him, and Mr. Westford, a Hamburg merchant, was the intervening party. The duke felt, when he received the application of his mother to consent to leave Europe for America, that to her he owed this proof of obedience and respect; and when with that sentiment he connected the fact that his brothers, by his consent to depart, would obtain an immediate liberation from prison, he did not hesitate as to the course he should pursue. Besides all this, he knew that a refusal on his part would first be followed by more arbitrary measures against his mother and brethren; then by an active system of espionage exercised against himself; and, finally, by applications from the then French government to foreign powers to surrender him into their hands, under threats of vengeance and war in the event of refusal. The negotiations with the Directory were continued, the conditions were fulfilled, and on the 24th September, 1796, the duke took leave of Europe on board "*The America*," an Amercan vessel, and after a narrow escape of capture, arrived at Philadelphia on the 21st October.

The fate of his brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count of Beaujolais, had long occupied the attention and excited the deepest interest of the Duke of Orleans their brother. He had often thanked God that the letters he had addressed to the former, in which he had inveighed against the Terrorists of France, had been providentially destroyed by La Barre just a few moments previous to the arrival of municipal officers to seize his brother's papers. Often, too, had he apprehended that blind and mad political fanaticism and crime would have demanded new victims, and that Beaujolais and Montpensier would have been condemned to an ignominious death. When he heard of the death of the Duke of Byron, so true and devoted a friend to the Orleans family, his heart also quailed within him, and he felt how few were now left in the wide world who could and who dared to raise their voices for the sons of him to whom they yet owed nearly all that they possessed of station and importance.

Sometimes when travelling alone in the wild scenery of Scandinavia, his heart would sicken and sigh as he thought of the declaration of one of the sovereign people at Aix, made in the hearing of Montpensier, "Ah! we have cut down the tree, the old trunk, but that is only doing half the work. We must cut up the roots, or the tree may be seen sprouting at some future time." And how often did he think of that wretched small cell of nine feet square into which his beloved Montpensier had been thrust, though no crime, either moral or political, could be laid at his door. Nor less often did he weep over that horrid scene, the description of which had reached him, when the Convention, having ordered that all the Bourbons remaining in France should be at once imprisoned in the Castle of Marseilles, at the dark hour of midnight, Montpensier's cell-door was opened, a municipal officer desiring him to rise from his straw couch, dress, and descend without delay, and when he was thence conducted to the fortress of Notre Dame de la Garde, where his father Egalité, the young Beaujolais, the Duchess of Bourbon, and the Prince Conti, were all likewise incarcerated. That was a striking moment, indeed, in the history of the Orleans' family, and often did the young duke turn to it with emotions of the strongest and most honorable nature.

And how could he forget the question which was put to Montpensier, or rather the reproach addressed to him, by one of the presidents of a revolutionary tribunal before which he was arraigned: "You could not but have been well informed of the liberticidal intentions of your brother Louis Philippe, since you were always about him, and you ought to know that the moment you did not denounce him you became his accomplice." Oh! how did that threat, at once so cruel, insolent, and false, distress and annoy the Duke of Orleans! And how often did he apprehend lest the mere circumstance of Montpensier being related to him should be the cause, if not of his death, at least of bitter and unmerited persecutions! And, finally, how his heart loathed the wretched, wretched tyrants who had condemned his two innocent brothers to separation as well as to confinement, and whose myrmidons, when appealed to by Montpensier, who asked with impetuosity as the bolts of his solitary cell closed heavily upon him, "Citizens, citizens! by what order, and for what offence, am I sentenced to be placed in this horrible dungeon?" received only for reply, "It is by the orders of the Convention; and the duration of your imprisonment is wholly unknown!"

At length the moment of deliverance arrived for the young, innocent, and unfortunate captives, and the Duchess of Orleans having consented to the expatriation of her younger sons, the Directory gave orders for their removal from Fort St. Jean, and for their immediate embarkation for America. To General Willot was confided the pleasing task of communicating to the young princes the news that they were once more to be free, and that that freedom was to have its value enhanced by the cheering fact of their elder brother being about to meet them on the shores of America. The 5th of November, 1796, at length arrived, and the brothers of Louis Philippe left the port of Marseilles for that far-distant land in which they hoped to enjoy the blessings of freedom and repose. Oh! how their young hearts leapt within them when General Willot asked of them in their melancholy prison, "What would you say, young gentlemen, if I came at this moment to release you?" Montpensier afterwards described their sensations in the following graphic language: "When the general pronounced the unexpected happy sounds, 'You shall quit this prison for ever, unless you desire to return to it,' Beaujolais and myself looked steadfastly at each other, then, throwing ourselves into each other's arms, began to cry, laugh, leap about the room, and exhibit signs even of temporary derangement."

The past was, however, forgotten. Even the long voyage of ninety-three days, with all its ports and annoyances, seemed luxuries to them, and heartily did they thank God that they were once more spared to press to their hearts a brother whose virtues, even more than his relative ties, entitled him to their admiration and affection.

That was another striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe when in the city of Philadelphia, surrounded by American citizens, himself living in comparative retirement, but endeared to General Washington and to the American government, he received into his arms, and welcomed with rapture to the stranger land, the brothers he loved so well, and who had suffered so intensely. There were they, the three sons of a deceased regicide, without titles, property, or home; without rights, or privileges, or any interests to defend; and possessing scarcely any thing more than the right to live, except, indeed, the good wishes of all who became acquainted with their characters, and who could appreciate their hearts. There was the Duke of Orleans, the chief of his small house, the master of his modest establishment, a model of private virtue and fraternal love, of respect for the government, at least "*de facto*" of the country in which his lot had been cast; there he was, expatriated only for his name, and condemned to poverty and disgrace, whilst his noble qualities entitled him to respect and love. "We will not repine," he said to Beaujolais; "we will do our duty, fear God, and have confidence in our fortunes and our courage."

It was in February, 1797, that the meeting took place to which I have just referred, and of which Louis Philippe often discourses with evident delight. Small were their resources, frugal was their board, they lived wholly free from all ostentation, visited the principal points of attraction in the northern states of America, and, accompanied by that dear, faithful, affectionate Baudoin, who had been the companion of the Duke of Orleans during many a long day of fatigue, heat, cold, and of insufficient supplies of nourishment, visited Baltimore, the falls of the Potomac, Alexandria, and Mount Vernon, where Washington received them with parental kindness and noble hospitality. With that great man the young dukes formed a friendship which was alike honorable to all parties, but which was eminently serviceable to the French princes. Letters of introduction were given, and many acts of courtesy performed, by the American general, and they profited greatly from his almost parental attention.

Amongst the varied qualifications of the King of the French none, perhaps, are more striking than his love of order. He has essentially an orderly mind. All his pecuniary arrangements, all his distribution of property, all his expenditure, all the management of his estates, all the provisions made for his children, all the matrimonial negotiations he has entered into for them—all his military plans, all his diplomatic measures, all his senatorial acts, all his conduct as a citizen, as a subject, as a son, as a brother, as a prince, as an exile,—all were stamped with a love and a principle of order. Thus it was in America, when possessed of but a very small income for the support of himself and his brothers, he kept a minute account of the expenditure of every dollar, and that account is still in his possession. This principle of order it is which enabled him out of his civil list to found those glorious galleries of Versailles which are indeed noble memorials of his taste, of his love of the fine arts, of his just sense of all that is national and grand, and which will continue during many generations to add lustre to his great name, and to mark with just and deserved fame the age in which he flourished. Louis Philippe has been accused of parsimony, of meanness, and of love of money, not for the sake of applying it to great and wise ends, but of a love of money for the pleasure of hoarding up wealth. The charge is unjust. No prince has contributed more than the King of the French has done, of his own private wealth, to adorn the palaces, improve the parks and gardens, enrich the galleries and museums, encourage the arts, manufactures, sciences, and agriculture of his people. But he is economical, prudent, and just, as well as liberal, generous, and noble; and it is this union of excellencies which constitutes his grand characteristic of order.

That was also another interesting moment in the life of Louis Philippe when, accompanied by his brothers, and placing their saddle-bags on their horses, in which they had deposited their wearing apparel, money, arms, and all other requisites for a protracted journey, they embraced General Washington, and set out as pilgrims in search of knowledge and of improvement. "We will know this country well," said the young duke on one occasion, to Montpensier; "who can tell but that it may one day become a powerful ally of our own beloved France? It has vast powers and a wide territory; and surely we shall live to see an end to exile, proscription, and the scaffold at home."

Louis Philippe possesses another virtue, which is frequently displayed,—the memory of the heart, or gratitude. He forgets no favor, and will carry to the grave with him a sense of every kindness conferred on him by the Norwegian fishermen and the Lapland whalers, as well as by the humblest citizens of the United States. Thus the names of Law and Bingham, of Willing and Dallas, of Gallatin and Powell, are all present to his kindliest recollections; and on many occasions in after years, when enjoying all that this world possesses of good at Neuilly and in the Palais Royal, did he testify to hundreds of American citizens the interest he took in themselves and in their country.

Winchester, Stanton, Abingdon, Knoxville, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Maysville, Lancaster, Zanesville, Wheeling, and Washington, were respectively visited and examined by the duke and his companions; and at last they remained, for some time, at Pittsburg. There the health of the Count de Beaujolais considerably suffered; and the effects of three years' excitement, bad treatment, and imprisonment in the damp prison of Marseilles, began to display themselves. Then it was that the duke his brother proved all the tenderness of his character, by performing the duties of a nurse, and endeavored to soothe his "dear Beaujolais" by his affectionate devotedness and fraternal love. His own turn, however, soon after arrived, and at Bairdstown the party were detained in consequence of his illness. When Louis Philippe afterwards ascended the throne of France, he sent to that same Bairdstown a handsome clock as a memorial of his kind and generous recollection. Of General Neville and Judge Brackenburg, whom he met at Pittsburg, the king relates some curious and amusing incidents; one of which, relating to the judge, is well worth recounting. Conversing on one occasion with that individual, on the advantage of living even under bad laws, provided they are written, known, and faithfully executed, than of living in a state of society where democracy in full riot sets up its own tribunals, and subjects its victims to its own caprices and decisions, often under the pretence of favoring popular rights and popular liberties, the judge looked severely, and then broke out as follows: "I guess that Nero was no better than Robespierre, nor Caligula than Marat; but it is quite true that obedience and submission might secure the people from the edicts of the one, whilst that very obedience and that very submission would subject them to the vengeance of the other. Democracy without laws is the most horrible of despotisms."

That was again another striking moment in the life of the Duke of Orleans, when, after reaching the margin of the lake of Erie, arriving at Buffalo, and beholding Cattaraugus, he found himself the compulsory guest of a tribe of the Seneca Indians.

During his brief stay among them, or, rather, at his departure, a circumstance occurred which evinced that cool, calm, collected mind for which the duke has ever been distinguished. His brother Beaujolais had lost, whilst among the tribe, a favorite dog. What was to be done? Cowardice would have said, "We are but three,—they are a tribe; if they had not stolen the dog, he would have been with us still; and since they have stolen him, it is not probable they will return him." But far different was the conduct of the duke. With all the dignity of his character he returned to the tribe, sought out the chief, and demanded restitution; and his resolution and *sang froid* secured the restoration of Beaujolais' favorite and companion.

To Buffalo, Fort Erie, and the Canadian side of the Falls of Niagara, the princes also proceeded, and during their approach to Niagara they visited the Chippewa Indians, and passed some hours in their extraordinary and original village. Louis Philippe often describes in graphic terms the curious appearance of their cavalcade as they entered this primitive spot, and contrasts it with the splendor of a levee at St. James's or a ball at the Tuileries; and then points out to his family and his listeners how mistaken is the notion that men can only be virtuous or happy, useful or good, under one particular form of government, or subject to one description of forms, usages, and customs.

The absent Mademoiselle Orleans, now that admirable Madame Adelaide, to whom our brilliant young queen has of late been for the first time introduced at the château of Eu, was not forgotten by the Duke of Orleans or his brothers. From nearly every new spot and scene of importance and interest they wrote to her descriptions of scenery, manners, and life, and assured her of their unabated and abiding love. And as they wended their way, or sometimes lost their track through uninhabited regions, immense forests, and green savannahs, they conversed of their hapless and widowed mother, of their young and far-removed Adelaide, of the scenes of their earliest associations, and of that France which, in spite of all the crimes of her government, and the fierce despotism of her rulers, was still the land of their birth, their family, and of their tenderest and dearest associations.

That was another event of a striking character in the life of Louis Philippe when, whilst traversing the untamed domains of nature from Buffalo to Canandaigua, he met that persevering and admirable man, Mr. A. Baring, who recently as Lord Ashburton has effected the treaty between Great Britain and America which bears his name. Little did the exiled duke then think, whilst listening to the relation of the endurances he had had to submit to during his long and most wearisome journey, that at some future period he, the young exile, would be King of the French; and that during his reign Lord Ashburton would be selected by the British government to terminate differences with America which should have existed more than a quarter of a century.

Unintimidated by Mr. Baring's descriptions, faithful and correct as they were, the duke and his companions ascended the Seneca Lake, proceeded to Tioga Point, and during the last twenty-five miles of their journey, each carried on his back his own baggage. From Tioga through Wilkesbarre they proceeded to Philadelphia; and, having visited the American Cincinnatus, travelled through several of the States, passed some days among the Cherokee Indians; and finally, in June, 1797, regained Philadelphia. They had scarcely returned a month when the yellow fever broke out with violence, and they were counselled to follow the example of all persons of respectability, and to leave the city. But this was impossible. Their means were nearly exhausted; they had to wait for supplies from Europe; to borrow, to beg, or to go into debt, the Duke of Orleans would not do; and with the utmost economy, therefore, he directed the domestic arrangements of their small establishment, until, in the autumn of the year just mentioned, they were enabled by the duchess, their mother, to proceed to the Eastern States. New-York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, and the Maine, they deliberately examined, and finally they arrived at Boston, the metropolis of New England.

That was a sad and sorrowing moment for this group of affectionate and devoted sons, when, whilst staying at New-York, they learned for the first time, from the public papers, that after the eighteenth Fructidor a law had passed expelling from France all the members of the Bourbon family. "My poor mother, my beloved mother!" exclaimed the Duke of Orleans; "she also is included in this unjust and severe decree! What has she done to France but love it, cherish it, plead for it, weep over it, suffer for it. We will speedily join her. She is gone to Spain! Dearest mother, thou shalt not remain sonless as well as a widow whilst we are alive!" From that moment their resolution was taken; but how long it was before it could be carried into effect! England and Spain were at war. The communications between the United States and the Peninsula were, therefore, either interrupted or dangerous, and many difficulties opposed themselves to the realization of their filial enterprise.

The duke and his brothers arrived at New Orleans on the 17th of Feb., 1798, having resolved to proceed at once to Cuba. Whilst crossing the Gulf of Mexico, they were met by an English frigate sailing under the republican flag of France. How singular a coincidence is this, that that tricolored flag which was then the subject of horror and detestation on the part of the duke and his brothers, was afterwards the very flag which Louis Philippe adopted when called by the revolution of 1830 to the throne of France. "France readopts her colors with enthusiasm," said the Duke of Orleans at the Hotel de Ville; and yet, thirty-two years previously, with what very different feelings those colors had been beheld, may be gathered from the following incident! When the frigate had discharged several guns, the vessel in which were the duke and his brothers came to, and soon a voice was heard, "Come, my lads, you must follow us!" Poor Montpensier was *au désespoir*. "God only knows," he said, "where they are now about to conduct us; perhaps we shall have to sail round the world!" The Duke of Orleans was not so easily intimidated; but, advancing to the lieutenant of the frigate, said, "Sir, have the goodness to inform your captain that I am the Duke of Orleans; that my companions are my brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count Beaujolais, and that we are proceeding to the Havannah." Captain Cochrane received them with politeness, conveyed them safely to Cuba, and there landed them on the last day of March, 1798.

The spirit of persecution against the Orleans family which had only for a while relaxed, now again displayed itself; and, although in the Havannah, the duke and his brothers lived in the most regular, retired, and virtuous manner, not expressing any political opinions in public or even private, but confining themselves to study and exercise; yet an order, dated Aranjuez, the 21st of May, 1799, directed the captain-general of the Isle of Cuba no longer to allow the three princes to remain in that portion of the Spanish territory; but to send them immediately to New Orleans. During their fourteen months' residence at Cuba their resources had been extremely limited, and their hardships ill fitting their rank and real patrimony. But they did not repine at their lot, and waited patiently for the issue of events.

The life of Louis Philippe is so replete with extraordinary coincidences, that one is struck at almost every new step of his existence with something memorable and exciting. Little did he think when proscribed by France and Spain, and nearly the whole of Europe, and after having repaired to the Bahama Islands, and passed over to Halifax, where he was received by the Duke of Kent, the father of our beloved Victoria, that forty-three years afterwards he should receive at the old Normandy family château of his race the daughter of that same duke, who is now the Queen of England. And little did he imagine, when her father showed to him so much of honest politeness and unaffected sympathy, in the North American provinces, that he should have it in his power at a future period to return all the kindness and attention displayed to himself and his brothers, by greeting, in his best, most hospitable, and regal manner, the Queen of England, and the eldest daughter of that Duke of Kent. Such are the chances and changes of this varied world!

To England, the nation of the brave and the free, the duke and his associates now turned their attention, since wearied by the half-savage, half-civilized life of the North American provinces, and disgusted with the shameful persecution to which the royal wanderers had been exposed at the Havannah, they now abandoned the hope of seeing their mother, the Duchess of Orleans in Spain; but resolved to proceed to Great Britain, and there adopt plans which should conduce to that result. For it is a fact which cannot be too broadly or fully stated, that the Orleans family, both of the last and present generations, were, and are, amongst the most affectionate and devoted of their class. Their family affection was and is boundless; and a better father, husband, and son, does not breathe on the earth than Louis Philippe.

The Duke of Kent was applied to by the then Duke of Orleans to grant to himself and his brothers a free passage to England. With that request his royal highness felt he could not comply without first obtaining permission from the government at home; and as the French princes were too impatient to leave America, and get back at least to the neighborhood of Europe, to wait for the exchange of couriers, and the then often long passage to and from Great Britain, they embarked on board a small vessel for New-York, and afterwards obtained in a packet-ship a passage for England. But who, save Louis Philippe himself, can recount all the annoyances and vexations, deprivations and sorrows, to which himself and his brothers were exposed before they could secure their passage, so small were their resources?

They, whose private fortunes were immense, often found themselves without a dollar between them, and knew not where to obtain the next. They arrived, however, at Falmouth in February, 1800. That fond and faithful Adelaide had prepared the way by correspondence with the English government for their reception; and the good and gracious George the Third directed that no impediment should be thrown in the way of their residence in or near London.

The arrival of the three sons of "*Egalité*" at Twickenham, was an event of some importance, not merely in the opinion of the diplomatic circles of London, but also in that of the princes of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon. The emigrants entertained, of course, a cordial hatred for the Orleans family, in consequence of the political principles and conduct of its late head. This was natural; and it led to the separation of the eldest branch from the Orleans race up to the period at which I have now arrived in the history of Louis Philippe. That the brothers and the child of Louis XVI. should feel an aversion even to the offspring of "Egalité," cannot excite surprise. He had voted for the death of their brother and father, and that was a crime which could not be forgiven. But, in addition to this, the peculiar circumstances in which the young Duke of Orleans was placed at the time of the defection of Dumouriez, and his entire separation from the eldest branch of the Bourbons, as well as his known political opinions being those of a constitutional and not of an absolute character, rendered him an object of suspicion and mistrust on the part of both the Bourbons and the emigrants. "What is the object of the Duke of Orleans in coming to London?" was a question everywhere put, and which excited great interest and attention. The next heir to the French throne was Louis XVIII. He was at Mitteau. The Prince de Condé endeavored to wreak his vengeance on France for the cruelties and barbarities inflicted on his race by war. The Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. was residing in the British metropolis, and his abode was the rendezvous of those who were the most determined opponents of the new order of things in France. Some were of opinion that the Duke of Orleans had secret objects which he wished to accomplish; that he desired to ascend the throne of France, or at least to prepare his way for so doing; and that he had a party in France secretly at work for him. Others thought that his great desire was to obtain the patronage of the British government in the event of a general peace, or of some other arrangement by which he might, with its aid, be put in possession of the Orleans family estates. Whilst those who knew him best were quite certain that he had only one straightforward course in view, and that was to reside quietly in England, without listening to intrigues, or being mixed up in plots or conspiracies, to associate with the English gentry, to "*bide his time*," to take his chance in coming events, and to be (as he hoped) one day again a prince and a gentleman in his own country. When he settled down in Twickenham, his intentions were as honorable as they were open and public. He lived without ostentation and display; spoke but little of politics or political events; sought the society of the best English families; and would not on any occasion deviate from the line he had marked out of acting in a foreign country as a private individual, and not as a political personage.

During the absence of the Duke de Montpensier and the Count Beaujolais at Clifton, for the benefit of the health of the former, the Count d'Artois invited the Duke of Orleans to visit him at his residence in Welbeck-street, Cavendish Square. That invitation was accepted, and led to a reconciliation with Louis XVIII., by means of a correspondence, in which the Duke of Orleans expressed his deep regret at the fatal vote of his father, and his own horror at the enormities perpetrated by the regicide factions in France; but, at the same time, avowed that to the early and original principles of the Revolution of 1788, before they were stained by bloodshed and crime, he was as warmly as ever attached. It was on that occasion that the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) reproached him with his "*errors;*" and oh, strange coincidence! that same Charles X. just thirty years afterwards, wrote to the same Duke of Orleans to entreat him to become regent of France, and to rule for, and in the name of, his grandson the Duke of Bordeaux, during his minority. How little did either the Count d'Artois or the Duke of Orleans think when, in February, 1800, the former had reproached the latter with his "errors," that thirty years subsequently the *real* "errors" of Charles X. would lead to his abdication; that he would himself apply to the Duke of Orleans to step between the eldest branch of the French people, as a sort of third party or hostage, and that the throne of the Capets should afterwards become that of the family of Orleans!!

Mr. Pitt soon satisfied himself of the purity of the intentions of the duke, introduced him to George the Third, who held a special levee to receive him and his brother, and, from that moment, they were invited during the whole of that season to the most elevated and fashionable circles. Still the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon was not satisfied. The members of that branch desired to see the duke and his brother at the head of an army with the "Drapeau blanc" as their emblem, to announce their principles, marching against France. Numerous were the efforts made by the Count d'Artois, by the Prince of Bourbon, and by the emigrants, to prevail on the duke to identify himself completely with the emigrant party; but neither their efforts, nor those of the court of Louis XVIII., in Courland, could prevail on the Orleans family to follow their counsels; and although they associated with the eldest branch, and wished success to the cause of the Bourbons, they resolved not to become parties to a counter-revolution.

In order, then, to get rid of importunities which were disagreeable, and to put an end to unprofitable negotiations, the Duke of Orleans requested Mr. Pitt to grant him and his brother a free passage to Minorca, hoping from that island to be enabled to pass over to Spain, and enjoy the long-desired interview with their royal mother. The duchess was then living in comparative comfort in Spain, since Buonaparte had caused her to receive a large portion of the produce of the sale of the Orleans estates. To her sons she was kind, attentive, and even generous; but the difficulties which then existed in the way of safely transmitting money were much greater than is generally imagined.

The voyage to Minorca was unfortunate. Time and money were consumed without any result being obtained. Although they arrived at the Spanish coast, so great was the aversion of the government of that country even to their names, that they were not allowed to proceed into the interior of the kingdom, and they returned to England without enjoying the satisfaction of an interview with their mother. They succeeded, however, by their correspondence, in prevailing upon the duchess to send for her daughter Mademoiselle, now Madame Adelaide, from Hungary, where she was then residing with the Princess of Conti, and to cause her to become her companion in her Spanish exile. Most unsuccessful were all the efforts of the French princes once more to clasp in their arms their beloved mother; and to England they returned, fully resolved to reside at Twickenham in complete isolation, and the most retired and private manner.

From this period, 1802, when, with but one servant the princes resided in England, living a life of seclusion on the banks of the Thames, to the year 1807, when the beloved Montpensier was separated by death from the Duke of Orleans, the days of the princes were calm and peaceful. The Duke of Orleans studied the constitution and laws of Great Britain; Montpensier distinguished himself as a painter; and Beaujolais watched with intense interest the affairs of France and of the Continent; and kept his brothers "*au courant*" with the events of each day. They were indeed admirably formed for each other, and never was a brighter example given of fraternal affection. But, alas! the healths of both Beaujolais and Montpensier were too deeply affected by the imprisonment and sufferings of their earlier days ever really to recover; and, notwithstanding the best medical aid was resorted to, the Duke de Montpensier died in his thirty-second year, at Salthill, near Windsor, to the inexpressible grief of his surviving and most disconsolate brothers. Of that prince much has been written of a commendatory nature, but not one word too much. He had a noble and tender heart, a fine elevated mind, a high sense of honor and virtue, and a great love of order, truth, and obedience. His ashes repose in that Westminster Abbey, beneath whose roof are entombed the great, the learned, and the good; and, in 1829, when the present King of the French visited for the last time this country, he caused to be erected to the memory of his beloved brother a monument worthy of his name.

The Count de Beaujolais soon followed, though in another land, his beloved Montpensier to the world of spirits. Prevailed on by the Duke of Orleans to accompany him to Malta, for the benefit of a milder and more genial atmosphere, they took up their residence at Valetta; but only a few weeks afterwards, this adventurous, refined, and courageous prince existed no longer. It was in the month of October, 1808, that the Duke of Orleans truly found himself alone in the world; and although the members of the eldest branch had acted with much of kindness and sympathy, yet nothing could compensate him for the loss of two brothers with whom he had spent so many years of devoted and mutual love. Broken-hearted and alone, he now sought in change of scene some mitigation of his sorrows; and having received from Ferdinand IV., the King of the Two Sicilies, an invitation to visit himself and his family, he proceeded to his majesty's dominions, and landed at the port of Messina.

At Palermo the Duke of Orleans was received with noble hospitality and affectionate sympathy, and there he became acquainted with that most admirable and amiable princess who is now the Queen of the French, and whose virtue, maternal and conjugal love, and unaffected piety, cannot possibly be too highly extolled. Indeed, her devotedness, her sweet counsels, and unbounded attachment, her good sense, admirable prudence, and yet cheerful and resigned conduct on occasions of the deepest trial, and almost unheard-of anxiety and sorrows, have been to the duke and the king the charm of his life, and have rendered him one of the happiest of husbands and of fathers. Their views have so completely harmonized with regard to the education of their children; their domestic and family arrangements have been adopted so wholly with each other's full consent and approbation; and they have on all occasions so entirely acted in concert on all important questions, that notwithstanding the various attempts made since 1830 to assassinate the king and his offspring, as well as the political convulsions of the kingdom and the deaths of two beloved children, her uniform and devoted love, pious resignation, and practical religion, have made life almost charmful, and mitigated the severity of their mutual sorrows.

It was soon after the period when the Duke of Orleans first saw the princess Marie Amelia that Napoleon had decided upon becoming arbitrator between the King of Spain and his son Ferdinand, and had resolved to deprive one of the present, the other of his prospective right to the throne. He had formed the project of placing the diadem of the peninsula on the brow of Joseph Buonaparte his brother. This led to the Peninsular War. The Queen of Sicily hoped that the moment would arrive when Napoleon might favor the claims of her second son prince Leopold, and besides which she hoped that the Duke of Orleans might be induced to appear in the field and rally round him all the royalist emigrants. She, therefore, desired to postpone the marriage of her daughter with the Duke of Orleans until she should be perfectly convinced that Napoleon would despise her machinations.

That was a striking event, and an extraordinary moment in the life of Louis Philippe, when in August, 1808, prevailed on by the mother of his future wife and queen, he accompanied Prince Leopold, his future brother-in-law, to Gibraltar, in order to propose from thence to the senate of Seville to adopt the former as regent. Such a line of proceeding was so unlike his former prudent and wise policy, that nothing can explain its adoption but the influence exercised over his mind by the mother of that princess to whom he so ardently desired to unite his future destinies. But although, for the moment, his mind had been unduly influenced and his heart had lent itself to the deception, it was *only* for a moment, and as soon as the duke had conferred with Lord Collingwood, this strange adventure was wisely terminated. The whole of the previous life of the Duke of Orleans supplied so great a mass of evidence that this momentary intrigue was not his own invention, that Lord Collingwood therefore took great pains to convince his royal highness that the project was senseless, and had not the smallest chance of success. Convinced by the unanswerable arguments of his lordship, the Duke of Orleans returned on board the "*Thunderer*" to England, although, to gratify his future mother-in-law, he sent in a protest to the British government and a complaint against the governor of Gibraltar, but pursued them no farther than was requisite to fulfil the promise he had made to the Queen of Sicily.

The project, long conceived, but so often frustrated by unexpected events, of once more beholding his venerable mother, he was now resolved to prosecute until success should crown his efforts. He accordingly applied to the British government for permission to proceed to the Mediterranean and to correspond with the Duchess of Orleans, who was residing at Port Mahon; and he was on the very eve of embarking when he had the happiness of meeting at Portsmouth (to which place he had proceeded for the purpose of finding out her abode) his beloved and devoted sister Mademoiselle d'Orleans. After a few days' residence in England, they left for Malta, and reached Valetta in February, 1809. To the Chevalier de Broval were intrusted the negotiation for an interview, but that mission, unknown to the duke, assumed a political character, and the Duke of Orleans was appointed to the command of a corps of the Spanish army destined to act on the frontiers of Catalonia. This measure, however, was instantly frustrated by Napoleon by the sudden invasion of Andalusia by a powerful French force. The project, however, brought suspicion on the duke, and its failure deprived him of some of the fame he had acquired for his "ability" and courage.

At the court of the Queen of Sicily he was of course libelled by his foes, and his chances of success in his matrimonial projects became but small, when he determined on facing his enemies and on proceeding without delay to Palermo. There the frankness of his manners, the charms of his society and conversation, and the sincere and avowed attachment of the Sicilian princess for him, removed all obstacles, and the Duchess of Orleans having given her consent to the union, embarked on board an English vessel, and arrived at Palermo on the 15th of October, 1809.

And was not that a memorable moment in the life of Louis Philippe when, after so many years of persecution, poverty, exile, and misery,—when, after having lost his Montpensier and his Beaujolais, his two faithful and devoted brothers, he once more pressed to his heart his beloved and long absent mother? How sad had been her destinies! Her husband had first deserted her, and then had been put to death; her children had been banished from her; her property had been confiscated and sold; her own peaceful asylum at Figueiras had been laid in ruins by a Catalonian army; and she had become a miserable wanderer on the face of the earth! But once more ere she died she beheld herself in the society of two of her children, and one month after her arrival at Palermo, she witnessed the execution of the marriage contract of her son and Princess Maria Amelia of Sicily. On the 25th of November of that year the illustrious pair received the church's benediction in the old Norman chapel of the Palazzo Reale. "The old Duchess," wrote Lord Collingwood, "who is a delightful old woman, seems to have forgotten all her misfortunes, (and they have been great,) and is very happy in the choice which her son has made of a wife."

The marriage in question, if looked at solely from the point of time at which it was celebrated, and the then prospects both of Louis Philippe and the Sicilian dynasty, was any thing but fortunate. For he was an exiled prince without wealth or power, and she was the daughter of a prince who was compelled to seek safety in an insular portion of his dominions, protected, indeed, by the British navy, but, without such protection, weak and helpless.

But a few months had passed over his head before the Duke of Orleans received an urgent solicitation on the part of the Spanish provisional government to enter the Peninsula, and the proposal was received by him with pleasure and adopted with delight. Why was this? The struggle was between liberty and tyranny, and involved the independence or the subjection of the Spanish nation. But the duke arrived too late, (May, 1810,) and he reembarked, aud sailed for Cadiz.

The Duke of Wellington disapproved of the invitation which had been sent to the Duke of Orleans, and anxiously hoped for his own honor, that he would reject it. The Duke of Wellington also regretted the difficulties in which the misfortunes and the intrigues of Spain had involved so amiable a person as the subject of this memoir. More than this, the Duke of Wellington stated in a letter to Dumouriez, "I have often lamented the lot of the Duke of Orleans. He is a prince of the most estimable character, great talents, and deserved reputation; he will one day prove a great benefactor to his unhappy country."

That the Duke of Orleans did not go unbidden to Spain, and that the regency had pressed upon him the acceptance of the command of the troops, cannot be doubted; but the Cortes supplanted the regency, and the Duke of Wellington sought to dissuade the Duke of Orleans from taking up arms against France, even in so noble and just a cause as that of Spanish independence.

And, surely, that was an interesting moment in the life of Louis Philippe when, on the 30th of September, 1810, full of honest indignation at the conduct both of the regency and the Cortes towards him, he presented himself unbidden before that assembly, alighted at the principal door of entrance, and demanded to be heard. He was so; but the Cortes would not retract its decision, and three deputies waited on him to state that his withdrawal had become necessary for the safety of that very country he had arrived to defend. His protests were fruitless, his retirement was enforced, and on the 3d of October he embarked for Palermo.

On the Duke of Orleans arriving at Palermo in October, 1810, he learned that on the 2d of the previous month his duchess had given birth to that noble prince the Duke of Chartres, and afterwards the Duke of Orleans, whose premature and melancholy death all Europe and the civilized world have not yet ceased to deplore. Brave, generous, well instructed, amiable, chivalrous, loyal, and patriotic, the late Duke of Orleans was the charm of every society in which he mingled, the idol of his family, and the hope of every man of sense and moderation in France. His admirable temper, his great good sense, his love of his native land, his moderate but well-guarded ambition, his attachment to French constitutional institutions, his aversion to extreme principles and measures, and his excellent tact and discrimination, pointed him out as a man from whom France had much to expect, and the world at large much to hope. Foremost in the field of battle when his country called him to attack her foes, he was, nevertheless, a lover of peace, of the fine arts, of his family circle, and of domestic life. He has left a widow who still sorrows for his loss as one who cannot be consoled, but who will educate his children with wisdom, love, prudence, and virtue.

There is a story told of him in familiar circles which is not generally known, but which is greatly to his honor and praise. On one occasion after the birth of the Count de Paris, a lady whose attachment to the Church of Rome was far greater than that of the late duke, expressed her fears that as his duchess was a *Protestant*, the count might receive some bias towards that religion. The duke listened with attention to all the observations of the illustrious lady, and then replied, "The first thing necessary for a prince, in the days in which we live, is to be an honest man, and to love above and before all things truth; then to be prepared to live and to die for his country, and then to govern according to its laws and constitution. If my son does all this, I care not whether he be called a Catholic or a Huguenot. He will be in both cases an honest man, a good king, and I hope a true Christian." But to return to Louis Philippe.

The then Duke of Orleans entertained some hopes that he might obtain employment and secure honor in the army of his father-in-law; but the king and queen could never agree either upon the objects to be pursued, or on the mode of carrying them into effect. The queen insisted that the English were opposed to the restoration of Ferdinand to the throne of Naples, and her son-in-law in vain tried to persuade her to abandon the notion of rescuing Italy, and employ all her resources in defending Sicily. He urged her also to cultivate by all the means in her power the alliance of Great Britain. His advice both as to foreign and domestic policy was disregarded; and the unfortunate revolution confirmed the accuracy of his counsels, and demonstrated the folly of the queen's decision. The duke foresaw the approaching storm, lived with his duchess and the young Duke of Chartres in comparative seclusion, secured to himself and his family by his admirable conduct the respect and confidence of the Sicilians, and there remained not far from Palermo, a spectator rather than an actor on the great arena of political contest, until aroused from his state of comparative indolence by the thrilling news of the ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON!

That was another striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe, when on the 23d of April, 1814, he entered the Marine Hotel at Palermo, occupied by the British Ambassador, and received from him the startling intelligence that Napoleon had fallen, and that the race of the Bourbons was restored to the throne of their forefathers! Surprise, incredulity, amazement, were all marked on his countenance, and alternately he rejoiced at the *result*, whilst, as a Frenchman, he could not but deplore the defeat, disgrace, and subjugation of his country. And was not that a moment of the deepest and even inconceivable interest when, on the 18th of May, 1814, he re-entered that city of Paris in which his father had been guillotined amidst the acclamations of the populace, and in which barbarities and horrors had been perpetrated, which would have disgraced even the savages and cannibals of New Zealand? Yet there stood the same Tuileries in which he had seen collected so much of pomp, and wit, and beauty, and gorgeousness, and all that was glittering and gay. And there stood the same palace of the Palais Royal, though debased and degraded by republican and imperial governments; and there were the same Boulevards, conducting to that same Place de la Bastille, to which Madame de Genlis had conducted him to witness its famous demolition! "Your highness was a lieutenant-general in the service of the country twenty-five years ago," said Louis XVIII. when the duke was presented to him the day after his arrival, "and you are still the same!" Yes, there he was, standing in the same palace, bearing the same title, and yet once more destined to return to the shores of England, and seek the sylvan shades and retreat of Twickenham.

There is a very curious fact connected with this portion of the life of Louis Philippe which, when compared with another period of his history, cannot fail to strike with interest the reader. I allude to the fact, that Prince Talleyrand, who accompanied Louis XVIII. to Compiegne, remarked to the king, "that he saw no *necessity* for hastening the return of the Duke of Orleans; that the air of Palermo agreed with him so well, that perhaps it would be best he should remain there." And yet, when after a lapse of sixteen years, that same Duke of Orleans was raised to the throne of France, the Prince Talleyrand was amongst the first to do him homage, and negotiated with such ability with foregin powers the recognition of the *Orleans dynasty*, that he obtained its admission into the family of European sovereigns! This was a specimen of Talleyrand. Zealous for all, faithful to none; successful for all, sincere to none; ever true to the rising star, the rising sun, and the smiling fortune; and ever false to the sinking star, the setting sun, and to misfortune and defeat. He had every vice,—and not one virtue.

In the month of July, 1814, the duke returned to Palermo, and was accompanied by the same Baron Athalin, who afterwards became the private and left-handed husband of Mademoiselle Orleans, now Madame Adelaide, and for whose courage, honor, and devotedness to the Orleans dynasty, Louis Philippe has since rewarded him with every mark of esteem and gratitude. To the palace of his ancestors Louis Philippe now returned. He was received with coldness at court, and with suspicion by the restored Royalists. This was unwise and cruel. But new events changed the whole aspect of affairs. Napoleon escaped from Elba, and, on the 5th of March, 1815, landed at Cannes. Louis XVIII. sent for the Duke of Orleans. What was to be done? "Sire," said he, addressing himself to Louis XVIII., "as for me, I am prepared to share both your bad and good fortune; although one of your royal race, I am your subject, servant, and soldier; dispose of me as your majesty pleases for the honor and the peace of France!"

Directed to proceed to Lyons to oppose the progress of the usurper, he pointed out the impossibility of success in such an undertaking, but undertook the command of the army of the north. There, with that same valiant Mortier Duke de Trevise, who was subsequently shot by his side on the Boulevard du Temple by the infernal machine of Fieschi, the Duke of Orleans visited Cambrai, Douai, Lille, and other fortified stations on a tour of inspection, and did all he could to excite his soldiers to fidelity, and the population to a love of peace. But his efforts were wholly unavailing, and after having ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt that, at least for a period, the cause of the usurper would triumph, he addressed to Marshal Mortier a farewell letter, and returned to Twickenham, whither had preceded him his Duchess, the Duke of Chartres, and his second son, the present gallant and very able prince, the Duke of Nemours. That scion of the house of Orleans was born at Paris on the 25th of October, 1814, and is at the moment I am writing this sketch visiting the French provinces in company with his duchess, in order that he may become intimately acquainted with the wants and wishes of France, in the event of his august father Louis Philippe dying before the Count de Paris shall arrive at his majority, in which case the Duke de Nemours would be regent. That duke is a Conservative. Possessed of great talents, considerable eloquence, presence of mind, decision of character, and a firm resolution to do and to say that which he believes to be right, no man of his family, or of his time is better qualified to become regent should that death occur, which would, alas! render a regency inevitable. For the sake of the peace of France and the repose of the world, may that day be yet far distant.

The Duke of Orleans retired from France with mingled sentiments of regret and discouragement. He had ascertained the fact that the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon could not rely on the support of the French army! and therefore that foreign intervention and foreign occupation could alone secure to that dynasty possession of the throne. To what events a foreign occupation would lead, how it might be opposed, and what would follow that opposition, he could not possibly predict or foresee; and when he arrived at Twickenham he did not hesitate to state that he could not imagine what might be the result of the new struggle. But THE HUNDRED DAYS of rule,—and that battle of Waterloo, which in spite of all the falsehoods which have been published respecting it, was one of the greatest, most important, and honorable to British arms and valor, ever fought in any land, soon put an end to the ephemeral success of the usurper, and recalled to the throne of France the house of Bourbon.

The enemies of the Duke of Orleans were not, however, few or inactive. The Jesuits and the Court of Rome, the emigrants and their families,—all sought by forged documents and signatures, and by every other unworthy and disgraceful means, to interrupt the cordiality which existed between the house of Bourbon Capet and that of Bourbon Orleans, and to cause it to be believed that the head of the latter house was conspiring with the Liberals, to depopularize the then reigning dynasty, as well as to create a party for himself. When he returned to the French capital, he found therefore little cordiality. When he carried by his manly eloquence in the chamber of peers the *rejection* of an address invoking the king to exercise measures of vengeance against Marshal Ney and Labedoyère, and others, and which would have virtually deprived his majesty of the free and unbiassed exercise of his judgment and compassion, he was suspected and denounced; and Louis XVIII. was prevailed on to recall that ordinance by virtue of which princes of the blood royal sat in the chamber of peers. They were not to appear in the chamber in future without special authorization. This was a blow so direct and violent levelled against the Duke, and which was followed by so decided a refusal of the king to avail himself of his assistance in the formation of his new government, that he deemed it at once more expedient to retire to England, and from the quiet scenery of Twickenham to watch the progress of events and the measures of the Bourbon government. There, for nearly twelve months, he "looked through the loopholes of retreat," and examined, though from a distance, the proceedings of the Ultra-royalists. Talleyrand was at the moment occupied with the project of sending the Duke of Orleans permanently to Palermo; but the answer received from the prince was so manly, decided, and constitutional, that the artful courtier and diplomatist was wholly defeated.

When the period of reaction had passed away, Louis Philippe returned to France in the spring of 1817. From that moment he resolved to devote himself to the management of his extensive domains, and which had not been sold under the usurping governments of the republic or of Buonaparte; to the administration of his sumptuous household; and, above all, to the education of a numerous and charming family, redolent of health, wit, and beauty.

The management of his estates, the liquidation of his debts due upon them, and their restoration to order, occupied the duke during a period of nearly ten years; and, although it has been the habit to accuse that prince of having devoted a large portion of that time to intrigues against the reigning dynasty, nothing can be farther removed from the truth than those allegations. Louis Philippe is essentially a family man; attached to family and quiet pursuits; fond of literature and literary men; and naturally much more disposed to follow and adopt the habits and pursuits of an English country gentleman, than to engage in diplomatic negotiations or in political pursuits. It was not, then, natural for Louis Philippe, with his far different and opposing tastes and inclinations, to engage in political intrigues, and in secret opposition to the king's government. Besides which, he owed too many obligations to Louis XVIII., for the assistance afforded to him in procuring possession of his patrimonial estates, and for the millions of francs assigned to him under the act of indemnity, to be so ungrateful and disloyal. That the duke believed that some further political revolution might occur in France is certain; but that he contributed to bring about, either directly or indirectly, the events of 1830, I do most unhesitatingly and wholly deny. Undoubtedly, his associates were neither Romish priests nor Ultra-royalists; and it cannot be denied that Foy, Constant, Perier, and Manuel, were amongst the constant visitors at the Palais Royal, Neuilly, and Eu. Nor will those who write or speak conscientiously of Louis Philippe attempt to deny that his political views were rather those of Lord Grey than of Mr. Pitt, of Mr. Fox than of Lord Liverpool, or of Mr. Canning than of Lord Castlereagh. .But Louis Philippe, whether as Duke of Orleans or as king, was, and is, of opinion, that in countries governed by limited monarchies, changes should be effected solely by the parliament, and not by the populace; and that no excuse can be offered for those who conspire under constitutional governments. I am anxious, then, to assist, at least, in removing a general impression, which I think on the whole unfounded, that the Duke of Orleans, either under the reign of Louis XVIII. or under that of Charles X., *conspired* against the government of his country, or against the monarch on the throne. I know he often disapproved the policy of Talleyrand, of Villele, and of Polignac; but as the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Kent, and the Duke of Sussex, were not conspirators, though I regret that they all once belonged to the opposition ranks in parliament, so neither was the Duke of Orleans. This is the line of distinction to be drawn:—and for want of it being attended to, the conduct of Louis Philippe during the restoration has been either not understood or greatly misrepresented.

No family circle in the whole world was more united and happy than that of the Duke of Orleans at the period of which I am now speaking. Those who were admitted to the château of the duke were in love with all they saw and all they heard. "They are delicious creatures, those Orleans girls," exclaimed the Duchess of Berry, as they left on one occasion the favorite evening's "*causerie*" apartment of Charles X.; "there is not such another family in your majesty's dominions." The system of education adopted by the duke was admirable; and this thought reminds me of a few words written about that same Prince de Joinville who has lately escorted our fair queen from Eu to Brighton, and has expressed in touching and feeling terms his admiration of her character and of *the whole British nation.*

"I saw the young Prince de Joinville," wrote Madame de Genlis, "who was only two years old, but who spoke as distinctly as a child of six or seven; he was also as polite as he was handsome and intelligent: in fact, the whole family of the Duke of Orleans is truly the most interesting I ever knew. Its members are charming by their personal attractions, by their natural qualities and education, and by the reciprocal attachment of parents and children."

The determination of Louis Philippe to confer on his sons the benefits of a public education in the schools of Paris has been unjustly and unkindly ascribed to a wish to render his branch of the Bourbon race more popular than that of the eldest branch.

I sm satisfied that this is a libel. It is true that the duke did not believe that the revolution of 1793 or 1788 had been terminated. He did not witness that quiet and calm settling down to existing institutions on the part of the middling classes in France, which was necessary to assure to a thoughtful mind either security for the present, or confidence for the future. There was an evident conviction that something else had to transpire, that an attempt would be made by the court to unsettle the settlement of 1815, and that this attempt might lead to new disasters. That the Duke of Orleans was, therefore, disposed to stand aloof from a line of policy he did not approve is certain; but he never conspired against that policy. It is by no means improbable that he resolved on the education of his sons in the public schools, partly with the view of showing that he was in no wise mixed up with the re-actionary views and the counter-revolutionary determinations of the high Roman Catholic party, but it by no means followed that he desired either to excite distrust in the minds of the people against the eldest branch of the Bourbons, or to form a political party in his own favor. I firmly believe that the principal reasons why the Duke of Orleans determined on educating his sons in the public schools were; first, because he was of opinion that they would receive in them a far better education than at home. And, secondly, because, since, owing to the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, his branch of the Bourbon race would not probably ever be called to the throne; that his own children should belong rather to the upper ranks of French society than be regarded merely as princes, and Bourbons.

The marriage of the niece of the Duchess of Orleans with the Duke of Berry was an event of great importance in the history of the former family. Lively, gay, witty, generous, and open-hearted, the Duchess of Berry captivated all parties, and even gained the affection of the Republicans themselves. Few women have ever lived whose passions have betrayed them into more acts of indiscretion and impropriety than this unfortunate lady; and yet, few have ever possessed such admiring and devoted followers. She had the art of making herself loved to a greater degree than almost any other woman of her time; and to this day the name of the Duchess of Berry carries a talismanic influence with it, even in the liberal circles and saloons of Paris. That marriage then introduced more frequently the Duke of Orleans to the court, but the priest party was always opposed to him; caused him invariably to be distrusted; and induced Louis XVIII., and subsequently

Charles X., to believe that, in him, the eldest branch had a dangerous and decided foe. It was, therefore, that the former prince refused to confer on him the title of "Royal Highness."

The death of Louis XVIII., in some respects, however, changed the position of the Duke of Orleans. The latter was received with greater kindness at court, his children were regarded with more attention and affection; and, during the first month of the reign of Charles X., the advice of the duke was not wholly neglected. But this state of things was not of long duration. The old Roman Catholic party once more rallied: the Court of Rome installed itself at the Tuileries: doubts were entertained whether the new monarch should take the oath of fidelity to the charter: and that unhappy and misguided man, who possessed a noble and benevolent heart, was at last prevailed on to believe that it was possible to re-establish in France the old French monarchy of 1780. From that moment the Duke of Orleans resolved on standing aloof, as far as possible, from political events. He determined, yet more than ever, to consecrate his life to his large and admirable family, and to encourage the arts, science, and literature; to relieve the distresses of the unfortunate; to administer his own vast domains; to aid all improvements in manufactures, commerce, and agriculture; and to be the encourager and patron of all that could tend to embellish and adorn that France he loved so dearly, and that illustrious family of which he was the head.

When Charles X. announced to the national guards of Paris their dissolution, because some cries had been uttered at a review unfavorable, not to the king, but to his government, the Duke of Orleans was silent. "Another step, deplorable and false, has this day been taken," said the duke to an intimate friend; "but I am only a subject; and, although I greatly fear that this indicates a desire for counter-revolution, my course is clear—to obey and be silent."

When Count de Peyronnet's bill for restraining the liberty of the press was brought into the House of Peers, the Duke of Orleans regarded it as the presage of a coming storm; but he raised not the drapeau of disobedience, whilst he rejoiced at the repudiation of the measure.

When the Duke of Berry was assassinated, the Duke of Orleans and his family were plunged into the deepest grief. They really loved him. His blunt and honest character, and his affection for the French people, endeared him to all who knew him; and the conduct of the Orleans family on that occasion tended to increase that affection for them, which the Duchess of Berry never hesitated to avow.

When the Count de Villele prevailed on the offended monarch to avenge himself on the Chamber of Peers by creating seventy-six new members of that Assembly, the Duke of Orleans sighed over a policy, which was conducting throne, government, and country, to the verge of a terrible and awful abyss. Yet, still faithful to his principle of obedience, he inculcated submission to the wishes of the king, although he hailed with internal pleasure the accession of the Martignac ministry.

When, at last, the ill-advised monarch dismissed that admirable cabinet, and called to his counsel the ultra-monarchists of former days, the Duke of Orleans "hoped for the best; would never admit it to be *possible* that Charles X. would violate his oaths and most solemn engagements: carefully abstained from becoming a member of any opposition society: and kept more closely than ever to those family occupations and pursuits which were the charm of his life and the secret of all his happiness.

It was at this period, 1829, that the Duke of Orleans paid his last visit to Great Britain. There he saw men of all parties, and from him they learned the imminent perils to which the French monarchy was exposed. He revisited the scenes of former years, but he secretly resolved never again to quit France, much as he loved the peaceful tranquillity of Twickenham.

It is not true, as his enemies have alleged, that the Duke of Orleans was then secretly arranging for the proclamation of himself as king of France in the event of a revolution. It is not true that his visit to England had any thing of a political character about it. The duke dreaded and believed in a revolution, and feared that not many years would elapse ere it would occur; but events moved more rapidly than he anticipated, and the folly and weakness of the Polignac administration hastened a *dénouement* which he most undoubtedly apprehended and feared, but which he did not believe was so near at hand.

On the appointment of the Polignac cabinet, the Duke of Orleans felt it to be his duty to endeavor at least to open the eyes of his sovereign and relative, Charles X., to the dangers of his position, and to seek to prevail on him to avoid a collision which could not but terminate in a fearful revolution. Verbally, and by writing, did he approach the king, and in terms the most respectful, but still the most decisive, did he labor to impress on the mind of the monarch that the extreme principles of the Polignac administration were too well known to be endured.

At length came the visit of his august father-in-law, the King of Naples, in May, 1830, and the Palais Royal became a scene of festivity and splendor worthy of the most joyous and magnificent days of former ages. Charles X. and his family were present at the splendid banquet, but the words, "We are dancing upon a volcano," were uttered by M. de Salvandy, and the duke replied, "Yes; there is indeed a volcano, but I have nothing with which to reproach myself. I have done all I could, but my efforts have been useless."

The fête did not terminate without disturbances. Chairs and tables were burnt, and monuments and statues destroyed in the garden of the Palais Royal. The inflamed state of the public mind gave vent to some rude and boisterous expressions of dissatisfaction; and the words of Napoleon passed from mouth to mouth, "*It is the beginning of the end.*"

That was a striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe, when, two months afterwards, he read in the columns of the *Moniteur*, atNeuilly, the fatal ordinances of July, 1830! M. Dupin rushed to the château: all was agitation and alarm. But the duke had resolved not to alter his independent and dignified attitude. He had come to the resolution to remain in France let what would occur; and no longer to be exposed to the insults, ignominy, persecutions, and sorrows of foreign exile. Although the duke had been prepared for some *coup d'état*, the ordinances of July greatly exceeded his worst expectations, and the resistance of all ranks of the people by no means surprised him. Yet, again, to him his duty was clear. He remained at home, in the bosom of his family, attended no meeting, gave no advice, entered into no correspondence with the revolutionary party, and so acted during Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. On Wednesday, having been apprized that an attempt would be made to arrest him, the duke concealed himself at the house of a friend, and but a short time had elapsed after his departure, before the soldiers of the Polignac cabinet arrived, to carry that intended arrest into effect. So wholly did the duke isolate himself from the revolution and its agents, that even when his presence was called for by the chiefs of the successful movement, he could not be found, and his retreat was not known to his most familiar friends. At length the cry was heard, "Long live the Duke of Orleans!" and the Scandinavian pedestrian, the Swiss professor of mathematics, and the dollarless wanderer in America, was proclaimed

King of the French.

The history of that creation, and of the leading events of the reign of that extraordinary man from 1830 to the period of the visit of the Queen of Great Britain to France in September, 1843, will form the *third* and concluding part of these reminiscences; and these I propose to submit to the readers of Regina in the number for November.

But I cannot terminate this rapid sketch of that portion of the life of Louis Philippe, during which he was Duke of Orleans, without inviting those readers to remember that whilst I am the historian of a successful revolution, I am not its eulogist or admirer; and that, whilst I deplore that Charles X. should have thought it necessary to resort to the letter of one article of the charter in order to destroy the spirit of the remainder, I cannot but insist that when the revolutionists of Paris and the members of the Chambers of Peers and Deputies visited on the head of the Duke of Bordeaux the errors and mistakes of his dethroned grandfather, they committed an act of injustice and of vengeance which history will rightly designate, and which all wise and good men will concur in denouncing as violent, unprincipled, and excessive. The fact that the Duke of Orleans, in the exercise of a sound, manly, and patriotic judgment and will, preferred the throne to banishment, and the preservation of some kind of monarchy to the establishment of a ruthless and anarchical democracy, neither consecrates the justice of the change, nor removes the odium from its principle. But to that act of injustice the Duke of Orleans was no party. I saw, heard, and knew all that passed. The chances lay between the Duke of Bordeaux, Napoleon II., the Republic, and the Duke of Orleans, and no man who saw, heard, and knew all that passed at that period of time, can possibly deny the fact, that wholly unsolicited on his part, and wholly unexpected, a vast majority of the property, intelligence, and good feeling of the country, heartily concurred in proclaiming the Duke of Orleans

King of the French.

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

From the Literary Gazette.

WE congratulate the country on the happy return of one of the most memorable expeditions ever recorded in English history; an expedition fortunate in every respect, in the outfit provision made for its success, in the intrepidity and skill of its conduct throughout, in the perfect accomplishment of all its scientific objects, in the continued health and preservation of the human beings exposed to its perils and privations, in the harmony which has never for a moment been interrupted among officers and men by jealousies or misbehavior, and finally, in its auspicious arrival at home, after four years of brave and unwearied exertion, in safety, to be crowned with the rewards and honors so nobly earned from an admiring and grateful nation.

Justly may Great Britain be proud of this achievement; and sure we are that its glory will not be felt by Britain alone, but be acknowledged by the whole civilized world, to which, as well as to ourselves, its interesting and important results in science belong. The exemplary humanity and prudence of Captain James Ross, Captain Crozier, and their gallant companions intrusted with the command and direction of the undertaking, are above all praise; and the reciprocating steadiness and devotedness of the crews of the two vessels are no less creditable to the national character. Three fine fellows were lost by accident within the four years; but such was the effectual care and management bestowed during all that time, under every circumstance of toil and danger, that the first natural death occurred at Rio, on the homeward voyage, and the first and only corpse was there committed to the earth. Highly as we must think of what has been done in other respects, the attention paid to the comfort and welfare of the men, and thus restoring them to their country in robust health and vigor, must, in our opinion, demand the warmest tribute of applause, and redound most signally to the honor of their leaders.

But we will not detain our anxious readers any longer by introductory remarks, from the account of this expedition, which we have the good fortune to be able to lay before them; the sailing of which, its equipments, experiments, and other particulars, imparted much interest to the columns of *The Literary Gazette* four years ago, when its Editor bade farewell to his friends on board the Erebus, as they sailed on their long and adventurous career. It is not easy to express the delight he experiences in welcoming their return.

We may, in order to make the statement more complete, run over the journal from the period to which we have alluded.

The Erebus, Captain James Ross, and the Terror, Captain Crozier, left England on the 29th of September, 1839, and made observations at Madeira, Port Praya, St. Paul's Rocks, and Trinidad. On the last day of January 1840 the expedition reached St. Helena, Captain Ross having been desirous, in taking this course, to determine the important point of minimum magnetic intensity, and the nature of the curve connecting those points in which that intensity is weakest. This he accurately accomplished; and we may note, that the large space of Atlantic Ocean so traversed possesses the least magnetic intensity of any like portion of the surface of the globe. The position of the line, presumed to be proceeding towards the north, being thus ascertained, it will be easy in all future time to mark its progress, and establish a certain law upon the subject. (Vide *Transactions of the Royal Society for* 1842.) The position of the line of no-dip or magnetic equator was also determined, and fixed grounds laid for subsequent observation of the changes to which it may be liable.

The magnetic observatory at St. Helena having been set on foot, and the officers and instruments landed, the expedition sailed again Feb. 8, and, March 17, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where similar services were performed. A series of daily experiments was made on the temperature and specific gravity of the sea, at the depths of 180, 300, 480, and 600 fathoms, and at length soundings at the bottom of the ocean were struck by the plummet. From all which, the physical condition of this element will come to be better understood.

April 3. The Cape was left behind, and the system of magnetic observation sedulously and zealously continued, to connect the voyage with the observatories established in other parts of the world. Kerguelen's Land was reached on the 12th of May; and on the 29th, (the day previously fixed for simultaneous observations,) the magnetometric instruments were noted every 2½ minutes, for 24 hours; and, fortunately, one of the magnetic storms which have been noticed in various parts of Europe occurred, and its affecting the instruments, as at Toronto, afforded complete proof of the vast extent of magnetic influences, pervading the earth's diameter with a velocity equal to light or electricity.

Geological and geographical investigations were carried on here. Large fossil-trees were found in the lava, and indicated the igneous origin of these islands. Extensive seams of coal were also imbedded in the volcanic mass, which may, with great benefit, be employed for the purposes of steam-navigation in this quarter of the world, and be of immense importance to the commerce of India.

FIRST YEAR.

From Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, the expedition proceeded to Auckland Islands, and completed a perfect series of magnetic observations on the important term-day of November 1840. The anticipatory attempts* of the American Lieutenant Wilkes, and the French Commodore D'Urville, having become known to our countrymen, Captain Ross wisely used his discretionary power in altering his route from that originally intended. He accordingly directed his course for the utmost south, at about the 170th deg. of east longitude, by which the isodynamic oval and the point exactly between the two foci of greater magnetic intensity might be passed over and determined directly between the tracks of the Russian navigator Bellinghausen and our own illustrious Cook. He then proposed to steer S. W. towards the pole, rather than attempt its approach directly from the north on the unsuccessful footsteps of preceding voyagers.

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* This was a paltry proceeding, when the preparation of the English expedition to explore these seas, antarctic and southern pole, was so fully known. To try to be beforehand with it was only worthy of failure.—*Ed. L. G.*

On the 12th of December he quitted Auckland Islands, touched at Campbell Island, and, passing through numerous icebergs to the southward of 63° lat., made the Pack-Edge, and entered the Antarctic Circle on New-Year's day 1841. This pack was not so formidable as represented by the French and Americans, but a gale and other unfavorable circumstances prevented the vessels from entering it at the time. A gale from the northward blew them off; and it was not till the 5th that they regained it, about 100 miles to the eastward, in lat. 66° 45′ S., and long. 174° 16′ E., when, though the wind was blowing and the sea running high directly upon it, the entrance was achieved without the slightest injury to either ship. After advancing through it a few miles, they were able to make their way to the southward with comparative ease and safety. Thick fogs, however, ensued, and, with light winds, rendered their course more difficult as well as tedious; and constant snow-showers impeded their operations. Whenever a clear glimpse could be obtained, they were nevertheless encouraged by seeing a strong water-sky to the S. E.; and on the morning of the 9th, after sailing above 200 miles through the pack, they gained a perfectly clear sea, and bore away S. W. for the magnetic pole!

Jan. 11, lat. 70° 47′ S. and long. 172° 36′ E., land was discovered at the distance of nearly 100 miles, directly in their course and between them and the pole—*the southernmost known land ever discovered*, though somewhat nearly approached by the Russians twenty years ago. As those who accomplished this honor for their country approached, it was seen to rise in lofty mountain peaks of from 9,000 to 12,000 feet in height, entirely covered with eternal snow, and the glaciers projecting from the vast mountain brows for many miles into the ocean. By and by exposed patches of rock were visible; but the shore was so lined with bergs and pack-ice, with a heavy swell washing over them, that a landing could not be effected. They therefore steered to the S. E., where were several small islands; and on the 12th Captain Ross landed, accompanied by Captain Crozier and a number of officers of each ship, and took possession of the country in the name of our gracious queen Victoria. The island is composed altogether of igneous rocks, and lies in lat. 71° 56′ S. and long. 171° 7′ E.

The east coast of the mainland trended to the southward, and the north took a north-westerly direction; and Captain Ross resolved on penetrating as far as he could to the south, so that he might, if possible, pass beyond the magnetic pole, which the combined observations had placed in 76° S. nearly, and thence proceed westward till he completed its circumnavigation. They accordingly steered along this magnificent land; and on the 23d of January reached 74° 15′ S., the highest southern latitude that had ever been previously attained!

Here strong southerly gales, thick fogs, and perpetual snow-storms impeded them; but they continued to examine the coast to the southward, and on the 27th again landed on another island, in lat. 76° 8′ S. and long. 168° 12′ E.; like the former, all of igneous rocks. On the 28th a mountain 12,400 feet above the level of the sea was seen emitting flame and smoke in grand profusion; which splendid volcano received the appropriate name of MOUNT EREBUS. Its position is lat. 77° 32′ S. long. 167° 0′ E.; and an extinct crater to the eastward of it was named—though not quite so fitly—*Mount Terror*.*

Continuing to follow the mainland in its southern trending, a barrier of ice, stretching off from a prominent cape, and presenting a perpendicular face of above 150 feet, far above the mast-heads of the vessels, shut up the prospect of further advance in that direction. They could just discern beyond, the tops of a range of very lofty mountains towards the S. S. E., and in lat. 79° S. This barrier they explored to the eastward, till, on the 2d of Feb., they reached lat. 78° 4′ S., the highest they were at any time able to attain; and on the 9th, having traced its continuance to the long. of 191° 23′ in lat. 78° S., a distance of more than 300 miles, their farther progress was stopped by a heavy pack pressed closely against it, and the narrow lane through which they had hitherto found their way being now completely covered by rapidly forming ice, nothing but the strong breeze which they fortunately had with them put it in their power to retrace their course. At the distance of less than half a mile they had soundings on a bed of soft blue mud, with 318 fathoms. The temperature was 20° below the freezing point; and aught more here being impracticable, they bore away for the westward, and again reached lat. 76° S. (that of the magnetic pole) on the 15th of February. They found the heavy ice partially drifted away, but its place supplied by more, recently formed, through which they got a few miles nearer the pole—lat. 76° 12′ S., and long. 164°, the dip 88·40, and variation 109·24 E.,—thus *only* 157 *miles from the pole*. The nature of the coast rendered it impossible to lay up the ships and endeavor to reach this interesting point by land; but it is satisfactory to know that it was approached some hundreds of miles more nearly than ever it was before, and that from the multitude of observations made, in so many different directions, its position can be determined with almost as much certainty as if the spot had been actually visited.

The advanced period of the season in this high latitude now rendered return advisable; but yet they made another effort to land on the north part of the coast, which was defeated by the heavy pack-ice. They found it terminate abruptly in lat. 70° 40′ S., and long. 165° E., trending considerably to the southward of west, and presenting an immense space, occupied by a dense pack, so firmly cemented together by the newly formed ice, as to defy every attempt to penetrate it. The whole southern land thus traced extends from nearly the 70th to the 79th degree of latitude, and was distinguished by the name of our beloved sovereign.

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* The volume of smoke ejected by the volcano was in sudden jets, and attained an altitude of 2000 feet; the diameter at the crater's mouth was about 300 feet, and it gradually assumed the shape of an inverted cone till it was 5 or 600 feet in diameter at its highest elevation. The smoke then gradually dispersed and left the crater quite clear, filled with intensely bright flame flashing even in the face of the meridian sun. The permanent snow extends to the very edge of the crater, and no appearance of lava-streams could be detected on the surface.—*Ed. L. G.*

Their way from hence lay near the chain of islands discovered by Balleny in 1839, and more extensively explored by the American and French expeditions in the following year. On the 4th of March they recrossed the antarctic circle, and being necessarily close by the eastern extreme of those *patches of land* which Lieut. Wilkes has called "*the Antarctic Continent*," and having reached their latitude on the 5th, they steered directly for them; and at noon on the 6th, the ships being exactly over the centre of this mountain range, they could obtain no soundings with 600 fathoms of line; and having traversed a space of 80 miles in every direction from this spot, during beautifully clear weather, which extended their vision widely around, were obliged to confess that this position, at least, of the pseudo-antarctic continent, and the nearly 200 miles of barrier represented to extend from it, have no real existence!!*

Continuing to bear westward, the expedition approached the place where Prof. Gauss supposed the magnetic pole to be, which was proved, by extended investigation, to be erroneous; and they then, April 4, departed for Van Diemen's Land.

No disease or casualty of any kind attended their first labors, and there was not one individual in either ship on the sick-list! Sir John Franklin, too, the estimable friend and arctic companion of Ross, was still at the opposite pole, ready to welcome and entertain him. It was doubtless a happy meeting.

SECOND YEAR.

The magnetometers, &c., again strictly compared with those of the fixed observatory, the crews refreshed, the ships refitted, the gallant band again proceeded with their arduous task. The expedition went to Sydney and the Bay of Islands, in order to extend the magnetic observations, and finish meteorological and other philosophical experiments. These at the antipodes of European observatories, and equally separated from each other, are of much interest to science; and have decided the important question of the exact correspondence of the momentary magnetic perturbations. The perturbations at Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand were found to be in exact accordance.

Nov. 23, 1841. They sailed from the Bay of Islands, and passing by the Chatham Islands, bore away to the eastward to examine the supposed position of the focus of greater magnetic intensity, and, favored with fine weather, obtained a series of observations which demonstrated the error of the assigned position. They accordingly proceeded to the south to resume the examination of the antarctic seas.

Dec. 18. In lat. 62° 28′ S. and long. 146° 57′ W., they made the pack 300 miles farther north than before; which unexpected obstruction showed that they were too early for the season. They entered, however, and pursued their voyage for 300 miles, when it became so close that they could push the ships no more to the southward. With untiring zeal and unflinching fatigue of officers and men, it was again new-year's day, 1842, before they could cross the antarctic circle. The intense brightness of the sky foreshowed them that they would still have to encounter vast bodies of ice in that direction, whilst more encouraging appearances held out inducement to try their fortune to the westward. By Jan. 19th they had succeeded in reaching within a few miles of the open water, when a violent gale sprung up and placed them in a situation of appalling jeopardy. The rudder of the Erebus was shattered, and that of the Terror was soon after utterly destroyed; and violent shocks against the ice for twenty-six hours, as they rolled deeply among its heavy masses, severely tried their strength and threatened their existence. On the 21st the gale abated; and though driven back far into, and closely beset by, the pack, they went to work to repair damages and prepare for new efforts. Their condition was very helpless, and their vexation the greater, as the last days were fast shortening, and the season drawing to a close. They had, however, gone through the pack in a direct line 450 miles, and were more south than Cook or Bellinghausen had been able to reach in more favorable seasons. At length, Feb. 2d, they cleared the pack in lat. 67° 28′ S., and long. 159° 0′ E., after an imprisonment of forty-six days in the "thick-ribbed ice." This was only ten days earlier than they had been obliged to abandon their operations the year before; but still they advanced to see what could be done. They pursued their course to the southward along the edge of the pack, but it was found to trend to the westward across their course, which obliged them to stretch farther in that direction than was wished; and a continuance of violent gales added more to their difficulties. They fought against every obstacle, and at midnight, on the 22d, they had the satisfaction to make the great barrier a few miles to the eastward of the spot where their examination of last year had concluded. This enormous mass gradually diminishes, from its commencement at the foot of Mount Erebus, where it is about 200 feet, to 150 feet at the eastern extreme, as far as could be seen. At the point now reached it was farther diminished to 107 feet, and broken into deep bays and low projections not above from 50 to 70 feet high. Soundings in a bed of blue mud were obtained at 290 fathoms; which, together with the strong appearance of land, gently rising in ridges to the height of several hundred feet, at a distance of 50 or 60 miles from the barrier, leaves little doubt of the existence of an extensive country to the southward, but so entirely covered with perpetual ice as to conceal every conceivable feature of marked character to establish its positive existence.

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* Lieut. Wilkes may have mistaken some clouds or fog-banks, which in these regions are very likely to assume the appearance of land to inexperienced eyes, for this continent and range of lofty mountains. If so, the error is to be regretted, as it must tend to throw discredit on other portions of his discoveries which have a more substantial foundation.—*Ed. L. G.*

The barrier was, with a strong breeze, traced about 130 miles farther eastward than in the preceding year, but all beyond was fruitless. Capt. Ross therefore retraced his course, and, where he was before prevented by the weather and fogs, obtained two additional lines of magnetic determinations at no great distance from the pole, by which its position can be still more accurately ascertained. The antarctic circle was again repassed, and another hazardous enterprise undertaken, in these long dark nights, which confirmed the opinion regarding the non-existence of the supposed focus of magnetic force. On the 12th March, in a heavy breeze, the ships were driven into violent collision with an extensive chain of icebergs, and the bowsprit, fore-topmast, and some smaller spars of the Erebus, were carried away and lost. The vessels were providentially preserved from being dashed to pieces; and the coolness, promptitude, and activity of their crews were never more energetically displayed. A direct course was held for Cape Horn, as far from the tracks of former navigators as possible; and in a heavy gale, James Angeley, quarter-master, fell overboard and was drowned, the only casualty during 136 days of arduous duty, and again without one man on the sick-list. Provisions were supplied from Rio de Janeiro, and the ships were put in as complete a condition to renew operations as the day they sailed from England.

THIRD YEAR.

On the morning of Dec. 17, 1842, the expedition sailed from the Falkland Islands, and on the 24th saw the first icebergs, when nearly in the latitude of Clarence Island; and next day their progress was arrested by a rather solid pack. The 26th was spent in endeavoring to find out a penetrable part, and they were led to stand along its edge to the westward. Capt. Ross, being persuaded that the great extent of open water found by our late worthy friend, Capt. Weddell, to the 74th deg. of latitude, was produced by the prevailing westerly winds driving the ice away from some extensive shore, probably the eastern side of Graham Land, determined, if he could, to get hold of that coast, and penetrate to the southward and eastward, between its shores and the pack, and thus he hoped to arrive at the open part of the open sea found by Weddell; deeming it more desirable to trace the land to the southward than to attempt to follow his track, from which no discovery could be expected. On the 28th they discovered land, extending S. to S. W. by W.; but its shores lined with so extraordinary an accumulation of grounded icebergs as to prevent all approach nearer than three or four miles. They had, therefore, only to pass along and examine the coast as they could. The whole land, with the exception of two bold projecting head-lands near its north extreme, was found to be entirely covered with snow or ice, which descended from the height of 2000 or 3000 feet into the sea, where, broken by the violence of the waves, it formed perpendicular icy cliffs of from 20 to 30 feet high, from which the bergs already mentioned constantly broke away and grounded in the shallow water. Between them the whirlpools, caused by a strong tide, were very troublesome; and several small islets, quite free from snow, were observed, extending to the south-eastward from the farthest visible point of the land. A dense fog arose, and compelled the expedition to haul off to the eastward, where they soon met with the western edge of the packs. On the evening of the 30th, they again closed the land, and steered across a deep gulf for the extreme point; but the pack was close against its shores, and by the 4th, in lat. 64¼° S., the ships were beset, and drifted rapidly back to the northward. Next day they were extricated, and finally succeeded in landing on an island at the extreme of a deep inlet on the south side of the gulf, of which Captain Ross took possession in her majesty's name. This island is of volcanic origin, and though not more than two miles in diameter, projects a perfectly formed crater to the height of 3500 feet above the level of the sea. It lies in lat. 64° 12′ S., and long. 56° 49′ W. A magnificent table-topped mountain to the westward rises to the height of 7,000 feet, and the whole western shore of this great gulf consists of mountainous ranges covered with everlasting snow. It was named the Gulf of Erebus and Terror; is about 40 miles between the capes, and nearly as many miles deep. Excepting the south part, it was full of heavy pack-ice, and there were two spaces at its deepest parts where no land could be discerned, and which probably communicate with Bransfield Strait. In the evening, the ice being driven off the land, they rounded the south part of the gulf, and coursed the land to the south-westward between its shore and a chain of grounded bergs two or three miles distant. All this portion was free from snow for twenty miles, when they again came to perpendicular icy cliffs descending from a snow-covered mountain about 2,000 feet high. This was a complete barrier in miniature, and tended to confirm Captain Ross's opinion that an extensive continent exists to the southward of the great barrier discovered in 1841, extending to the east 450 miles from Mount Erebus.

Ice, in various forms, beset them for some time, and observations were taken on that which was fixed. No doubt remained that the strait before spoken of communicated with Bransfield Strait, and probably with the Canal d'Orleans; but it was so completely closed, that nothing farther could be done to decide this geographical point. The struggles with the ice continued to the 1st of February, when it became essential to extricate the ships, and endeavor to penetrate to the south. On the 4th they succeeded in gaining the pack-edge, and were once more in clear water, after having been more or less entangled for the space of forty days. East winds and thick fogs prevailed, and the best of the season was past. They, however, in lat. 65° nearly, crossed Weddell's returning track, and found pack-ice where he had perfectly clear sea.* They could not penetrate beyond lat. 65° 15′ S. where their position was 100 miles to the southward of Admiral D'Urville's track where he unsuccessfully attempted to follow the route so nobly achieved by our countryman Weddell. On the 22d they crossed the line of the no-variation in lat. 61° and long. 24° W. in a dip of 57° 40′; a fact of much importance to magnetic science, since the observations appear to prove that the supposition of there being two magnetic poles of verticity in the south (as is well known to be the case in the north) is erroneous, *and that there is in reality but one magnetic pole in the southern hemisphere.*

We may notice that the whole of this year's observations tend in a remarkable manner to confirm the position assigned to this pole by Captain Ross from his first year's experiments in its close vicinity.

On the 23d they rounded the last extreme of the pack, and stood to the S. E., and crossed the antarctic circle on the 1st of March in long. 7° 30′ W. From judicious considerations Captain Ross now tried to penetrate to the southward in the meridian exactly between Bellinghausen's and Weddell's tracks, and consequently stood to the S. W. On the 23d, in lat. 68° 34′, and long. 12° 49′ W., he was becalmed, and seized the opportunity to try for soundings, but 4,000 fathoms of line failed to reach the ground. This great depth is against the probability of meeting with land near. For some time, however, they persevered in an attempt to get farther to the south, but the ice was too strong for them, and considerable danger was encountered in a tempestuous gale, which lasted, without interruption, during three days. The darkness of the nights and the number of icebergs seemed only to increase the confidence and courage of the men; and the management of the ships was, throughout, most worthy of admiration. At length, on the 8th, the wind veered to the eastward, and with hearts overflowing with gratitude to God for his merciful protection, when human efforts were all but useless and unavailing, our brave fellows were in safety, and steering for the north. It was not, however, till the 12th, that they were relieved from the apprehension of being driven against the still-threatening pack.

On the 17th they reached the latitude of Bouvet Island, (61° 19′,) about 8° to the westward of the assigned position; but they, like Cook, searched for it in vain; and Captain Ross concludes that Bouvet had been deceived by the form of an iceberg. The last berg was seen on the 25th, in lat. 47° 3′ S., and long. 10° 51′ E., when bearing away before a fair gale for the Cape of Good Hope, where the expedition prosperously anchored on the 4th of April.

In the third season, it will thus be seen, they did not penetrate so far as Weddell; yet the unusual prevalence of easterly winds preventing the pack from drifting off shore, was the means of enabling them to reach the lat. of 71° 30′ S. on a meridian usually occupied by the pack when driven by the prevailing westerly winds from the east shore of Graham's Land, and extending their researches in that meridian (15° W.) twelve degrees of latitude beyond their predecessors, Cook, Bellinghausen, and Biscoe.

The discovery and examination of a considerable extent of unknown coast, proving the insularity of those portions of land first discovered by Bransfield in 1820, for years afterwards frequented by our sealers in search of their prey, and finally, in 1839, seen by Admiral D'Urville, and called by him "*Louis Philippe's Land*," cannot but be regarded as important additions to our knowledge of those parts, which, though islands of inconsiderable size, might have extended, and were supposed to extend, even to the pole.

At the end of April, the Erebus and Terror left the Cape of Good Hope, and touched at St. Helena and Ascension for the purpose of repeating the magnetic observations they had formerly made, and verifying their instruments. In order to render the whole series complete, it was necessary to repair to Rio de Janeiro, which the expedition reached on the 18th of June. After a few days employed in observing and refitting, they sailed for England, and, touching at one of the Western Islands, made the land of Scilly on the 27th of August. The passage up channel was rendered tedious by calms and light winds, so that Captain Ross was unable to land until Monday last, the 4th Sept., when he disembarked at Folkstone, and arrived in town on the afternoon of the same day. Need we add, that his reception at the Admiralty was most cordial and gratifying. Lord Haddington complimented him in the warmest manner, in the presence of the other lords; and all joined in the highest eulogy upon his services. This is only the preface to the fame he has, with his brave comrades, Captain Crozier, Commander Bird, and the rest, so nobly earned; and it will be echoed not only now and by his country, but by the whole civilized world and forever. Heartily do we wish him, and all who were with him, the perfect enjoyment of that high health in which they have been restored to us after all their fatigues and perils.

Having given the outline of this great national exploit, we have only to annex a very few particulars in connection with it, which may interest our general readers.

When at Cape Horn, making magnetometric observations, the ships anchored in St. Martin's Cove, where they fell in with a small party of Fuegeans, a most miserable race of human creatures, wandering naked amongst the constantly falling snow-storms of this inclement region.

On their path from Cape Horn to the Falkland Islands, they observed a very dangerous bank, directly in the line, on which it is probable that many a daring bark has been lost, whose fate has never been disclosed to mortal ears.

On the island on which they landed, in lat. 71° 56′ S. and long. 171° 7′ E., where they procured specimens of minerals imbedded in the igneous rocks, there was not the least appearance of vegetation; but it was so densely covered with penguins, which stoutly resisted their landing, that it was with difficulty they could force their way through them.

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* The doubts endeavored to be thrown on Weddell's narrative by the French, merely because they were unable to follow his track, ought not to be passed without reprehension.—*Ed. L. G.*

The acquisitions to natural history, geology, geography, but above all towards the elucidation of the grand mystery of terrestrial magnetism, raise this voyage to a pre-eminent rank among the greatest achievements of British courage, intelligence, and enterprise.

We mentioned the plummet having struck the ground in a sounding of great depth, but had not at the moment the exact extent before us. It was at 2677 fathoms; and by an able contrivance the vessels veered out more than 4000 fathoms of line, and yet (as in lat. 66½° S.) with all that scope could find no bottom. In the former case, where they did, they could not bring the lead up again to indicate the nature of the ground.

In the highest latitudes, however, which they reached, and much within the antarctic circle, their dredging was very productive, and they have brought home, in spirits of wine, many specimens of molluscs and other creatures, shells, &c., &c., which are believed to be rare, if not new in this branch of scientific exploration, and which will be the more welcome now, since Professor Forbes's Ægean researches (see fortunately, in this very same number, his report, and the results to which it leads) have, as it were, opened a vast novel field of inquiry for the investigation of the nature of our globe.

In these desolate regions, where so little could be seen or found on the surface, it was some compensation to be able to divulge even a few secrets from the depths of the sea. Above and around them it was almost as if life were extinct. Animals there were none; and birds were very few. The stormy petrel occasionally flying over their heads was shot; and a new species of white petrel was also obtained. The other ornithological inhabitants of the antarctic, such as gulls, &c., were identical with those of the arctic regions; the same in colors, feathers, and form. Only they were "like angel visits, few and far between." Of shrimps under the ice there were myriads; but apparently nothing to feed upon them except the worthless finner-whale. For the mess the ocean was a blank. Seals, however, abounded, with skins of a long coarse hair. And this was *all*—all except the extraordinary penguin, whose habits seemed to be impenetrable. This bird was found always on the ice, and at immense distances from land. How it existed appeared to be a mystery. There were thousands and tens of thousands of the smaller species; and the lightly fledged young in their first year were often met with. But there were, besides, a patriarchal order, never encountered in more than three at any time, and of an immense size. Their appearance on the summits of icebergs and elsewhere were almost ludicrous; for, with their stately stalk and short legs, they looked, for all the world, like the padres of a religious order. One was weighed at 76 lbs., and stood about 4 ft. 6 in. in height. The average weight of this large class was 64 lbs. And heavy as they were, and seemed, their activity in leaping was incredible. In their walk, and glancing over their shoulders as it were with wonder at their strange visitors, they betrayed no fears, and hardly took themselves out of the way. But if an impulse led them to jump up the face of a piece of ice, their flappers came down on each side, and they rose with a spring (considering their form) truly astonishing; as several of the officers estimated such exploits at 10, 12, or 14 feet in perpendicular height.

How these birds contrive to live on icy masses, unable to fly, and not much made for running, is, we repeat, a natural curiosity. There are no insects within many degrees in the antarctic circle where they abide.

Of the dreadful storm mentioned in our last, we have since seen a sketch; which, we are assured, is an under-wrought representation of the scene. It is perfectly appalling! The Erebus and Terror are but one wave apart, and the tremendous masses of ice seem as if they must crush a thousand navies. Their escape was indeed miraculous. Both rudders lost at nearly the same time, and a dreadful swell driving them up and down, whilst the rolling ice was sometimes under them and sometimes emerging from the water around. It must have been terrific; and it may be observed, that the ocean-swell, of which we have spoken, renders the navigation of the south infinitely more perilous than that in the northern sphere, where the waves and currents are comparatively smooth, and the forcing a way through the ice a very different and much safer operation.

Among the memorable objects of the voyage, the volcano we described last week was the most memorable. Its appearance is spoken of by all the officers and crews as of stupendous beauty; and some idea may be formed of its grandeur when we state, that on sailing away from it in a direct course, the vessels could see it distinctly at the distance of 130 miles!

The geology near this phenomenon would be of extreme interest; but it was not attainable; and we have only to console ourselves with the abundance of specimens brought from other parts. Kerguelen's Land was rich in this respect, and seems altogether to have been one of the most remarkable spots visited by the expedition. We said it was of volcanic origin; but it is a puzzle to tell exactly what it is. Covered with lava, it imbeds immense fossil trees, some of them 6 or 7 feet in circumference; and numerous fine minerals, quartz in huge masses in basaltic caverns, and other singular remains. It looks as if a land had been submerged, and again thrown up to the surface by volcanic action; the former solid earth and all its products having been restored to view under an igneous power, which destroyed it. Here, however, our countrymen fared well, and were fortunate in their magnetic observations. They could not thin the multitudes of teal which surrounded them and afforded good table cheer, and an excellent species of the brassica tribe, though wild, furnished a vegetable much esteemed after a long voyage. The seed of this cabbage furnished food for many birds, and several specimens were brought from this quarter. Altogether, we understand, about sixty have been sent or brought home, out of which, no doubt, some will augment our fauna. Shooting these was one of the principal amusements of the officers, when not on duty.

From Kerguelen's Land we have on our table, kindly presented to us by Lieut. Smith, a beautiful specimen of the fossil wood—a black silex, with the woody fibres obviously circling in the anterior, and the outer bark, particularly on one side, of a different brown consistency. It is about five inches in diameter, and very heavy. From Van Diemen's Land we have also silicified vegetable remains, of singular beauty; and in mentioning the place whence they came, we are happy again to notice the hearty welcome from Sir John Franklin, who made it a *home* to the expedition. But before we leave Kerguelen's Land, we must revert to the scientific operations there, though merely to mention that the "ambulatory" observatories, from which so much information has been acquired, have all been safely relanded in England, and are ready for any other expedition. These houses answered their purposes admirably, as did the instruments generally; and as the Erebus and Terror worked simultaneously, and communicated the results by signal daily,* there cannot be a doubt of the correctness of the experiments and observations. This is of infinite consequence, for it must prevent all question, or cavil, or pretence from other quarters.

The visit to Cape Horn, whither they ran from the Falkland Islands, brought them (as we observed) acquainted with the natives of that wild promontory. They met them on an island, not on the mainland, but a place evidently much frequented by them. They never met more than six or seven of the men together, and found them a fearless and rather robust, active, and well-looking race. They were matchless imitators, and very dexterous thieves; had nothing to offer in barter but small pieces of skins; and were careful to prevent the appearance of their women. These were kept sedulously out of sight; and in one instance, where a party from the ships surprised two of them crouching in a concealed part, they leapt up and ran from them, screeching with terror. The "Jerdan Island" of Capt. Weddell's map was near; and upon it, as upon others, rabbits (brought from the Falkland Isles) were put ashore; and as the soil is light and sandy, and covered with grass and brushwood, they will no doubt thrive, and replenish the land. Our kind voyagers also, on other remote shores where vessels will hereafter touch, landed rabbits, poultry, goats, and sheep, of which their future successors may reap the advantage.

The boats of the natives of the Terra del Fuego are curiously built, and their bottom ballasted with clay, on which their cooking is performed. The men, as we have said, are great mimics. One of our officers danced and sung Jim Crow to a set of them; and a Fuegian immediately, to the great entertainment of the ships' crews, copied both dance and song; the first to perfection, and the last so well that it was thought he pronounced every absurd word whilst he jumped Jim Crow!

Among the happy returns, we cannot conclude without mentioning the pretty kitten sent on board the Erebus just before starting, and which we declared to be a "Pole-cat." It has certainly become one, with a thick rich fur, as if the antarctic seasons had agreed with it. There is also a goat shipped at Van Diemen's Land, which has stood all the hardships of three years' *iceing*. They are now animals of considerable interest; and, like their commanders, we are glad to observe, they give themselves no airs about it.

EMBASSIES TO CHINA.—*La Presse* observes, that as a French Ambassador is about to be appointed to China, it may not be uninteresting to know the dates and duration of all the European embassies sent to the Celestial Empire. The following is an exact list of them:—1. The Dutch embassy, which arrived at Pekin the 17th of July, 1656, and remained there 91 days. 2. A Dutch embassy, which arrived the 20th of June, 1667, and remained 46 days. 3. A Russian embassy, which arrived the 5th of November, 1692, and remained 106 days. 4. A Russian embassy, which arrived the 18th of November, 1720, and remained 114 days. 5. An embassy from the Pope, which arrived in 1720, and remained 91 days. 6. A Portuguese embassy, which arrived the 1st of May, 1753, and remained 39 days. 7. An English embassy, which arrived on the 4th of August, 1793, and remained 47 days. 8. A Dutch embassy, which arrived the 10th of January, 1795, and remained 35 days. 9. A Russian embassy in 1806. 10. An English embassy, which set out in February, 1816, and remained 15 days. 11. That about to be conducted by M. Lagreene. "It must be remarked," adds *La Presse*, "that the English ambassadors never approached the Emperor of China, because they always protested against the laws of etiquette observed at the court of the Celestial Empire. In order to approach the emperor it is necessary to proceed from the door to the throne on the knees, to strike the head nine times against the ground, and to kiss the left heel of the sublime emperor several times.—*Colonial Magazine.*

PROF. WHEATSTONE'S ELECTRO-METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER (noticed in Lit. Gaz. No. 1372) for observing the states of the barometer, thermometer, and psychrometer, every half-hour, and printing the results, is now completed. It requires no attention for a week, and then five minutes suffice to prepare it for another week's operation. The daily record will be given next meeting. Col. Sabine stated that it was a matter of great importance to have this instrument completed during the first year of their occupation of the observatory at Kew, which had been conceded by the Government for the use of the British Association. He also pointed out the great advantage of it for universal meteorological observations, dispensing with a corps of observers, &c. It cost only £25.—*Lit. Gaz.*

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* "Daily" may be a word misapplied through a considerable portion of the time, when the sun was shining over their heads for three weeks together.—*Ed. L. G.*

THE ENGLISH ON THE CONTINENT.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *The Mountains and Valleys of Switzerland. By Mrs. Bray.* 3 vols. London. 1841.
2. *A Summer in Western France. By J. A. Trollope, Esq., B. A.* 2 vols. London. 1841.

An English party, devouring sandwiches and drinking bottled stout amidst the broken walls of the Amphitheatre, might sit for the portraits of a large class of our travelling countrymen. The ruins of antiquity go for something; but they would be of no account without the *dèbris* of the luncheon. Eating is the grand business of a weighty majority of the English out of England. It arises partly from a certain uneasy apprehension that they cannot get any thing fit to eat anywhere else; and this very fear of not finding any thing they can eat, probably tempts them to eat every thing they can find. It is a common occurrence at a continental *table d'hôte* to hear an Englishman declare, after having run the gauntlet of twenty or thirty plates, that he hasn't had a morsel to eat.

A great deal of this feeling may be traced to the sudden conflict of habits and antipathies, brought face to face at that moment in the day when a man is least inclined to compromise his desires; but making all due allowances on that score, there is no doubt that the English carry a mighty stomach with them everywhere: the voracity of the shark, the digestion of the ostrich. Their physical sensations are in advance of their intellectual and mental cravings—even of their curiosity. The first inquiry at an hotel is—at what o'clock do you dine? They cannot stir another step without something to eat. If the climate is hot, it exhausts them, and they must recruit; if cold, they get hungry with astonishing celerity, the air is so keen and bracing. Change of air, change of scene, change of diet, the excitement of moving from place to place, the clatter of a new language—every thing contributes to this one end: as if the sole aim and business of travelling was to get up an appetite.

The French make a delicate, but important distinction between the *gourmand* and the *gourmet;* and they include us, wholesale, under the former designation. We try to get rid of the imputation by sneering at the elaborate labors of their *cuisine*, just as if we never made any fuss about eating and drinking ourselves; but they take their revenge, and ample it is, upon our grosser vice of excess. It must be granted that no people in the civilized world sit so long at table as the English. In France, the preparation of a dinner is a grave piece of science; in England, the work of gravity begins when dinner is served up. And it is the apparition of this uncongenial seriousness which procures us such a reputation abroad as great *feeders;* and which, by the naked force of contrast, makes the people around us appear so frivolous in our eyes. We can as little understand their exuberant gaiety, as they can reconcile themselves to our animal stupor. They nickname us Roast-Beef, by way of showing that the paramount idea in the mind of an Englishman is that of substantial good living; and we resent it by calling them Soup-maigre, a sort of ignominious hint of vital animation at starvation point. There is no justice at either side. The French eat as much as the English, but they do not set about it so doggedly.

Great mistakes in national character, beginning in prejudices on the surface, and at last sinking into traditions and by-words, have their origin generally in the absurd process of applying the same test to dissimilar things; of trying opposite manners and different circumstances by the same moral or social standard. But of all nations, we have the least right to complain of any injustice of this kind, because, of all people, we are the most sullen and intractable, and have the least flexibility, the least power of adaptation, the least facility in going out of ourselves and falling into the habitual commonplaces of others. We cannot comprehend the reasonableness of usages that differ from our own. We are at once for setting them down as so much bigotry or tomfoolery. We cannot change sides for a moment, and, by the help of a little imagination, endeavor to see things from a different point of sight from that to which we have been all our lives accustomed. We allow nothing for varieties of temperament, for constitutional antagonisms. We are solidly inert and impenetrable, and oppose ourselves bodily, bone and muscle, to all strange tastes and fashions.

This is the real character of the Englishman, and the true reason why he is so uncomfortable abroad, and why he makes every body so uncomfortable about him. Out of England, he is out of his element. He misses the unmistakable cookery, the rugs and carpets, the bright steps and windows, the order, decorum, the wealth and its material sturdiness. He comes out of his fogs and the sulphurous atmosphere of his sea-coal fires, into an open laughing climate. His ears are stunned with songs and music from morning till night; every face he meets is lighted up with enjoyment; he cannot even put his head out of the window without seeing the sun. What wonder the poor man should be miserable, and wish himself at home again! He has no notion of pleasure unassociated with care. He must enter on pleasure as a matter of business, or it is no pleasure for him. There must be an alloy to preserve the tone of his mind, for he has a motto, that there is no happiness without alloy; and so, where there is none, he makes it. He has always a safe resource in his own morbid fancy, and has only to fall back upon himself to escape effectually from any surrounding influences that happen to throw too strong a glare upon his moroseness, or to affront his egotism by showing that other people can be happier than himself.

The fundamental error of the travelling English consists in bringing their English feelings and modes with them, instead of leaving them behind to be taken care of with their pictures and furniture. You can detect an Englishman abroad by that repulsion of manner which covers him over like frost-work, and within the range of which nobody can enter without being bitten with cold. His sense of superiority freezes the very air about him; you would think he was a statue of ice, or a block dropped from a glacier of the loftiest Alps. It would be as easy for the sun to thaw the eternal peak of the snowy Jungfrau, as for any ordinary warmth of society to melt that wintry man into any of the cordial courtesies of intercourse. Why is this? Why is it that the English alone treat all foreign countries through which they pass with such topping humors and contempt—looking down upon them as if they belonged to an inferior clay, as if they alone were the genuine porcelain, as if arts and civilization, knowledge and power, grace and beauty, intelligence, strength, and the god-heraldry of goodness and wisdom, were one vast monopoly within the girth of Great Britain? Why is this? Why, simply because the corruption of gold has eaten into their hearts; because they are the purse-holders of the world; because money is power, and they have only to put their hands into their pockets if they would make the earth pant on its axis. The English are not exempt from the frailties of universal nature; and pride and vainglory, and lustrous pomp, with its eyes amongst the stars, follow in the train of gold as surely as the lengthening shadows track the decline of light. It was so with all the gorgeous republics of antiquity, with Tyre and Athens, and with imperial Venice, when, crowned like another mistress of the world, she married the Adriatic, and thought herself immortal!

The insular position of the English, and a protracted war, which shut them up for half a generation in their workshops and their prejudices, contributed largely to foster this hard and obstinate character, this egotistic and selfish intolerance. The peculiarities of other nations, like colors in the prism, dissolve into each other at their frontier lines; but the English are water-locked; they enjoy none of the advantages of that miscellaneous experience, that free expanse of observation and intercourse, which elsewhere have the effect of enlarging the capacity of pleasure, of furnishing materials for reflection, of strengthening, elevating, and diffusing human knowledge and sympathy. The sea has been compared to the confines of eternity; and the English may be said to have been looking out upon eternity while other races have been engaged in active commerce with their fellow men.

All this sounds very oddly in reference to a people who have amassed such enormous wealth, who have been the great navigators and colonizers of the world, who exercise sovereignty in every quarter of the globe, and upon whose possessions the sun never sets! Yet it is true, nevertheless. All this work of colonization and extension of empire is transacted at a writing-desk. The counting-house in a twilight alley, in the murky depths of the city, is the laboratory where the portable gases are generated, which are thus carried off and distributed over the remotest regions. Half-a-dozen dismal men meet round a table, scratch their signatures to a paper, and a new empire starts up in the Southern Pacific; they part in silence, and go home to dinner, with as much apathetic regularity as if nothing had happened out of the way; and for the rest of the evening nurse their family phlegm as they had done any time all their lives long. In a single morning, the basis of a teeming trade of centuries hence is laid down; but it brings no change in the inner life of the individual. The hands move outwards, but the works of the clock still keep their dark routine. It is one thing to ship off our superfluous population to distant lands, to plant the Union Jack on some savage rock, and crack a bottle with a huzza! to the health of Old England; and another to maintain intimate relations and constant interchange with nations as civilized as ourselves, to rub off the rust of isolation and drudgery, to lift ourselves out of the one idea of money-getting, and to draw in humanity and good humor from our neighbors. In the large and philosophical sense of the word, we have never acted upon the true principle of colonization; we never conciliate the races we subdue—we conquer every thing but their affections. Our settlements are camps in a hostile country, as completely apart from the native population as swans' nests in a stream. In India, we are hedged in on all sides by jealousy and distrust; the war of races in Canada is as bitter at this moment as it was in 1760; and the animosities of the pale still flourish as rankly as ever in Ireland, in spite of free trade, two rebellions, the Union, Catholic Emancipation, and Reform. This comes of our immobility—of our elemental resistance to *fusion*.

The same thing that happens upon a great scale in political affairs, is illustrated in a minor way in the intercourse of travelling. Our social tariff amounts almost to a prohibition. Exchange of ideas takes place only at the extreme point of necessity. We are as reluctant to open our mouths or our ears as our ports, and have as profound a horror of foreign vivacity and communicativeness as of foreign corn. Habit goes a long way with us. People are so used to cry out 'The farmers are ruined,' that they must keep up war prices after a peace of nearly thirty years. We have a similar difficulty in relaxing our manners. The bulk of our continental travellers enter an hotel with as much severity and suspicion in their looks as if we were fighting the battles of legitimacy over again, and were doomed to fight them for ever.

By staying so much at home, and being kept so much at home by the pressure of external circumstances, our ideas and feelings become introverted. We turn eternally upon ourselves. We accumulate immensely, but undergo little or no sensible modifications of character. We advance in the direction of utility, but are still pretty much the same people we were a couple of hundred years ago. The only marked difference is that we are less hearty, less frank and joyous. We drop our old customs, our games and festivals, one by one, and grow more and more plodding and selfish. 'Merry England' survives only in ballads. Robin Hood and Little John are gone to the workhouse.

When a Frenchman, or an Italian, comes to England, he brings his sunshine with him. When an Englishman goes to France or Italy, he cannot leave his fogs behind him. He is like a rolling mass of darkness, absorbing all the encircling light, but emitting none. There is this remarkable point of contrast, too, that the former becomes at once a citizen of the country he visits, and the latter never ceases to be the petty lord of the manor, the common council man, the great gun of the village or the county. The universe is only Big Little Pedlington to Hopkins.

But it is surprising how a little knocking about in steamboats, and railways, and diligences, and schnell-posts and voitures of all sorts, and hotels with every variety of perfumes, shakes a man out of his sluggish thoughts and opake humors. It is the best of all constitutional remedies for mind and body, although it acts but slowly on the whipcord nerves of the English. It is good for the brains and the stomach. It invigorates the imagination, loosens the blood and makes it leap through the veins, dispels the nebulous mass of the stay-at-home animal, and, liberating the spirit from its drowsy weight of prejudices, sends it rebounding back, lighter and brighter than ever, with the fresh morning beams throbbing in its pulses. There is nothing in this levelling world of ours which so effectually annihilates conventional respectability as travelling. It tumbles down with a single blow the whole wire and gauze puppet, reducing its empty length and breadth to mere finery and sawdust. All our staid, solemn proprieties, that beset and check us at every land's turn like inauguration mysteries, as if we were entering upon some esoteric novitiate every day of our lives—all our family pride and class instincts—our local importance and stately caution—paddocks and lawns—liveries, revenues, and ceremonials—all go for nothing in the swirl and roar of the living tide. A great landed gentleman cannot bring his ten-feet walls, his deer-park, or his parish-church, with its time-honored slabs and monuments, in the palm of his hand to the continent; he cannot stick the vicar and the overseer and the bench of justices in his hatband; he cannot inscribe the terrors of the tread-mill on his travelling-bag; he cannot impress every body abroad as he can at home with the awful majesty of his gate-house, and the lump of plush that slumbers in the padded arm-chair; he has passed out of the artificial medium by which he has hitherto been so egregiously magnified, and he is forced, for once in his life, to depend solely on himself, docked of his lictors, for whatever amount of respect, or even attention, he can attract. This is a wholesome and healthy ordeal; very good for the moral as well as the biliary ducts. It sets a new and unexpected value upon whatever little sense or self-reliance one may really possess, and makes a man understand his manhood better in a month than he could have done in twenty years, through the mirage of a false position.

And no man abandons himself so utterly to the intoxication of this new and rapturous existence as an Englishman, if once he allows himself to give way to it. He rushes at once to the opposite extreme. He chuckles and screams, like a boy out of school, like a hound just released from the thong, bounding over fields and ditches, and taking every thing at a leap, as if Beelzebub were dancing mad at his heels. If he is only sure that he is not observed, that nobody sees him—for this craven consciousness, and fear of ridicule, haunt him day and night—there is nothing too puerile, nothing too gay or riotous for him. He is no longer forty or fifty, but rampant nineteen. The sudden enchantment sets him beside himself; he is under the influence of a spell; no longer starched and trammelled in frigid responsibilities, his joints begin to move with freedom and elasticity; he is all eyes, legs, ears. With what curiosity he peers into shop-windows and bazaars; with what vivacity, wondering secretly all the while at his miraculous accession of gusto, he criticises picture-galleries and museums; how vigorously he hunts through royal parks and palaces to collect gossip for the table d'hôte; how he climbs lofty steeples and boasts of his lungs; what mountains of ice he devours in the heat of the day; what torrents of *lemonade gazeuse* or Seltzer water he swallows; what a dinner he makes amidst a bewildering chaos of provocations; and how zealously he nourishes his emancipated enthusiasm with hock and claret, in the exquisite agony of a profound contempt for gout and indigestion.

Verily there is nothing under heaven so thoroughly English, as those things which are in the very grain of their nature the most thoroughly un-English: so unnatural is the slavery of our habitual self-suppression, so natural our disfranchisement: and of these extremes are we pieced. O ye who fold yourselves up in the coil of sour melancholy, 'like the fat weed that rots on Lethe's stream,' take heed at that critical turn of life when the green leaf is beginning to get yellow and sickly, and be assured there is nothing like a plunge into new worlds of human faces for the recovery of youth, with all its giddy joys and airy fallacies.

But the difficulty is to get an Englishman to make this plunge in downright earnest. Instead of running wild amongst the people of the continent, and giving free vent to whatever youthful mirth has not been quite trampled out of him, he usually runs a muck at them. Instead of gambolling with them, he butts and horns them. He takes umbrage at every thing. It is impossible to please him. He is resolved not to be pleased, come what may. Shine or rain, it is all the same; he quarrels with every thing, simply because it is not English. It might be supposed he went on an expedition in search of England, he is so discontented at not finding England at every turn of the road. It never occurs to him how much enjoyment and instruction he loses by not trying to discover the points of mutual agreement: his whole labor is to dig out the points of difference. He has not the least glimmer of a conception how much the former overbalance the latter; how much more there is to admire and imitate, than to censure and avoid; and how much sound feeling and morality, practical virtue, and social goodness, there may be in common between people who scowl at each other 'like frowning cliffs apart' upon questions of cookery and ventilation. He delights in picking up vexations and cross-purposes, and incidents that 'hint dislike;' and he snarls at them as a dog does at a bone, which, all unprofitable as it is, he takes a sort of surly pleasure in growling over. Every step he makes furnishes fresh excuses for grumbling and getting out of humor; and the only wonder is why he ever left home, and why he does not go back again without delay. There is nothing to eat (this is universal); the wines are vinegar; the lower classes wallow in dirt and superstition; the churches are hung all over with theatrical gewgaws; the people are eaten up by the priests; the stench of the towns is past endurance; the women are pert and affected, the men all folly and grimace; the few educated people are destitute of the dignity and reserve essential to the maintenance of rank and order; there is no distinction of persons; and one cannot go into a public company without having one's Teutonic delicacy offended by the levity and grossness of the conversation. It has been well said of the English, that their *forte* is the disagreeable and repulsive.

Is there nothing in England to provoke the acerbity of a foreigner, who should take pleasure in cataloguing annoyances and tantalizing himself with painful truths? Are we quite sure that we are exempt from public nuisances and social evils? Take a stranger into our manufacturing districts, our mines and collieries, our great towns. Is there nothing there to move his compassion, to fill him with amazement and horror? No wrong-doing, no oppression, no vice? On every side he is smitten to the heart by the cruelties of our system; by the hideous contrast of wealth and want, plethora and famine; a special class smothered up in luxuries, and a dense population struggling wolfishly for the bare means of subsistence. Out of all this, drunkenness—unknown in his own midsummer clime—glares upon him at every step. He hears the cry of despair, the bitter imprecation, the blasphemous oath, as he passes through the packed and steaming streets. True, we have fine shops and aristocratic houses, and macadamized roads, and paved causeways and footpaths; but these things, and the tone of comfort they inspire, and the ease and prosperity they imply, only make the real misery, the corroding depravity, all the more palpable and harrowing. As to priests—what becomes of our Church in the comparison? To be sure our priests never walk about the streets—they ride in their carriages: a symptom which is only an aggravation of the disease. Nor are we so free from superstition as we would have the world believe. It is not very long since Sir William Courtenay preached in East Kent; the followers of Johanna Southcote form a very thriving little sect; and witches are still accredited in the north. For credulity we might be matched against any contemporary country—witness our police reports, our joint-stock bubbles, our emigration schemes, and our patent medicines. Are we more enlightened as a nation than our neighbors? Do we treat men of letters with more regard? Is our population better instructed? Do you find anywhere in England, as you do in France and Germany, the poor way-side man acquainted with his local traditions, and proud of his great names in literature and history? All this sort of refinement is wanted: our population is bred up in material necessities, and has neither leisure nor inclination for intellectual culture. The workman knows nothing beyond his work, and even locks up his faculties in it, from an instinctive and hereditary dread of scattering and weakening them. He has been brought up in the notion that a Jack of all trades is master of none, and so he sticks to his last, and is obstinately ignorant of every thing else. This description of training makes capital mechanics; but you must not look for any power of combination, any reasoning faculty, any capacity of comparison or generalization, where the mind has been flattened down and beaten into a single track. It is this which, in a great degree, communicates that air of gloom and reserve to the English peasantry which strikes foreigners so forcibly on their first coming amongst us. Nor is the matter much mended in the higher circles of society. An English *conversazione* is like the 'Dead March' in 'Saul.' Every body seems to have got into a sort of funereal atmosphere; the deepest solemnity sits in every face; and the whole affair looks as if it were got up for any imaginable purpose but that of social intercourse and enjoyment. No wonder a stranger, accustomed to incessant variety, and bringing, by the force of habit, his entire stock of spirits to bear upon the occasion, should be chilled and petrified at a scene which presents such a perplexity to his imagination. He may put up, as gracefully as he can, with being cheated and overcharged and turned into ridicule for his blunders at hotels and lodging houses; these are vulgar and sordid vices. But he looks for compensation and sympathy to the upper classes. Is he disappointed? He is too much a man of the world, too intent upon making the best of every thing, too *enjoué*, and too ready to appreciate and acknowledge whatever is really praiseworthy and agreeable, to annoy any body with his impressions. The contrast is marked—the inference irresistible.

We are so apt to think every thing wrong which does not happen to square with our own usages, that we rarely make allowances for the difference of habits and modes of life. But it ought to be remembered that some national traits may jar with our customs, and yet harmonize perfectly with the general characteristics and necessities of others; and that many of the very traits we desiderate in them would be totally irreconcilable with the whole plan of their society—perhaps even with their climate, which frequently exercises an influence that cannot be averted over society itself. One of the things, for example, which most frets and chafes an Englishman of the common stamp is the eternal flutter of the continent. He cannot make out how the people contrive to carry on the *business* of life, since they appear to be always engrossed in its *pleasures.* He is not content to 'take the goods the Gods provide,' but must needs know whether they are honestly come by. To him, the people seem to be perpetually flying from place to place, on the wing for fresh delights. It never occurs to him that he is making holiday himself; he only thinks it extraordinary that they should be doing the same thing. Yet a moment's reflection ought to show him that they must labor for their pleasure as we do; although they do not take their pleasure, as we do, with an air of labor. Pleasure is cheaper on the continent, as every thing else is, where people are not bowed down by an Old Man at their backs in the shape of a glorious National Debt.

This lightness of the heart, joined to the lightness of the asmosphere, produces that open-air festivity and community of enjoyment which makes the heavy hypochondriacal man stare. He is used to think of taxes and easterly winds, and cannot understand how such crowds of people can go out of doors to enjoy themselves. He wonders they are so improvident of money and rheumatism. Little does he suspect how slight their acquaintance is with either, and how much satisfaction they have in their cap and bells and their blue skies notwithstanding! He goes to an hotel, and petulantly orders dinner in a private room, his sense of exclusiveness taking umbrage at the indiscriminate crush of the *salle à manger* below. Here again he is at fault. The *salle à manger* is the absolute fashion of the place. It is the universal custom of Europe. The Englishman alone cannot reconcile himself to it. He sees a salon set out on a scale of such magnificence, that he immediately begins to calculate the expenditure, and jumps to a conclusion—always estimating things by his own standard—that the speculation must be a dead loss. To be sure, that is no business of his, but he cannot help the *instinct.* Enter a salon of this description, and observe with what regal splendor it is appointed; brilliantly lighted up, painted, gilt, draperied with oriental pomp; a long table runs down the centre, perhaps two or three, laid out for dinner with excellent taste. You wonder by what magic the numerous company is to be brought together for which such an extensive accommodation is provided; presently a bell rings; it is followed, after an interval, by a second and a third peal; then the guests glide in noiselessly, and in a few moments every chair is occupied. Cheap refuge against *ennui*, against the evil misgivings of solitude, the wear and tear of conventional hindrances to the free course of the animal spirits! Here are to be found every class, from the lord to the *négociant;* noblemen and commoners of the highest rank and their families; military, and civilians of all professions; and some of the resident *élite* of the locality, who occasionally prefer this mode of living to the dreary details and lonely pomp of a small household. From this usage, which we deprecate so much because it impinges upon our dignity and sullenness, a manifest advantage is gained in the practical education of men for any intercourse with general society to which they may be called. Nor is it of less value in conferring upon them that ease and self-possession and versatile command of topics, for which the people of the continent are so much more distinguished than our countrymen.

An implicit and somewhat audacious reliance upon the virtues of money in carrying a traveller through every difficulty, is one of the foibles by which we are preeminently noted all over the world. Nor are we content merely to depend upon the weight of our purses, but we must brandish them ostentatiously in the faces of innkeepers and postilions, till we make them conscious of our superiority, with the insulting suggestion in addition, that we think them poor and venal enough to be ready to do any thing for hire. Of course we must pay for our vanity and insolence; and accordingly resentment in kind takes swinging toll out of us wherever we go. Milor Anglais is the sure mark for pillage and overcharge and mendacious servility; all of which he may thank himself for having called into existence. We remember falling in with an old gentleman at Liege several years ago who had travelled all over Belgium and up the Rhine into Nassau, without knowing one word of any language except his own native English. His explanation of this curious dumb process to a group of his countrymen tickled the whole party amazingly. He thought you could travel anywhere, without knowing any language, if you had only plenty of money: he did not know what he had paid at Weisbaden, or anywhere else: his plan was to thrust his hand into his pocket, take it out again filled with sovereigns, and let them help themselves: he never could make out their bills, they were written in such a hieroglyphical hand: what of that? Rhino will carry you anywhere! (an exclamation enforced by a thundering slap on his breeches pocket;) he didn't care about being cheated; he had money enough, *and more where that came from;* he supposed they cheated him, but he could afford it; that was all he looked to; and much more to the same purpose. We would ask any reasonable man of any country whether an avowed system of this kind, which puts an open premium upon knavery, is not calculated to draw upon those who practise it a just measure of obloquy and derision.

The determination not to see things as they are, but to condemn them wholesale for not being something else, is another of our salient characteristics. And this determination generally shows itself most violently in reference to things which, for the most part, can neither be remedied nor altered. The physiognomy of the country upsets all our previous theories of compact living and picturesque scenery: tall, crazy châteaux—dreary rows of trees—interminable roads—dull stretches of beet-root and mangel-wurzel—no hedge-rows—no busy hum of machinery—and such towns! The towns are the especial aversion of an Englishman. He compiles in his own mind a flattering ideal from the best general features of an English town, and immediately sets about a comparison with the straggling discordant mass of houses before him. The result is false both ways, making the English town better than it is, and the continental town a thousand times worse. This procedure is obviously fallacious, to say nothing about the prejudice that lurks at the bottom. We carry away with us only a few vague pictorial images, rejecting all the disagreeable details: English neatness, English order, whitewash, green verandahs, windows buried in roses and honey-suckles, gardens boxed round with faultless precision—and a serene air of contentment over the whole, as if it were a nook in Paradise. We drop out all the harsh features: the crushed spirit of the inmates of these pretty houses, who find it so hard to live in their aromatic cottages; the haggard, speechless things that hang round the doorways and road-sides; the brusque manners; the masked misery; the heartless indifference. We not only forget all such items on the one hand, but the historical and local circumstances on the other, which might help to reconcile us to the unfavorable side of the comparison. Continental towns are generally of great antiquity, having a remote origin in forts and castles, and becoming gradually enlarged to meet new necessities. They are, consequently, built without much method, piled up of all orders and ages: narrow streets, paved all over with sharp stones—fantastic and irregular façades—all sorts of roofs and angles—every color in the rainbow—dark entries—latticed windows—gullies of water running through the streets like rivulets—and crowds of men, women, children, and horses tramping up and down all day long, as if they were holding a fair. A comparison of one of these towns with an English town is as much out of the nature of things, as a comparison between the old Egyptian religion, all grandeur and filth, with a well-swept conventicle.

The English who settle on the continent—people who emigrate for good reasons of their own, but chiefly for one which they are not always willing to avow—are hardly less inaccessible to reason and generosity. You always find them grumbling and as murky as thunder-clouds. They never give way to pleasant influences: they are sensitive only to hard knocks. The crust of prejudice never melts: it can only be chipped off by repeated blows. And the worst of it is that the location they are driven to select, for its superior convenience on the score of neighborhood and economy, pitches them amongst a people the very reverse of themselves. The sullen pride of the English and the explosive vanity of the French make a compound fit for a witch caldron. They are felicitously illustrated by a story too good to be true. A Frenchman is boasting to an Englishman of the battle of Waterloo, a sore subject on both sides, and arrogantly claiming the victory. "How can that be," exclaims the Englishman, "since you left us in possession of the field?" "*Mon Dieu!*" replies the Frenchman, "we won the battle, but you were so obstinate you wouldn't be beaten, and we left the field in disgust!" Frenchmen have the best of such disputes by turning even their failures into pleasantries.

English residents in France are drawn thither by the grand motive of cheap living, cheap education for their children. A family could not exist in England, without undergoing severe privations and severer humiliation, upon the small sum which will enable them to live well in France. This is the magnet which attracts so many people on narrow incomes to the French shores. At the little town of Dinan, on the Rance, there are nearly 300 English residents; at Tours, on the Loire, there are 2000, and there were formerly three times that number, until certain unpleasantnesses broke up and dispersed the community; Avranches, St. Malo, St. Servan, swarm with English; there are 6000 at Boulogne; and they congregate at Rouen, Caen, Havre, and other places in proportion. People do not exile themselves for mere caprice to a strange land, where a strange language is spoken, where they are surrounded by strange customs, and separated from familiar faces and old ties and associations; they must have a strong motive for making so many painful sacrifices of habit, of friendship within call if not within reach of easy intercourse; and that motive must be more powerful than the claims and considerations it overrules. At home they are exposed to a thousand distresses; they cannot sustain the position to which their connexions or their tastes invite them; and then there are children to be cared for, to be educated, and put out in the world. How is all this to be accomplished upon means so limited as to keep them in a state of hopeless warfare with appearances? The alternative is to settle in a country where the necessaries of life are cheap, where education is cheap, where they can escape the eyes of Argus, and do as they like: a sort of genteel emigration. Who is the wiser whether they do this on £100 or £1000 a year, if they can do it independently? They are out of the realms of spite and tattle. Let nobody wonder then at the numbers of English who settle in France and other cheap countries; the real wonder is that there are not more of them. But let nobody, either out of false delicacy or falser pride, mistake the causes of their settling there. It is not from choice but necessity. The question comes home quite as forcibly to the English gentleman of £300 per annum, who rents a house at Avranches or Granville, as to the practical farmer who, before he is ground into a pauper by high rents at home, turns his little property into capital, and transports himself and his family to Van Diemen's Land. The only important difference between the two cases is, that the one can return when he pleases, and the other, having embarked his whole substance in a single venture, must abide the issue.

The English resident in France is not satisfied, however, with his new mode of life after all, and must let off a little ill-humor upon the people. He exclaims, "Oh! yes, you get necessaries cheap enough; but there the advantage ends. There is no such thing as society in such places, and you must make up your mind to a mere state of vegetation. The best you can make of it is banishment with plenty to eat and drink." We should like to ask this desolate, but well-fed gentleman, what sort of society he was able to keep at home, or rather, whether he was able to keep any society at all? If so, why did he condemn himself to this miserable banishment? Why, he knew very well, that the mere cost of putting himself *en regle* to make and receive visits, supposing it possible to keep aloof from the consequent expenses of seeing company, would have swallowed up his whole income.

But the assertion is not true that such places are destitute of good society; and in not a few instances the best society is too intellectual for the common run of economists, consisting as it does of the families of men of science and letters connected with the public institutions of the locality. In this respect France is essentially different from England, and it is desirable to note the difference carefully. While the system of centralization renders Paris the culminating point of the political movements of the country, and consequently draws into its focus much of the wealth, and all the fashions of the kingdom; literature and science, diffusive in their results, but retired and silent in their operations, linger lovingly in sequestered retreats, in provincial towns and villages. Almost every town has its college, or at all events its museum, and its public schools, and upon these foundations several professors are established. These are frequently men of a very high order of talent—antiquaries, good scholars, and ardent lovers of literature. It is scarcely necessary to observe that excellent society might be formed out of such materials; but this is unfortunately not always the sort of society the English resident cares to cultivate. The want, however, lies in him, not in the elements around him. The French provinces are, in fact, full of a class of readers and writers unknown in England. Every department has its own capital, towards which all its lines of interest converge, forming a minor system of centralization in every thing that concerns its local history, arts, science, and antiquities. It must not be supposed that all distinguished men of letters in France run up to Paris, as in England they run up to London. Men of fortune do, leaving their chateaux to go to ruin, while they riot in the salons of the metropolis; fashionable novelists, dramatists and dreamers in blankverse and philosophy, fly to Paris as the only place where they can obtain encouragement and remuneration; but historians and antiquaries, a very large class, are content with the humbler reward of discharging a useful duty to their country in the most useful way, by staying behind to dignify with their presence the scene of their birth and their labors. Thus, while Victor Hugo, Scribe, and Sue, must of necessity engross all eyes in Paris, such men as Bodin and Mahé are content to publish the fruits of their learned researches in the midst of the regions to which they refer. Indeed, so completely is this principle acted upon, that if you want to procure a particular history or an account of the antiquities of any particular place, your best chance is to inquire for it in the place itself. It frequently happens that such works never find their way into Paris through the ordinary channels of trade.

The gradual effect of an English settlement in a French town is to spoil it. In course of time, it becomes a French town anglicized, neither French nor English, but a bad mixture of both, like a *bifteck Anglais* with a heavy sweat of garlic in it. The English mode of settling is something in its nature utterly averse to the whole theory of French life. The English are for settling in the most literal sense—for collecting round them all the conveniences and fixtures and comforts of home—for sitting down with a strict view to the future—for shutting out the weather and the eyes of their neighbors—for keeping themselves snug and reserved and select, (select above all things !)—for quiet dinners and tea in the evening—for in-door as diametrically opposed to out-of-door enjoyments, carpets, blinds, screens, and pokers—and for nursing themselves up in habits contradictory to the spirit of the people, the climate, the traditions, the usages of the country. The French are exactly the antipodes of all this. They hate staying in one spot—they are all flutter, open doors, open windows, and open mouths—they cannot keep in the house—they abhor quiet dinners—and fixtures, conveniences, cupboards, and comforts, are so many agonies in detail to them. They are in a perpetual whirl, sleep about five hours out of the four and twenty, and shoot out of bed, like quicksilver, the moment they awaken, ready for the same round again. Repose is essential to an Englishman : it is physically and mentally impossible to a Frenchman. The latter makes the most of the present moment : the former is always laying up for his children. In fact, the Frenchman lives for to-day—the Englishman for posterity.

The French, to do them justice, would be willing enough, from an habitual preference for the lesser horn of a dilemma, to form a social union with their guests; but the constitutional frigidity of the English forbids the bans. In this respect the English, when they shape themselves into a community, keep up all their old notions to the letter, even towards each other. There seems to be no exception to this rule; they are the same in all places. There is not a solitary instance of an English settlement in which, as far as possible, the entire habits, root and branch, of the mother country have not been transplanted bodily, without the slightest reference to the interests or prejudices of the surrounding population. The English are the only people in the world who do this—the only people who could do it. The Germans, who resemble the English more than any other nation in every thing else, differ from them widely in this. Wherever they go, they adapt themselves to the country, and are uniformly distinguished by the simplicity and economy of their style, their *noiselessness* and *bonhommie.* In America they are beloved for these qualities, and for keeping clear of wounding the self-respect and national pride of the people. The English glory in running counter to the prejudices of the world, and throwing out the angular points of their character with the irritability of the hedgehog.

In the midst of all this purse-proud display, there is a real meanness, a small huckstering spirit that constantly betrays itself. In these very cheap places they are always complaining of the great expense of living, and the frauds that are practised on them. It is a common accusation to bring against the French, that they have two charges—an English charge and a French charge ; but the evil must be set down, along with other petty antagonisms, to the responsibility of those who make the market. When the English shall have learned to live like the French, they may hope to be let in under the French tariff. It is not surprising, all circumstances considered, that the French should regard our Cheapside countrymen with a little distrust and no very great good will. One cogent reason for it is, that they know, sure as the swallow brings summer, the English bring high prices. Wherever they cluster together, they raise the markets ; partly by increased demand, and partly by that mammon swagger, which is one of the vices of the national character. Formerly an inhabitant of a small town in a cheap district, might live comfortably on 1200 francs per annum and keep his servant ; but the English no sooner set up a hive there, than he is obliged to dispense with his domestic, and forego a variety of enjoyments in which he used to indulge. He formerly led a life of *insouciance;* now he leads what may be called a hard life. He is borne down by the market prices, which, although cheap to the English, are ruinously dear to him. How could it be expected that he should like the people who have brought all this upon him, and who boast all the time of the benefits they are conferring on the country by spending their money in it?

The situation of a handful of English settlers is not less curious in reference to their relations with each other. The struggling pride, personal vanities, and class prejudices of the old country, are here to be seen as efflorescent upon the decayed offshoot as upon the original stock. Five hundred a year performs the *rôle* of aristocracy. They are in the last degree suspicious of each other. No one knows why his neighbor, just arrived, has set up his tent in this cheap district; but malice is fertile in suggestions. There are other reasons besides small means for going abroad, and it sometimes happens that a visit to the continent is merely a liberal extension of the rules of the Bench. Of course, if there be mystery in the case, people are not over-charitable in their constructions. Religion often forms a subject of contention for lack of something better to do. Unbeneficed clergymen occasionally speculate on these little communities, and the small profit to be gained by administering spiritual respectability to them is every now and then scrambled for like a beadleship. A conflict of this kind took place recently at Avranches, where the rival candidates carried their hostilities so far that they almost went to fisticuffs in the church!

When we commenced this article, it was our intention to have pursued the inquiry through a variety of details, with an especial view to the recorded opinions of English travellers; but we have already occupied all the space that can be spared from demands of a more pressing nature. Perhaps we may return to the subject, for we are confident that a searching examination into the prejudices by which it has been hitherto *tabooed* will not be unproductive of some utility.

But it may be asked why we undertake to expose these national weaknesses? We answer, because we would rather do it ourselves than leave it to be done by others, and because we are not unwilling to show the world that our integrity and courage are superior to our vanity.

ON THE DEATH OF MY INFANT CHILD.

From the Metropolitan.

A MOTHER'S kiss, O beauteous clay!
  A mother's tear, receive:
Soon shall this perfect form decay,
Soon all resemblance melt away,
  Of him for whom I grieve.

Upon that alabaster cheek,
  (As fair, as firm, as cold!)
In vain do I those dimples seek,
Those charms, which to a mother speak,
  In language manifold!

Upon that little icy hand
  Receive another kiss!
Angel! . . . thou'st join'd the white-rob'd band,
Which round the Throne immortal stand,
  In never-ceasing bliss.

THE FRENCH AT TAHITI.—We have been furnished, says the *Plymouth Times*, with an extract from a letter written by an officer of her Majesty's ship Vindictive, under date of the 12th of March last, containing very important intelligence respecting the further proceedings of the French at the island of Tahiti, and the consequent departure thence of an English naval officer with despatches for our government at home. The following is the extract alluded to:—"Her Majesty's ship Vindictive, Tahiti, March 12, 1843. Since I last wrote on the 28th ult., the state of affairs here has much changed, and the intelligence is of such moment that Captain Nicholas is about to send off Acting-Lieutenant Williams in a schooner with despatches for our government. Lieutenant Little and Lieutenant Hill will go home in the schooner. They will go to Panama, then overland to meet the English packet in the West Indies, and I think will reach England in ten weeks. The French have been at their old system of lying They have sent home a proclamation, stated to have been sent to the Tahitians, complaining of the manner in which the French have been treated by them, charging them with several violent and unjust acts, and demanding of them 10,000 dollars, or possession of the island, for security for their good behavior. Now this proclamation contained nothing but lies—was never made to the people, who would have immediately refuted the contents. It is made up only for the purpose of blinding the eyes of European Powers. We have a French frigate here and a corvette. The French have a provisional government, and hoist the Tahitian flag with the tricolored French in the upper corner. This flag is still flying in a small island in the middle of the harbor, as well as at the government house on shore. We have, however, made a high flag-staff for our flag, and hoisted it opposite the palace. The queen dined on board the Vindictive a few days ago, together with several chiefs and their wives. The table was spread on the after part of the quarter deck. She was received with a captain's guard, and saluted with 21 guns, both when she came and when she went away. The yards were manned, the officers were in full dress, and at night the ship was illuminated. We know not how long we shall continue here. I hope our ministry will not be entrapped by the French." The officer with the despatches alluded to arrived at Falmouth, by the royal mail steamer Teviot, on the 4th of August, and immediately proceeded to London.—*Colonial Magazine.*

PLEASURES, OBJECTS, AND ADVANTAGES OF LITERATURE INDICATED-

From Fraser's Magazine.

This article will be read with great interest. —ED.

I. HUET complained, that while all the world had heard of the misfortunes of men of genius, no book had appeared to record their happiness.* If Huet were now living, he would not, perhaps, think it necessary to recall his complaint. It is perfectly fit that, in the journey of the pilgrim of literature, the *lights* should be marked as well as the *shades;* and that, if we recollect that the *Glossary* of Spelman was impeded by unsold copies, we should also remember the hours of absorbing delight which its compilation afforded to him. Leland mentions a Gothic library in an old castle of the Percys which was called Paradise; and the inscription over the great Egyptian library described it as the hospital for sick souls. Books are both flowers and medicines; and it becomes every person to cultivate, with anxious patience and care, those habits of literary occupation and rational curiosity, which are so beneficently adapted to sweeten the vicissitudes of fortune, to impart dignity to active toil, and cheerfulness to sequestered leisure; this *occupation* and this *curiosity* being always kept subordinate to the great object and end of human life; *i. e. moral and religious cultivation and purification.* Thus associated and endeared to each other, LITERATURE will be seen under the wings of the Angel of Religion; and while the *first* engages the buoyant energies of our health or gilds the gloom of our sickness, the *second* will teach us to extract a sweeter honey from every flower, and will bring all the splendor and peace of a *future* life, to illuminate and tranquillize all the blackness and anarchy of the *present.*

II. Human life is one prolonged series of *compensations.*

> "Great offices will have
> Great talents, and God gives to every man
> The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
> That lifts him into life, and lets him fall,
> Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."†

Literature is one of the channels by which these compensations are supplied. In Homer, it is Minerva who conceals the wrinkles of Ulysses; so, among men, we observe wisdom covering the defects of the body, and education imparting a charm to the intellect, which turns the eye aside from the meaner gifts of nature. The rents and the ungracefulness of the common garment of humanity are covered, in some degree at least, by the beautiful girdle of literature.

III. Bishop Burnet, among the hints which he specifies towards the formation of an *idea* of God, reckons the *perception* which we have of a desire to make other persons *wiser or better.** "I felt," says Burns, "some strivings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclop round the walls of his cell." Who would not rejoice to pour the sunshine upon those benighted eyes, to take the captive of ignorance by the hand, to lead him into the green landscapes of literature, to reflect his feelings in the clear waters of philosophic streams, and, amid all the lovely scenery of the imagination, to fill his mind with the sublime assurance, that

> "His presence, who made all so fair, *perceived*
> Makes all still fairer!"

It is pleasing to contemplate the effect of the first ray of light upon the understanding; to watch the leaps and life† of thought with which the scholar welcomes it, and the glowing face of wonder, gratitude, and affection, which he turns to every object:—

> "By degrees, the mind
> Feels her young nerves dilate; the plastic powers
> Labor for action."‡

Every fresh gleam of knowledge awakens an intenser sensation of pleasure. Petrarch, who was ignorant of Greek, received a copy of Homer from the Byzantine ambassador; he placed it by the side of Plato, and contemplated them both with admiration and enthusiasm.§ Aristotle distinguished the learned and the unlearned as the *living* and the *dead;* and the man, whom he supposed to be conducted into the world for the first time, from some subterranean cavern, when the sky was spangled with stars and the earth illuminated by their lustre,—could not have been surprised into livelier feelings of awe and admiration than are felt by him who, led up from the dark recesses of ignorance into the pure air of civilized life, beholds all the luminaries of genius shining in the remote world of literature.

IV. This light has, in our days, become as common as the sunshine upon the field.

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* Huetiana, p. 163. 1770.

† Task, b. iv.

* Exposition * * * * art. i.

† Burnet's Character of Bp. Boyle.

‡ Pleasures of Imagination, b. iii.

§ Fam. Lett. quoted by Gibbon. *Decline and Fall*, vi. 420. 1788.

It shines for all; it illuminates all. What a contrast to an earlier age! The village-school of the nineteenth might confound the court of the fifteenth century. The famous Montmorency, so prominent in the history of Henry IV., could neither read nor write;* and even in the golden day of French literature, when Molière wrote and Bossuet preached, Louis XIV. could not subscribe his own name until he had sketched an outline of it. His signature was composed of a series of industrious combinations.†

V. The characteristic of all human enjoyments is *fragility—decay;* the vacant chair chills the gaiety of the domestic hearth; the colors of the painter fade; the structures of the architect moulder into ruin. Two sources of delight alone remain, which defy the continually recurring wave of years—Religion and Literature. Of Religion—heavenly, incorruptible, immortal—as it admits of no comparison, so it permits no panegyric. Of Literature something may be spoken. Fame shuts the gates of her Temple upon Time. The armor of Paris glows with the same lustre that dazzled the eyes of Hector; the dew still glistens upon the Sabine Farm; no feather has dropped from the wing of Lesbia's sparrow; no tint has departed from the purple robe of Dido. The arrow, that pierced the Persian breast-plate at Marathon, has mouldered in the earth; but the arrow, which Pindar hurled from the Bow of Song, retains its life throughout successive ages; like the discus thrown by Hippomedon, it sweeps onward—

> "Jamque procul meminit dextræ, servatque tenorem."

The invectives of Juvenal have lost none of their edge; the appeals of Demosthenes, none of their fire. Summer finds the rose of Milton still in bloom, and the bower of Spenser still in leaf.

When Dante met Oderigi in the first circle of purgatory, the painter pronounced a lamentation on the instability of modern reputation:—

> "Cimabue thought
> To lord it over painting's field; and now
> The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed.
> Thus hath one Guido from the other snatched
> The lettered prize, and he perhaps is born
> Who shall drive either from their nest. The noise
> Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,
> That blows from divers points, and shifts its name,
> Shifting the point it blows from."

The frost-work of modern renown does, indeed, melt away before the glare of a brighter name; but the poets and historians of older times built upon firmer pillars. The works of Greek and Latin genius exemplify the assertion. The Gothic night came down upon Europe. During the long dark ages, Homer, Virgil, Cicero, Demosthenes, Livy, Plato, were forgotten or unknown; but still these temples of thought shone in their solitary splendor, their vast shadows unbroken, their gates unopened. *Without* were gloom and barbarism, and the storm of anarchy: *within* were light, and fragrance, and song. So through the darkness and tempest of centuries, the ritual of genius continued to be solemnized. The *Æneid* flourished when the empire of Augustus was in ruins.

VI. We speak of the perpetuity of Literature; but it is only in the works of sincere genius, that this seed of earthly immortality is wrapped up; it is the precious fragance of a good name that embalms an author for succeeding generations. Literature loves and teaches peace and good-will; the disputers, the wranglers, the mockers, obtain no protection form her arm, no shadow from her wing. The coarse invective of Salmasius, and the rugged irony of Milton, their grips and their challenges, the vanquisher and the vanquished, are equally and alike forgotten: and the struggles, that once agitated the breasts of a nation of spectators, have left no more enduring impression upon the surface of literature, than the feet of Spartan wrestlers upon the sand of the arena.

VII.

> "Books are not seldom talismans and spells."

So Cowper sang. The works of genius are always full of magic; rings upon which the genii always wait. The scholar adopts, in the widest sense, the advice of the epigrammatist σεαυτοῦ φρενα, τερπε. Every book is to him a landscape of beauty. The history of Æneas rises before his eyes with all the distinctness and circumstance of a panorama. He sees him, by the light of burning Troy, avenging the ruin of his country; then carrying his father upon his back, and leading by the hand the little Iulus, who follows with unequal steps; Creusa holds out the child to his arms; he follows the wanderer to the hall of Dido, and beholds the enveloping mist melt away; he hears the trees roar in the sudden storm that drove the lovers into the cave, and resembles the minstrel of Beattie, when

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* St Palay—Mem. Anc. Choral. ii. 84. 1781.

† Pegge—Anecdotes of the English Language, 51. 1814.

> "Sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
> When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains
> His deep majestic melody 'gan roll."

This magic, indeed, dwells especially in the writers of Greece and Rome, for their life is, in a manner, *continued in ours.** They become to us a peculiar people; death, which deprived us of them, has made them dear. Perhaps some of the interest with which we regard them may be traced to the period of life when they were put into our hands. The garden of life is then a garden of romance. The eyes of youth, full of hope and expectation, communicate their own lustre to the commonest objects, a lustre which sometimes sheds a rich coloring over the colder atmosphere of maturer years. The charm of association increases the power of the spell. The book is endeared to our heart by the friends and thoughts which it recalls to the memory; friends and thoughts that belong to the morning of our day, when the sun of hope was only beginning to climb the horizon. This feeling often dims the eye of age, when it wanders again over the story of Robinson Crusoe, and often stirs the heart of the scholar, grown gray with the vigils of years, when he meets with a worn-out school-book; each leaf brings back to him the hands that are cold and the voices that are silent. Perhaps his affection sometimes blinds his eyes to the defects in the objects of his admiration. Descartes confessed, that through his life he had entertained a particular regard for persons who *squinted*, having in early life been attached to a girl whose eyes were affected in that manner.

VIII. The language of Greece is alone a source of insatiable pleasure. It was to the poet, the philosopher, or the orator, what the clay was to the sculptor, flowing with equal facility, into every attitude of beauty, horror, supplication, or triumph. Paris binding on his sandals, Hector urging forward his army, Penelope bending over her embroidery, or Ulysses recognized by his dog,—each representation is equally natural, equally admirable. Homer found in words a softer instrument than the clay of Praxiteles. Who can sound the depths of that inimitable language? The boisterous mirth of Aristophanes, the pleasing elegance of Philemon, the mild irony of Menander, the majesty of Pindar, the fire of Sappho, the tears of Simonides,—these are only a few notes from its many-sounding strings. Here the Graces guide the finger of Sophocles upon the harp; there Philosophy holds her lamp over the page of Plato. On this side, Truth whispers her subtle oracles in the ear of Aristotle; on that side history weighs the actions of heroes in her golden seales, before the earnest eyes of Thucydides. The soul of this elaborate harmony seems to animate the harp of Homer, whose poetry was the source of the eloquence, the philosophy, and the fancy of Greece. To him belongs peculiarly the panegyric of Browne,

> "For there is hidden in the poet's name
> A spell that can command the wings of Fame."

Criticism always kindles into admiration before his shrine. "Such a sovereignty of genius reigns all over his works, that the ancients esteemed him as the great high-priest of nature, who was admitted into her inmost choir, and acquainted with her most solemn mysteries."* The modern taste, which is original only in its heresies, has been anticipated even in its *illustrated* poets; Rome possessed its *pictorial* Homer. The Camden professor, at Oxford, deciphered upon a coin of the Gens Mamilia a figure of Ulysses returning to his home,—a fact that not only establishes the early celebrity of the Homeric poems in the Latin metropolis, but shows, also, the delineations of the most interesting incidents upon the escutcheons of private families. Every page might furnish a subject for the artist. Raphael sent designers into Greece to supply him with drawings of antique remains; to such diligence the world owes the "Transfiguration!"

IX. In contemplating the pictures of Homer, and of all the ancient writers, we discover a peculiar charm and sweetness, which they derive from that softening twilight of years into which they have been withdrawn. Delille briefly indicated the essential defect of the *Henriade*, by saying, that it was too *near the eye* and too near the *age;* and Campbell suggests, that Milton might, with greater liveliness of effect, have thrown back his angelic warfare into more remote perspective. Every reader perceives that the scenes of the camp and the battle-field strike his eyes less vividly when contemplated in the clear sunshine of modern history, than when gradually glimmering out through the cloudy horizon of time. The mind is more feebly affected by Napoleon storming the bridge of Lodi, or

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* Dr Arnold

* Blackwall. Introduction to the Classics, p. 14.

Wellington surveying the battlements of Salamanca, than by Brutus reading at night in his tent at Philippi, or Richard bearing down, with the chivalry of England, upon the white armies of Saladin. Nelson, leading the line of battle against Copenhagen, is a less picturesque object than Drake crowding his canvass against the galleons of Spain. One fleet seems to lie immediately under our eye, the other gleams, as it were, through a mist, and,

> "Far off at sea descried,
> Hangs in the clouds."

This is the magic and the charm of antiquity; we delight to watch the gray expanse of years rolling away, with many pauses of darkness, before the glory of the poet's imagination, and kindling into a drapery of gold around the picture which quickens into color and life before the meditative eye of the student. This magical allusion belongs, pre-eminently, to the classical writers. To each of their glowing delineations of scenery or life there is a background of shadow.

X. It would be a very interesting and delightful inquiry to trace the gradual growth and the slow development of the intellectual seed, to mark all its gradations of life, and color, and beauty. In imaginative literature, we should find, with Addison, Novelty taking the lead. The new, the strange, the wonderful, naturally attract the admiration of those who live farthest back in the gray morning of time. As the sun of civilization rises higher and higher, and the horizon of history becomes enlarged, the *pathetic* comes in; there can be little pathos where there are few varieties of fortune. Then appears the *sublime*, which is the new and wonderful, *harmonized into proportion*. The *beautiful* appears last, and seems to mark that hour of the intellectual day, when the *life-giving ardor* of genius, the early sunshine of the mind, has departed. When *Beauty* fails, in the words of an ingenious modern writer,* magnificence succeeds; and magnificence in turn gives place to false ornament, exaggeration, and bombast. At last genius itself recedes before *taste*, and nations, "losing the susceptibility of their youth, sit in judgment, in the decline of their existence, over the images that dazzled, and the feelings that warmed them, when their pulse beat high, and when the sun of life was yet in its zenith."

Whether this be a picture of *our* national progress, I shall not presume to say; but, assuredly, the sun of pure imagination is going down in our land; the horizon is still red with its descending glories. The future who shall unfold? We are *standing* (to take up a thought which I have thrown out upon another occasion) upon the threshold of a great and wonderful revolution of education, habit, feeling, and pursuit. Imagination retreats before *reality;* fiction before *truth;* poetry before *science.* A modern giant, of whom the hundred-handed Titan of antiquity was a faint image, is putting forth all its tremendous energies, and encompassing the opposite poles in its embrace. The steam-engine, I repeat, is civilizing and corrupting the world. The beautiful gardens of thought are languishing under the fiery breath of the giant—the *Faerie Queene* of Spenser is abandoned for the *Dictionary* of Macculloch—the knighthood of genius yields to the aristocracy of commerce. The age of intellectual chivalry is over and gone; but its exploits remain, for ever speaking to them who, with a gentle and a reverent spirit, pause to listen and to love.

XI. It may well be doubted, then, whether the temper of this present age permits it to enjoy all those refined and entrancing pleasures which pure Literature is capable of affording. The popular pulse throbs with each varying stimulant of the minute. There is little contemplativeness in modern literature; little of the serene light of that *inward-eye*, which closes upon the pageant of ambition, or the tumult of excitement, only to repose upon the scenery of imagination, or the hallowed pictures of recollection. In literature, as in politics, men *look forward*, not *backward;* unmindful of the lamp which Time holds before their feet, or of those brief warnings which Experience writes upon the little journal of the passing day.

It is an evil sign when genius is valued by the ready reckoner. Baretti, the friend of Johnson, was, I believe, the first writer in Italy who received money for the copyright of his works. In England, literature has been deeply infected with the utilitarianism of the times. This corrupt feeling, gradually widening itself from one circle of thought into another, soon spreads over the entire surface of popular opinion. A friend of mine recently accompanied an eminent London merchant to the Gallery of Grecian Antiquities at the British Museum. They stopped for a minute before one of the most exquisite productions of Grecian art. My friend noticed the earnest gaze of his companion, who seemed to be lost in admiration of the statue before him. The spell was soon broken. The merchant was thinking of Bonnycastle, not of Phidias; for turning suddenly to my friend, he inquired, "*What did it cost?*"

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* Mr. Douglass.

XII. The temperature of taste may be indicated by clearer proofs. During several years, a small edition of Chaucer, recommended by all the elegance of typography, has dragged its slow length along; Spenser attracts few purchasers; Dryden, in whom Horace Walpole discovered the very model of good sense, comes down from the publisher's shelf with many tardy steps; it is only when Shakspeare is styled the *Pictorial*, that he finds his way into every house; and his only successful incursion upon modern parsimony has been *in the company of a staff of engravers.* Even Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, the least poetical of all poetical biographers—the least tasteful of all expositions of fancy,—daily recede more and more from public inquiry, and the sale of a single copy through a year scarcely preserves the name in the memory of a bookseller. If we turn our eyes to books of elegant criticism, or graceful observations upon art, we find the same neglect and indifference. How many persons, who profess to be men of letters, are familiarly acquainted with Gilpin, Price, Whately, or Knight? In an atmosphere so heavy and lowering, we cannot be astonished to behold

"Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all her varying rainbows die away."

XIII. Boswell gives a curious illustration of Johnson's manner of asserting the dignity of literature, by enduring the inconvenience of a seat near the fire, in a small room, because he would not allow the booksellers, who composed the party, to sit above him at dinner. Bishop Berkeley asserted the supremacy of literature with more appropriate dignity when he declared, that a man who spends his time in searching after truth is a better friend of mankind than the greatest statesman or hero, whose labors and exploits are confined to a small portion of the world; while a ray of imagination, or of wisdom, may enlighten the universe, and glow into the remotest centuries. It is peculiarly important to preserve a remembrance of this panegyric at a season, when military and political distinction eclipses the brightest achievements of the intellect. The following passage of a famous historian seems to be the bitterest censure upon this fashion of our age. "The family of Confucius," are the words of Gibbon, "is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but, in the vast equality of the empire of China, the family of Confucius have maintained above two thousand two hundred and twenty years their peaceful honors and perpetual succession." In England, the latest descendant of *Milton* was munificently provided for with the sinecure office of a parish clerk, and after innumerable flourishes of trumpets, a paltry pittance has been collected for a sister of *Burns*.

XIV. Authorship has lost its unity of purpose with its independence. The age of patronage had its evils, but they rarely infected the book beyond the preface or the conclusion. The disease lay in the extremities. A trader in literature must have a show of wares; his aim must be not to write *well*, but to write *much*. A traveller riding post through a foreign country is only able to construct a very imperfect map of his route. So it is in the journey of literature. Instead of visiting, to borrow a phrase of Bishop Reynolds,* a particular coast and head of learning, the modern scholar, for the most part, views every scene *in transitu;* he catches glimpses of the many-colored landscape of literature, and returns from his travels of thought with a glimmering confusion of images, and a wavering indistinctness of scenery. I am not unmindful that literature is a *circle*, nor have I forgotten the desire of Diderot, that the student of science might not lose his relish for the arts, that Horace and Newton might visit him arm-in-arm, and that an essay on fancy, and a treatise on curves, might be read with equal pleasure. In the mere man of cultivated taste, this unison of opposite qualities may be sometimes seen; but in the scholar who reduces the theory of his reading to *practice* we shall look for it in vain. The hands of the literary Briareus may all possess a certain flexibility, but one alone will be endowed with the—

"One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

Rubens, it has been said, painted twilight with beautiful effect, without being able to delineate the female figure; Teniers would never lift himself from the company of Dutch boors.

XV.—A Latin poet, in a famous maxim,

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* Treatise on the Passions and Faculties of the Soul. Works, fol. 901.

considers a possession to be valuable only in proportion as it is *capable of being known by other persons*. The sentiment of Perseus seems to be an illustration of the story of Demosthenes, who rejoiced to hear himself pointed out in the street as the celebrated orator, a confession justly ridiculed by Cowley.* In a similar spirit of display, Jeremy Collier thought that the furniture of the mind should be constantly brought out, and Bentley told his nephew never to read a book that he could not quote; but the advice of Selden† is wiser—to refer only to such authors as are usually read; to study others for our *own improvement* and *delight*, but not to name them. D'Israeli‡ notices the modest diffidence of some of our early writers. They looked with alarm, he thinks, upon the halo of immortality that encircled the printing-press. The printer of England's *Helicon* was obliged to conceal the names of the contributors with slips of paper pasted over. The poems of Surrey appeared after his death; Sidney did not compose the *Arcadia* with any view to publication; Sackville's *Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates* was sent into the world without a name. The juvenile poetry of Milton dropped from his imagination, like blossoms from the boughs of a tree in an unvisited garden. He gave their bloom and odor to the wind, heedless where it wafted them, and conscious that the garden was his own, and that he could bend over every flower when it pleased him—

> "The summer rose is to the summer sweet,
> Though to itself it only live and die."

How pleasing it is to contemplate Richardson, during his tedious apprenticeship of seven years at a printing office, stealing an hour from rest to cultivate his mind, and scrupulously *buying his own candle*, that his master might not be defrauded. Or, again, how affecting is the spectacle of the celebrated Chinese scholar, Dr. Morrison, working at his trade of a last and boot-tree maker, with a Bible or some other book before him; and when in China, keeping his earthen lamp from blowing out with a large volume of Matthew Henry's *Commentary!* How many illustrations, of still deeper interest, could the thousand lonely chambers of our colleges and our streets proclaim to the world, if, for once, their walls were endowed with a voice! Men, whose names have vanished, like their own slow-moving shadows upon the illuminated curtains, have yet found in all their penury, and sorrow, and pain, that *Literature is its own reward.*

It was so with the students of the *early*, as it is and will be with students of *all* time. Chaucer has sketched a poor scholar among his Canterbury pilgrims. The Oxford clerk has neither benefice nor office. His horse is lean, his own face meagre, and his cloak threadbare, but still he bears a merry heart, and still goes on his way rejoicing:—

> "For him was lever* han at his beddes hed,
> A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
> Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie:
> But all be that he was a philosophre,
> Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
> But all that he might of his frendes hente,†
> On bokes and on lerning he it spente.
> Of studie toke he moste care and hede.
> Not a word spake he more than was nede;
> And that was said in forme and reverence,
> And short and quike, and full of high sentence:
> Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
> And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

It is not in the power of all men to distinguish themselves by the lustre of their acquirements or the fertility of their invention. Nor is it expedient or necessary that books should be studied with a view to composition, or that the disciple should struggle to emulate his master. Yet the exercises of an amiable and cultivated intellect ought not to be despised. As in the family of mankind, so in the family of letters—*despise not the least.* Great authors—the Ciceros, the Dantes, the Taylors of an age—are, indeed, the trees that embellish the landscape of literature, and cheer the traveller with the richest fruit. Let us not overlook the lowlier flowers that blossom in the shade. The gentle panegyrist of home feelings and descriptions often conducts us to his mightier teachers of heroic or philosophic song; as the violet, that purples the mossy trunk of the oak, often allures our footsteps to the tree that shelters it. Collins brings us to Tasso, Dyer shows from Grongar Hill the lovelier scenery of Thomson. A love of letters may stimulate a student to seek for the honors of authorship, without possessing the *ability;* he may desire to be the rival, when Nature intended him for the scholiast, of Milton. But even the passage of these thoughts through his mind will not be without advantage to himself, as the fruit of his toil may not be unprofitable to others. The story dies out with the winter fire, but it may leave some moral of wisdom upon the ear; the poem, that only blooms its little day of domestic reputation, may breathe a reviving or a purifying fragrance upon some dejected or some corrupted heart; as the rose, when its leaves are strewed along the ground, may mingle its bloom with the exhalations of the earth, and so continue its work of refreshment and purification* when it no longer possesses any color or beauty.

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* Essays—Of Obscurity.
† Table Talk, vol. ix. 1679.
‡ Amenities of Literature, vol. ii. 278.

* Rather have.
† Get.

We all seek for friends, we find one in Literature. If *we* do not depart from our earthly *friends*, *they* depart from *us;* but Literature, though it may be forsaken, never forsakes. The poet Simonides, returning from Asia to Ceos, suffered shipwreck. His companions busied themselves in rescuing their property from the waves; Simonides remained a tranquil spectator. They inquired the cause of his inactivity and indifference. "All that is mine is with me," was the reply. In the shipwreck of our fortune, Literature takes us to its bosom with a closer and a fonder embrace; if it heightened the joys or rocked asleep the sorrows of our childhood, it watches over the troubled visions of our sickness, and pours light upon the darkening eyes of our age. In the morning of life, it comes to us arrayed in the beauty of hope; in the evening, in the beauty of recollection. The common evils of the world are dispossessed of all their injurious power by the music of literature. When Sandys and Cranmer visited Hooker at Drayton-Beauchamp, near Aylesbury, they found him with a Horace in his hand, quietly watching over a flock of sheep. The chimes of the poet still rang in his ears, when he was called away to rock the cradle of his child, and yet Hooker was happy even in his sadness; he could take his intellectual joy with him, and while he sat on one side of the cradle, he could see Horace himself sitting upon the other.

And if in the tranquil retirement of the study, and amid the recreations of home and friends, the magical power of books be felt and acknowledged, how much more vivid will their influence be in the solitude of distant lands, in the pangs of adversity or in the watches of sickness? The memory of a book returns with redoubled charms at seasons like these; it not only pleases by its own beauties, but by the long train of endearing associations which it awakens and detains before our eyes. It has the voice of a friend, and transports us among the remote scenes of our happiness and love. When Sir Joshua Reynolds and other English visitors to the opera in Venice, heard a ballad which, at the time of their departure from England, was being played in every street in London, the tears rushed to their eyes; space and time were annihilated, and the familiar faces of home smiled around them. Who has forgotten the touching incident of Sir John Moore repeating the *Elegy* of Gray while floating along the waters that bathed a remote shore?

Literature has its *solitary* pleasures, and they are *many;* it has also its *social* pleasures, and they are *more.* The Persian poet Saadi, teaches a moral in one of his pleasing apologues. Two friends passed a summer day in a garden of roses; *one* satisfied himself with admiring their colors and inhaling their fragrance; the *other* filled his bosom with the leaves, and enjoyed at home, during several days, with his family, the deliciousness of the perfume. The first was the *solitary*, the second the *social* student. He wanders among many gardens of thought, but always brings back some flower in his hand. Who can estimate the advantages that may result from this toil and this application of it? It was said by Southey that the poetry of every nation is colored by the national character, as the wine of different soils has its own peculiar raciness and flavor. And so it is in the economy of families; the fruit upon the domestic ground tells us not only what *seed was sown*, but what cultivation was bestowed upon it. The father, instructing and delighting the little circle of relatives and friends round the hearth of winter, is often a missionary to prepare the way for the angelic footsteps of Piety.

The domestic life of virtuous genius has many delightful pictures to soothe and engage our eyes. We like to see Richardson reading chapters of his novels to his listening friends in his favorite grotto; and Sterne never looks so amiable and captivating as when he appears by his own fireside with his daughter copying and his wife knitting. His own description is a very lively sketch. Writing to a friend, Sept. 21, 1761:—

> "I am scribbling away at my *Tristram.* These two volumes are, I think, the best I shall write as long as I live; 'tis, in fact, my hobby-horse, and so much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthusiast. *My Lydia helps to copy for me, and my wife knits and listens as I read her chapters.*"

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* Azais des Compensations.

Cowper has painted his own domestic fireside with a still livelier pencil; it has all the minute touches, and finish, and warmth of an *interior* by a Dutch artist. The shutters closed, the curtains let down, the sofa wheeled round, the fire quickened into a blaze; then the journal of travels by land or perils by sea is opened, or the page of the historian is made vocal, while his faithful Mary Unwin, with her shining store of needles, sits quietly listening in the opposite chair.

A very charming paper might be composed out of the records of the assistance which men of genius have received from "them of their own household," in carrying on their difficult labors. Many who have read with admiration and respect of the discoveries of the late Sir William Herschel, are ignorant that his labors were alleviated and assisted by the watchful affection and the unwearied enthusiasm of his sister, who has lived to see the fame of her brother equalled, if not outshone by the reputation of her nephew. Miss Caroline Herschel, as we are told by Professor Nichol, shared in all the toil by which the astronomical investigations of her brother were attended. She braved the inclemency of the weather, she passed the night by the side of the telescope. "She took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the ensuing morning: she planned the labor of each succeeding night, she reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept every thing in systematic order." Surely this is one of the most interesting paragraphs in the history of feminine affection and intelligence.

XVI. The great object in literature, as in every other occupation in life, is to act *upon a plan;* to divide the hours of the day into little *plots of seed-ground*, from each of which a harvest is to be reaped. To-day, the proverb tells us, is yesterday's pupil. A careful examination of a day will teach us how intimately associated is each hour with its predecessor and successor; they are children of time, and inherit the features and the infirmities of their parent. One ill-spent hour gives birth to a second, that to a third. The family soon increases. "If you devote this day to study," wrote Johnson to Boswell,* "you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow;" and at an earlier period he had told Baretti† that one week and one year are very much alike. Bishop Butler has given us the same advice with his usual fulness of meaning: "We are capable not only of acting, and of having different momentary impressions, but of getting a new facility in any kind of action, and of settled alterations in our temper or character. *The power of the two last is the power of habits.*"* Acts are only resolutions grown up, of which the larger number die at their birth.

Bishop Butler was unable to discover any kind or degree of enjoyment offered to man, except *by means of his own actions;* and this opinion, if carefully examined and honestly interpreted, will be found to be well-founded. Exertion is essential to happiness. Even the heavenly food was to be *gathered up.* In the wilderness of life, the food of the understanding is bestowed upon the same conditions,—an appetite is alike obtained and rewarded by exercise. We have a very elaborate and curious delineation of the day of a scholar of antiquity, in one of the familiar letters of Pliny, from which some interesting particulars may be selected, and bound together. He rose,† generally, with the sun; believing that darkness and silence were favorable to meditation, he always had the shutters of his chamber-windows closed. Thus abstracted from the allurement of outward objects, the eye, obedient to the direction of the mind, dwelt upon the pictures of the imagination. If he was engaged in any composition, he selected this portion of the day for its consideration; not confining himself to the construction of the plan, but selecting the expression and harmonizing the periods. Having intrusted to his memory as much as he thought it could retain, he summoned his secretary, and opening the shutters, dictated to him what he had composed. He pursued the same course until ten or eleven o'clock, when he walked on the terrace or in the covered portico, still meditating or dictating, as before. He carried his studies into his chariot, finding that the change of situation preserved and enlivened his attention. Upon his return, he took some repose; then walked out, and afterwards repeated some Greek or Latin oration,—not so much for the improvement of his elocution as of his digestion. In modern times, Gassendi and Hobbes adopted the same habit. He then walked out again, was anointed, and went into the bath. The supper-hour was now at hand. If his wife or a few friends were present, a favorite book was read to them;

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* Dec. 8, 1763.

† June 10, 1761.

* Analogy, c. v.

† See his Letter to Fuscus. Letter xxxvi. b. 9

and when the repast was ended, they were amused with music or an interlude. A walk in the society of his family succeeded. Thus the evening was spent in various conversation, and the longest day glided away unobserved. Visits to the surrounding villages often furnished a pleasing episode in the history of the day.

With this agreeable sketch we may contrast a picture of a learned English bishop in the sixteenth century, a man intimately associated with one of the most eventful periods of our ecclesiastical history—*Bishop Jewell.* The morning has been consecrated to study by the example of every Christian scholar. Hacket calls it, very prettily, and in the spirit of Cowley or Carew, the "*mother of honey dews and pearls which drop upon the paper from the student's pen.*" The learned and excellent Bishop Jewell affords a very delightful specimen of the day of an early English scholar, who not only lived among his books but among men. He commonly rose at four o'clock, had private prayers at five, and attended the public service of the church in the cathedral at six. The remainder of the morning was given to study. One of his biographers* has drawn a very interesting sketch of Jewell during the day. At meals, a chapter being first read, he recreated himself with scholastic wars between young scholars whom he entertained at his table. After meals his doors and ears were open to all suits and causes; and at these times, for the most part, he despatched all those businesses which either his place or others' importunity forced upon him, making gain of the residue of this time for his study. About the hour of nine at night he called his servants to an account how they had spent the day, and admonished them accordingly. "From this examination to his study (how long it is uncertain, oftentimes after midnight), and so to bed; wherein, after some part of an author read to him by the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, commending himself to the protection of his Saviour, he took his rest." And in the arrangement and disposition of the day, we find all scholars, whether of ancient or modern days, especially watchful to gather up every *spare minute.* Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that,—

> "Sands make the mountain, moments make the
> year.†"

Of all the moments of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden. Now it is precisely during these little intervals of idleness or amusement, that the good angel of Literature—of Literature baptized by Religion—waits upon those whom he loves, and who welcome his visits, with some flower to charm their senses, some song to soothe their ear, or some precious stone to delight their eyes. Spare minutes occur in every portion of the day, but they never come with a sweeter influence than in the hour of twilight. The picture which Cowper has drawn of an evening at Weston, may be transferred to the firesides of our readers. The wintry winds, that rattle the bolted shutter, awake a livelier feeling of warmth and gratitude. How many thoughts of genius and of devotion, still living through the world, were born amid the indistinct glimmer of the parlor twilight! Ridley, gazing into the expiring embers, after the toil and disputes of the day, beheld, it may be, the English church rising in all her harmony and magnificence. Raleigh called up from those red cinders, in which Cowper created trees and churches, cities with gates of gold, and forests stretching into the remote horizon. Milton, while bending over his father's hearth at Horton, and reflecting upon the studies of the day, beheld, perhaps, the dim outline of some majestic story, over which those treasures of Greek and Latin fancy and eloquence were to diffuse so sweet a charm.

> "Bright winter fires that summer's part supply,"

was the pleasing line of Cowley. These winter spare minutes are the harvest-homes of memory. Thoughts that have been gleaning in distant fields during the day, now bring back their little sheaves to the garner. The celebrated Barrow always kept, during winter, a tinder-box in his room, frequently rising in the night to pursue his studies. One of his works was written in spare minutes of this description.

And the influence of spare minutes upon our lives cannot be estimated too highly. A particular feature in Livy's character of Philopœmen is his constant *habit of observation;* his military knowledge was always fit for action. The cultivation of a single talent, in the spare minutes of the busy and humblest employment, may exercise the most important influence upon our future prosperity, and happiness, and fame.

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* See account of his life prefixed to Century of Sermons, 1609.

† Young.

But this talent must be *ready for production* at a moment's warning. The history of one of the most popular English poets of the eighteenth century will illustrate the remark. Prior, on the death of his father, was brought up by his uncle, who sent him to Westminster school, where he remained until the trade of his relative, a vintner, required some additional energy to conduct it; and young Prior was taken from the school to the tavern. He obeyed the call of gratitude and affection; but amid all the sordid duties of his situation he retained a love of the classical pursuits which he acquired at Westminster. Horace was the companion of his leisure hours. It happened that the famous Earl of Dorset frequented the tavern kept by Prior's uncle, and during one of his occasional visits a dispute arose between that nobleman and his companions respecting a passage in the Latin lyrist. A gentleman of the company suggested that a young man lived in the house who might be able to decide the question. Prior was called into the room, and immediately obtained the patronage of Dorset by the ready accuracy and taste of his scholarship. In a short time the vintner's nephew was on his road to Cambridge. His subsequent history is familiar to all; from academic he rose to political distinction; and the boy, who had been removed from school to serve in a tavern, became so important an actor in the scenes of history, that Swift informed a friend,* "Prior is just come over from France for a few days; *stocks rise at his coming.*" A few hours spent over the poety of Horace were the simple instruments of his elevation.

XVII. An employment of spare minutes implies the presence and the nurture of an industrious spirit. Literature is not like science, strictly *inductive;* its mysteries are not to be unfolded by thoughtful scholars tracing on the obscure hints dropped by the hand of nature† or of man. A basket left upon the ground, and overgrown by the acanthus, suggests the Corinthian capital; the contemplation of the sun's rays along a wall produces the achromatic telescope; the movements of a frog reveal the wonders of electricity and galvanism; and an idle boy unexpectedly shows the way to the most important improvement of the steam-engine.‡ Nothing like this ever happened, or can happen, in literature. The *Iliad* stands at the *beginning*, not at the *close*, of the history of letters; the curtain of the drama *rises* instead of *falling*, with the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus; Chatham *borrows* from Demosthenes instead of adding to him; Robertson and Southey have not heightened the pictures of Livy; Montesquieu has not outgazed the sagacity of Tacitus. Education cannot create genius; Intellectual and natural prodigies *grow of themselves.*

Literature is not inductive with relation to its *creators;* it is strictly so with relation to its *students.* The stars of *heaven* are not more remote from the understanding of a child, than the stars of *literature* from the comprehension of the uncultivated intellect. The multiplication-table and the grammar respectively teach the *first* steps; every new acquisition increases the number. Taste itself is only the sum of a long series of processes of reflection. These chains of induction will of course be linked with greater or less rapidity, according as the faculties of the mind possess greater or less quickness and tenacity of apprehension. Sir Isaac Newton told Coates that he had perceived a peculiar property of the ellipse without having gone through any intermediate connexions of argument and analysis; Pascal solved the problems of Euclid without any effort; and Mrs. Somerville unconsciously unfolded the mysteries of algebra. But these luminaries of intellect are our guides, not our models; we have not their light, because we are placed at remoter distances from the orb of Genius. But every person can practise the patient diligence, though he may want the piercing sagacity of Pascal.

Hogarth commences his delineations of sin with a sketch of a boy playing on a tombstone. The illustration may serve also for intellectual degradation. Industry should be the companion of *childhood.* It is especially expedient to form and cultivate a habit of *attention and reflection* in the dawn of our days. Gassendi informs us, in his minute and elegant life of Peirese,* that he always read with a pen by his side, and underlined every difficult passage, that he might recur to it again. The profound scholar, Ruhnken, adopted a similar practice; and Wyttenbach gives an interesting account of his method of reading a Greek book. Without these habits of attention and reflection, reading is only an *occupation*, not an *employment.* Reading, at most, to adopt the sentiment of an old writer,† can only elevate our mind to that of the author whom we peruse; whilst meditation lifts us upon his shoulders, and enables us to see farther than he ever saw, or could see. "Salmasius," said Gibbon, "read as much as Grotius; but the first became a pedant, and the second a philosopher." Leibnitz discovered, in the intellectual system of Cudworth, extensive erudition, but little reflection; and Bolinbroke considered that the incessant toil of reading afforded him no intervals for meditation. The advice of a most learned and eloquent scholar—of one in whom the piles of knowledge were kindled by the fire of imagination—cannot be too constantly present to the memory. Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading, *and thus dispirit the book into the scholar.* In the natural world, we see the polyp taking its color from the food that nourishes it. To a certain extent, the same phenomenon will commonly occur in the operation of the intellect. Meditation, acting as it were upon the organization of the mind, *assimilates* its nourishment; and this mysterious operation, in a healthy understanding, is not *apparent.* Winckelman* mentions, that in the statue of Hercules, the expiring effort of antique sculpture—*the veins are invisible.* The robust frame of Genius is nourished by channels equally secret from the common eye. To this nourishment the study of foreign lauguages will contribute; but it is a study which must be restrained within moderate limits, and directed with caution to a particular object.

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* October 28, 1712.

† Butler's Anal. p. ii. c. 3.

‡ Lord Brougham.

* De Vita Peiresa, lib. sixt. 365. Bishop Jebb praises the graceful Latinity of this volume.

† Goodman.

When Warburton recommended a youthful friend to the notice of Hurd, he requested him to check the student's ardor in the acquisition of languages. "Were I," wrote Warburton,† "to be the reformer of Westminster school, I would order that every boy should have impressed on his Accidence, in great letters of gold, as on the back of the Horn-book, that oracle of Hobbes, 'Words are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools.'" A knowledge of languages, as generally embraced in the scheme of modern education, is only a fringe upon the scholar's garment, and frequently conceals the awkward movements of an uncultivated mind. Living languages, as they are called, are chiefly studied with reference to society; they form the currency of fashionable life. But however agreeable, or even beneficial this employment of them may be, it is obviously not their only nor their most important use. A language is really valuable, as it supplies ideas; as it becomes a channel to conduct a new stream of thoughts into the memory. Italian should be acquired, not to visit the Opera, but to read Dante; the ear should be familiarized with French idioms, not to enjoy the coteries of Paris, but to appreciate Bossuet. When Johnson's pension was granted, he exclaimed, that if it had been bestowed twenty years earlier, he would have gone to Constantinople to learn Arabic, as Pococke did. In this spirit, the acquisition of a language belongs to the Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature, but in no other. And in every language thus investigated, the tree of Beauty, with all its branches of wisdom, and fancy, and grace, will be easily discovered. Under those boughs let the student sit. Nor will he be obliged to wander far for the sweet flower of moral instruction,—

> "Facilis quærentibus herba,
> Namque uno ingentem tollit de cespite silvam,
> Aureus ipse."

And in speaking of the study of languages, let me not omit to mention the delight and the improvement which are to be derived from reading at least the *Greek Scriptures* in their original tongue. It is one of the graceful tales of classic fiction that Ulysses escaped the enchantment of the Syrens by binding himself to the mast, but that Orpheus overcame their charm by singing the praises of the gods. The great art of the Christian student will always be applied to extract out of every book, instruction and comfort, but he will look for his moral protection and consolation, only to *one.* He will prepare himself for the little voyage of the day, by searching the Scriptures. When we remember the illumination which learning has shed upon the dark places of Truth, we shall feel with Benson, that fanaticism, however ardent its endeavors, will never succeed in banishing Literature from the household of Faith. Every student cannot, of course, be familiarly acquainted with the interpretation, the illustration, or the criticism of the Scriptures; but it is in the power of a large number to acquire some knowledge of the most important works which good and learned men have devoted to that sacred subject. Take, for example, the following list. A few hours of the Sabbath day, devoted to the study of these books, will furnish the busiest man with an answer to every inquiry as to the nature and grounds of his belief:—

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* Hist. de l'Art chez les Anciens, t. ii. p 248.
† September 23, 1750.

1. D'Oyley and Mant's Notes to the Bible.
2. Lowth on Hebrew Poetry.
3. Bishop Jebb's Sacred Literature.
4. Bishop Gray's Key to the Old Testament.
5. Bishop Percy's Key to the New.
6. Paley's Horeæ Paulinæ.
   —— Evidences of Christianity.
7. Bishop Butler's Analogy.
8. Burnet, or Beveridge, on the Articles.
9. Bishop Pearson on the Creed.
10. Bishop Marsh's Lectures.
11. Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures.
12. Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.

To read the Scriptures in their original tongue, is not the privilege of many; but of the New Testament, and of St. Paul's Epistles in particular, it may be affirmed, that no person can fully understand their deep and *suggestive* spirit, unless he has acquired some knowledge of the Greek language. In the Epistles of St. Paul, almost every word is a picture, which enlarges as the eye lingers upon it. A few verbal illustrations, and those familiar to every scholar, can only be produced. In the Epistle to the Romans (viii. 26), the Apostle speaks of the Spirit helping our infirmities; the word rendered *helpeth*, expresses the action of a friend assisting another to raise a burden, by supporting it on the other side. The word (2 Cor. xii. 6) *αδοκιμοι*, which our version explains by *reprobates*, describes persons who were unable to give any testimony or proof (with a reference to the *trial of gold*) of the indwelling power of Christ. St. Paul tells the Gallatians (v. 7) that they did run well, and inquires who *hindered* them, that they should *not obey the truth.* It is a metaphorical expression, taken from a person crossing the course, in the Olympic games, and so *intercepting* the progress of the runner. Commentators have noticed the force imparted to the description, given by St. James, of the fragility of human riches and dignity, by the employment of the past tense, a circumstance not regarded in our version. Virgil has produced a similar effect by a change of tense in his wonderful description of a tempest in the first Georgic.

XVIII. The sciences have no legitimate place among *the pleasures of literature;* pleasures, indeed, they give, but of a different order. Every attempt to prove the influence of mathematical investigation upon the poetical mind, has been unsuccessful. It has, however, been often renewed. Black supposes Tasso to have derived from scientific researches that methodical and lucid arrangement of his poem, in which he is considered to have excelled Ariosto. The names of Virgil and Milton have also been mentioned with considerable emphasis; by the former of whom mathematics are said to have been combined with medicine, and by the latter with music. The example of Virgil is a weak one. Like Gray, whom he appears to have resembled in the painful elaborateness of composition, and the retiring fastidiousness of taste, he carried his inquiries over every path of learning, and amused the curiosity of his learned leisure with scientific inquiry. To ascribe the harmony of the *Æneid* to the *mathematics of Virgil*, is to assign the rural pictures of the *Elegy* and *Odes* to the *botany* of *Gray.*

Milton's allusion to his scientific occupations occurs in the second Defence, where he speaks of relieving the retirement of Horton and the perusal of Greek and Latin authors, by occasional visits to London for the purpose of purchasing books, or learning any new discovery in mathematics or music. But the illustrations, which these sciences supplied to his poetry, are only valuable when they are obvious, and displease the eye of taste in exact proportion as they become intricate. Johnson thought it unnecessary to mention his ungraceful use of terms of art, because they are easily remarked, and generally censured. If Milton had been entirely ignorant of science, he would have produced a completer poem.

Black conceives that the fantastic disarrangement of Ariosto bewildered the fancy of Spenser, and weakened the interest by destroying the unity of his poem. But if science could have furnished a rudder to guide him through those intermingling streams of thought, Spenser possessed an ample store.

It has been related of a celebrated mathematician, that while he never was able to discover any sublimity in *Paradise Lost*, the perusal of the queries at the end of Newton's *Optics* always seemed to make his hair *stand on end, and his blood run cold.**

Gibbon rejoiced that he had, at an early period of life, abandoned mathematical demonstrations.

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* Alison on the Nature of Emotions of Sublimity and Beauty.

One inherent defect seems to exist in all mathematical studies; they *occupy* the mind without *filling* it; they exercise the reason without nourishing it. As a substitute for philosophical researches, they are not only nothing, but they are worse than nothing. Burnet has placed this objection in a clear light:—

> "Learning, chiefly in mathematical sciences, can so swallow up and fix one's thought, as to possess it entirely for some time; but when that amusement is over, nature will return, and be where it was, being rather diverted than overcome by such speculations."

It was, perhaps, for this, among other reasons, that Bossuet excluded science from the circle of theological study; and Fénelon turned with disgust from what he called *les attraits diaboliques de géometrie*.

Let me here interpose one word of caution. I do not speak of science considered in itself, as the mother of discoveries, the contributor to civilization, the ameliorator of suffering; but of science as bearing upon the human mind; as affecting the cultivation of the taste, the regulation of the appetites, the government of the heart. Gray, who despised the mathematical pursuits of Cambridge, is reported to have lamented his ignorance in maturer life. Without inquiring into the foundation of this assertion, it may be at once admitted that the science of method will always be beneficial to a *full* mind like Gray's. The misfortune of science, early and exclusively cultivated, is that it *finds* the mind *empty* and *leaves* it so. It is an elaborate mechanism to convey water, with no water to convey. In every country Imagination, in its noblest form, has preceded science. Homer sang, and Æschylus painted, before Aristotle had given a single rule.

Warton has not forgotten to notice this circumstance in reference to the condition of England in the thirteenth century:—"Nor is it science alone, even if founded on truth, that will polish nations. For this purpose the powers of the imagination must be awakened and exerted, to teach elegant feelings and to heighten our natural sensibilities." Science has its own objects, and pleasures, and duties.

It is the business of science, if, with Mr. Davies,* I may venture to apply a heathen illustration, "To lead the inquirer through the beautiful range of harmonious and mutually dependent operations which pervade the economy of the universe, until he has found that the last link in nature's chain is fastened to the foot of Jupiter's throne." But the chain is frequently dropped or broken before it reaches the Great First Cause.

"Never yet did philosophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of observation, and discovers, else
Not visible, his family of worlds,
Discover Him that rules them; such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine."

And it is not impossible that Cowper, watching the summer sun descend over the village spire of Emberton, may have attained to a grander and wider conception of the magnificence and glory of its Creator, than all the watchers of the stars from the Chaldeans to Herschel.

Let the elements of science, then, be *offered* to all; but let them know their place; let them be held in subordination to pure *literature*. They are calculated, in certain cases, to brace the faculties, and to give distinctness to the reasoning and acquisitive powers; they may be means to an end; they may serve to connect materials, to impart symmetry to argument. Let not the scaffolding be mistaken for the palace. Let them be adapted to the tastes and capacity of the student; it is one thing to shape the understanding, and another thing to

"Petrify a genius to a dunce."

It was the opinion of the Swedish Charles that he who is ignorant of arithmetic is only half a man; and every reader of Boswell knows what book was the companion of Johnson in his Highland travels. Take your Bonnycastle; but if the student never opens Euclid, his literary pleasures will not be diminished. Perhaps I speak warmly, for I speak from the heart. Science may be a Minerva, but to me, at least, she is always, in the vivid line of Ben Jonson,—

"Minerva holding forth Medusa's head."

There is a stony chill about the eyes of the goddess that pierces the very soul of imagination with its arrowy cold, and benumbs all the joyous faculties of the mind; and when I behold the features of the intellect awakening from their suspended animation, beneath the kindling and downstooping eyes of Poetry, I often think of the fantastic description of the recovery of Thaisa in the doubtful play of *Pericles*,—

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* Estimate of the Mind, sect. vi.

"Nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again! She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear to make the world twice rich."

XIX. In the natural world there are two ways in which a body may be rendered visible; by its own internal brilliancy, or by a light reflected from a separate object. Now, in the world of literature it would be untrue to say that any stars are essentially and of themselves luminous, shining so far beyond the boundaries of the mental creation as to be unvisited and unwarmed by the great sun of intellect, and sympathy, and imagination. But it does seem to be in harmony with the laws of the universe, that these stars of thought, like the fixed stars of the sky, should present us *with periodical variations of light.* That at certain seasons, and from certain causes—manifestly operating, though not always admitting of explanation—these bodies of glory should become fainter and darker; and that in their mysterious revolutions through the firmament of the intellectual heaven, one side, so to speak, should rise *into light*, as the other side sinks *down into shadow.* Thus we have the *Iliad* first and afterward the *Odyssey;* now the *Paradise Lost* and then the *Paradise Regained.* And it is also pleasing to observe how soothing a harmony of repose steals over the scenery of thought in the succession of years; how exquisitely its brilliancy and heat are tempered and subdued by the sweet interchange of light and shade. If we turn to Athenian history, we behold the milder majesty of Sophocles casting a gentle beauty over the dark grandeur of Æschylus. In Italy we see the stern features of Dante shone upon by the serener eye of Petrarch; and we can turn away from the gloomy and black architecture of the Florentine, to admire the palace of Fiction, with every gate blooming with the garlands of Boccaccio.

It is obviously wise to contemplate these luminaries of genius on their bright side—to study their greatest works. Warburton, writing in 1761, observed that he had not time to read books at a venture. Warburton was an old man; but the youngest man has no time to spare. There are many books, even of famous men, of whose construction and decorations, in the quaint words of Fuller, a glance, through the casement of the index, furnishes as correct an idea as an entire day passed in the interior. When Boswell asked Johnson whether he had read Du Halde's account of China, he said, "Why, yes, as men read such books, that is to say, consult it." The same remark might be applied to a large portion of the prose writings of Milton, and even to the costly erudition and elaborate eloquence of Jeremy Taylor. Pope has very justly rebuked that disposition which has frequently manifested itself in our own time, of bestowing unmeasured praise upon a writer whose genius, in reality, seems to have *flowered* in a single book; the richness and fragrance of whose fancy seem to have been concentrated into one beautiful and vigorous blossom. It is impossible to consider the quotation of one admirable line or passage, brought forward as a *specimen* of the author's genius, in any other light than that of a fraud upon the credulity of the reader. The handful of good grain at the mouth of the sack deceives us into the purchase of the sack itself, which frequently contains not a single ear of corn from the true and faithful harvest-field of wisdom.

Let me not be misunderstood. I know that as there is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, and many a fair pearl in the bosom of the sea,* so in the discolored leaves of many an old volume, and in the dim recesses of our college libraries time has hidden some of the brightest jewels of the diadem of genius,—jewels which require only to be held up to the rays of taste to pour out the purest gleams of radiance; nor am I insensible of the charm of coming suddenly upon one of these buried treasures. The discovery breaks upon us like a cluster of violets in a dreary walk, with a sweet surprise; and, like Bertha, so exquisitely described by Davenant, we behold

"A sudden break of beauty out of night."

Upon these occasions we also frequently meet the original of a description, or an illustration, which has afforded us delight or improvement. Had not, for example, the preacher in the seventeenth century anticipated a very striking thought of the preacher in the nineteenth? Compare these passages:—

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* Bishop Hall.

BRADLEY.

"Even the works of our own hands remain much longer than we. The pyramids of Egypt have defied the attacks of 3000 years, while their builders sank, perhaps, under the burden of fourscore. Our houses stand long after their transient proprietors are gone, and their names forgotten. Where is now the head that planned, and the head which built this house of God? They were all reduced to ashes 500 years ago. The very seats we sit on have borne generations before they bore us, and will probably bear many after us. The remains of those who once occupied the places we now fill are underneath our feet."—*The Brevity of Human Life*, v. i. 271.

HENRY SMITH.

"This is our life, while we enjoy it; we lose it like the sun, which flies swifter than an arrow, and yet no man perceives that it moves. He which lasted 900 years could not hold out one hour longer; and what is he now more than a child that lived but a year? Where are they which founded this goodly city? which possessed these fair houses, and walked these pleasant fields; which entered these stately temples; which kneeled in these seats; which preached out of this place but thirty years ago? Is not earth turned to earth? and shall not the sun set like theirs when the night comes?"—*The Magistrate's Scripture Sermons*, p. 300. 1675.

But to return. Every greater light of intellect kindles into life and splendor some lesser light; every great author awakens some inferior author; and so the sun of genius, like the sun of nature, appears with clusters of stars in his train. And the purity and color of the light always declares the fountain of glory from whence it flowed. The influence of Spenser upon our imaginative literature presents an interesting exemplification of this assertion. From his own day until ours, from Milton to Southey, we can trace the beams of his lustrous fancy tinging every golden urn which each successive disciple brings to him to be filled; and all these effluxes of light still leave the fountain unexhausted and unimpaired. Spenser still shines with the unclouded splendor of his rising; the *Faërie Queene* bearing the same relation to our *literature* which Westminster Abbey bears to our *architecture*. The spirit of one bearing witness, so to speak, with the spirit of the other; the cathedral illustrating the poem, and the poem reflecting light upon the cathedral. "Large masses of dim and discolored light, diffused in various directions, and at different intervals, through unequal varieties of space, divided, but not separated, so as to produce intricacy without confusion." This is a description of a cathedral—this is a description of the *Faërie Queene*.

We cannot, therefore, go back with too humble and submissive a mind to these lights of our intellectual sky. Pythagoras enjoined upon his disciples a *period of silence*, which lasted five years, before he permitted them to deliver an opinion upon any question of science. It would be well for all students in literature, as in science, if this novitiate of humility and silence were strictly enforced: of all exhibitions of human pride and presumption, the familiar contempt with which the most illustrious men are spoken of by the lips of the pretenders to criticism is the most offensive. Instead of pondering with lingering and reverent affection upon the intellectual achievements of the heroes in the thousand provinces of the understanding—

> "Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recursat
> Gentis honos—

instead of this filial tenderness and submission, there is the arrogance of the judge and the bitterness of the rival. We shall find that where this reverence is wanting, true genius is also wanting. A pleasing moral was concealed in the superstition of the Thracians, that the nightingales which built their nests near the grave of Orpheus, had the most melodious song. Nor is the story of Mandeville without interest; he mentions the assembling of the chief men round the tomb of Aristotle, in the hope of deriving some imparted gift from the genius of the buried philosopher. Let us not forget that the costliest jewels and the purest gold are always found in the sepulchres of the Kings of Literature.

The cathedral has faults, so has the *Faërie Queene*. Horace Walpole remarks, in reference to Mabuse, a painter in the reign of our seventh Henry, that allegorical personages are only a poor decomposition of human nature; a single quality being erected into "a kind of half deity," and rendered intelligible by symbols. Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have regarded allegory with a more favorable eye. If allegorical painting, he says, "produces a greater variety of ideal beauty, a richer, a more various and delightful composition, and gives to the artist a greater opportunity of exhibiting his skill, all the interest he wishes for is accomplished; such a picture not only attracts but fixes the attention."*

But these worlds of fiction, hanging upon nothing, and launched into the wide expanse of human imagination, must be shone upon by the kindling sun of human interest and life; where this sun is wanting, there may be splendor, but there will be no warmth. The reader is dazzled, without being cheered; a melancholy stillness broods over the garden of poetry; unreal figures go by him with cold and stony eyes; he longs for the familiar voices of affection, and the gentle harmony of home endearments; like the Trojan wanderer, in the Latin paradise, he opens his arms in vain to a shadowy Anchises, and the child cannot embrace his father in the Elysium of Fancy.

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* Discourse VII.

The poetry of the allegoric school shares this defect in common with the poetry of the classic school. Hurd, who never omitted any opportunity of elevating the Gothic over the Greek or Latin poetry, conceived the gallantry that inspirited the feudal times to supply to the poet finer scenes and subjects of description, in every view, than the simple and uncontrolled barbarity of the Grecian. In the *Iliad*, he seems to think the sources of delight to be placed in the development and illustration of the boisterous passions which "are provoked and kept alive in that poem by every imaginable scene of rage, revenge, and slaughter;" while in the Gothic tales he discovers, in combination with the stirring incidents and darker passions of the Homeric legends, delineations of the sweeter affections, which diffuse a mild and soothing light over the savageness of the picture. But the *Iliad* has its gleams of tenderness, and affection, and beauty; and more simple and uncontaminated than any of the scenes in Gothic allegory. In the *Odyssey* their presence is still clearer. The face of the Greek Penelope is, at least, as sweet and lovely as the face of the Gothic *Faërie Queene;* the first shining upon us with all the natural charms of womanhood; the second glimmering upon us through the cloudy veil of fiction. I love a catholic taste in poetry as in literature, and

> "At night, when all assembling round the fire,
> Closer and closer draw, till they retire,
> A tale is told of India or Japan,
> Of merchants from Golcond or Astracan,
> What time wild Nature revelled unrestrain'd,
> And Sinbad voyaged, and the caliphs reign'd."

At that hour, to me at least, the classic or the Gothic tale comes with a voice equally sweet and winning. Taste, educated into that refined sensibility which diligent nurture and cultivation can alone produce, will study and appreciate every varying expression in the physiognomy of genius. It will love the Raphael as well as the Rubens of the pen; and will linger before a sunset of Claude or a storm of Poussin with an admiration and delight corresponding in character, though differing in degree,—

> "The grace of motion, or the bloom of life,
> Thrills through imagination's tender frame
> From nerve to nerve.'

Let me linger for a moment upon this interesting subject. To appreciate the charms whether of classic or Gothic poetry, the reader must possess the *inward eye of taste.* That clear and serene organ of intellectual vision which looks not only into all the component elements of the object before it, but gazes even beyond the visible into the invisible, and perceives not only the beauty and splendor of the actual creation, but also the remote array of thoughts and images which, being present to the creative transports of the poet, are, as it were, thrown into shadow, and intercepted by a veil from the eyes of the vulgar. Let me illustrate this remark from the sister art of painting. When Paul Veronese was asked why certain figures were painted in *shade*, no cause of shadow being apparent in the picture itself, he immediately answered, "A cloud is passing the sky, which has overshadowed them." The reader of Homer, or Milton, or Shakspeare, or Dante, might expect to receive a similar reply. No delineation by the pen of genius can be properly admired or understood, without the perspective, and retrospective, and circumspective eyesight of the mind. Imagination, transparent as it is with its own internal and glorious light, can, nevertheless, turn a dark side to the weak vision of unilluminated common sense, or the enfeebled and diseased eyesight of a licentious fancy. To the first, the *Faërie Queene* would only be a series of dull pictures by a dull painter; to the second, *Paradise Lost* would only be, as it was to Waller, a poem written by a blind old schoolmaster, and remarkable for nothing but its extreme length.

The possession of this inward eye of pure and serene perception is undoubtedly the *chief* thing to be desired; and the *next* is, to accustom it to receive pleasure from all objects in themselves pleasing, however they might differ in appearance. There should be in every lover of literature an universality of admiration. Every feature of the landscape should be dear to his eye. If he is fond of contemplating the peasants of Gainsborough, the boors of Ostade, or the shepherds of Berghem, he should still turn with a reverent and loving eye to the majestic heads of Titian, the sacred dignity of Raphael, and the sweet harmony of

Francia. The same fire of genius burns in "the giant oak of Ruysdael, or the full-grown pine and ilex of Claude, or the decayed pollard of Rubens." The eye that lingers upon the war-horse of Wouvermans, will linger also upon the divine heads of Guido; and the heart that feels an emotion of religious awe before the "Raising of Lazarus" by Piombo, will also be agitated, though from a different cause, before the "Attack upon the Sabines" by Rubens.

XX. But I spoke of the allegoric lights which the *sun* of Spenser's genius had kindled, and of the golden urns which have been brought to his ever-flowing fountain of beauty; of these urns that of Beattie, if small, is graceful and bright.

Goldsmith is reported, in Northcote's Conversations with Hazlitt, to have rebuked Reynolds for having, in an allegorical picture, debased a man like Voltaire before a man like Beattie, whose works, he said, would be forgotten in a few years, while Voltaire's fame would last forever. If Goldsmith ever uttered this prophecy, time has proved its falsehood. Beattie still lives, and will ever live in the memory of the gentle, the sensitive, and the good. It has been observed by Southey, that no writer ever exercises a more powerful influence over certain minds at certain periods of life; *those minds* being the purest, and *those periods* being the most golden moments of our existence. There is a pensive gentleness, a melancholy sweetness in his manner, that communicates to it an inexpressible charm,—

> "Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays,
> In modest truth no light nor beauty find."

The eye of Beattie seems to have reposed with calm satisfaction upon the scenery of home. He could have lived with Cowper in his summer-house, and joined his pic-nic over a wheelbarrow. Poetry like this influences the intellectual frame, as the atmosphere operates on the physical constitution, it sinks into the thoughts with a delicious and soothing balm. It breathes a serene enjoyment over the soul; it is *felt along the blood.* It awakens no exultation, it kindles no flame of passion. We may compare its influence to the breath of summer air in the face of nature. The bosom glows with bloom and fragrancy. But there is dignity in the humblest pictures of Beattie. Through the lowly vale of Shepherd the eye perceives the temple of fame; and a light, not of the common mould, shines through his college window.

The early history of Beattie has something in it very pleasing. The home of his infancy was partly shaded with ivy, and the banks of the little stream that flowed by it were adorned with roses. Ogilby's Virgil awoke in his mind the earliest charms of verse, as the Homer of the same writer had done in the fancy of Pope. In the parish school of Laurencekirk he was called the Poet. His situation as schoolmaster in a village at the foot of the Grampians, was favorable to the growth of his poetical powers. In that solitude his thoughts expanded. The scenery was wild, yet beautiful, and supplied him with the rural imagery that still diffuses so fresh a bloom and verdure over his verses. Compare these four little landscapes by three of the sweetest painters of scenery:—

A Morning Sketch.

BEATTIE.

"The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark,
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield,—and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings,
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs,
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour,
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower."

A Morning Sketch.

GRAY.

"Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring;
Till April starts and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green."

An Evening Sketch.

GRAY.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold."

An Evening Sketch.

THOMSON.

"A faint, erroneous ray
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams
And rocks, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld."

THE REVOLUTION IN GREECE.

From the Colonial Gazette.

The *Greek Observer* of the 5th instant gives the following account of the Greek revolution, which, as we stated on Thursday, began and ended in a day, and, happily, without bloodshed.

The new state of Greece is a lesson to king-makers and constitution-mongers. These are things that cannot be struck out at a heat like a nail or a horseshoe. To be successful they must arise out of the wants of a people, and be adapted to the people's temperament, and habits, and knowledge. We do not say that the Greeks ought not to have been rescued from the hard yoke of the Turks; but we do say that, as the fruit of lopping off Turkey's right arm, King Otho's monarchy is neither useful nor ornamental.

Let us hope that the "revolution" will bring about a better state of things. There is, at all events, this consolation—no change can be for the worse, save a return to absolute barbarism.

"NEW ERA—CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY.

"A wise revolution, accomplished in one day, amidst the most perfect order, without a single offensive cry being uttered, even against the Bavarians, has renewed the claims of Greece to the esteem and sympathy of nations and their governments. Everybody knows the unfortunate situation in which Greece was placed. The Greeks had exhausted every means in their power to induce the Government to adopt a truly national policy. The Parliaments of France and England, and the London conference, had vainly acknowledged the many grievances of the Greek people: the Government obstinately persevered in its evil course. The nation had no other alternative but to plunge itself into the abyss opened by ten years' mistakes and incapacity, or to extricate itself therefrom by a dangerous but inevitable effort. For some time the movement was in progress of preparation on different points of the country, that it might be effected without any disorder. The hostile attitude assumed by the Government against those who sought to enlighten it, the extraordinary dispositions adopted within the last few days, with a view to assail the liberty and the very lives of the citizens (a military tribunal had been established) most devoted to the national interests, should necessarily tend to hasten the manifestation of the contemplated movement. Last night, at 2 o'clock A. M., a few musket-shots fired in the air announced the assembling of the people in different quarters of Athens. Soon afterwards the inhabitants, accompanied by the entire garrison, marched towards the square of the palace, crying, 'The constitution forever!' On reaching the place the entire garrison, the artillery, cavalry, and infantry, drew up under the windows of the King, in front of the palace, and the people having stationed themselves in the rear, all in one voice demanded a constitution. The King appeared at a low window, and assured the people that he would take into consideration their demand and that of the army, after consulting with his ministers, the Council of State, and the representatives of the foreign powers. But the commander, M. Calergi, having stepped forward, made known to his Majesty that the ministry was no longer recognized, and that the Council of State was already deliberating on the best course to be adopted under existing circumstances. In fact, the Council of State was engaged in drawing up two documents, which will be found subjoined. The second was presented to the King by a deputation of the Council, composed of Messrs. Conduriotis, the president, G. Enian, A. P. Mavromichali, jun., Psyles, and Anastasius Londos.

"Whilst his Majesty was reading the propositions of the Council of State, the representatives of the foreign powers presented themselves at the palace, and were told by the commander that nobody could be admitted at that moment, the King being in conference with the deputation of the Council of State. The latter came out two hours afterwards with the consent of the King.

"The new ministry then repaired to the palace, where they held a long consultation with his Majesty, who shortly appeared on the balcony, surrounded by his ministers and other personages, and was received with acclamations by the people. The cry of 'Long live the constitutional King' resounded, together with that of 'the constitution forever.' The new ministers entered immediately on the discharge of their functions.

"The military revolution was directed, on the part of the regular army, by the colonel of cavalry (Demetri Calergi,) and on that of the irregular army by Colonel Macryany. At three o'clock in the afternoon the garrison, after defiling before the palace, re-entered their quarters preceded by their bands, amidst the acclamations of the people. An hour afterwards the city, in which order had been an instant disturbed, resumed its customary aspect.

"The day of the 3rd of September (15th) will hereafter be kept as a great national festivity. It will have consolidated the throne, and secured the future prosperity of Greece. The enthusiasm which inspires us, and which we endeavor to moderate in writing these lines, in order to give to Europe a clear *exposé* of the facts, does not permit us to conceal the spontaneousness and the affecting and exemplary unanimity of that revolution. The Greek nation has placed itself, on this occasion, on a level with the nations the most civilized and the most worthy of sympathy. It has made a pure and spotless revolution, although it has but a few years emerged from an oppression of ages. Europe, we are sure, will do them justice.

"We have to address our congratulations to that wise and intelligent population, to the patriotic army and its chiefs, and to remind them their work will be achieved by the uninterupted maintenance of public order, such as it now exists, and of which the organization of a national guard will soon be one of the surest guarantees. We have reason to believe that similar movements to that of Athens took place simultaneously in the principal provinces."

"'DECREE.

"'The Council of State, having held an extraordinary meeting in the hall of their sittings, on the 3rd (15th) of September, at four o'clock A. M., unanimously deemed it expedient, under existing circumstances, before it should attend to other business, to address—first, in the name of the country, warm thanks to the people, the garrison, and other corps of the army, for the admirable conduct which they exhibited on this occasion, by acting on the one part with patriotism, agreeably to the interest of the country, and on the other, by preserving the perfect order which the country now enjoys.

"'The Council of State declares, in a special manner for the army, that the part which it has taken in that national movement was dictated by a sense of necessity and of the interests of the nation—a sentiment entirely conformable to the honor, duty, and prescriptions of national assemblies; the army recollected that the soldier of a free nation is a citizen before being a soldier. The Council of State expects that it will behave similarly and with the same spirit of order in future, until the fate of the country be guaranteed, as respects the institution of its laws. To that end the Council ordains that the entire army shall take the following oath:—

"'I take the oath of fidelity to the country and to the constitutional throne. I swear that I will remain invariably attached to the constitutional institutions framed by the National Assembly, convoked in consequence of the measures adopted this day.'

"'The Council of State, moreover, declares that the 3rd of September promising a glorious prospect to Greece, it has thought proper to class it among the national festivities.

"'Athens, 3rd (15th) September, 1843.'

"'ADDRESS OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE TO THE KING.

"'SIRE,—The Council of State, concurring completely in the wishes of the Greek people, and accepting the extraordinary power which the irresistible force of things compels it to assume for the consolidation of the throne and for the salvation of the country, hastens respectfully to submit to your Majesty the following measures, which it trusts will be immediately and fully approved:—

"'Your Majesty will consider it expedient to appoint a new ministry without delay. The Council of State recommend to the approbation of your Majesty, as persons competent to form it, because of their enjoying public esteem and confidence, Messrs. André Metaxa for the presidency of the council of ministers, with the department of foreign affairs; André Londos, for the ministry of war; Canaris, for the navy department; Rhigas Palamidis, for the interior; Mansolas for the finance; Leon Melas, for justice; and Michael Schinas, for public instruction and ecclesiastical affairs.

"'Your Majesty will be pleased, at the same time, to sign an ordinance, which will impose on the new ministry, as its first duty, the convocation, within the delay of a month, of the National Assembly, which will deliberate upon the definitive constitution that is to be established in concert with the royal authority, as the ægis under which the throne and the nation shall hereafter be placed. The extraordinary circumstances of the country rendering the convocation of the National Assembly an urgent necessity, and not admitting of a new law of election being previously framed, your Majesty will permit your ministry to convoke that assembly agreeably to the spirit and provisions of the last law of election in vigor before 1833, with the sole difference that the electoral colleges shall elect their presidents by a majority of votes.

"'The new ministry, invested with the full powers necessary to conduct the government in accord with the gravity of the circumstances which led to its formation, shall render an account of its acts to the National Assembly.

"'Sire, those measures emanate in the most evident manner from the wishes and wants so lively expressed by the Greek nation, and of which the Council is at this moment the faithful interpreter. They are an inevitable consequence of the legitimate exigencies, demanding the immediate realization of all the guarantees stipulated by preceding national assemblies, by the acts of the triple alliance, and by the Prince himself who accepted the throne of Greece.

"'These are, in fine, the measures which the Council of State, in accord with the nation, considers in its conscience not only as urgent, but likewise as the only means of salvation under the present circumstances. May Heaven grant that your Majesty, becoming conscious of the necessity of what we have just exposed, may approve these measures, and direct their immediate execution, for the satisfaction of all, and for the maintenance of public order and tranquillity.

"'The Council of State respectfully entreats your Majesty to accede to the wishes it has expressed, and subscribes itself, &c.

"'Conduriotis, President.
"'Mavromichali, Vice-President

"'Panutzos Notoras.
R. Church.
A. Metaxa.
A. Monarchidis.
B. N. Boudouris.
A. Lidorikis.
T. Manghine.
G. Eynian.
N. Zacharitza.
N. Rhynieri.
C. Caradja.
A. P. Mavromichali.
P. Soutzo.
Paicos.
N. G. Theocharis.
C. C. G. Praides.
Rhigi Palamidis.
Drozzo Mansola.
Silivergos.
A. Polyzoides.
Anastasius Londos.
S. Theocharopoulos.
G. Psyles.
G. Spaniolakis.
C. Zographos.
André Londos.
C. D. Schinas.'

"The above address was carried to his Majesty by a commission composed of Messrs. Conduriotis, President; G. Eynian, A. P. Mavromichali, jun.; G. Psyles, and Anastasius Londos.

"An hour afterwards the commission returned with the following reply, signed by the King:

"'Otho, by the Grace of God King of Greece.

"'On the proposition of the Council of State, we have decreed as follows:

"'A National Assembly shall be convoked within the space of thirty days, to the effect of drawing up, in conjunction with us, the constitution of the state. The electoral assemblies shall take place agreeably to the provisions of the last law of election promulgated previous to 1833, with this sole difference, that those electoral assemblies shall name their presidents by a majority of votes.

"'Our Council of Ministers shall be convoked to countersign this order and carry it into execution.

"'OTHO.

"'Athens, September 3, (15,) 1843.'"

The *Greek Observer* adds: "The members of the *corps diplomatique* having been informed of the revolutionary movement which had just occurred, proceeded this morning, at break of day, to the palace, when, having applied to the commander of the military forces, they declared to him that the King's person and the inviolability of the palace rested on his own personal responsibility.

"This recommendation, which the representatives of the foreign powers may have considered to be a duty imposed upon them, was completely useless, both on account of the admirable spirit which constantly animated the population during the day, as well as the guarantees offered by the honorable character of the chiefs of the revolution. The whole of what passed in the course of the day sufficiently proved it.

"Shortly afterwards the *corps diplomatique*, attired in their official costumes, returned to the palace, and asked to be presented to the King. The same commander of the armed force replied to them that the King was then engaged in a conference with the Council of State, and that the palace would not be accessible to the foreign representatives while those conferences lasted. The members of the *corps diplomatique* then retired; but having learned shortly afterwards that admittance into the palace would no longer be denied to them, they hastened to wait on the King and his family, and they accompanied the Monarch, when his Majesty showed himself with his new ministers at the balcony of the palace. This evening, at six o'clock, the *corps diplomatique* again repaired to the palace, where it remained upwards of an hour.

"The students of the University joined in the movement, and were remarkable for their patriotism and moderation.

"Similar movements occurred at Chalcis and Nauplia.

"Letters from Athens, of the 17th, state, that all foreigners holding offices under Government were to be dismissed, including even M. Lemaitre and other Frenchmen employed in the administration of the national bank. The chiefs of the movement had adopted every precaution for the safety of that establishment; the directors were beforehand informed of the hour at which the movement was to take place, and 12 trusty soldiers were sent thither during the night for its protection, by M. Calergy. The revolution was effected without any violence. The ministers were arrested in their houses, but liberated on the next morning. An aide-de-camp of the King, M. Gardekeckte, a Bavarian, was also apprehended, and confined in the barracks, where he, however, remained a prisoner only a few hours.

"It appears that the King yielded with bad grace, when he found that all resistance on his part would be unavailing. It was 11 o'clock A. M. when his obstinacy was subdued. The military bands were then playing the 'Marseillaise' and the 'Parisienne,' which gave his Majesty cause to suppose that affairs might proceed to unpleasant extremities. On the 16th King Otho took his customary airing, and was saluted as he passed along the streets, with cries from the people and soldiers of 'Long live the constitutional King!' An exception had been made in the decree of exclusion against foreigners, in favor of the old Philhellenes, who held office under the Government."

PHOTOGRAPHY—MM. Belfield and Foucault's experiments in photography tend to show that the film of organic matter which constantly forms on the prepared surface of the plate, and which M. Daguerre considered a hindrance to the formation of the image, is almost essential to its production. They think that a perfect daguerréotype could not be obtained on a metallic surface chemically pure; and that the usual preparation of silver extends over its surface uniformly an infinitely thin varnish. Instead of the clearing and polishing a plate with nitric acid, they used a powder of dry lead and some drops of the essence of terebinthine unrectified. The evaporation of the volatile portion of the essence left a resinous pellicle, which was attenuated either with alcohol or mechanically with dry powders. Treated then with iodine in the usual way, the images were produced in the same manner, and in the same time—*Lit. Gaz.*

CONSTANTINOPLE, AUG. 29.—(From a private Correspondent).—The English Ambassador is exceedingly indignant at a horrid affair which took place in this great city last week. A young Armenian had given some offence to the Turks; forgiveness was promised if he would become a Mussulman. He could not be persuaded to do so, was sent to prison, cruelly punished, and at last put to death, by his head being cut off. His head and body were exposed three days in the fish-market of Constantinople, and then, according to the usual custom, thrown into the Bosphorus. Certainly the Christian powers ought to remonstrate with the Turkish Government on such barbarous proceedings. Sir Bruce Chichester and family are resident at Therapia, as is also the family of Admiral Walker. The admiral himself is at sea with the Turkish fleet. At one of the hotels in this village, Lady Ellenborough has taken up her abode for some days. Mr. Smith, the architect, has arrived, and is about to commence his operations for the erection of a new palace for the ambassador; and I believe some alterations will be made in the chapel of the English Embassy. We have had a sad set of thieves about Pera lately; they forced the chapel door, and stripped the desk, pulpit, and communion-table, &c., of their ornaments; fortunately, the valuable communion plate was not in the chapel. The summer has been delightful, and the vineyards begin to look very fine.—*Court Journal.*

ESPARTERO.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Galerie des Contemporains: ESPARTERO. Paris. 1843.

THE military and political events which terminated in the independence of the United States, may be criticised as dilatory, as fortuitous, and as not marked by the stamp of human genius. That revolution produced more good than great men. If the same may be said of the civil wars of Spain, and its parliamentary struggles after freedom, it should be more a subject of congratulation than of reproach. The greatness of revolutionary heroes may imply the smallness of the many; and, all things duly weighed, the supremacy of a Cromwell or a Napoleon is more a slur upon national capabilities than an honor to them. Let us then begin by setting aside the principal accusation of his French foes against General Espartero, that he is of mediocre talent and eminence. The same might have been alleged against Washington.

Moreover, there is no people so little inclined to allow, to form, or to idolize superiority, as the Spaniards. They have the jealous sentiment of universal equality, implanted into them as deeply as it is into the French. But to counteract it, the French have a national vanity, which is for ever comparing their own country with others. And hence every character of eminence is dear to them; for though an infringement on individual equality, it exalts them above other nations. The Spaniard, on the contrary, does not deign to enter into the *minutiæ* of comparison. His country was, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the first in Europe; its nobles the most wealthy, the most magnificent, the most punctilious, the most truly aristocratic; its citizens the most advanced in arts and manufactures, and comfort and municipal freedom; its soldiers were allowed the first rank, its sailors the same, The Spaniards taught the existence of this, their universal superiority, to their sons; and these again to their offspring, down to the present day. And the Spaniards implicitly believe the tradition of their forefathers, not merely as applied to the past, but as a judgment of the present. They believe themselves to be precisely what their fathers were three hundred years ago. They take not the least count of all that has happened in that period: the revolutions, the changes, the forward strides of other nations, the backward ones of their own. A great man, more or less, is consequently to them of little importance. They are too proud to be vain.

This part of the Spanish character explains not a few of the political events of the countries inhabited by the race. In all those countries, individual eminence is a thing not to be tolerated. It constitutes in itself a crime, and the least pretension to it remains unpardoned. Even Bolivar, notwithstanding his immense claims, and notwithstanding the general admission that nothing but a strong hand could keep the unadhesive materials of Spanish American republics together,—even he was the object of such hatred, suspicion, jealousy, and mistrust, that his life was a martyrdom to himself, and his salutary influence a tyranny to those whom he had liberated.

There did exist in Spain, up to the commencement of the present century, a grand exception to this universal love of equality, which is a characteristic of the Latin races. And that was the veneration for royalty, which partook of the oriental and fabulous extreme of respect. Nowhere is this more manifest than in the popular drama of the country: in which the Spanish monarch precisely resembles the Sultan of the Arabian Nights, as the vicegerent of Providence, the universal righter of wrongs, endowed with ubiquity, omnipotence, and all-wisdom. Two centuries' succession of the most imbecile monarchs greatly impaired, if not effaced, this sentiment. The conduct of Ferdinand to the men and the classes engaged in the war of independence, disgusted all that was spirited and enlightened in the nation. A few remote provinces and gentry thought, indeed, that the principle of legitimacy and loyalty was strong as ever, and they rose to invoke it in favor of Don Carlos. Their failure has taught them and all Spain, that loyalty, in its old, and extreme, and chevalier sense, is extinct; and that in the peninsula, as in other western countries, it has ceased to be fanaticism, and survives merely as a rational feeling.

Royalty is however the only superiority that the Spaniards will admit: and their jealousy of any other power which apes, or affects, or replaces royalty, is irrepressible. A president of a Spanish republic would not be tolerated for a month, nor would a regent. The great and unpardonable fault of Espartero was, that he bore this name.

Another Spanish characteristic, arising from the same principle or making part of it, is the utter want of any influence on the side of the aristocracy. For a Spanish aristocracy does survive: an aristocracy of historic name, great antiquity, monied wealth, and territorial possession. The Dukedoms of Infantado, Ossume, Montilles, &c., are not extinct; neither are the wearers of these titles exiled or proscribed; nor have their estates been confiscated or curtailed. But they have no influence; and are scarcely counted even as pawns on the chessboard of Spanish politics. The Spaniards respect superiority of birth, but their repect is empty. It is rather the respect of an antiquary for what is curious, than the worldly and sensible respect for whatever is truly valuable. The greatest efforts have been made by almost all Spanish legislators and politicians, to make use of the aristocracy as a weight in the political balance, and as a support of throne and constitution. But as Lord Eldon compared certain British peers to the pillars of the East London Theatre, which hung from the roof instead of supporting it, such has been the condition of all Spanish peers or proceres in any and every constitution. They supported the government of the time being; were infallibly of the opinions diametrically opposite to those of the deputies; and increased the odium of the ministry, whether *moderado* or *exaltado*, without giving it the least support. The rendering the upper chamber elective, as was done by the constitution of 1837, has not remedied this. When Christina fell, the upper chamber was to a man in her favor; so did the whole upper chamber support Espartero, when he fell. In short, the attachment of the peers in Spain is ominous; it betokens downfall.

The crown and the clergy, in fact, had labored in unison to destroy and humble the power of the aristocracy, as well as of the middle classes. They succeeded but too well; and in succeeding, they also strengthened that democratic principle of equality which is a monkish principle. But the crown, and the monasteries, and the aristocracy, have all gone down together, whilst the middle classes survive, and have become regenerated with a second youth. It is only they who have any force in Spain. It is the cities, which take the initiative in all changes and all revolutions. For any government to incur their displeasure, is at once to fall; none has been able to struggle against them. These juntas raised the war of independence, and performed the Spanish part of their self-liberation. They again it was who enabled Christina to establish at once her daughter's rights and the name of a constitution. They afterwards compelled her to give the reality, as well as the name. And it was they, too, who drove Don Carlos out of the country, in despite of the tenacity and courage of his rustic supporters. He was driven from before Bilboa, and from every town of more respectability than a village. He was welcomed by the peasants and their lords, but every collection of citizens rejected him, and he and absolutism were obliged to fly the country.

There is one class, which at the close of revolutions is apt to turn them to its own profit, and becomes arbiter of all that survives in men and things. This is the army. In nations however which have no external wars, it is extremely difficult for the army or its chiefs to win and preserve that mastery over public opinion, which is needed to ensure acquiescence in military usurpations. The French revolution, as we all know, turned to a warlike struggle between France and Europe; in which France was represented by her generals and armies, and in which these but too naturally took the place of civilian statesmen and representative assemblies. In the more isolated countries of England and Spain, the activity and the glory of the military termipated with the civil war. The career of arms was closed; the officers lost their prestige; and Cromwell, though tolerated as a *de facto* ruler, was never looked up to, either as the founder of a military monarchy, or of a new dynasty. A Cromwell would have met with more resistance in Spain; civilian jealousy is there as strong as in England; and Cromwell there was none. The Duke of Victory's worst enemies could not seriously accuse him of such ambition.

Baldomero Espartero was born in the year 1792, at Granatula, a village of La Mancha, not far from the towns of Almagro and Ciudad Real. In his last rapid retreat from Albacete to Seville, the regent could not have passed far from the place of his nativity. His father is said to have been a respectable artisan, a wheelwright, and a maker of carts and agricultural implements.

This artisan's elder brother, Manuel, was a monk in one of the Franciscan convents of Ciudad Real, capital of the province of La Mancha. It is one of the advantages amongst the many disadvantages of monasticity, that it facilitates the education and the rise of such of the lower classes as give signs of superior intelligence. The friar Manuel took his young nephew, Baldomero, and had him educated in his convent. Had Spain remained in its state of wonted peace, the young disciple of the convent would in good time have become, in all probability, the ecclesiastic and the monk. But about the time when Espartero attained the age of sixteen, the armies of Napoleon poured over the Pyrenees, and menaced Spanish independence. It was no time for monkery. So at least thought all the young ecclesiastical students; for these throughout every college in the peninsula almost unanimously threw off the black frock, girded on the sabre, and flung the musket over their shoulder. The battalions which they formed were called *sacred.* Nor was such volunteering confined to the young. The grizzle-bearded monk himself went forth, and, used to privation, made an excellent *guerilla.* The history of the Spanish wars of independence and of freedom tells frequently of monkish generals, the *insignia* of whose command were the cord and sandals of St. Francis.

Young Espartero took part in most of the first battles and skirmishes in the south of Spain, and made part of the Spanish force, we believe, which was shut up and besieged by the French in Cadiz. He here, through the interest of his uncle, was received into the military school of the Isla de Leon, where he was able to engraft a useful military education on his former ecclesiastical acquirements: for to be a soldier was his vocation, and his wish was not to be an ignorant one. The war of independence was drawing to a close when Espartero had completed his military studies, and could claim the grade of officer in a regular army. But at this same time, the royal government resolved on sending an experienced general with a corps of picked troops to the Spanish main, to endeavor to re-establish the authority of the mother-country. Morillo was the general chosen. Espartero was presented to him, appointed lieutenant, and soon after the sailing of the expedition was placed on the staff of the general.

The provinces of the Spanish main were then the scene of awful warfare. It is needless to inquire on which side cruelty began; the custom of both was almost invariably to sacrifice the lives, not only of captured foes, but of their relatives, young and aged. The war, too, seemed interminable. A rapid march of a general often subdued and apparently reduced a province in a few days, the defeated party flying over sea to the islands, or to the other settlements: but a week would bring them back, and the victors in their turn thought fit to fly, often without a struggle. Even an engagement was not decisive. A great deal of Indian force was employed, and in many respects, the Spaniards or Spanish-born came to resemble them in fighting. The chief feat of the action was one brilliant charge, which, if successful or unsuccessful, decided the day. For, once put to the rout, the soldiers never rallied, at least on that day, but fled beyond the range of immediate pursuit, and often with so little loss that the fugitives of yesterday formed an army as numerous and formidable as before their defeat. How long such a civil war would have lasted, is impossible to say, had not foreigners enlisted in the cause, and formed legions, which not only stood the brunt of a first onset, but retreated or advanced regularly and determinedly. The foreign legion was the Macedonian Phalanx among the Colombians. Owing to it the Spaniards lost the fatal battle of Carabobo, and thenceforward made few effectual struggles against the independents, except in the high country of Peru.

Espartero had his share of most of these actions. As major he fought in 1817 at Lupachin, where the insurgent chief, La Madrid, was routed. Next year he defeated the insurgents on the plains of Majocaigo, and in 1819, Espartero and Seoane reduced the province of Cochalamba. Soon after, the revolution that had for its result the establishment of the constitution, broke out in Spain; and the political parties to which it gave rise, began to agitate the Spanish army in Peru. Then the viceroy, who held out for the absolute power of Ferdinand, was deposed; and the other generals, La Serna, Valdez, and Canterac, declared for liberty abroad, as well as at home, though they still fought for preserving the links that bound the South American colonies to the mother country. Espartero was of this liberal military party, and served as colonel in the division which under Canterac and Valdez defeated the Peruvian independents at Torrata and Maquega, in January 1823: actions which led to the evacuation of the Peruvian capital by the congress. The Peruvians then summoned Bolivar and the Colombians to their aid, whilst the two parties in the Spanish army, royalist and independent, divided, and began to war with each other, on the news arriving of the restoration of Ferdinand. This afforded great advantage to Bolivar, and that chief pushed them with so much vigor, that the contending royalist parties ceased their strife, and united to overwhelm, as they thought, the Colombians under Paez, the lieutenant under Bolivar.

The Colombians had, however, learned to stand in action, and their cavalry even to return to the charge after being routed. Their obstinacy in this respect, here displayed for the first time, routed the old Spanish cavalry, hitherto thought so superior; and won the battle of Ayacucho, which dismissed to Spain all upholders of Spanish supremacy. The officers and generals sent home under this capitulation, have been since known under the epithet of *Ayacuchos*. Among them were Canterac, Valdez, Rodil, Seoane, Maroto, Narvaez, Carrabate, Alaix, Araoz, Villalobos. Espartero had been previously sent home with colors and the account of success in Peru ; successso soon reversed.

When these generals returned, there were, of course, many prejudices against them. They had taken no part in the liberal movement at home, which had nevertheless begun in the ranks of the army. Their having taken previous part in the war of independence, ought to have pleaded for them; but most of them had been too young to have been then distinguished. Riego and Quiroga were the military heroes of the day. The soldiers of the constitution made indeed but a poor stand against the French invading army; still their efforts were not destined to be altogether vain, and the country preserved its gratitude towards them. On the other hand, Ferdinand and his ministers showed no inclination to favor or employ the *Ayacuchos;* the royalist volunteers and the monks were the only militants that the old court trusted; and thus the largest body of officers of experience were inclined to range themselves under the constitutional banner, whenever it should again be hoisted.

The years from 1825 to 1830 were spent by Espartero, as colonel of the regiment of Soria, which was quartered the most part of that time in the island of Majorca. Previous to going there he commanded the depôt of Logrono on the Ebro, where he became acquainted with his present duchess, Senora Jacinta de Santa Cruz. Her father, an old officer, brother of the late captain-general in the south of Spain, was one of the wealthiest proprietors of the banks of the Ebro, and Senora Jacinta was his only child. The father was not willing to give her to the soldier, however high his rank. But the marriage took place, as such marriages do, the determination of the young overcoming the scruples of the old. The present Duchess of Victory was renowned for her beauty and conjugal attachment.

The death of Ferdinand opened a new era for Spain. His will conferred the succession upon his daughter, and the regency upon her mother. As the only hope of preserving the crown to Isabella, and influence to herself, Christina summoned to her counsels the liberals. They were of many shades; she chose the most monarchical; but was gradually obliged to accept the counsels and aid of those who frankly meditated a liberal constitution. The ousted prince, Carlos, appealed to the farmers and the priesthood of the northern provinces; the absolutist powers of the east supplied him with funds; and the war began.

With very few exceptions, all the military men embraced the side of the queen and constitution. The army felt no inclination to undergo once more the yoke of the priesthood. And even old royalist generals, such as Quesada and Sarsfield, turned their arms willingly against the Carlists. The *Ayacuchos*, or officers, who had served in America, showed equal alacrity; especially those who, like Espartero, had even on the other side of the Atlantic been favorable to a constitution. Maroto was the only one of them, who, at a later period, took command under Don Carlos.

The first constitutional general, Sarsfield, was successful. He delivered Bilboa, the first seat of the insurrection, and ever afterwards the key of the war, from the insurgents. Espartero was appointed captain-general of the province. But the apparition of Don Carlos in person, the funds he commanded, and the promises he made, gave fresh importance and duration to the war.

The greatest and most effectual military achievements are often those least talked about or noticed. The general who can organize an army fitly, often does more than he who wins a battle; though indeed it is the organization that leads to the winning of the battle. The organization of the British army was the first and the greatest achievement of the Duke of Wellington; and it was for the Carlists the great act and merit of Zumalacarreguy. Espartero did the same for the Spanish constitutional army, and thereby enabled it to overcome, by degrees, and in partial encounters, the formidable and spirited bands opposed to it. Valdez, who commanded after Quesada, and who had been the old commander in Peru, committed the great blunder of fighting a general action against mountaineers: whom, if he beat, he did not destroy, whereas their repulsing him was his ruin. Rodil, more cautious, ran about the hills to catch Carlos. Mina, with a regular army, waged a war of partisans with peasants, who were far better partisans than his troops. Cordova, who succeeded, kept his army together; and handled the Carlists so roughly in one action, that they shrunk from attacking him. But he conceived the same fears; declared that the war could only be carried on by blockading the insurgent provinces; and finally resigned.

Espartero had, till then, distinguished himself more as a brilliant cavalry officer, and a spirited general of division, than as a military leader of first-rate merit: but his honest, frank character, his abstinence from the heat of political party, and the opinion that he wanted political genius and ambition, led to his appointment by the more liberal government which then took the helm. The first care of the new commander was to restore discipline, by a severity till then unknown in the constitutional army. His execution of the *Chapelgorris* for plundering a church, is well remembered. His efforts to keep the army paid, often compromised his own private fortune; and placed him in many quarrels with Mendizabal and the finance ministers of the time. He certainly gained no pitched battles: but from Bilboa round to Pampeluna he kept the Carlists closely confined to their mountain region, punished them severely when they ventured forth, and never allowed himself to be beaten.

Nothing could be more advantageous than Zumalacarreguy's position; intrenched like a spider in an inaccessible and central spot, from whence he could run forth with all his force upon the enemy. Then, by threatening Bilboa, the Carlist general could, at any time, force the Christino general to take a most perilous march to its relief. Twice, indeed three times, were the Christinos forced to make this perilous march—the second time the most critical, for then Bilboa certainly could not have been saved but for the energy and aid of the British officers. To Lapidge, Wylde, and others, was due the deliverance of Bilboa. Espartero was then suffering under a cruel illness. No sooner, however, was the Luchana river crossed by British boats, than he sprang on horseback, forgot bodily pain in martial excitement, and led his troops through the Carlist cantonments and intrenchments, once more to the gates of Bilboa.

In despair, the Carlists then tried another mode of warfare. They left the northern provinces, and undertook expeditions through all the rest of Spain, to gain recruits and provisions if possible, and to find another Biscay in the mountainous south. The indifference of the population caused this to fail, and Don Carlos returned to the north. The aim of his general was then turned to the possession of Bilboa and Santander, strong places, which if mastered, the Carlist insurrection might repose there and act on the defensive. To secure these points, more formidable intrenchments were raised on the heights leading to these towns. Don Carlos hoped to form a Torres Vedras on the hills of Ramales and Guardanimi. The great exploit of Espartero was his series of successful attacks upon these intrenchments in May, 1839. He drove the Carlists from all of them with very great loss; and from that moment the war drew to and end. The spirit of insurrection was broken, and justice allotted to Espartero the title of DUKE OF VICTORY.

The military struggle over, and the open rebellion put down, the parliamentary but scarcely more peaceful struggle between the two parties calling themselves constitutional, became prominent. When the emigration of the Spanish patriots took place in 1815 and 1823, in consequence of the absolutist reaction of Ferdinand, some of the emigrants betook themselves to England, some to France. Though paid little attention to by the governments of either country, the Spanish emigrants were cordially received by the liberal opposition in both countries; and each came to admire and adopt the ideas and principles with which he was placed in contact. If Arguelles admired the frank school of English liberty, which allows popular opinion its full expression; Toreno and Martinez de la Rosa adopted the more cautious tenets of the French doctrinaires, or moderate liberals, who were for giving freedom but by handfuls, and who maintained that domination and influence should be confined to the enlightened few, and sparingly communicated to the ignorant many. One can conceive the existence of such a conservative party as this in England, where such influence exists, and where the aristocratic and well-informed classes do possess this influence. But the necessity of creating and raising these classes, as was the case in Spain, and the impossibility of getting churchmen and old aristocrats to act moderate toryism when they had been steeped and bred in absolutism, rendered the policy of the moderados a vain dream. They had no upper classes, no clergy, no throne behind them: for that of Isabella required, rather than gave support.

Conscious of this weakness, and seeing

nothing Spanish around them on which they could lean, the moderados placed their reliance on France, and trusted to that alliance to keep peace in Spain, and win recognition from Europe. Louis Philippe had been enabled to do in France, something like what they labored to effect in Spain: although he had been obliged to abandon an hereditary peerage, and to base his conservatism on the fears and prejudices of the upper class of citizens and commercial men. Spain wanted this class, yet Count Toreno and his friends endeavored, with less materials, to effect in Spain more than had been done in France.

In the conflict between moderado and exaltado, Espartero had remained completely neutral. His sole anxiety during the war was to have his army well supplied. He saw that the exaltado minister did not do this with due effect, and as his army approached the capital in pursuit of the pretender, he allowed it to remonstrate. This very unwarrantable act overthrew the exaltados, and brought back the moderados to power. It was generally believed, however, to have been the result of an intrigue of the staff, who imposed upon the easy nature of the general. Espartero was known, notwithstanding his anxiety to improve the supply of his army, to have regretted the unconstitutionality of the step which produced this ministerial revolution. The circumstance shows, at least, how little inclined was Espartero to pay court to the ultra-liberals, or to aim at assumptions of power through their influence.

After the convention of Bergara, which pacified the north, the war still continued in Aragon, and the army was kept actively employed under Espartero in that province and in Catalonia. There was no doubt, however, as to the issue. The moderados, in power, and delivered from the fear of Carlos and absolutism, entered at once on the fulfilment of their principles, and the establishment of more conservative bases of administration, than those which existed. For this purpose they took the most imprudent step that could have been devised. Had they attacked the press, and restrained its license; had they checked the turbulence of the lower classes, even by laws against association; had they passed the most severe penalties against conspiracy—the Spaniards would have borne all: but the moderados thought fit to attack the institution which is most truly Spanish, and that in which all classes of citizens, upper and lower, are most deeply interested. The moderados attempted to change the municipal institutions of the country, and to introduce a new and centralizing system in imitation of the French, and in lieu of the old Spanish system of *ayuntamientos*. Their elected municipal body and magistrates were certainly the key of the parliamentary elections, of the formation of the national guard, of local taxation, and in fact of all power. But to attack them was the more dangerous; and the first mention of the plan raised a flame from one end of the peninsula to the other. The French court pressed the queen regent to persevere, saying that no sovereign power could exist in unison with the present state of local and municipal independence: the queen regent did persevere, and obtained a vote of the cortes.

The Duke of Victory had, at that time, peculiar opportunities for judging of the sentiments of the great towns of Aragon and Catalonia and Valencia: his army was quartered amongst them, and his supplies were drawn in a great measure from them. All these towns had made great sacrifices during the war, and their indignation was great at finding that the first result of that war should be a deprivation of their liberties. The Duke of Victory, how much soever he had hitherto kept aloof from politics, now wrote to the queen regent, and remonstrated with the ministry on the danger of persisting in the contemplated measures. His counsels were received with secret derision; but as the towns could not be repressed without the aid of the army, the general was told that no important resolution should be taken without his concurrence. He, in consequence, quieted the apprehensions and agitation of the townsmen.

The ministry persisted not the less in carrying out the law: but fearing the resistance or neutrality of Espartero, they begged the queen regent to go in person to Catalonia, under pretence of sea-bathing, in order to exercise her influence over what was considered the weak mind of the Duke of Victory. The French envoy, indeed, opposed this journey; and predicted, with much truth, that if once the queen regent trusted herself to the army, and to the population of the great and liberal towns of Saragossa, Barcelona, or Valencia, she would be forced to withdraw the obnoxious law.

Christina and her ministers both persisted. Both knew Espartero's devotion to the queen, and they reckoned on his chivalrous nature to fly in the face of danger, rather than shrink in prudence from it.

She set forth, and the Duke of Victory hastened to meet her at Igualada. Christina recapitulated all the theoretic and doctrinaire reasons of her ministers for humbling the pride and independence of the great Spanish towns; the Duke of Victory replied that perhaps she was right, though it seemed ungrateful thus to repay the towns for their late sacrifices and devotion to the constitutional cause. But right or wrong, another consideration dominated: and this was the impossibility of enforcing the law without producing an insurrection of the towns. "They could be easily reduced by a few common shot and cavalry-charges." The Duke of Victory replied, "That they might be so reduced, but that *he* refused to be the instrument or the orderer of such measures. But he was ready to resign."

The queen and ministers knew, however, that the resignation of Espartero then, would have led to a military insurrection; for the soldiers and officers had already suspected that they were about to be dismissed, and without compensation. The end of the interview was, that the Duke of Victory must keep the command, at all events; and that Christina would consult her ministry, and, at least, not promulgate the law with the royal sanction, till after further consultation and agreement with the commander-in-chief. Christina hastened to Barcelona, met two of her ministers, and forgot, in their exhortation, the advice of the general, and her promises to him. The consequence was the double insurrection, first of Barcelona, and then of Valencia, which compelled her to abdicate.

Such were the events that produced the interregnum, and left the regency to be filled by the cortes. It was evident from the first, that no one could fill that post to the exclusion of the Duke of Victory; and yet it must be owned there was great repugnance to elect him, on the part of a great number of deputies. The honest patriots dreaded to see a soldier at the head of a constitutional government, and demanded that one or two civilians should be associated with him in a triple regency; but the greater number were of course the interested, the place and power-hunters; these saw in a triple regency many more chances of rising by favor, and obtaining office, than under a single regent, a military man, accustomed to order his aide-de-camp about, and utterly unskilled in appreciating address in intrigue and skill in courtiership; they, therefore, also demanded the triple regency, and at first there was a decided majority for this decision. It was then that the Duke of Victory declared, that the triple regency might be the best mode of rule during the minority of the queen, but that for himself, he was determined to make no part of it. It would, he said, be a divided, a squabbling, and a powerless triumvirate. The true patriots then saw the danger of setting aside the general and the army, the instant after both had saved the municipal liberties of the country; they saw the probable result of setting up three not very eminent persons to perform together the all-important office; and waving their objections to Espartero, they agreed to vote him sole regent.

Thus was the Duke of Victory appointed, and he ever after showed his gratitude to the thorough liberal and patriotic party, who trusted him on this occasion. To them he delivered up the ministry: to them he promised never to interfere with the government, but to live as a constitutional ruler, above the strife and struggles of parties. In this the Duke of Victory was wrong: he should have opened his palace, lived in the throng, listened to the plaints, the desires, the feelings of all parties, and made himself adherents amongst all. The Spaniards tender eminence only on the condition of its being affable, and look upon kings, as we said before, with a kind of Arabic sentiment, as summary righters of wrongs, and controllers of all that is iniquitously done by their servants administering power. Espartero thought he acted the sovereign most fully by shutting himself in a small palace, by doing business regularly, and by eschewing all the pleasurable and representative part of his functions. He understood little of the minutiæ of politics, and cared not to talk of them. He gave no dinners, no balls, no *tertullias*, no card tables. In short, his salary was clean lost to the courtiers and placemen, and would-be placemen. The women declared him to be a very dull Regent, and their condemnation was fatal.

The most inveterate enemies of the Regent were, however, the new and bastard portion of the Liberals—those whom the French ministerial papers called *Young* Spain; men jealous of the old Liberals of 1809 and 1821, who looked upon Arguelles and Calatrava as out of date, and who considered themselves representatives of a new practical school of liberalism, superior to any yet discovered. Caballero and Olozaga were the chiefs of the party: but these gentlemen, however able as orators and writers, had never succeeded in attaching to them more than an insignificant number of followers. Timid, tortuous and time-serving, they were of that class of politicians which can harass a ministry, but are incapable themselves of forming an administration. The Regent was sorely puzzled how to deal with them. Their speeches in the Cortes were backed at times by a large number of votes; but when he summoned them to his presence, and bade them form a ministry, they always declined. They had a majority for opposition, they said, but not for power. This might have puzzled a more experienced constitutional sovereign than Espartero. Soldier-like, he bade them go about their business. He was wrong. He ought, on the contrary, like Louis Philippe in similar circumstances, to have facilitated their formation of a ministry; he ought to have smiled upon them; he ought to have lent them a helping hand; and then, after they had been fully discredited by a six months' hold of power, he might easily have turned them adrift, as the king of the French did M. Thiers.

Secure in the affection and support of the old stanch liberal party, the Regent never dreamed that these could be overcome by men affecting to be more liberal than they. But Spain was not left to itself. The French court became exceedingly jealous, at this time, of the Regent's intentions respecting the marriage of the young queen. They sent an envoy, who was called a family ambassador, and who as such pretended to immediate and uncontrolled access to the young queen. The Regent resisted, the envoy left, France was more irritated, and then determined on the Regent's downfall. Thirty journals were almost simultaneously established in Madrid and different parts of the peninsula, all of which set up the same cry of the Regent's being sold to England, and of Spain being about to be sacrificed in a treaty of commerce. Barcelona, most likely to be affected by this bugbear treaty, was of course the centre of opposition; and there, under the instigation, and with the pay of French agents, open resistance was organized, and insurrection broke forth. The subsequent events are known; the bombardment, the reduction, the lenity of the Regent, the impunity of the Barcelonese, and their perseverance even after defeat in braving authority.

The army was then tampered with; at least some regiments. The Spanish officer though brave is unfortunately a gambler and an idler, with little prospect of making way in his profession by talent or by promotion in war; all chances of the latter are at present cut off; promotion is now to be had only by revolutions, since, if these are successful, the military abettors rise a step. Then there are court ways of rising in the army; a handsome fellow attracting the attention of the queen or of a lady in whom king or minister is interested; and all these chances were precluded by the dull, moral regency of Espartero, to whose self and family and ministers, such ways and intrigues were utterly unknown. The young officers longed for the reign of the queens, young or old, and 'down with Espartero' was first their wish, and then their cry.

Indeed, from the first the Spanish officers were disinclined to Espartero as general, and much preferred Cordova, a diplomatist and a courtier; but the soldiers on the other hand preferred the Regent. With this class, then, especially with the non-commissioned officers, the efforts of the conspirators were chiefly made. Calumnies were circulated, promises lavished, the soldiers attached to the service were promised grades, the rest were promised dismissal to their homes: in fine, the army was debauched, and when the Regent wanted to make use of it as a weapon of defence, it broke in his hands, and pierced him.

The condemnation on which Espartero's enemies, the French, lay most stress, is his want of skill in maintaining himself in power. Success with them covers every virtue. The want of it, exaggerates every defect. There was a discussion at Prince Talleyrand's one evening, as to who was the greatest French statesman in modern times. Each named his political hero. Talleyrand decided that Villèle was the greatest man, on the ground that in a constitutional country he kept the longest hold of power: adding, that the best rope dancer was he who kept longest on the cord. The great proof of political genius, according to Talleyrand, was to stick longest in place. The rule is a wretched one, and yet Espartero would not lose by being even in that way judged: for no Spaniard has kept such prolonged command and influence, none have attained more brilliant ends. The Treaty of Begara, and the Regency, are two successes that might well content a life. And after all Espartero was long enough Regent to allow Spain to enjoy tranquillity under his rule, and to afford every one a taste and a prospect of what Spain might yet become, under a free, a peaceable, and a regular government.

A greater and more rare example offered

to Spain by the Regent's government, was the honesty of its political and financial measures. There was no court nor court treasurer to absorb one-third or one-half of every loan and every anticipation, nor could the leasers or farmers of the public revenue obtain easy bargains by means of a bribe. Such things were disposed of by public competition; and Calatrava in this respect left behind him an example, which will render a recurrence to the old habit of proceeding too scandalous and intolerable.

So, morality and simplicity of life, though a cause of dislike with courtiers, with place and money-hunters, was, on the contrary, a rare and highly-appreciated merit in the eyes of the citizens. No one cause occasioned more disgusts and revolts in Madrid than the scandals of the court of Madrid. Its removal was a great bond of peace, whatever people may say of the salutary influence of royalty!

The party attached to the regency of the Duke of Victory as the best symbol and guard of the constitution, lay chiefly in the well informed and industrious class of citizens, such as exist in great majority in Madrid, Saragossa, Cadiz. In Catalonia the manufacturers and their workmen were against him, from a belief that he wished to admit English cotton. Seville is an old archiepiscopal seat, where the clergy have great influence; and the clergy there, as well as rivalry of Cadiz, occasioned its resistance. There is, one may say, no rustic population in the south. All the poor congregate in towns, or belong to them, and form a mass of ignorant, excitable, changeable opinion, that is not to be depended upon for twenty-four hours. There is throughout a strong vein of republicanism, and a contempt for all things and persons north of the Sierra Morena: so that nothing is more easy than to get up an *alborato* against the government of the time being. The north of Spain, on the contrary, depends upon its rural population; and is slower to move, but much more formidable and steady when once made to embrace or declare an opinion. Throughout the north, neither citizens nor servants declared against the regent. It was merely the garrisons and troops of the line. Such being the force and support of the different parties, one is surprised to find that Espartero so easily succumbed, and we cannot but expect that his recall, either as regent or general, is sooner or later inevitable.

The career of the Duke of Victory being thus far from closed, it would be premature to carve out his full-length statue: to be too minute in personal anecdote, too severe or too laudatory in judging him. Our materials too are but meager; though the 'Galerie des Cotemporains' which heads our article is a popular and meritorious little work. Our present task is, however, sufficiently discharged. Sen or Flores promises at Madrid a life of Espartero in three volumes; and the Duke of Victory and Spain are subjects that we shall have ample occasion and necessity to recur to.

From the Literary Gazette.

In new Spain, as is well known, the spirit of gaming is widely spread; and all ranks indulge in that excitement to a perilous degree. The Spanish officers partook of the common passion. On one occasion, Espartero was so much the favorite of fortune, that after a long sederunt, he rose the winner of 30,000 dollars from the General Canterac mentioned above. On retiring from the gaming-table, the latter, feeling the heavy extent of his imprudence, said in a depressed manner, to his companion, "Espartero, I owe you 30,000 dollars!" "No," replied the other, laying his hand on his arm, "in that room which we have left, you owed me 30,000 dollars, but here, now, you owe me nothing!!" The generosity evinced by this anecdote, needs no comment.

When, by the votes of the Cortes, Espartero became Regent, multitudes flocked towards him for places, crosses, pensions, provisions, and distinctions. Among others, a very near relative came from the country, of whom, after receiving a few visits from him, he inquired what had brought him to Madrid. With some hesitation, he stated that he had come to look for a maintenance for himself and his family, now that things had changed so favorably for their prospects." "How much will do for that purpose?" asked the Regent. So much, he replied, fancying the office already conferred; but judge his surprise, when his (we were going to say) brother addressed him, "Return to your home, and whilst I live I will allow you that sum; but if you suppose that I, who have elevated myself so high, from so low a station, by warring against corruption, am going to saddle you on the country, you never in your life committed so gross a mistake. The only way for you to receive this allowance from my private purse, is by quitting Madrid within twenty-four hours."

Espartero's proceedings, after his march to Albacete, have never been accounted for or explained. We are informed, that when he reached that place, he found that all the officers of the army had been bought over by a rich allotment of the million and a half of money which had been sent into Spain to purchase his downfall. The army, but too ill paid, was easily seduced by gold and intrigue; and the ill-fed troops, like a hungry horse, took their food wherever it was offered to them, without troubling to ask the question whether their officers were traitors or not.

Accused by his enemies, and some of them most ungrateful ones, of avarice or sordidness, it may be stated that the quarter part of Espartero's allowance as Regent has not been paid to him. His resources are the fortune brought him by his loved and affectionate lady. Why he did not throw himself on Madrid, and the fervent attachment to him and his cause of its 12,000 national guards, and other respectable citizens, we have no ground to know; but we think that what we have told, sufficiently accounts for his wavering at Albacete, where his whole plans were deranged by unexpected treachery, and he was taught to feel that his dependence on imagined friends and supporters, was most insecure and dangerous. The Spanish people, we believe, have been quite passive during the late revolution; and it is most probable that a re-action, founded on a just appreciation of his sound constitutional and commercial policy, will lead to his being invited to return to Spain. Whether, more happy in a private station, he would accept the call or not, is a question we cannot solve: our opinion is, that nothing short of a national demonstration would tempt his patriotism to sacrifice his domestic repose and felicity.

The Kowdy Gum.—When the soil is washed up in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, large quantities of gum are discovered in the soil, when and how deposited are unknown. It seems to be pure and resinous, as if the remains of primeval and extinct pine-forests, whose consistency precluded decay, while the wood itself perished. What may be its commercial value has not yet been fully ascertained. Experiments will be tried on the samples brought home in the Erebus and Terror.—*Literary Gazette.*

Dr. Chalmers.—The Rev. Doctor preached in the open air to a congregation of several thousand persons, on Sunday week, at Banchory, near Aberdeen. A tent had been provided, but the congregation was five times as numerous as could have been accommodated within it. The scene recalled the early times of Scotch Presbyterianism.—*Court Journal.*

A TOMB IN POMPEII.

There is at Pompeii a square monument with a beautiful *relievo* on one of the slabs, emblematic of death; it represents a ship furling her sails on coming into port.

City! upon whose dream the fire-flood swept,
  In all the giddy madness of thy pride;
While the red theatre with joy upleapt,
  And pleasure floated down her golden tide.

Oft thundering now upon the calm of night,
  The wakeful scholar hears thy wild dismay;
Crowding in black confusion on the sight,
  The flaming tempest lights its dreadful way.

The living and the dead in thee we trace,
  Since Time roll'd back the darkness of his wave,
And Learning's torch, from thine unshrouded face,
  Has swept the lingering shadows of the grave.

Rich gifts are thine:—on many a pictured wall
  Still Genius breathes the summer hues of bloom,
And still through fiery Sallust's costly hall,
  The garden seems to waft its soft perfume.*

Here, wandering thoughtful down thy streets of wo,
  The pilgrim lingers by a nameless grave:
Was he a lord of quiver and of bow?
  Roam'd he a stormy chieftain of the wave?

Unknown that ancient sleeper's power and race,
  Whether to listening hearts his step was dear,
Or his young sister smiled into his face,
  Or his gray father wept upon his bier!

If bathed in all the sparkling dews of youth,
  Warm from his mother's arms he danced along,
While Joy from her green paradise of truth,
  Enwreathed his forehead with the flowers of song:

The voice of history tells not; dark and cold,
  His slumbering ashes give no sad reply;
Whether he drank from fancy's fount of gold,
  Or, sage-like, watched life's torrents rushing by.

Oh, it is soothing, in the crimson time
  Of autumn eves, through village tombs to roam,
Where many a holy text and rugged rhyme
  Welcome the weary traveller to his home:

So in the wondrous city of the dead
  This pictured text our fainting heart sustains,
While all the heavenly landscape, wide outspread,
  Blooms o'er the wat'ry desert of life's pains!

No longer driven by tempestuous blast,
  That ship along the tranquil water glides;
Its white sails furl'd upon the unshaken mast,
  Its own clear shadows moving by its sides.

Sweet emblem of the Christian "bound for home,"
  Safe from the angry surge of sin and strife;
While Peace, uprising from Grief's bright'ning foam,
  Paints with its smile the melting cloud of life!

A.

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* "On our return through the streets, among the objects of interest was the house of Sallust, the historian. Sallust was rich, and his house is uncommonly handsome. Here is his chamber, his inner court, his kitchen, his garden, his dining-room, his guest-chamber, all perfectly distinguishable by the symbolical frescos on the walls. In the court was a fountain of pretty construction, and opposite, in the rear, was a flower-garden, containing arrangements for dining in open air in summer."—*Willis.*

FRANCE AND GREECE.

From the Examiner.

Weak and ailing persons are said to live long, being able to get through or avoid those violent and feverish maladies which prove fatal to the strong. So seems it the case with M. Guizot and his Cabinet. Though born scarcely life-worthy, it has lived on, in despite of the prognostications of state-physicians, and has at last reached a kind of chronic health, which sets presumptive heirs in despair. Opposition, which with us lives through the year, in France has died outright during the recess; and even the press, though striking hard with flint and steel, can scarcely extricate a spark. M. Thiers has turned his back upon politics altogether, most fortunately, for this will procure the world an able, if not an impartial history, of the Consulate and Empire. M. Barrot is overcome with domestic affliction, occasioned by the loss of an only child. M. Manguin has gone to Spain, to study the meaning of the word *pronunciamiento*. M. Ledru Rollin has not gone to Ireland, and has ceased to make a noise at home. M. Lamartine alone makes his voice heard, like that of a pelican in the wilderness, exclaiming of the wants of the people to be represented, and against the sycophancy of those who salute and flatter princes.

You may imagine, in the dearth of political topics or excitement, to what straits the Parisian press has been put. For want of better, it has started the question of the fortifications of Paris, and denounced them once more as dangerous to the public liberties, and the security of the capital. The Legitimists support this view, looking, as they do, towards the overthrow of the present dynasty by a Parisian *emeute*, which the fortifications do, indeed, render impossible. The journals of the war party, however, still support the necessity of the fortifications, as the only means of national protection, should the attempt to extend the French empire to the Rhine fail, or produce a reaction and an invasion. Moreover, they object to joining in any outcry which the Legitimists were foremost to set up. Hereupon the Legitimists waxed angry, and declared that they were as liberal, as democratic, and as warlike as the Republicans.—that they came in in 1814 by the bayonets of foreigners, but that they would have much preferred doing without them, and that to prove this they are now ready to join the men of the revolution in an outbreak upon Europe.

Such was the state of the controversy, when Mr. O'Connell's speech at the Repeal Association *de rebus Gallicis*, fell last Monday like a petard amongst the Parisians. Mr. O'Connell has been, till very lately, the pet of all parties in France. The ultra-Catholics upheld him as a restorer of religion, the ultra-Liberals as a successful agitator, the *juste milieu*, as one who kept his resistance and agitation within legal bounds. His answer to M. Ledru Rollin was considered as full of tact, and as a gentle mystification of the French Republicans. But Mr. O'Connell's speech on the 28th proves him to be the creature of impulse, not policy; influenced by resentment, not craft. He has consequently fallen considerably in the estimation of the Parisians, who hoped to see in him a King of Ireland. But instead of effecting any thing kingly, Mr. O'Connell declares himself a Loyalist and a Legitimist, and a High Churchman, and would not only restore Henry the Fifth, but would also place the French system of Public Instruction under ecclesiastical guidance, and thus re-Catholicize France by the power of centralization. To do this, or help to do this, by means of an Irish brigade, would, however, be far from liberal. Even the Legitimists were much embarrassed by the offer of the said brigade; for the Duke of Bordeaux has solemnly promised rather to remain an exile than obtain his restoration by foreign troops or foreign aid. The days of Swiss guards and Irish brigades are over.

The Duke of Bordeaux is at Potsdam at present, where he was received at the Court of Chamberd. It is known that, a year or two back, the Emperor of Russia was willing to give his daughter in marriage to the Duke, but, from the impertinent pretensions of the old courtiers about him, the marriage failed, and the Emperor of Russia was highly offended. Since that time the Duc de Bordeaux has completely flung off the influence of the old courtiers of his uncle and aunt. He was desirous of a reconciliation with the Czar, and hoped to meet him at Berlin, but Nicholas went off to Warsaw and his grand reviews, in order to avoid the French pretender.

The Court of Berlin is full of courtesy for that in the Tuileries; and Russia, though affecting to be on distant terms with France, and to quarrel on points of diplomatic etiquette, still does not let pass any opportunity of endeavoring to estrange the French Court and Cabinets from England. The events in Greece have rendered M. Kisselef, the Russian Envoy in Paris, extremely active. The Russians represent the late insurrection at Athens as the work of Sir Edmund Lyons. Diplomatists will never admit an insurrection to be the natural result of popular discontent. The Russians say that Sir E. Lyons was jealous of Coletti's return, anxious to prevent it, and that he spared no pains to effect his purpose. The French are but too prone to listen to these calumnies; but M. Guizot, although personally interested in the success of M. Piscatory and the Ministry of Coletti, is still not the man to allow himself to be duped into even a coolness with England for supremacy on Greece. He has obtained the upper hand of England in Spain for a short time, and at no small cost, but he must be fully convinced that the triumphs, diplomatic or otherwise, of England over France, or of France over England, must, in the present state of the world, be nothing but an equal loss to both countries.

Electro-Magnet.—A letter from Frankfort states that M. Wagner, who for many months past has been making experiments in electro-magnetism, has succeeded in moving with this agent the extraordinary weight of 70 quintals, (about three-quarters of a ton.)—*Court Journal.*

THE HISTORY OF EGYPT UNDER THE ROMANS.

From the Examiner.

The History of Egypt under the Romans, by Samuel Sharpe. Moxon.

THE battle of Actium dates some twenty-nine years before the birth of Christ, and it was in the six hundred and fortieth year of the Christian era that haughty Amrou son of Asi, wrote word to his Caliph Omar that he had taken a city which passed all description, in which he found four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, forty thousand Jews paying tribute, four hundred theatres, and twelve thousand sellers of herbs. He meant Alexandria.

The period of Mr. Sharpe's history, then, includes six hundred and seventy years: memorable years, for account of which before we received his excellent volume, Gibbon, Lardner, and Mosheim, were our only accessible authorities. The book is a great advance on Mr. Sharpe's former researches in connexion with his favorite study, learned as these were. For not the learning only have we here; but the feeling and life of the subject. Within the province of history is rightly brought whatsoever can vivify its scenes, reanimate its actors. The style is not ambitious, but has a certain measured dignity which we find appropriate—a happy mean to have kept, within sound of the sonorous march of Gibbon. And having undergone the labor of original research, with materials in reach for a book of any conceivable size, Mr. Sharpe has been wise enough to write a small book, of little more than two hundred and fifty pages.

Of the influence of the scenes it records, on habits, feelings, and opinions, which have been the main-spring of modern civilization, this is hardly the place to speak. Soon it fixes the thoughtful reader's attention. The opening picture has in itself the germ of much. Octavian—we beg his pardon—AUGUSTUS enters the conquered Alexandria on foot, leaning on the arm of the philosopher Arius, and, with the sounding pretence of a lover of learning as well as mercy, gives out to the motley crowd assembled—small swarthy dark Egyptians, lively volatile Greeks, depressed Hebrews, and sour, discontented Romans—that he had spared the place to the prayers of his philosophic friend. To that picture, with Conquest and Philosophy in the front—the field won and the cultivator ready, a background silently rises. ROME had here at last gathered into one fold the greater proportion of the before scattered tribes and nations; from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, from the shores of Britain and the borders of the German forests to the sands of the African deserts, the bonds of a common and apparently well settled system now held together the inhabitants of the world; nay more, between these widely separated regions a free and common intercourse had been recently established by public pathways opened for the conquering legions;[*] when suddenly appeared the first RELIGION that had ever aimed at a conquest as great and universal, which did not proclaim itself the religion of a nation or a tribe, but invited all who lived to come within its ample shelter, as the universal family and brotherhood of MAN. The Poor had the tidings first, but in good time they reached the Philosopher: and then, upon Christianity, rose the Church.

No one in the least acquainted with this great subject fails to perceive the effect, to this day, of the Alexandrian Schools of New Platonism on the character of our religious establishment. They date at the commencement of the second century, but through all the prior struggles of the faith, Alexandrians had played an important part. Mr. Sharpe rightly thinks they have hardly had justice done them by the moderns, either in regard to the improvement they wrought in Paganism, or to the share they have had in forming the present opinions of the world. He refers to what their copiers and libraries did for us in preservation of the great Greek writers, and of our earliest manuscripts of the Bible—"while," he adds, "whatever help we have received from grammarians and critics, whatever in history we have gained from chronology, in poetry from prosody, in geography from mathematics, and in medicine from anatomy, was first taught by the Alexandrians."

The glib remark, so often repeated since its incautious use by a great writer, which would associate the rise of the Christian belief with the decline of all literature, is certainly, independent of these special considerations offered by Mr. Sharpe, not founded in the fact. Christianity was as yet without influence when the old classic literature, sinking continuously through the interval between Augustus and the Antonnines, dropped at last into irretrievable decay. Not the new Faith, but the civil distractions of the Empire, the increased license of the soldiery, the frequent inroads of the barbarians, and above all, the progress of internal despotism, had given check to lofty aspirations of genius as well as the quiet pursuits of learning. It was an age of iron that preceded what was called the golden age of Trajan and the Antonnines. The nervous hand of Gibbon has marked with eternal reprobation the vices of the successors of Augustus—the dark unrelenting Tiberius, the furious Caligula, the feeble Claudius, the profligate and cruel Nero, the beastly Vitellius, and the timid, inhuman Domitian. That we should make farther inquiry as to the degradation of a people whom such men ruled, is not incumbent upon us! In the midst of the degradation, Trajan and the Antonnines were an accident: permanently affecting nothing. And so—uninfluenced alike in its decline before the last-named Emperors, or in its rapid and most precipitate fall between Marcus and Diocletian—the old Literature went, to the last not ill-attended, to her tomb. For out of even the vices of these later Emperors had sprung the splendid genius of JUVENAL; the progress of science and the increased knowledge of man, which we cannot deny to Rome's latter years, had asserted themselves in the composition of the immortal history of TACITUS; the statesmanlike muse of LUCAN, the wise wit of LUCIAN, had sung requiem to a declining history and a disappearing faith; the receding forms of Greek and Roman civilization had been struck into eternal life by the hand of PLUTARCH; while EPICTETUS, SENECA, and the two PLINYS, had honorably associated the last efforts of their art, with science, philosophy, and virtue. That famous Literature could not have been better waited on to her grave than by such writers as these, her honored children. It was not within the power of Christianity to have hastened or retarded the end. The Christians were as yet composed of the middle and lower classes only.

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[*] Two centuries later the poet Claudian alluded to these facilities of intercourse, then settled on a firmer basis by the prevalence of peace. Mr. Lewis refers to the passage in his excellent *Treatise on Dependencies*. By the grace of modern science, it is no longer a flight of poetry.

Hujus pacificis debemus moribus omnes
Quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes;
Quod sedem mutare licet; quod cernere Thulen
Lusus, et horrendos quondam penetrare recessus;
Quod bibimus passim Rhodanum, potamus Orontem;
Quod gens una sumus.

Prominent among the Greek Jews of Alexandria, to whom Mr. Sharpe supposes we are indebted for preservation of the Old Testament, were a little colony who occupied a hill near the shores of the lake Maria, and who seem to have left us one of the earliest known examples of a monastic system. Mr. Sharpe here uses almost the exact words of the historian Philo, to whom we owe this beautiful picture of the contemplative life.

> "They had left, says the historian Philo, their worldly wealth to their families or friends; they had forsaken wives, children, brethren, parents, and the society of men, to bury themselves in solitude, and pass their lives in the contemplation of the divine essence. Seized by this heavenly love, they were eager to enter upon the next world as though they were already dead to this. Each man or woman lived alone in his cell or monastery, caring neither for food nor for raiment, but having his thoughts wholly turned to the Law and the Prophets, or to sacred hymns of their own composing. They had God always in their thoughts, and even the broken sentences which they uttered in their dreams were treasures of religious wisdom.—They prayed each morning at sunrise, and then spent the day in turning over the sacred volumes, and the commentaries which explained the allegories or pointed out a secondary meaning as hidden beneath the surface of even the historical books of the Old Testament. At sunset they again prayed, and then tasted their first and only meal. Self-denial indeed was the foundation of all their virtues. Some made only three meals in the week, that their meditations might be more free; while others even attempted to prolong their fast to the sixth day. During six days of the week they saw nobody, not even one another. On the seventh they met together in synagogue. Here they sat, each according to his age; the women separated from the men. Each wore a plain modest robe, which covered the arms and hands, and they sat in silence while one of the elders preached. As they studied the mystic powers of numbers, they thought the number seven was a holy number, and that seven times seven made a great week, and hence they kept the fiftieth day as a solemn festival. On that day they dined together, the men lying on one side and the women on the other. The rushy papyrus formed the couches; bread was their only meat, water their drink, salt the seasoning, and cresses the only delicacy. They had no slaves, since all men were born equal. Nobody spoke unless it were to propose a question out of the Old Testament, or to answer the question of another. The feast ended with a hymn to the praise of God, which they sang, sometimes in full chorus, and sometimes in alternate verses."

In good lively contrast to which, Dion Chrysostom supplies the historian with this not very favorable but very graphic portrait of the popular characteristics of his Alexandrian countrymen:

> "With their wealth, they had all those vices which usually follow or cause the loss of national independence. They seemed eager after nothing but food and horse-races, those never-fail-

ing bribes for which the idle of every country will sell all that a man should hold most dear. They were cool and quiet at their sacrifices and grave in business, but in the theatre or in the stadium, men, women, and children were alike heated into passion, and overcome with eagerness and warmth of feeling. They cared more for the tumble of a favorite charioteer than for the sinking state of the nation. A scurrilous song or a horse-race would so rouse them into a quarrel that they could not hear for their own noise, nor see for the dust raised by their own bustle in the hippodrome; while all those acts of their rulers which, in a more wholesome state of society, would have called for notice, passed by unheeded. In the army they made but second rate soldiers, while as singing boys at the supper tables of the wealthy Romans they were much sought after, and all the world acknowledged that there were no fighting-cocks equal to those reared by the Alexandrians."

Here in some sort we find explanation of the palaces, baths, theatres, and sellers of herbs, which crowded themselves by thousands into the Oriental brain of Amrou. Hadrian, Athenæus, and many others might also have been quoted, for curious additions to the picture.

The general wisdom of the Roman polity and laws is admitted on every hand: Greece has not done more for Thought than her hardy conqueror for Government. Nor was ever this capacity for affairs more signally shown than in her management of subject provinces: we see here that even the Emperor whom savage passions obscured and blinded in Rome, could yet keep sagacious outlook upon Egypt. A perfect sycophancy never stood him in stead for something better: if he could not keep his province quiet he was brought away on the instant, and punished for his want of success. Here is the case of poor Flaccus, whose zealous determination to have Caligula's statue worshipped by the Jews, had been the cause of sudden riots in Alexandria. No mercy on that account for Flaccus!

"To have found it necessary to call out the troops was of course a fault in a governor; but doubly so at a time and in a province where a successful general might so easily become a formidable rebel. Accordingly a centurion, with a trusty cohort of soldiers, was sent from Rome for the recall of the prefect. On approaching the coast of Egypt, they kept the vessel in deep water till sunset, and then entered the harbor of Alexandria in the dark. The centurion on landing met with a freedman of the emperor, from whom he learned that the prefect was then at supper, entertaining a large company of friends. The freedman led the cohort quietly into the palace, into the very room where Flaccus was sitting at table; and the first tidings that he heard of his government being disapproved of in Rome was his finding himself a prisoner in his own palace. The friends stood motionless with surprise, the centurion produced the emperor's order for what he was doing, and as no resistance was attempted, all passed off quietly; Flaccus was hurried on board the vessel on the same evening, and immediately taken to Rome.

"It so happened that on the night that Flaccus was seized, the Jews had met together to celebrate their autumnal feast, the feast of the Tabernacles; not as on former years with joy and pomp, but in fear, in grief, and in prayer. Their chief men were in prison, their nation smarting under its wrongs and in daily fear of fresh cruelties; and it was not without alarm that they heard the noise of soldiers moving to and fro through the city, and of the guards marching by torch-light from the camp to the palace. But their fear was soon turned into joy when they heard that Flaccus, the author of all their wrongs, was already a prisoner on board the vessel in the harbor; and they gave glory to God, not, says Philo, that their enemy was going to be punished, but because their own own sufferings were at an end."

We close with some general illustrations of the tone and style of Mr. Sharpe's admirable volume.

EXHAUSTLESS WEALTH.

"The economist will perhaps ask from what source the oppressed Egyptians drew the wealth and where they found the encouragement necessary to finish these gigantic undertakings, which were begun in times of greater prosperity; but the only answer which we can give is, that the chief encouragement at all times to any great work is a strong sense of religious duty, and the only fund of wealth upon which men can draw for their generosity, or nations for their public works, is to be found in self-denial."

GOOD GOVERNMENT.

"We should almost think that the seasons were more favorable to the husbandman during the reigns of these good emperors, did we not set it down to the canals being better cleansed by the care of the prefect, and to the mildness of the government leaving the people at liberty to enjoy the bounties of nature, and at the same time making them more grateful in acknowledging them."

CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM.

"When the crier, standing on the steps of the portico, in front of the great temples of Alexandria, called upon the pagans to come near and join in the celebration of their mysteries, he cried out; 'All ye who are clean of hands and pure of heart, all ye who are guiltless in thought and deed, come to the sacrifice.' But many a repentant sinner and humble spirit must have drawn back in distrust from a summons which to him was so forbidding, and been glad to hear the good tidings of God's mercy offered by Christianity to those who labor and are heavy laden, and to the broken-hearted who would turn away from their wickedness. While such were the chief followers of the gospel, it was not likely to be much noticed by the historians; and we must wait till it forced its way into the schools and the palace before we shall find many traces of the rapidity with which it spread."

HINT TO HISTORIANS.

"The historian in his labors should never lose sight of the coins. They teach us by their workmanship the state of the arts, and by their weight, number, and purity of metal the wealth of the country. They also teach dates, titles, and the places where they were struck; and even in those cases where they seem to add little to what we learn from other sources, they are still the living witnesses to which we appeal, to prove the truth of the authors who have told us more."

A GREAT WORLD-GOVERNOR—PAPYRUS.

"It was grown in the pools of stagnant water which were left after the overflow of the Nile. Its thick knotted roots were used as wood, both for making fires and for furniture, and its graceful feathery head was often entwined round the statues of the gods as a garland. Wicker-work boats were woven out of its stalk, while of the bark were made sails, cordage and cloth. It was chewed as food, both raw and cooked, though the juice only was swallowed. Paper was made of it by splitting it into sheets as thin as possible. The best kind had been called Hieratic paper, because it was used for the sacred books; but in the time of Augustus two better kinds were made, which were named Augustan and Livian, after himself and his wife. A fourth and fifth of worse quality were called Fannian, from the name of a clever Roman maker, and Amphitheatric, from the name of the street in Rome where it was sold. A sixth kind was called Saitic, from the city Sais, near which it grew in greater quantity, but of a still worse quality. A seventh, called Leneotic, was nearer the bark, and so much worse as to be sold by weight. The eighth and the last kind was the Emporetic, which was not good enough to write on, and was used in the shop to wrap up parcels. The first two were thirteen inches wide, the Hieratic eleven, the Fannian ten, the Amphitheatric nine, while the Emporetic was not more than six inches wide. After a time the best kinds were found too thin for books, as the writing on one side often made a blot through to the other; and so in the reign of Claudius Cæsar a new kind was made, called Claudian, of two sheets thick, in which the fibres of one crossed those of the other."

EMPEROR JULIAN—LOVER OF LEARNING.

"George had employed his wealth in getting together a large library, rich in historians, rhetoricians, and philosophers of all sects; and on the murder of the bishop, Julian wrote letter after letter to Alexandria, to beg the prefect and his friend Porphyrius to save these books, and send them to him in Cappadocia. He promised freedom to the librarian if he gave them up, and torture if he hid them; and further begged that no books in favor of Christianity should be destroyed, lest other and better books should be lost with them."

CALIPH OMAR—LOVER OF KORAN.

"The Arabic historian tells us that when Alexandria was conquered by Amrou he set his seal upon the library, together with the other public property of the city. But John Philiponus begged that the books might be spared, as being of no use to the conquerors; and Amrou would have granted the request at once if he had not thought it necessary to ask leave of the caliph. He therefore wrote to Omar for orders, who answered him that, if the books were the same as the Koran, they were useless, and if not the same they were worse than useless, and that in either case they were to be burnt. Amrou obeyed this order, and sent the books, most of which were of papyrus, to the public baths of Alexandria, and the Arabic historian, in the poetic style of his nation, says that the baths were heated by them for the space of six months."

SESTRI.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

THERE stands a rugged promontory o'er
Fair Sestri, and its most enchanting shore,
Cover'd with cypresses of richest dyes,
With spiral verdure pointing to the skies!
While flow'rs full prodigal of sweets, exhale
Their scents delicious to the mellow gale.
The ripe—ripe fig, and luscious flowing grape,
Luxuriant grow, and fruits of every shape
And varied color, from the rarest gem
That decks Autumna's golden diadem,
To the wild strawberry, whose tassel red
Droops in the woodlands on its leafy bed.
And distant hills the silvery olives stud,
Where herds recumbent chew the tranquil cud.
In such displays of overteeming store,
What can we dream of, think, or covet more?
Imagination is at loss to guess
What else desire could wish of plenteousness.
And yet, alas! there are in scenes like these
A blasting crowd of human agonies!
And can we deem it so? Alas! we find
Within the Soul alone is bliss enshrined;
And nature's gayety to grief can be,
In its sad thought, but bitter mockery!
The balmy breeze, with its all-perfumed breath,
Wafts also on its wings the sighs of death:
And mark ye, on yon bed of roses placed,
The dying butterfly that oft has graced
Th' aerial regions with its splendid hue,
As o'er the modest flow'r it stray'd to sue;
And now, amid death's agonizing stings,
Suffers it less because its glorious wings
Are brighter than the brightest tints that deck
The glossy peacock's most majestic neck?
Ah, no! and thus it is that fairest skies,
And richest landscapes, that delight the eyes,
Can give small comfort to the suff'ring soul,
Which spurns the feeble aid of such control.
Within the spirit only can arise
The depths of wo, or joys of Paradise:
And when from this too treacherous earth we fly—
When reason totters on infinity,
Oh! then it is, the new-awaken'd sight
Views in Religion its eternal light!

LOUIS BLANC'S HISTORY OF TEN YEARS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

L'Histoire de Dix Ans, 1830-1840. *Par M. Louis Blanc.* Tomes I., II., III. Paris. 1843.

THIS is a remarkable work. So strong is the sensation it has created in Germany, as well as in France, that we must introduce it to the notice of our readers, in spite of its incomplete state. Three volumes of the promised five have already appeared. Three editions were demanded of the first volume before the second was published, although the publication takes place by weekly *livraisons*. The second and third volumes have already had two large editions, the demand increasing.

And this success is explained by the talent of the author no less than by the absorbing interest of the theme. The ten years, 1830-1840, were troubled, stirring, and important times to every European nation: to none so much as France. The revolution of July—those Glorious Three Days; the revolutions of Poland and Belgium; the siege of Antwerp; the insurrections at Lyons and Grenoble, with the countless conspiracies and insurrections at Paris; the cholera morbus, with its eighteen thousand victims in Paris alone; the Duchesse de Berri and La Chouanerie; the taking of Algiers; five attempts at regicide; St. Simonism; Republicanism, and innumerable other 'isms:' these are brilliant subjects, brilliantly treated by M. Louis Blanc. 'L'Histoire de Dix Ans' is one of those works so often libelled by being called 'as interesting as a novel:' were novels a tithe as interesting, they would be what they pretend. It has all that we require in a novel, and much more. It is a narrative of events real, striking, absorbing: the subjects of immense interest to all readers, and the style unusually excellent. As a narrative we know of few to compare with it, even in French History. Eloquent, earnest, rapid, brief, yet full of detail; it has the vividness of Carlyle or Michelet, without transgressing the rules of classic taste. The style, though not free from an occasional inelegance, is remarkable for concinnity and picturesqueness, alternating between rhetoric and epigram. The spirit of the work is avowedly republican. The author never disguises his sympathies or convictions; yet at the same time is fully alive to all the errors of his party, and reveals the true causes of their ill success. Impartial he is not; no man with strong convictions can be so. You cannot hold one idea to be sacred, and regard its opponents as priests; you cannot believe one course of policy tyrannous and destructive, yet look upon its ministers as enlightened patriots. All that impartiality can do is to make allowance for difference of opinion, and not deny the sincerity of an opponent: to anathematize the doctrine, not the man. M. Louis Blanc is, in this sense, tolerably impartial.

'L'Histoire de dix Ans' is not conspicuous for any profound views; its philosophy is often but philosophic rhetoric. But it is not without excellent *aperçus*, and acute penetration of motives. There is a great deal of the Journalist visible in the work. M. Blanc is a young man still, edits '*La Revue du Progrès*,' and is more familiar with Journalism than with social science. His work manifests both the advantages and disadvantages of such a condition. If the Journalist is incapable of that calm review of things, and those laborious generalizations, which the social philosopher elaborates from his abstract point of view; yet is he the more conversant with the concrete special instances, more familiar with the motives and passions of political parties, more ready to understand every *coup d'état*. M. Blanc shows a thorough penetration into the spirit of each party, and sees the germs of strength or of disease. He has lived amongst conspirators; dined with legitimatists, been familiar with Bonapartists. Above all, he understands the national spirit: its reckless daring, *insouçiance*, gaiety, love of excitement, of military glory, idolatry of symbols, and facility of being led away by a sonorous word, or pompous formula. One of the people himself, he rightly understands the people's nature. We may illustrate this power of penetration by the citation of two of the numerous epigrams with which his book abounds. Speaking of the incompetence of the Legitimatists to shake the Orleans dynasty he says: 'Les Révolutions se font avec des haines fortes et de violents désirs: *les légitimistes n'avaient guère que des haines.*'* The second is really a profound *mot:* of the Buonapartist party he says: '*il avait un drapeau plutôt qu'un principe.* C'était là l'invincible cause de son impuissance.'†

An excellence not to be overlooked in his book is the portraiture of remarkable men. Louis Philippe, Lafayette, Lafitte, Casimir Périer, Guizot, Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Manguin, Armand Carrel, and Dupont (de l'Eure,) with many others, are brought out in strong relief. But M. Louis Blanc describes a character mostly by epigrams. This has the advantage of effect, and of producing a lasting impression; with the disadvantage of all epigrams, in sacrificing a portion of the truth to effect. Nothing can be happier than the way he hits off the restlessness of Thiers: 'plus d'inquiétude que d'activité, plus de turbulence que d'audace.' But it is surely too much to talk of Metternich as 'un homme d'état sans initiative et sans portée.'

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* Revolutions are effected by means of strong hatreds and violent desires: the legitimatists had scarcely any thing but hatreds.

† It had a Banner rather than a Principle. Therein lay the invincible cause of its impotence.

The portrait of Lafayette may be quoted as a fair specimen of the author's judgment of men.

> "As to M. de Lafayette, at that time he could have done every thing and he decided on nothing. His virtue was brilliant yet fatal. In creating for him an influence superior to his capacity, it only served to annul in his hands a power, which, in stronger hands, would have altered the destinies of France. Nevertheless Lafayette had many qualities essential to a commander. His language as well as his manners presented a rare mixture of *finesse* and *bonhommie*, of grace and austerity, of dignity with haughtiness, and of familiarity without coarseness. To the one class he would always have remained a grand seigneur, although mixed up with the mob; to the others he was born one of the people, in spite of his illustrious origin. Happy privilege of preserving all the advantages of high birth, and of making them be pardoned! Add moreover that M. de Lafayette possessed at the same time the penetration of a skeptical and the warmth of a believing soul; that is to say, the double power of fascinating and containing his audience. In the *carbonari* meetings he spoke with fiery energy. At *la chambre* he was a witty and charming orator. What then did he want? Genius—and more than that, will. M. de Lafayette willed nothing hardily, because, unable to direct events, he would have been pained at seeing them directed by another. In this sense he was afraid of every one, but more than all of himself. Power enchanted, but frightened him; he would have braved its perils, but he dreaded its embarrassments. Full of courage, he was entirely deficient in audacity. Capable of nobly suffering violence, he was incapable of employing it with profit. The only head that he could have delivered to the executioner, without trembling, was his own.
>
> "As long as he had to preside over a provisionary government, he was competent, he was enchanted. Surrounded by a little court, at the Hôtel de Ville, he enjoyed the boisterous veneration which was paid to his age and celebrity, enjoyed it with an almost infantile *naïveté*. In that cabinet, where they governed by signatures, there was considerable fuss about very little action. This was a situation admirably adapted to small intellects, because amidst those sterile agitations, they deluded themselves respecting the terror which they felt for all decisive acts."

M. Louis Blanc, in several cases, shows the fatal effects to the republican party of Lafayette's want of audacity. It is certain that this quality, which served Danton instead of genius, is indispensable in revolutions: as M. Blanc admirably says: 'In times of struggle, audacity is prudence; for in a revolution confidence has all the advantages of chance.'

'L'Histoire de Dix Ans' opens with a preliminary sketch of the state of parties from the return of the Bourbons and banishment of Napoleon to Elba, down to the commencement of the revolution of 1830. This is one of the best portions of the book. The author vividly shows how completely the Restoration was the work of the *bourgeoisie*. Napoleon fell because he wished to make France military, and the tendencies of the nation at large were commercial. Rome and Carthage have been and will ever be too adverse in principle to be united; one or the other must succumb. Napoleon did not see this, and he fell. M. Louis Blanc takes great pains to exhibit the cruel egotism of the *bourgeoisie* throughout the calamities which have befallen France. He points with withering sneers to every testimony of it, without seeing that egotism is the vice of the middle classes. They are exclusively bent upon the *bien être*—the 'main chance.' They have neither the refinement and the large ambition of the upper classes, nor the heroism and poetry of the lower. Their object in life is not to enjoy, but to collect the means of enjoyment. They are bent only on making fortunes. The rich think more of spending their money; the poor have no hope of fortune. Heroism, and its nurse ambition; self-sacrifice, generosity, and humanity; these are virtues of the higher and lower classes. Of the higher, because men need outlets for their activity, and because ambition is a stimulant powerful as the 'main chance' of the bourgeois; of the lower, because want feels for want, misery for misery, and generosity is the constant virtue of those who need it in return. With this conviction that egotism is the bourgeois vice, it is somewhat discouraging to trace the rapid increasing development which that class is taking in European history. It impresses us the more strongly with the necessity for doing all to counteract the narrow-minded utilitarianism, which is usurping such a throne in men's souls; and endeavor to make people fully understand Göthe's profound saying: 'That the beautiful needs every encouragement, for all need it and few produce it; the useful encourages itself.'

Having brought his preliminary sketch down to the opening of the revolution of July, M. Louis Blanc then commences his history of the ten years, 1830-1840. The first volume is devoted to a spirited and detailed narrative of the 'Glorious Three Days,' with the unparalleled examples of mob heroism, and touching episodes of civil war. The second and third volumes continue the history down to the siege of Antwerp. The accounts given of the St. Simonians, of the cholera morbus, of the various insurrections and abortive conspiracies, of carbonarism, and of foreign policy, will be read with universal interest. M. Louis Blanc has not only preceding histories, pamphlets, and newspapers, from which to gain his information; it is apparent throughout that he has had access to unpublished documents, and to the communications of various living actors in the scenes described. Some of these obligations he names; others he leaves the reader to infer. Nevertheless the grave student of history will often demur. He will see conversations reported at length which it is highly improbable, if not impossible, should ever have been authenticated; he will see motives purely inferential ascribed as unquestionable; he will see accounts of ministerial intrigues and royal falsehoods, reported as if the author had been present all the while. Moreover M. Louis Blanc is a young man; he is a journalist; he is a partisan; yet the knowledge he displays, or assumes, implies not only greater age and experience than he can possess, but also astounding universality of personal relations with opposite parties. We mention this as a caution to the reader. We by no means accuse M. Blanc of falsehood, or of misrepresentation; but when we find him reporting at length important conversations held between two people, neither of whom he could possibly have known—neither of whom would for their own sakes have repeated these conversations—when we find this, we confess our critical suspicions are aroused, and we ask, how came these things known? We must again declare that M. Louis Blanc appears to us a perfectly earnest, honest man, and incapable, we believe, of *inventing* these things. But whence did he get them? Why are not distinct references given? Why are not authorities sifted? These are questions every one is justified in asking. No man can read history with confidence who has not such authenticity before his eyes as prevents the suspicion of hasty statement or party misrepresentation.

Let us observe, however, that the suspicion of M. Blanc's accuracy refers only to minor and individual points. There is no error possible respecting the staple of this history, except such as may result from party views. The facts are known to all. The debates are registered. The actors are mostly living, and the friends of the deceased survive. It is the history of our own times; the youngest of us remember its events. Error therefore on the great events is barely possible; and it is only these that have a lasting interest for men.

It is difficult to select passages from a history of sufficient interest by themselves for quotation. The episodes are too long for extract, and any particular event would demand too much preliminary explanation. We shall condense, therefore, the episode of the death of the Prince de Condé as much as possible. The suspicions which attach themselves to persons high in the state, owing to the unfortunate transactions which preceded and succeeded the event; and, indeed, the mysteriousness of the whole incident; give this episode a strong and special interest.

Our readers will probably recollect the name of La Baronne de Feuchères, which recently went the round of the papers. This celebrated woman died, and left an immense heritage to be disputed, and an infamous reputation to be commented on. She was by birth an Englishwoman, one Sophy Dawes: she appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, which she quitted to become the mistress of an opulent foreigner, with whom she lived at Turnham Green. La Baron de Feuchéres subsequently married her, and his name served for some time to cover the scandal of her adulterous amours with the Duc de Bourbon, last of the Condés. Her power over the duke was omnipotent. He loved and dreaded her. Gifted with rare beauty and grace, fascinating and imperious, tender and haughty by turns, she had considerable cleverness and no principle. The duke had settled on her the domains of St. Leu and Boissy, and about a million of francs (£4000) in money. She desired more, and was presented with the revenue of the forest D'Enghien. But a secret uneasiness followed her: she dreaded lest the prince's heirs might provoke an action, and she lose all that she had so dexterously gained. She conceived the bold plan of making the duke adopt the Duc d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, as his heir. The proof of this is in the following letter from the Duchess of Orleans to the Baroness de Feuchères.

> "I am very much touched, madame, by your solicitude in endeavoring to bring about this result, which you regard as fulfilling the desires of M. Le duc de Bourbon; and be assured that if I have the happiness of seeing my son become his adopted child, you will find in us at all times and in all circumstances, both for you and yours, that protection which you demand, and of which a mother's gratitude will be your guarantee."

It must have cost the pious rigid duchess some pangs thus to associate her maternal hopes with such very equivocal advocacy. The Duc d'Orleans, on the second of May, 1829, learned from Madame de Feuchères that she had in an urgent and passionate letter proposed to her lover to adopt the Duc d'Aumale; on this information he addressed himself directly to the Duc de Bourbon. He gave him to understand how sensible he was of the kind solicitude of Madame de Feuchères, and how proud he should be to see one of his sons bearing the glorious name of Condé. At this unexpected blow the Duc de Bourbon was overwhelmed with anxiety, He had never liked the Duc d'Orleans. He had stood godfather to the Duc d'Aumale, but never thought of him as his heir. Yet how could he without insult now refuse that which they assumed him to be so anxious to bestow? Above all, how resist the violence and the caresses of Madame de Feuchères? Harassed and terrified, the Duc de Bourbon consented to an interview with the Duc d'Orleans. Nothing positive was concluded, but the Duc d'Orleans believed his hopes so well founded, that he ordered M. Dupin to propose a will in favor of the Duc d'Aumale.

The baroness became more and more urgent. The prince allowed his anger to escape in bitter reproaches. He had had no rest since this fatal plan had been proposed to him; he could not sleep at night. Violent quarrels embittered the day. More than once indiscreet confidences betrayed the agitation of his mind. 'My death is all they have in view,' he exclaimed one day in a fit of despair. Another time he so far forgot himself as to tell M. Surval, 'Once let them obtain what they desire, and my days are numbered.' At last, in a desperate attempt to escape from Madame de Feuchères, he invoked the generosity of the Duc d'Orleans himself. 'The affair which now occupies us,' he wrote on the 20th of August, 1829, 'commenced unknown to me, and somewhat lightly by Madame de Feuchères, is infinitely painful to me as you may have observed;' and he entreated the duc to interfere and cause Madame to relinquish her projects, promising at the same time a certain public testimony of his affection for the Duc d'Aumale. The Duc d'Orleans went to Madame, and in presence of a witness whom he had taken care to have called, he begged her to discontinue her project. She was inflexible. So that without at all compromising the prospect of his son, the Duc d'Orleans had all the credit of an honorable and disinterested attempt.

This situation was too violent not to explode in some terrible manner. On the 29th of August, 1829, the Duc de Bourbon was at Paris; and in the billiard-room of the palace, M. de Surval, who was in the passage, heard loud cries for help; he rushed in and beheld the prince in a frightful passion. 'Only see in what a passion monseigneur puts himself,' said Madame de Feuchères, 'and without cause! Try to calm him.' 'Yes, Madame,' exclaimed the prince, 'it is horrible, atrocious, thus to place a knife to my throat, in order to make me consent to a deed you know I have so much repugnance for;' and seizing her hand, he added with a significant gesture: 'well then, plunge the knife here at once—plunge it.' The next day the prince signed the deed which made the Duc d'Aumale his heir, and assured the baroness a legacy of ten millions of francs (£40,000).

The revolution of July burst forth; the Duc d'Orleans became Louis Philippe. The Prince de Condé grew more and more melancholy; his manners to Madame de Feuchères were altered; her name pronounced before him sometimes darkened his countenance; his tenderness for her, though always prodigal and anticipating her smallest wishes, yet seemed mixed with terror. He made M. de Chourlot, and Manoury his valet, the confidants of a project of a long voyage: of which the strictest secrecy was to be preserved, especially with regard to la baronne: at the same time dark rumors circulated about the chateau. On the morning of the 11th of August they found the prince with his eye bleeding. He hastened to explain it to Manoury, as having been caused by the table. Manoury replied that that was scarcely possible: the table was not high enough: the prince was silent, embarrassed. 'I am not a good storyteller,' said he, shortly after, 'I said that I hurt myself while sleeping: the fact is, that in opening the door, I fell down and struck my temple against the corner.' It is worthy of remark that the prince afterwards wished Manoury to sleep by the door of his bedchamber; and that Manoury having observed that this would look strange, and that it was more natural for Lecomte, his 'valet de chambre de service,' to do this, the prince replied, 'Oh, no, leave him alone.' Lecomte was introduced into the chateau by Madame de Feuchères.

The preparations for the voyage were nearly completed. For three days the prince had resumed his usual pleasures. After a gay dinner, at which M. de Cossé-Brissac was present, they played at whist. The prince played with the baroness, M. Lavillegontier, and M. de Prejean. The prince was gayer than ordinary; lost some money and abstained from paying it; saying, 'to-morrow.' He rose and crossed the room to proceed to his bedchamber; in passing he made a friendly gesture to his attendants, which seemed like an adieu. Was this one of those adieus in which the thought of approaching death shows itself? Or was it the indication of his project of voyage, of exile?]

He ordered that they should call him at eight o'clock next morning; and they left him for the night. It is necessary distinctly to understand the situation of the prince's chamber. It was joined by a small passage to a *salon d'attente*. This salon opened on the one side into a *cabinet de toilette*, touching the grand corridor; on the other it opened upon a back staircase, ending at the landing-place where were the apartments of Madame de Feuchères, and Madame de Flassans her niece. The back staircase led from this landing-place to the vestibule; and by a higher landing it communicated with a second corridor, in which were the chambers of l'abbé Briant, of Lachassine, the femme de chambre of the baroness, and of the Duprés, husband and wife, attached to her service. The room of the latter was immediately under that of the prince, so that they could hear when there was talking above their heads.

This night the *gardes-chasse* went their accustomed rounds. Lecomte had closed the door of the *cabinet de toilette* and taken away the key. Why was this precaution taken? The prince constantly left the door of his room unbolted. Madame de Flassans sat up till two in the morning, occupied with writing. No noise disturbed her. The Duprés heard nothing. All the night a profound calm reigned throughout the château. At eight the next morning Lecomte knocked at the prince's door. It was bolted; the prince made no reply. Lecomte retired and returned afterwards with M. Bonnie: both knocked without receiving a reply. Alarmed, they descended to Madame de Fouchères. 'I will come at once,' said she; 'when he hears my voice he will answer.' Half-dressed she rushed from her room, and reaching that of the prince, knocked, and exclaimed, 'Open! open! monseigneur, it is I.' No answer. The alarm spread. Manoury, Leclerc, l'abbé Briant, Méry-Lafontaine, ran thither. The room was burst open. The shutters were shut, and the room dark. A single wax light was burning on the mantel-piece, but behind a screen which sent the light upwards towards the ceiling. By this feeble light the head of the prince was seen, close to the shutter of the north window. It seemed like a man steadfastly listening. The east window being opened by Manoury, shed light upon the horrible spectacle. The Duc de Bourbon was hanged, or rather hooked, on to the fastening of the window sash! Madame de Feuchères sank groaning and shuddering on a fauteuil in the *cabinet de toilette*, and the cry, 'Monseigneur is dead,' resounded throughout the château.

The duc was attached to the fastening by means of two handkerchiefs, passed one within the other. The one which pressed his neck was *not* tied with a slip-knot: moreover it did not press upon the trachial artery—it left the nape of the neck uncovered—and was found so loose, that several of the assistants passed their fingers between it and the neck. Circumstances suspicious. Further, the head dropped upon the breast, the face was pale; the tongue was not thrust out of the mouth, it only pushed up the lips; the hands were closed; the knees bent; and at their extremities, the feet touched the carpet. So that, in the acute sufferings which accompany the last efforts of life, the prince would only have had to stand upright upon his feet to have escaped death! This disposition of the body, together with the appearances which the body itself presented, powerfully combated the idea of suicide. Most of the assistants were surprised by them.

The authorities arrived; the state and disposition of the corpse were noted down; an inquest was held, in which it was concluded that the duc had strangled himself. Indeed, the room, bolted from within, seemed to render assassination impossible.

In spite of many contradictions, it was believed that the duc had committed suicide. Nevertheless, this belief became weaker and weaker. It was proved that the bolt was very easily moved backwards and forwards from outside. The age of the prince, his want of energy, his well-known religious sentiments, the horror he had always testified at death, his known opinion of suicide as cowardly, the serenity of his latter days, and his project of flight: these all tended to throw a doubt on his suicide. His watch was found upon the mantelpiece, wound up, as usual; and a handkerchief, with a knot in it; his custom when he wished to remind himself of any thing on the morrow. Besides, the body was not in a state of suspension. The valet de pied, Romanzo, who had travelled in Turkey and Egypt, and his companion, Fife, an Irishman, had both seen many people hanged. They declared that the faces of the hanged were blackish, and not of a dull white; that their eyes were open and bloodshot; and the tongue lolling from the mouth. These signs were all contradicted by the appearance of the prince. When they detached the body, Romanzo undid the knot of the handkerchief fastened to the window-sash; and he succeeded only after the greatest difficulty; it was so cleverly made, and tightened with such force. Now, amongst the servants of the prince, no one was ignorant of his extreme *maladresse.* He could not even tie the strings of his shoes. He made, indeed, the bow of his cravat for himself, but never without his valet bringing both ends round in front of him. Moreover, he had received a sabre cut in the right hand, and had his left clavicle broken: so that he could not lift his left hand above his head, and he could only mount the stairs with the double assistance of his cane and the banisters.

Certain other suspicious circumstances began to be commented on. The slippers which the prince rarely used, were always at the foot of the chair in which he was undressed: was it by his hand that they were that night ranged at the foot of *the bed?* the ordinary place for slippers, but not for his. The prince could only get out of bed in turning, as it were, upon himself; and he was so accustomed to lean on the side of the bed in sleeping, that they were obliged to double the covering four times to prevent his falling out. How was it that they found the middle of the bed pressed down, and the sides on the contrary raised up? It was the custom of those who made the bed, to push it to the bottom of the alcove; their custom had not been departed from on the 26th. Who then had moved the bed a foot and a half beyond its usual place? There were two wax-lights extinguished, but not consumed. By whom could they have been extinguished? By the prince? To make such complicated preparations for his own death, had he voluntarily placed himself in darkness?

Madame de Feuchères supported the idea of suicide. She pretended that the accident on the 11th of August, was but an abortive attempt. She trembled when they spoke of the duc's projects of voyage, and hearing Manoury talking freely of them, she interrupted him: "Take care! such language may seriously compromise you with the king." But it seemed strange to all the attendants of the prince, that upon the point of accomplishing so awful a deed, he had left no written indication of his design, no mark of affection for those to whom he had always been so kind, and whose zeal he had always recognized and recompensed. This was a moral suicide, less explicable than the other. A discovery crowned these uncertainties.

Towards the evening of the 27th, M. Guillaume, secretary to the king, perceived, in passing by the chimney, some fragments of paper which lay scattered on the dark ground of the grate. He took up some of them from underneath the cinders of some burnt paper, and read the words *Roi . . . Vincennes . . . infortuné fils.* The procureur-général, M. Bernard, having arrived at St. Leu, these fragments, together with all that could be found, were handed to him. "Truth is there," he exclaimed, and succeeded in recomposing the order of sense (according to the size of the pieces) of two different letters, of which the following remained:

"Saint Leu appartient au roi
Philippe
ne pillés, ni ne brulés
le château ni le village.
ne faite de mal à personne
ni à mes amis, ni à mes
gens. On vous a égarés
Sur mon compte, je n'ai.
urir en aiant
cœur le peuple
et l'espoir du
bonheur de ma patrie.

Saint Leu et ses dépend
appartiennent à votre roi
Philippe; ne pillés ni ne brulés
le le village
ne mal à personne
ni es amis, ni à mes gens.
On vous a égarés sur mon compte, je n'ai que

mourir en souhaitant bonheur et prospérite au peuple français et à ma patrie. Adieu, pour toujours.

L. H. J. DE BOURBON, Prince de Condé.

P S. Je demande a être enterré a Vincennes, prés de mon infortuné fils.

In these strange recommendations, many thought they saw a proof of suicide. Others more suspicious, could not conceive that these were the adieus of a prince about to quit life. The fear of a pillage of St. Leu seemed incompatible with that disgust for all things which precedes suicide. It was, moreover, little likely that the prince should have experienced such a fear on the night of the 26th, the night after the fête of St. Louis, wherein he had received such flattering testimonies of affection. It was also inexplicable how the prince could attribute St. Leu to Louis Philippe, to whom he knew it did not belong. There was great surprise, that having seized the pen in the midst of preparations for a suicide, he had said nothing respecting his design, and thus saved his faithful servants from a frightful suspicion. The very mode, in which the papers were discovered, was inconceivable. *How came it that these papers, so easily perceived on the evening of the 27th, escaped the diligent search of Romanzo, Choulot, and Manoury, and all those who that day visited every corner of the room, chimney included?* Was it not very likely that they were thrown there by some hand interested in the belief of suicide? These things led some to conjecture that the document was of some anterior date, and that it was no more than a proclamation of the prince during the first days of the month of August, when the revolutionary storm was still muttering. This hypothesis was strengthened by some who remembered that the prince had indeed conceived the idea of a proclamation. For our own parts, we incline to look upon it as a forgery. It could hardly have been a proclamation, from the very form of it; and the same objection before advanced of the prince's attributing St. Leu to the king, when in reality it belonged to the prince, applies also to this. Besides, a critical inspection of the words remaining, and of their arrangement, leads to a suspicion of forgery: they are too consecutive for a burned letter.

Two parties formed opposite opinions, and maintained them with equal warmth. Those who believed in his suicide, alleged in favor of their opinion the inquest; the melancholy of the prince since 1830; his royalist terrors; the act of charity which he had confided, on the 26th, to the care of Manoury, for fear of not being able to accomplish it himself; his mute adieu to his attendants; the state of the body, which presented no traces of violence, except some excoriations quite compatible with suicide; the condition of his clothes on which no soil had been observed; the bolt closed from within; the material difficulties of the assassination; and the impossibility of laying the finger on the assassin.

Against these presumptions, the defenders of his memory replied by words and acts of powerful effect. One of them, M. Méry Lafontaine, suspended himself at the fatal window-sash in precisely the same condition as that in which they found the prince: and this was perfectly harmless! Another endeavored, by means of a small ribbon, to move the bolt from outside: and this with complete success. It was said that Lecomte, when in the chapel where the body was exposed, vanquished by his emotion, exclaimed, "I have a weight upon my heart." M. Bonnie, contradicting the formal assertions of Lecomte, affirmed that on the morning of the 27th, the bolt of the back staircase was *not* closed; and that in order to hide this fatal circumstance, Madame de Feuchères, instead of taking the shorter route, when hurrying to the chamber of the prince, took the route of the grand staircase!

On the 4th of September, the heart of the prince was carried to Chantilly. L'Abbé Pélier, almoner to the prince, directed the funeral service. He appeared, bearing the heart of the victim in a silver box, and ready to pronounce the last adieu. A sombre silence reigned throughout; every one was in suspense. The impression was profound, immense, when the orator with a solemn voice let fall these words: 'The prince is innocent of his death before God!' Thus ended the great race of Condé.

Madame de Feuchères precipitately quitted Saint Leu, and went to the Palais Bourbon. For a fortnight she made l'abbé Briant sleep in her library, and madame Flassans in her room, as if dreading to be alone. Soon mastering her emotion, she showed herself confident and resolute. She resumed her speculations at *La Bourse;* gained considerable sums, and laughed at her enemies. But she could not stifle the murmurs which arose on all sides. The Prince de Rohan made every preparation both for a civil and a criminal *procès*. At Chantilly and St. Leu there were few who believed in the suicide; at Paris the boldest conjectures found vent; the highest names in the kingdom were not spared. The name of an illustrious person was coupled with that of Madame de Feuchères, and furnished political enemies with a weapon they were not scrupulous in using. With a savage sagacity they remarked that, from the 27th, the court had taken possession of the theatre of the transaction; that the almoner of the prince, although on the spot, was not invited to co-operate in the *procès-verbaux;* and that the physician of the prince, M. Geurin, was not called in to the examination of the body: the latter being confided to three physicians, two of whom, MM. Marc and Pasquier, were on the most intimate relations with the court. With the affected astonishment of raillery, they demanded why the Duc de Broglie had prevented the insertion, in the 'Moniteur,' of the oration of M. Pélier at Chantilly. To stifle these rumors, the scandal of which reached even the throne, a decisive and honorable means was in the power of the king. To repudiate a succession so clouded with mystery would have silenced his enemies and done honor to himself. But the head of the Orleans family had early shown that indifference to money was not the virtue he aspired to. On the eve of passing to a throne he hastily consigned his personal property to his children, in order that he might not unite it with the state property, after the antique law of monarchy. Instead therefore of relinquishing his son's claim to the heritage of the Prince de Condé, he invited Madame de Feuchères to court, where she was gallantly received. Paris was in a stupor. The violence of public opinion rendered an inquiry inevitable; but no stone was left unturned to stifle the affair. The conseilleur-rapporteur, M. de la Huproie, showing himself resolved to get at the truth, was suddenly shifted elsewhere, and the place of judge which he had long desired for his son-in-law, was at once accorded him.

At length, however, the action brought by the family of the Rohans, to invalidate the testament of the Duc de Bourbon in favor of the Duc d'Aumale, was tried. Few trials excited more interest. The veil which covered the details of the event was half drawn aside. M. Hennequin, in a speech full of striking facts and inferences, presented a picture of the violences and artifices by which the old Duc de Bourbon was hurried into consent to the will. In the well known sentiments of the prince, M. Hennequin saw the proof that the testament was not his real wish, but had been forced from him; and in the impossibility of suicide, he saw the proof of assassination. The younger M. Dupin replied with great dexterity. But it was remarked and commented on at the time, that he replied to precise facts and formal accusations with vague recriminations and tortuous explanations. He pretended that this action was nothing but a plot laid by the legitamistes; an attempt at vengeance; which he called upon all friends of the revolution of 1830 to resent. The interest of the legitimistes in the affair was evident; but to combat an imposing mass of testimony something more than a vehement appeal to the recollections of July was necessary. The Rohans lost their cause before the jury: but, right or wrong, do not seem altogether to have lost it before the tribunal of public opinion.

The court soon ceased to feel any uneasiness respecting the noise which the affair still kept up. Nevertheless one thing was extremely tormenting in it. There was, and had been for some time in the house of Condé, a secret of which two persons were always the depositaries. This secret had been confided by the Duc de Bourbon, at the time of his stay in London, to Sir William Gordon, equerry to the Prince Regent, and to the Duc de Châtre. After their deaths M. de Chourlot received the confidence of the prince, and having been thrown from his horse and being considered in danger, admitted Manoury also into his confidence. No one ever knew what this secret was, except that it was most important and most redoubtable.

Whatever may be the conclusion arrived at by the reader respecting this mysterious affair, there can be but one sentiment respecting part of the conduct of Louis Philippe. Decency would have suggested that such a woman as the Baronne de Feuchères should not be welcomed at court, especially when such terrible suspicions were hanging over her. Decency would have suggested that the public should have full and ample conviction of the sincerity with which the causes of the prince's death were investigated. It does not seem to us that Louis Philippe acted with his usual tact in this case. For tact he has, and wonderful ability, in spite of the sneers of M. Louis Blanc. A man cannot rule France without courage, cleverness, and tact. Louis Philippe has abundantly shown to what a great extent he possesses all three. He uses his ministers and friends as tools, it is true; but it is no ordinary task to use such men as instruments for your own ends.

M. Louis Blanc, in common with most

Frenchmen, is very bitter against the king; and the episode we have selected from his work must be read *cum grano*, as it is obviously dwelt upon for the purpose of inspiring his readers with his own animosity. True, the spirit of the whole work is biographical, anecdotical, personal; nevertheless we remark that M. Blanc selects with pleasure all the facts or anecdotes which tell against the king. He dwells with evident satisfaction on the vivid picture which he draws of the irresolution, the want of audacity, which Louis Philippe displayed when the throne was first offered to him; and very strongly depicts the utter want of participation which the Duc d'Orleans had in the Revolution. He neither conspired nor combated. His name was never mentioned, his person never thought of, till the Revolution was finished; and then, wanting a ruler, they elected him. It is with quiet sarcasm that M. Blanc points to the fact that Louis Philippe, the day after every *émeute*, always appearing in public with his family, especially on the theatre of the transaction, as if to associate in the people's minds the ideas of order and peace with the Orleans family.

But we must here quit for the present the work of M. Louis Blanc; anxiously awaiting the appearance of the concluding volumes, and conscientiously recommending it to our readers as one of the most vivid, interesting, and important works that have recently issued from the French press.

DR. WOLFF.—A public meeting was convened at the Hanovor Square Rooms on Wednesday, to take leave of Dr. Wolff previous to his departure for Bokhara, to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. The proceedings appeared to excite much interest; and the confident hopes held out, in their addresses to the meeting, by Captain Grover and the worthy doctor, that the gallant officers were still living, notwithstanding the accounts of their supposed execution, which had reached this country from various sources, were supported by several very remarkable facts. One of the most striking of these, mentioned by Captain Grover, is to be found in a letter from Colonel Stoddart, written shortly after his imprisonment by the Ameer at Bokhara in 1838, in which he says, "you will frequently hear of my captivity, but I caution you never to believe any accounts of my death." Dr. Wolff stated his intention to set out on his proposed mission this day (Saturday), to proceed first to Malta, then to Constantinople, and then onwards for Bokhara, having been provided by the Foreign Office with despatches for the Ambassadors and Captain Shiel. —*Court Journal.*

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

From Tait's Magazine.

[This poem is founded on a fact, witnessed by a friend of the author. A boy, when at the point of death, requested of his mother that she would give him something to keep for her sake.]

THE brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath:
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek;
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak.

He said, "The quiet moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
While all the woods were still:
I felt, as if from slumber
I never could awake:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"A cold, dead weight is on me,
A heavy weight, like lead;
My hands and feet seem sinking
Quite through my little bed:
I am so tired, so weary—
With weariness I ache:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep,
To make me feel I'm near you,
And bless you, though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
But, then, their heads they shake:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"Why can't I see the poplars?
Why can't I see the hill,
Where, dreaming of good angels,
The moonbeams lay so still?
Why can't I see *you*, mother?
I surely am awake:
Oh, haste! and give me something
To cherish for your sake!"

The little bosom heaves not;
The fire hath left his cheek;
The fine chord—is it broken?
The strong chord—*could* it break?
Ah, yes! the loving spirit
Hath wing'd its flight away:
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay.

DUTROCHET ON FRUITS.—This gentleman confirms, by his own experiments, the modern opinion that the removal of the leaves of fruit-trees, in order to expose the fruit to the direct influence of the air and light, is exceedingly destructive; but he considers it highly essential that the tree itself should be well exposed to both. This is particularly requisite with the dwarf vine, which, if shaded, or placed in a position which prevents its receiving an abundant supply of air, becomes almost unproductive—*Athenæum.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. ABELL (LATE MISS ELIZA BALCOMBE).

AFTER HE LEFT HER FATHER'S RESIDENCE, "THE BRIARS," FOR LONGWOOD.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

With the assistance of my daughter's pencil, and some rough sketches I had by me, I have been enabled to give a view of the Briars, and the cottage occupied by Napoleon whilst he stayed with us. He certainly appeared very contented during that time, and frequently expressed a strong desire that the government would permit him to remain there, by purchasing the estate; and on their refusing to do so, he sent General Montholon to negotiate with my father, that he himself might become the purchaser of the Briars; but circumstances (probably political) prevented the negotiation from taking effect.

Napoleon used to watch with great interest the fatigue parties of the 53d regiment, as they wound round the mountains above us, carrying on their shoulders the materials wherewith to render Longwood fit to receive him; and as the time of its completion drew near, he manifested his discontent, by grumbling at the sounds of the fifes and drums, to which the soldiers of the 53d used to toil up those steep acclivities, as serving to warn him of the speedy termination of his sojourn at our cottage.

Shortly after the ex-emperor left the Briars, we proposed riding to Longwood to see him, feeling much interested to know how he was accommodated, and rather, it may be, hoping to hear him make a comparison in favor of the sweet place he had left for the steril-looking domain in which his house was placed; and I remember being in a state of ecstasy at the prospect of again beholding my old playmate, the loss of whose society I had so deeply regretted.

We found him seated on the steps of his billiard-room, chatting to little Tristram Montholon. The moment he perceived us, he started up and hastened towards us. Running to my mother, he embraced her on each cheek; after which fashion he welcomed my sister; but as usual with me, he seized me by the ear, and pinching it, exclaimed,

"Ah, Mademoiselle Betsee, êtes vous sage, eh, eh?"

He then asked us what we thought of his palace, and bidding us follow him, said he would show us over his *ménage*.

We were first conducted to his bedroom, which was small and cheerless. Instead of paper-hangings, its walls were covered with fluted nankeen; and the only decorations I observed, were the different portraits of his family, which, on a former occasion, he had shown to us.

His bed was the little iron camp-bedstead, with green silk hangings, on which he said he had slept when on the battle-fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. The only thing approaching to magnificence in the furniture of this chamber, was a splendid silver washhand-stand bason and ewer. The first object on which his eyes would rest on awaking was a small marble bust of his son, which stood on the mantelpiece facing his bed, and above which hung a portrait of Marie Louise.

We then passed on through an ante-room to a small chamber, in which a bath had been put up for his use, and where he passed many hours of the day. The apartments appropriated to him were the two I have just mentioned, with a dressing-room, dining-room, drawing-room, and billiard-room. The latter was built by Sir George Cockburn, and was the only well-proportioned room of which Longwood could boast.

After all these chambers were exhibited, and commented on by Napoleon, he proceeded with us to the kitchen, where he desired Pieron, the confectioner, to send in some creams and bon-bons for Miss Betsee. From thence we went to the larder, where he directed our attention to a sheep that was hanging up, and said, laughingly,

"Regardez—voilà un mouton, pour mon dîner—ou en a fait lanterne."

And true enough it was so, the French servants having placed a candle in its lean carcass, through which the light shone.

After we had gone all over his rooms, he conducted us to those of Madame Montholon, and introduced me to a little stranger, the Countess's baby, only then six weeks old, and which he began dandling so awkwardly, that we were in a state of terror lest he should let it fall. He occasionally diverted himself by pinching the little creature's nose and chin until it cried.

When we quizzed him for his *gaucherie* in handling the child, he assured us he had often nursed the little king of Rome when he was much younger than the little Lili.

Before terminating our visit, Napoleon took us over the garden and grounds which surrounded his house. Nothing could exceed the dreariness of the view which presented itself from thence: and a spectator, unaccustomed to the savage and gigantic scenery of St. Helena, could not fail of being impressed with its singularity. On the opposite side the eye rested on a dismal and rugged looking mountain, whose stupendous side was here and there diversified by patches of wild samphire, prickly pears, and aloes, which served but slightly to break the uniform sterility of the iron-colored rocks, the whole range of which exhibited little more than huge apertures of caverns and overhanging cliffs, which, in the early years of the colonization of the island, afforded shelter to herds of wild goats. I remember hearing Madame Bertrand tell my mother, that one of Napoleon's favorite pastimes was, to watch the clouds as they rolled over the highest point of that gigantic mountain, and as the mists wreathed themselves into fantastic draperies around its summit, sometimes obscuring the valleys from sight, and occasionally stretching themselves out far to sea, his imagination would take wing, and indulge itself in shaping out the future from those vapory nothings.

As a diversion to close the day, the emperor proposed to ride in his Irish jaunting-car. Our horses were accordingly sent on to Hutsgate, the residence of Madame Bertrand, and accompanied by Napoleon, we set off at a hard gallop. I always was, and still am, the greatest coward in a carriage; and of all vehicles, that jaunting-car seemed to me to be the one to inspire terror. It was driven by the fearless Archambaud, with unbroke Cape horses, three abreast, round that most dangerous of roads called the Devil's Punchbowl. The party occupying the side nearest the declivity, seemed almost hanging over the precipice; while the others were apparently crushed against the gigantic walls of the perpendicular rock. These were drives which seemed to inspire Bonaparte with mischievous pleasure. He added to my fright by repeatedly assuring me the horses were running away, and that we should be all dashed to pieces.

I shall never forget the joy I experienced on arriving in safety at Madame Bertrand's, and finding myself once more mounted on my quiet little pony, Tom.

After Napoleon had been on the island a few months, some newspapers arrived, containing anecdotes of him, and all that occurred during his stay at the Briars. Amongst other *sottises*, was a letter written by the Marquis de M——, in which he described all the romping games that had taken place between Napoleon and our family, such as blind-man's buff, the sword scene, &c., ending his communication by observing, that Miss Betsee was the wildest little girl he had ever met, and expressing his belief that the young lady was *folle*.

This letter had been translated into the German and English journals. My father was much enraged at my name thus appearing, and wished to call the marquis to an account for his ill-nature; but my mother's intercessions prevailed, and she obtained an ample apology from the marquis.

On hearing of the affront that "Miss Betsee" had received from the *vieux imbecile*, as Napoleon generally denominated him, he requested Dr. O'Meara would call at the Briars on his way to St. James's Valley, with a message to me, which was to let me know how I might revenge myself. It so happened that the marquis prided himself on the peculiar fashion of his wig, to which was attached a long cue. This embellishment to his head, Napoleon desired me to burn off with caustic. I was always ready for mischief, and in this instance had a double inducement, as the emperor promised to reward me, on receipt of the pigtail, with the prettiest fan Mr. Solomon's shop contained. Fortunately I was prevented indulging in this most hoydenish trick by the remonstrances of my mother.

The next time I saw the emperor, his first exclamation was, "Eh, bien, Mademoiselle Betsee, a tu obei mes ordres et gagné l'éventail ?"

In reply, I made a great merit of being too dutiful a daughter to disobey my mother, however much my inclination prompted me to revenge the insult.

He then pinched my ear in token of approval, and said, "Ah, Miss Betsee, tu commence à étre sage."

He then called Dr. O'Meara, and asked him if he had procured the fan. The doctor replied that there were none pretty enough.

I believe I looked disappointed, on perceiving which, Napoleon, with his usual good nature, consoled me with the promise of something prettier; and he kept his word; in a few days I received a ring composed of brilliants, forming the letter N, surmounted by a small eagle.

The only revenge I took on the marquis was, by relating an anecdote of his greedy propensity, which diverted Napoleon very much. He was very fond of cauliflowers, which vegetable was rare in the island, and when dining with us one day at the Briars, his aide-de-camp, Captain Gor, had omitted to point out the fact of there being some at table, and it was only when about being removed that the marquis espied the retreating dish. His rage was most amusing, and with much gesticulation he exclaimed, "Bête! pourquoi ne m'a tu pas dis qu'ils y avaient des choux-fleurs ?"

During one of our riding excursions, we encountered Napoleon, who was returning from Sandy Bay, where he had been to visit Mr. D———, who resided there. He expressed himself delighted with the place, and spoke in high terms of the urbanity of the venerable host of "Fairy Land."

This gentleman had passed all his life at St. Helena, and at this time had arrived at the advanced age of seventy, without ever having left the island. His appearance was most prepossessing, and to those who loved to revel in the ideal and imaginative, he might have been likened to a good genius presiding over the fairy valley in which he dwelt.[*]

I asked Napoleon if he had remarked, when at Sandy Bay, three singularly formed rocks, shaped like sugar-loaves, and called Lot's wife and daughter? He replied that he had. I then related to him an anecdote connected with the largest of the three.

More than half a century had elapsed since two slaves, who preferred a freebooting life to that of labor and subjection, secreted themselves in a cave half way up the acclivity which terminates the spiral rock, called "Lot's wife." From this stronghold, their nocturnal sallies and depredations were carried on with great success, and their retreat remaining undiscovered for a long time, they became the terror of the island. They were at length, however, tracked to their rocky hold, where they stood a long siege, repelling all attacks, by rolling stones on their assailants. It was at last deemed necessary to send a party of soldiers to fire on them, if they refused to surrender; but this measure was rendered unnecessary by the superior activity of one of the besieging party, who managed to climb the rock, reach the opposite side of the mountain, and clambering up, gain a situation above the cave, the mouth of which became thus exposed to the same mode of attack which had effected its defence: so that when one of the unfortunate freebooters approached the edge of the precipice to roll down stones, he was crushed to death, and his companion, who was following him, severely wounded. Many of the islanders believe to this day that the ghost of the murdered slave is seen to make the circuit of the wild spot wherein he carried on his nightly orgies: a superstition easily accounted for from the circumstance of the summits of the mountains being generally encircled by light mists, which wreath themselves into all kinds of fantastical shapes; thus to the eye of superstition giving to "an airy nothing a local habitation and a name." In St. Helena, every cavern has its spirit, and every rock its legend.

Napoleon having listened to my legend of the Sugar-loaf Mountain, said he should regard it with greater interest the next time he rode in that direction.

One of the many instances of Napoleon's great good-nature, and his kindness in promoting my amusement, was on the occasion of the annual races at Deadwood, which at that time were anticipated by the inhabitants of the island as a kind of jubilee. From having been, as was often the case, in arrears with my lessons, my father, by way of punishing me, declared that I should not go to the races; and fearing that he might be induced to break his determination, he lent my pony to a friend for that day. My vexation was very great at not knowing where to get a horse, and I happened to mention my difficulty to Dr. O'Meara, who told Napoleon, and my delight may be conceived when a short time after all our party had left the Briars for Deadwood, I perceived the doctor winding down the mountain-path which led to our house, followed by a slave leading a superb gray horse, called Mameluke, with a lady's side-saddle and housings of crimson velvet embroidered with gold.

Dr. O'Meara said that on telling the emperor of my distress, he desired that the quietest horse in his stable be immediately prepared for my use.

This simply good-natured act of the emperor occasioned no small disturbance on the island, and sufficiently punished me for acting contrary to my father's wishes, by the pain it gave me at hearing that he was considered to have committed a breach of dicipline in permitting one of his family to ride a horse belonging to the Longwood establishment, and for which he was reprimanded by the governor.

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[*] A few years after the emperor's visit, Mr. D——— was induced to come to England: and thinking that he might never return to his lovely and beloved valley, he had a tree felled from his own "fairy land," from under the shade of which he had often viewed the enchanting scene around, and had his coffin made from the wood. His arrival in England, and his interesting character, being made known to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., his R. H desired that Mr. D—— might be presented to him; and his Royal Highness was so gratified with the interview, that he afterwards knighted Mr. D——, who subsequently returned to his loved Island.

We were told by Napoleon the next day, that he had witnessed the races from the upper windows of General Bertrand's cottage, and expressed himself much amused by them. He said he supposed I was too much diverted by the gay scene to feel my usual timidity.

Bonaparte frequently urged my father to correct me whilst young, and said I ought never to be encouraged in my foolish fears, or ever permitted to indulge therein. He said the empress Josephine suffered the greatest terror in a carriage, and he mentioned several instances of her extreme fright, when he was obliged to reprimand her severely. If I remember rightly, the Duchess D'Abrantes mentions in her memoirs of the emperor, one of the anecdotes on this subject which he recounted to us.

There was so little to vary the monotony of Napoleon's life, that he took an interest in the most trifling attempts at gayety in the island, and he generally consented to our entreaties to be present at some of the many entertainments my father delighted in promoting. On one occasion my father gave a fête to celebrate the anniversary of my birthday, at a pretty little place he possessed within the boundary of the emperor's rides, called Ross Cottage: so named as being the abode for a short time of a much esteemed friend, the flag-captain of the Northumberland, whom Bonaparte always designated as "un bravissimo uomo." When the festivities were at their height we descried the emperor riding along the hill-side towards the house; but on seeing such an assembly he sent to say that he would content himself with looking at us from the heights above. I did not consider this was fulfilling his promise of coming to the party, and not liking to be so disappointed, I scampered off to where he had taken up his position, and begged he would be present at our festivity—telling him he must not refuse, it being my birthday. But all my entreaties were unavailing;—he said he could not make up his mind to descend the hill, to be exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who wished to gratify their curiosity with the sight of him. I insisted, however, on his tasting a piece of birthday cake, which had been sent for that occasion by a friend in England, and who, little knowing the strict surveillance exercised over all those in any way connected with the fallen chief and his adherents, had the cake ornamented with a large eagle, and which, unluckily for us, was the subject of much animadversion. This I named to Napoleon as an inducement for him to eat of the cake, saying, "It is the least you can do for getting us into such disgrace."

Having thus induced him to eat a thick slice, he pinched my ear, calling me a "saucy little simpleton," and galloped off humming, or rather attempting to sing with his most unmusical voice, "Vive Henri Quatre."

One morning we went to call on Madame Bertrand, and found Napoleon seated by her bedside. We were about retreating, thinking we had been shown into the wrong room, when he called out, in his imperfect English, desiring us to enter, and asked what we were afraid of, saying,

"I am visiting my dear loaf, my mistress."

My mother observed that the latter term had a *strange* signification, and that it was never used in our language to express friendship. He laughed heartily at the awkward error he had made, and promised not to forget the interpretation of the word for the future, repeating that he only meant to express that Madame Bertrand was his dear friend.

It was by Napoleon's especial desire that we ventured now and then to correct his English; and being very anxious to improve himself, he never let an opportunity pass when in our society, without trying to converse in English, though, from his exceedingly bad pronunciation, and literal translations, it required the most exclusive attention to understand him. For my part I seldom had patience to render him much assistance, my sister being generally obliged to finish what I had begun; for in the middle of his lesson I would rush away, attracted by some more frivolous amusement. On returning I was always saluted with a tap on the cheek, or a pinch of the ear, with the exclamation of,

"Ah, Mademoiselle Betsee, petite étourdie que vous êtes, vous nedeviendriez jamais sage."

Bonaparte, on one occasion, asked us if we had seen little Arthur, who was about a month old; and he repeated Madame Bertrand's speech on introducing the child to him.

"Allow me to present to your majesty a subject who has dared to enter the gates of Longwood without a pass from Sir Hudson Lowe."

He sat chatting a long time, and quizzing me about the short waist and petticoats of my frock. He took great pleasure in teasing me apout my trousers, as he knew I disliked being called a little boy, and which he always made a point of doing when he espied the trousers. He thought the fashion of wearing short waists very frightful, and said, if he were governor, he should issue an order that no ladies were to appear dressed in that style.

Before leaving Madame Bertrand's cottage, he joined the children in a game of puss in the corner, to which I acted as Maitress de Ballet.

Napoleon used to evince great curiosity about the subject of our conversations when we called on Lady Lowe, at Plantation House, and asked whether they discussed our visits to Longwood.

I told him that the same sort of interrogation went on there, and that I was sure to be sharply (though goodnaturedly) cross-questioned, about what we did, and what we heard, when in his presence.

One evening, whilst on a visit to Madame Bertrand, we strolled up to see Dr. O'Meara, who happened to be engaged with the emperor. Cipriani, however, sent in to say that some ladies were waiting to see him, and on Napoleon hearing our names, he requested us to come in. We found him in the billiard-room employed looking over some very large maps, and moving about a number of pins, some with red heads, others with black.

I asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was fighting over again some of his battles, and that the red-headed pins were meant to represent the English, and the black the French. One of his chief amusements was, going through the evolutions of a lost battle, to see if it were possible by any better manœuvering to have won it.

A New Pavement.—A newly invented wood pavement has been laid down opposite the residence of the mayor, in the Rue de l'Ecu. It is a combination of wood and asphalte, possessing seemingly the advantages of both, without the inconveniences of either, being impervious to water, free from danger to horses, and costing 25 per cent. less for carriage roads, and as much as 50 less for foot pavements Should it answer, we hear it is talked of laying it down hence to Amiens, and running locomotive carriages upon it. It is the invention of Colonel Sir J. Lilly : the cost is said to be about 5*s*· a yard—*Boulogne Gazette.*

AN EPITAPH.

Stay, stranger, stay, and rest awhile,
  Forsake not yet my grassy bed ;
To dry thy tears and wake a smile,
  Oh ! tarry with the peaceful dead.

Believe there is no grief below
  Which true Religion cannot heal ;
From Faith's blest eye no depths of woe
  The star of Hope can e'er conceal.

The Son of God in human frame
  Has borne our sins, and felt our care,
And comfort lingers on His name
  For all that come to Him in prayer.

Then mourn not on thy journey home,
  But trust in God, and onward move ;
A few more years, and thou shalt come
  Where Faith and Hope are lost in Love.

Agnes.

The Grand Duke Michel.—An important name has been added, during the past week, to the list of illustrious personages who, during the current year, have visited our metropolis.. The Grand Duke Michel, brother to the Emperor Nicholas and husband of the Grand Duchess Helena, one of the most attractive and accomplished Princesses in Europe, arrived on Sunday last at Mivart's Hotel ; and has since been a guest of her Majesty and Prince Albert at Windsor Castle.

Five-and-twenty years ago, the Grand Duke (at that time a youth travelling with his governor) visited this country ; and after spending some time in London, became the guest of several of our most distinguished noblemen at their country seats. Some ten years since, the Grand Duchess his consort, with her youthful daughters, also visited London, and won golden opinions by the grace of her manners, and the intelligence of her mind.

The Grand Duke, whose tastes are of a military tendency, has visited, since his arrival in town, several of our public institutions, exhibiting the strongest interest in those connected with the profession in which he delights. Yesterday his Imperial Highness was present at a grand military review of the troops stationed at Windsor, consisting of the third battalion of the Grenadier Guards, the first regiment of the Life Guards, and the 13th regiment of Light Dragoons ; after which he took leave of her Majesty, and, in company with Prince Albert, proceeded to visit the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, returning thence to Mivart's Hotel.—*Court Journal.*

Arrest of J. C. Clinton, an American.—J. C. Clinton, an American, arrested at the Guildhall, under a warrant from the Home Secretary, was examined at Bow street yesterday, on the charge of forgery of American Treasury bills. The "original depositions" from America were produced by the solicitor for the prosecution, but the magistrate refused to receive them, as the new Act for giving up offenders only mentions "certified copies" of such depositions as receivable. The Act is in other respects so clumsily and obscurely worded, as to be difficult, and in some places impossible, to understand. The prisoner was therefore discharged, by the flaw in the Act of Parliament under which he was arrested. This is another specimen of our legal absurdities, and in the far-famed Washington treaty too.—*Examiner.*

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF FRANCIS HORNER.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M. P. Edited by his Brother, Leonard Horner, F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—A very interesting and valuable article. Let every one read it.—ED.

THE world owes much to Mr. Leonard Horner for the publication of this work. We have read it more than once, and on each successive occasion we have found new reasons to be grateful to him for having had the resolution to undertake a task so useful, and which he has so judiciously performed. That task was not without its difficulties. It was impossible to do justice to the character of Francis Horner without describing those intellectual acquirements, that high moral principle, and, above all, those warm, generous, and gentle feelings by which he was so greatly distinguished. And yet, in doing justice to these characteristics, it was difficult for one whose childhood and youth had been guided and instructed by his brother's advice and example, who had watched over that brother in his last illness, and had attended his deathbed, to avoid those effects of partiality and emotion which a connexion so near and associations so tender could not fail to produce. This danger the Editor has carefully avoided. Though these volumes would lose much of their charm if they did not contain evidence of the affection felt for the subject of them, we do not think that we could, in a single instance, point out any exaggerated appreciation of his brother's merits or public services. On the contrary, justice, and no more than justice, is done to his memory: we are inclined to think that the language of panegyric might have been carried further, with the approval not only of friends, but of rivals and competitors—enemies he had none. It is true that the Editor has confined his functions within very moderate limits. In this he has imposed on himself a severe, though perhaps a fitting restraint. The narrative is as short and simple as was possible. To use his own words, his whole endeavor was, 'by a careful selection of papers and correspondence, by the addition of a few pages at the commencement, and by filling up occasional blanks in the narrative, to make his brother himself narrate the history of his life.' This task has been executed with equal modesty and judgment. We doubt whether the image of any character has been more correctly portrayed, or transferred with more truth to the heart as well as to the understanding. The noble statue by Sir Francis Chantrey, which the affection of his friends raised to Horner in Westminster Abbey, is not a more perfect image of his person, than are his journals and confidential letters of his mind and feelings. But how superior in interest are the works of the pen to those of the chisel or the pencil! Therefore it is that we have to thank the Editor, not merely for the pleasure he has communicated to us, but for the good which his publication is so strongly calculated to produce.

It may perhaps appear somewhat ungenerous and ungrateful, after acknowledgments so well deserved, if we venture to express some doubt whether this publication might not have been advantageously delayed for some years to come. Had such a postponement taken place, it is true that we and our immediate contemporaries would have lost much delight and instruction; but we cannot help thinking, that a more full and unreserved publication might then have taken place. Though Francis Horner was one of the gentlest and most tolerant of human beings, though the modesty of his nature seems to preclude the possibility of harsh censures, yet there are evidences in these journals and letters that his discriminating judgment had been freely exercised. His power of detecting what was selfish, insincere, and unworthy in character, could not have been given him in vain. We feel convinced that portions of correspondence important to the history and to the biography of his times must have been kept back, in consideration of feelings which a contemporary biographer is bound to respect. There are many fragments of observation in these volumes which we should have wished to see completed; many outlines which it would have been most desirable to have seen filled up. In some cases a sketch of character is given, and the acts to which that character or temperament has led are scarcely alluded to; in other instances, the acts are slightly described, but there is no analysis of the feelings or motives from which they have originated. If our surmises be correct, we trust that at some future day, when restraints of delicacy no longer exists a more full publication may take place. The history of our times cannot but profit by the unreserved disclosure of all judgments, whether negative or affirmative, passed by Francis Horner upon men and things.

We have said that we thank the Editor,

not only for the pleasure he has given us by this publication, but for the good which it must produce. It is more especially in reference to this latter consideration that we esteem this work. It is in its practical usefulness that we are inclined to consider it as eminently recommendable. Within a few years, some delightful works of the same character have been published: the Memoirs of Mackintosh and of Romilly, for instance, and the Letters of the late Earl of Dudley—three very distinguished friends of Francis Horner. But, interesting as these works are, they do not lead to the same practical consequences as the work before us. They are also far from leaving on the mind of the reader the same genial and happy impression. Shades of melancholy, of disappointment, of a sensibility almost morbid, and an aimless and indeterminate activity, are to be found in different degrees in the works we have named. But in the picture of Horner there is a distinctness, a sunshine, and warmth, which we can trace to his steady convictions, and to the happiness derived from his energetic fulfilment of practical duties. He was essentially as happy as he was a distinguished man. The profound, enlarged, and fertile mind of Mackintosh, expanded itself into wide philosophical systems, metaphysical abstractions, and variegated literary inquiries. Though stored with general and elegant knowledge, and elevated by feelings of a devoted, but uncompromising and somewhat austere patriotism, in Romilly professional duty still asserted a just pre-eminence, not overpowering, however, his too acute sensibilities. Literary and speculative endowments, a rare wit, eloquence, highly but painfully elaborated, distinguished Lord Dudley; but these qualities were singularly neutralized by a pitiful fear of the world, which shrank from the risk of failure, by a want of vigor and self-reliance, and by the absence of that steady and methodical industry, which gives strength as well as acuteness to the understanding. There was also a lamentable deficiency in the principles of political duty. Lord Dudley seems to have considered public life rather as a pageant or tournament where crowns are to be won, than as a field which is to be cultivated by hard toil, and where the harvest reaped is not exclusively for our own consumption, but for the sustentation of our fellow-men. The Chair of the professor of moral and political philosophy would have been better filled by Mackintosh; the ermine of a great magistrate would better have become Romilly; the brilliant triumphs of society, and the occasional success of oratorical display, might more justly have been claimed by Dudley. But for the perfect character of a British member of parliament, for the fulfilment of its innumerable functions; where the most minute of those duties are elevated by an ever-present sense of right—all are influenced by patriotic motive, and restrained and limited in their application by calm and practical wisdom—we doubt whether the history of the House of Commons has ever exhibited a rarer combination of qualities than those which were displayed by Horner, and recorded in these volumes. *Idoneus patriæ* was a motto which might well have been conferred upon him. The light of his mind was not the flash of a meteor, to dazzle rather than to irradiate; it was the clear, calm day, beneath whose influence man goeth forth to his work and to his labor. Simple, truthful, and unostentatious, he sought and found no short cut, or royal road to eminence and distinction. He recognized the condition assigned to man by his Creator. That decree which fixes labor as the price of all success, so far from discouraging only excited his indefatigable industry; and though fame and success might justly be contemplated by him as probable and legitimate rewards, they were never allowed to become primary objects, but were mainly viewed as collateral incidents. We doubt whether a much more useful gift could be made to a young man destined for civil duties than these volumes; nor can we conceive any example which an affectionate parent could hold out, with more advantage to his child, than the useful and honorable life which they record.

To us they possess a deep and a peculiar interest. We are disposed to trace Horner's character to the peculiar institutions of our native land. The High School and the University of Edinburgh were the seats of his education. Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Black, Robertson—names dear to us as household gods—were the teachers under whom his intellect was formed and matured. His education was essentially Scotch; and its entire success is one, out of many refutations, of those attacks which depreciate our national system of instruction. That in the case of Horner its success was complete will hardly be denied; for it should be remembered that it was not only with contemporaries and professional rivals in North Britain that he had to contend; nor were his trials confined to the dry pursuits of the bar. He had to struggle for equality, and at length he gained pre-eminence, among those whose literary success was recorded in the *Musæ Etonenses;* he had to win his way among the most exclusive and jealous of the aristocratic circles of the metropolis; he had to contend for the mastery in that most fastidious of all assemblies, the House of Commons; and unaided but by his own powers, standing on no height but that of his exalted principles, the Edinburgh student, almost without a consciousness of the obstacles which stood in his way, surmounted them all, and acquired an earlier and a better established reputation as a public man than any one of his contemporaries.—But our attention has been too long withdrawn from the work immediately before us.

Mr. Horner was born at Edinburgh in 1778. His parents were highly respectable, but not of an elevated class in society. His father was a merchant, who appears from his correspondence to have eminently deserved the dutiful affection and confidence so strongly evinced in every page of his son's correspondence. This happy result may to a considerable degree, be traced to the mode of his education. As a child, he was not sent away from his home; neither was he at once thrown amidst the temptations of a great public school, among new associates, to whom his home thoughts, his home duties, and his home affections were strange and foreign. He was not thus brought into a circle whose influences, though often exerted for good, frequently detach the child from his filial obligations. In his childhood and youth, the school and the university were bound up with the domestic circle. The pursuits of the son, his intimacies, and his habits, were all kept within the reach of his father's observation. That most endearing and useful of all ties—that to which may be traced all the purest, the earliest, and the strongest impulses—the tie of a mother's love—was not severed. We believe that more of knowledge, as well as of happiness and virtue, may be traced to the early influence of a well-informed and a well-principled mother, than the pride and vanity of Oxford or Cambridge would be quite ready to confess. Of the happy effects of this domestic training, the life of Francis Horner presents a striking example. It is evidently no exaggerated praise when the biographer informs us, that 'whilst his father's cultivated and naturally strong understanding, general information, refined taste, and liberal sentiments, were well qualified to give a right direction to the talents of which his son gave an early promise, his mother's excellent qualities had an influence no less beneficial in the formation of her son's character. She united to a gentle nature, great good sense, activity of mind, and an earnest unobtrusive piety, which shone forth in her whole conduct and in all her sentiments, and which she carefully impressed on the minds of all her children.' This influence continued unchanged, or rather it seems to have increased in strength, and to have deepened into greater tenderness, up to the very period of her son's death. During his first visit to England, he writes as follows with reference to his mother's letters—'Besides the influence of my mother's injunctions in guiding me to what is proper and becoming, I shall derive from her letters the pleasure of considering myself under her immediate direction, and of sometimes forgetting that I am at distance from her.'—p. 24.

One of these letters is so very characteristic in its maternal simplicity, that we cannot resist the pleasure of extracting it.

'*Edinburgh*, 19*th October*, 1796.

'MY DEAR FRANK,

'I had once and again proposed writing at the very time your father proposed to do it, and as I thought you would consider him and me the same person, it made me yield, as I knew he had something to say to you about your future plans, which he understands better than I do. After all, you rogue, I have a notion that you are in my debt, but I do not dispute it with you. I shall in future be more punctual.

'You, and all of you, are most fortunate in a most indulgent father, who, instead of having occasion to be prompted, is willing to deny himself, in many instances that his wife and children may enjoy the more; and I hope and trust that all of you will amply repay his goodness by being grateful, should it please God to spare you and him together. I bless God we have no reason to complain. May the example of our eldest descend on our youngest branches! I shall ever use my endeavor to promote their imitation.

'And don't consider it, my dear, as the cant of an old woman, when I admonish you, above all things, not to neglect your religious duties. I would much rather see you a good than a great man, and it is no uncommon thing for learned men to neglect what is the most important part of their duty; but be sure, if you do not remember your Creator in the days of your youth, you need never look for comfort in your old age.

'Farewell, my dear! May health and happiness attend you wherever you are.'

There may be found some, though we hope not amongst our readers, who are disposed to treat this 'short and simple' letter as trite and commonplace. We doubt whether such observers have a just appreciation of the elements which form our national character, or of the influences which produce in that national character much that is greatest, and all that is best.

Though it interferes with the strict chronology of our narrative, we deem this part of Horner's character to be so important, and its development so beautiful and so instructive, that we must be permitted to carry our illustrations further. Indeed, the obligations of home duty and the ties of affection were with him the foundation of every thing else that was good and useful. His character did not resemble one of those substances formed by mechanical accretion from without; but rather one of those formed by chemical fusion and by expansion from within. This, in fact, is the key to his whole nature and merits, moral and intellectual. With him the heart was the great moving power, and its impulses seem never to have misled him. At the age of twenty, after the completion of his studies under Mr. Hewlett, he writes to his father:—'The hope on which I am most accustomed to dwell is, that we may all grow up round you and my mother with sentiments of active probity and a spirit of industry, so as never to give you cause to regret your care and your indulgence. I feel most sensibly how much our success will depend on having your example long before us, and long enjoying the benefits of your counsel and direction. I feel most sensibly how much my immediate comfort and enjoyment depend on these, in the impatience with which I look forward to my return home, and to the prospect of coming again to domestic society and its duties after having been absent so long, and having felt by experience what a blank those duties leave in life.'—(Vol i. p. 39.) At an after period, and when considering the expediency of going to the English bar, his filial respect and tenderness are unabated. 'Before I obtain your concurrence,'—he writes to his father—'I cannot give the name of resolution to the inclination I entertain.'—Ibid. p. 189. These feelings were uninterrupted to the last; and we shall have occasion hereafter to remark, that his latest effort at correspondence was addressed to his father four days only before his lamented death.

We trust there are none of our readers who are scoffers on a subject like this; and who will think that we have dwelt too much on what may appear so simple and commonplace as filial duty and affection. We could wish that these feelings were even more commonplace, if by such expression is meant more general and more widely diffused. We see in them the foundation on which the moral superiority of Horner's character rested, and on which his moral ascendency over the minds of others was founded. To us these characteristics are as touching as the descriptions in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' The 'big ha' Bible—the old man's blessing—the 'ingle nook'—are not more strictly identified with Scottish feeling, than this duty and affection on the part of a child;—continued in his maturer years, forming his principles, and influencing his conduct when he has entered into the active contentions of the world. It surely cannot be thought a national prejudice to connect these sentiments with a system of education which cherishes and maintains family affections and associations. We know full well that distinguished and numerous examples may be shown, proving that all these advantages are perfectly compatible with the system of public education in England. The chain of family affection may be continued unbroken between Castle Howard or Hagley and Eton; and, under the late estimable Dr. Arnold, we believe that the surest foundation for filial duty was laid, in the cultivation of the strongest religious convictions. So far from weakening the domestic ties, Dr. Arnold's instructions could not fail to strengthen them, combining with the love felt by his boys for their parents, the affectionate reverence which he so well merited from them himself. But we deal not with exceptions, but with tendencies and general results. The Indian juggler swallows the naked sword, though he does not grow fat on the produce of this 'iron harvest.' M. Chabert was also accustomed to take his pastime in a heated oven, and to come out unsinged, though the beefsteak which was placed beside him was broiled to a turn. As we prefer more nourishing food than steel, and a milder temperature than that of the furnace, we are inclined to think that the risks of an education, wholly separating the child from the parental roof, under the ordinary and very imperfect system of our public schools, are greater than can be compensated by the most miraculous master over *longs* and *shorts*. We shall not speak of the cases in which public education fails in its own more peculiar course of study. We refer to instances of classical success, and ask whether this success is not too often dearly purchased. Let us suppose the following to be the summing up by a father of the school life of his child:—'My son is wholly estranged from his family—but then he has written a learned essay on the philosophy of the Stoics; he has ruined himself, and has half ruined me, at Newmarket—but has acquired immortal honor by his version of Pindar; his arrangements of the Greek chorusses are lauded by German critics of the deepest learning and unpronounceable names—and this must console me for his elopement with a French opera-dancer.' We know not whether this balance of account would be satisfactory to many parents. We are satisfied to receive less, if we are convinced that less is risked. Dealing with the future prospects of our children as if they resembled a stake at hazard or the price of a lottery ticket, is a gambling too desperate for our nerves or consciences. We feel strongly the importance of the development of the manly character which public education is calculated to produce, and has produced, in many instances. We are far from recommending a system that, by injudicious restraint, prevents the formation of habits of decision, and of a sense of responsibility. Safety itself may be too dearly purchased, if the character is dwarfed and stunted. It should be allowed to grow freely and vigorously. Above all, we must be understood as dealing with public schools as they are, and not as they ought to be.

But to return. We left Horner pursuing his education at Edinburgh. There he formed many early and valuable associations with men who have since risen to the highest distinction in various walks of life. His earliest friend was Henry Brougham. Before the year 1780, the two boys used to run together on the pavement before his father's house.' How little could the future destiny of these boys have been anticipated—how little could it have been foreseen that the one was to become the most brilliant and powerful rhetorician of his day—was to rise to the highest eminence of his profession, and, as Lord Chancellor to preside over the House of Lords; and that the other was to exercise over the House of Commons a moral influence even greater than that produced by his acknowledged intellectual superiority!

The gratitude which Horner felt towards all those from whom he derived instruction, is but an exhibition in another form of the strength of his affections. Of his old master, Dr. Adam, the Rector of the High School, he writes thus in 1809:—'I have always felt a most agreeable debt of gratitude to him for the love he gave me in early life for the pursuits which are still my best source of happiness, as well as for the most valuable impressions on all subjects of political opinion.' Having, at the age of nineteen, translated the greater part of Euler's Algebra into English, he declined claiming any right in the publication, but transferred it altogether to his tutor, the Rev. Mr. Hewlett—'modestly but resolutely opposing even any recognition of his share in the task, and desiring that whatever merit or emolument might be attached to the work, might be given to his instructor.' That he should have felt the deepest gratitude and affection for Dugald Stewart, is only stating that he participated in those feelings which that truly great philosopher, and excellent man, inspired in the minds of all who approached him; and more especially in the minds of those who had the benefit of his instructions. Horner applied to him a characteristic sentence extracted from one of his own works:—'It is with no common feeling of respect and gratitude that I recall the name of one to whom I owe my first attachment to those studies, and the happiness of a liberal occupation superior to the more aspiring aims of a servile ambition.' At a subsequent period (1804) he again reverts to the same subject, and speaks of 'the effect produced by Professor Stewart's lectures, in sending out every year a certain number who had imbibed a small portion of his spirit, as being so great that he could not consent to any suspension of it.' But it was at a later period (1809), when Mr. Stewart was suffering under the grievous calamity of the death of a most promising son, that all the tenderness of Horner's nature manifested itself—'I know not when I should venture to write to him,' he says in a letter to Lord Webb Seymour: 'I have abstained doing so during the period of his poor son's illness, except at that momentary interval of apparent recovery which is always so delusive in this disease—

"Visa tamen tardi demum inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore salutem
Speravi"—

a passage which I have heard Mr. Stewart read with the most touching expression, but which he will never be able to read again! About writing to him, I wish you, who are on the spot, to direct me; after a while, he may take some interest in the details of public news, or be tempted to amuse himself with new books; and as soon as there would be any real kindness, and no unpleasant intrusion, in supplying him with these, I should be happy to make a duty of such attentions to him.' It was thus that the same warmth and sincerity of affection, which we have already seen so strongly and beautifully exhibited towards his own family, were in a like measure shown in relations, which, being often considered as purely scholastic and academical, too seldom take any permanent root in the heart.

Partly with the view of learning the important art of acting for himself, and of acquiring habits of self-reliance, and partly also for the secondary purpose (though not a trivial one) of correcting any provincial accent or idiom, Mr. Horner was placed for two years in the neighborhood of London, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Hewlett, who justly appreciated the abilities and qualities of his pupil, and rendered him very essential services in the prosecution of his studies. His industry seems to have been most unremitting and persevering, though somewhat too diffuse; and in some few instances was not, seemingly, very wisely directed by his instructor. In the cultivation of English style Mr. Hewlett directed his pupil's attention most particularly to the inaccuracies of Hume, and gave him as models of composition the 'Letters of Junius.' We can scarcely imagine a more dangerous recommendation of the kind than the latter, for a young and enthusiastic student. At a later period Horner seems to have been captivated by the orientalisms and amplification of Gibbon. But fortunately he was not betrayed into adopting the style of either of these writers as his model. From this danger he was protected by the severity and simplicity of his own taste.

It is very interesting to observe, at this early period of life, how the natural tendencies of his mind exhibited themselves in their early process of development. His first visits to the House of Commons seem to have disappointed him much. 'The best speakers,' he observes, 'and the good are but few, speak with such an unaccountable tone, they have so little grace in their action and delivery, and such a set of cant phrases have crept into use, that he who has previously formed ideas of eloquence from what he has read of Greece and Rome, must find the speeches even of Fox and Pitt miserably inferior.' Here we find an instance, very rare in Horner, of youthful rashness. He evidently referred Parliamentary oratory to a very false standard. He might almost as well have condemned Kemble for not assuming the sock and buskin. His attention, now at the age of nineteen, was directed to a subject to which he afterwards owed his highest reputation—the question of the Currency. Being in London at the time of the memorable Bank restriction, he mentions the fact that for some time subsequently to that event Paper money exhibited no signs of depreciation. Where he observes on the relief given to trade by the enlargement of discounts, his opinions seem still unfixed and confused; but he concludes very justly, that 'all political reasonings point out the increase of paper money as a most pernicious evil; from which the country could only escape provided this remedy were used merely as a temporary expedient. It is thus that in the meditations of the youth we can discover the germs of the future reasonings of the philosopher. The accidental coincidence of his residence in London with this event, may have been to Horner what the Jesuit's Treatise on Perspective is considered by many to have been to Sir Joshua Reynolds; or what the accidental task of binding a volume of an Encyclopædia, containing an article on Electricity, was to Professor Faraday. But we must not overrate the import of these coincidences. Such casualties excite attention, but cannot be held to create an intellectual power, any more than the application of lime to a clay soil creates the plants of white clover, the seeds of which it causes to germinate.

The suspension of cash payments, by Order in Council, was, however, an event of such startling novelty and magnitude, as to have been calculated to awake the attention of a mind even less observant and active than Horner's. We happen to be in possession of some curious particulars connected with 'that wonderful event,' as it was well called by Mr. Fox in the debate on the 28th of February, 1776;—affecting, as it did, not only the finances and commerce of England, but bearing upon the whole combination of European policy, and of which event the consequences are still experienced. The facts which we are about to relate were communicated to us by one of the parties to the transaction; and, as we are not aware that they have ever been accurately given to the public, we do not think that they can be more fitly recorded than in this notice of the life of that statesman whose name is identified with the great work of the restoration of our Currency. We shall not stop to examine the causes which led to the difficulties of the Bank; at present, we deal with the events only. On Saturday the 25th of February, 1797, the late Mr. Samuel Thornton, deputy governor of the Bank of England, waited on Mr. Pitt, to explain to him the imminent dangers to which that corporation was exposed. Mr. Pitt appointed to receive him at dinner that very day, for the purpose of examining into the facts, and of determining upon the line to be adopted. At that dinner there were present but three persons—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the deputy governor of the Bank of England, and Mr. Steele, then Secretary to the Treasury. The presence of the latter was soon dispensed with, and the authorities of the Treasury and Threadneedle Street were left to discuss confidentially the most important proposition that had ever been mooted between those 'high contracting powers.' Mr. Thornton demonstrated to the Minister, that it was utterly hopeless for the Bank to continue its specie payments; and that, early on the following Monday, it was necessary that same decisive resolution should be formed and acted on. The interview was long. Mr. Pitt examined into the case with the deepest anxiety and minuteness. In dismissing Mr. Thornton, he directed him to attend a meeting of the Council to be held the following morning, on Sunday. Mr. Thornton was in waiting even before the arrival of Mr. Pitt. Having sent in his name to the Council, he was asked by some of the official persons present what was the object of his attendance—an object which did not appear to have been communicated to them. He replied, that he attended by the command of Mr. Pitt, and on behalf of the Bank of England. On the arrival of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Thornton was called in and examined; he explained the state of the Bank, and the imminent peril to which it was exposed of an immediate stoppage. The persons present were the Chancellor (Lord Loughborough,) the Duke of Portland, Marquis Cornwallis, Earl Spencer, Earl of Liverpool, Earl of Chatham, and Mr. Pitt. The latter shortly, but conclusively, stated his reasons for the instant adoption of an Order of Council directing the suspension of Cash payments by the Bank of England. The Lord Chancellor expressed the strongest objection to such an act, as being wholly contrary to law. The reply of Mr. Pitt was conclusive: —'My Lords, it must be done—the public safety requires it; and I lay before your Lordships a minute, directing the proper steps to be taken. To that minute I affix my own name, and I assume the whole responsibility of the proceeding.' The minute was adopted, as might have been expected, from the authority, almost supreme, conceded to Mr. Pitt by his colleagues as well as by Parliament. The Order of Council was issued; it was communicated to the Bank of England; it was dispersed throughout the metropolis at the earliest hour on Monday morning. We are aware that this statement does not altogether agree with the declarations made on the occasion, as well as subsequently; but our information came from the lips of one of the parties to the whole transaction, from its commencement to its close—a man who would not deceive, and who could not be mistaken.

To this great event the attention of the practical statesman cannot be too often and too earnestly directed. What constitutes its danger, is the facility with which the greatest of all financial revolutions was effected; the false popularity which it acquired; the instantaneous ease it afforded not only to Government, but to various classes suffering under extreme pressure; the slow and gradual development of its fatal consequences, for a time undetected, and almost unsuspected, in the midst of that false prosperity produced by increased issues of paper; the artificial increase of production, the artificial demand for labor, followed by that fearful collapse, which, exhibiting the practical difference between money wages and real wages, imposed the greatest amount of suffering on the most laborious and industrious classes: and, in its ultimate effects, produced a national bankruptcy for a season, and the payment of the public creditor by a dividend on the amount of his just demand.

But to return to our immediate subject. The relative importance of that education which an enlightened and active mind works out for itself, as compared with all that can be acquired in the mere routine course of study, was never more strongly exemplified than in the interval of Horner's life from 1797 to 1802, during his residence at Edinburgh, and after his first visit to the South. It is after instruction in its more limited sense has ended, that education, properly so called, in many instances commences. Yet no mistake is more common than that which substitutes the means for the end, and considers that technical acquirement and mere accomplishment can do more than furnish the tools which a sound understanding is afterwards to apply to practical purposes. The five years of Horner's life subsequently spent at Edinburgh, were devoted not only to the study of the law, the profession for which he was destined, but to other intellectual pursuits, the most varied and multifarious. Indeed, it is impossible not to trace in this part of his conduct no inconsiderable degree of weakness and imperfection. This had early attracted the attention of his friend and instructor, Mr. Hewlett. 'Were I to suggest a hint with respect to his future studies, it should be to guard him against desultory pursuits, and disquisitions in science not immediately connected with his profession. The avenues of nearly all the sciences are open to him, and he is acquainted with the nature and relative importance of the different kinds of truth. Here is the general object, and when a young man has accomplished it, his powers ought to be concentrated and directed to the particular profession which he has adopted.' We should very deeply have regretted had Horner limited his pursuits exclusively to professional studies. This would have destroyed one of the greatest and most attractive characteristics of his mind—its *catholicity*, the wideness of its range, its general cultivation, its balance, and its estimate of the just properties and relative value of objects. What we cannot but regret, and that against which we should warn our younger readers, is the indiscreet adoption of successive and gigantic plans of study, which being undertaken lightly, were not, and could not be, practically realized.

All persons, but more especially the young and sanguine, should eschew the dangerous readiness with which they are tempted to undertake more than it lies in their power to perform. To weaker minds—to minds less strenuous in exertion and less firm in principle—this error might have been fatal. Every resolution of this description made and abandoned, inflicts a severe blow on the character. From this weakness Horner suffered less than most others would have done; but even to him it is evident, that these varied and successive resolutions, so hastily adopted and abandoned, could not but have been productive of diminished power of mind, as well as of diminished contentedness. In the undisguised exhibition of motive and of action, which is contained in these volumes, we cannot discover any other cause of self-reproach; and even in this single instance, the error, such as it was, arose from a noble ambition. Of the error itself he seems to have been fully conscious. In his journal of 1801, after reviewing a day of varied but desultory occupation, he observes—'Such a review, when feebly and vainly considered, may flatter the consciousness of power. But it is manifest that, were the mind to be habitually indulged, especially in the early part of life, in a course of unrestrained and lawless rambling, it would soon lose the power of persevering attention in systematic study, and the memory would become a farrago of superficial and unconnected observation.' Notwithstanding the frankness of this confession, the same error accompanied him throughout his life. In laying out a course of study for the two years before his entrance on his profession as an advocate, he proposed to perfect himself in the Latin and Greek classics, to acquire an elegance and facility in English style in writing and speaking; to make himself a proficient in the general principles of philosophy; and a complete master, if possible, of law as a science. For this purpose, he proposed reading in Greek, Homer, Demosthenes, Xenophon, and Euripides; in Latin, Livy, Tacitus, Cæsar, and Sallust; together with Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucretius, and Tibullus, and the whole works of Cicero, which were almost to be learned by heart. With this were to be combined mathematics, the logic of analysis, both geometric and algebraic. In mixed mathematics and other branches of physics, including chemistry, botany, and natural history, he proposed to read the book of nature. Metaphysics were to be made the elements of legislative science. Law, both civil, municipal, and statute, was to be included, and made a prominent part of this vast cycle of knowledge! Our censure does not apply to the failure in completing this task, but to the want of wisdom in undertaking it. We are quite willing to admit, that no young man of twenty would have been able to execute a scheme like this within two years; but at the same time, and on that very account, no reasonable man can defend it. There is no justification in saying, with Horner, 'magnis tamen excidam ausis.' When he meditated on the composition of a commentary on the *Instauratio Magna* of Bacon, bearing the somewhat presumptuous title of 'A View of the Limits of Human Knowledge,' he remarks upon what he himself terms 'the audacity of his ambition;' but adds, 'that no presumption is culpable while it only stimulates to great undertakings.' This is scarcely true: for the danger he himself admits to be great, when 'the inadequacy of what is performed can be contrasted with what is attempted.'

If Horner did not equal his own aspirations, it was not because he accomplished little, but because he aimed at an unattainable excess. His mind was continually engaged in the most useful and improving pursuits. The associates with whom he lived were such as at once to appreciate and to improve his character. Many of them are still spared to their country and to their friends; and to them we shall abstain from making any allusion, further than by saying, that we know not a higher tribute that can be paid to man, than the friendships Mr. Horner then acquired, and the fidelity with which he maintained them through life to the very last. His principles were not more steadfast and undeviating than his affections. An unspeakable merit! No divergence of pursuit—no separation in after life—no change of occupations, ever disjoined the heart of Horner from those early companions who continued to deserve his affection. The splendors of political success, the seductive attractions of the society of London, never broke, or even weakened the force of his early friendships, where their continuance was justified by character and conduct. Pope completes the climax in which he commemorates the virtues of Craggs, by the encomium "that he lost no friend." To no one could this somewhat rare praise be more truly applicable than to Horner.

His happy associations of friendship were founded on a community of principle and of mental pursuit. Even when still a youth, he proposed that he and his much-valued friend Mr., now Lord Murray, should work together, and "become the Beaumont and Fletcher of metaphysics." With Lord Webb Seymour, whose friendship and esteem were no less a privilege than a blessing, he studied Bacon, and Political Economy. The origin and the durability of this happy and honorable community of pursuits, may, we feel convinced, be traced to the purity of motive which Horner's mind—his unaffected humility, that teachableness which in him was united to such vigorous powers—the absence of all vanity, and of all love of personal distinction. It was the refined modesty of his own nature, that alone could induce him to decline the application to himself of a splendid passage of Lord Bacon, to which he refers: in which that philosopher describes the various motives which urge men onward in intellectual pursuit: "Omnium autem gravissimus error in deviatione ab ultimo doctrinarum fine consistit. Appetunt enim homines scientiam, alii ex insita curiositate, et irrequieta; alii animi causa et delectationis; alii exisitimationis gratia; alii contentionis ergo, utque ut in disserendo superiores sint; plerique *propter lucrum et victum;* paucissimi ut donum rationis divinitus datum in usus humani generis impendant."—(Vol. I. p. 127.) If Horner did not merit to be included *inter hos paucissimos*, we know not who ever deserved that distinction; not only professing, but acting as he did, on the principle, "that the passions which he sought to encourage in his mind, were an inviolable attachment to truth for its own sake, in every speculative research, and an habitual reference of every philosophical acquisition to the improvement of his practical and active character."—(Ib.)

We have been struck by some whimsical analogies between Horner and a statesman and philosopher, whose works he esteemed highly, and studied much—we mean Turgot. In all respects, however, our countryman has a manifest superiority. Turgot's first destination was the church; he was elected Prior of the Sorbonne. Horner had for a time a desire "to be a parson," and his mother equipped him in a gown and bands. He was modest, retiring, and simple-hearted. "Turgot," observes the Abbé Morellet, "etait d'une simplicité d'enfant qui se conciliait en lui avec une sorte de dignité, respectée de ses camarades, et même de ses confrères les plus agés." Turgot abandoned his views of entering the church, on conscientious grounds, and he betook himself to the bar and to the service of the state. Horner was not in a position which required him to make this sacrifice; but he was guided by his conscience strictly in all acts, both in his profession and in Parliament. The writers of the *Biographie Universelle* inform us that Turgot, having studied the classical and modern languages, and almost every branch of science, was accustomed to form boundless schemes of future study. "Il s'etait tracé la liste d'un grand nombre d'ouvrages qu'il voulait executer. Des poemes, des tragedies, des romans philosophiques, des traductions, des traités sur la physique, sur l'histoire, sur la geographie, la politique, la metaphysique, et les langues, entraient dansce cours singuliere." Horner, as we have seen, had to the last a similar weakness. "I have indulged myself," he observes, "in all the reveries of future achievements, future acquisition, future fame: poetry, romantic philosophy, ambition, and vanity conspire to infatuate me in this oblivion of the present; and amid this visionary intoxication, I almost feel the powers of actual exertion sink within me." At the age of twenty-two, Turgot addressed to the Abbé de Cicé a Dissertation on Paper Currency. At twenty-two, Horner was called on to read a paper on the Circulation of Money, before the Speculative Society of Edinburgh. The free trade in corn was alike a favorite object of both these distinguished men. In one point the analogy wholly fails. We have seen how Horner received his earliest moral and religious impressions from his mother. Turgot was not so fortunate. The contrast between Paris and Edinburgh is here manifest. The Abbé Morellet informs us, "que la mère de Turgot le trouvait maussade parcequ'il ne faisait pas la reverence de bonne grace. Il fuyait la campagnie qui venait chez elle—et se cachait sous un canapé, ou derrière un paravent, où il restait toute la durée d'une visite, et d'où l'on etait obligé de le tirer pour le produire." This distinction in their early impressions may have determined much of the future destiny of the two men. We have been tempted into this digression, for the purpose of tracing an analogy suggested by the deep interest which Horner exhibits so constantly for the writings and opinions of Turgot. He was too prudent to approve of many of his measures of administration.

With a mind such as that of Horner, and with the well-regulated but manly ambition which made politics and political economy favorite pursuits, it is not to be wondered at that he should ultimately take up his residence in London, and prefer the bar of England to that of Scotland. To this determination the attractions of society, of literature, and of politics contributed. He applied himself to professional studies, but he never seems to have considered the bar as a primary object. He rather pursued it as an honorable mode of acquiring an independence, than as an avocation acceptable to his taste or feelings. Whilst still studying as an advocate in Edinburgh, he admits that the "refreshment of a few chapters from Livy became necessary after four hours given to *tack* and *wadset*."—(Vol i. 109.) And we can readily believe that Dugald Stewart's evening lecture on the poor-laws, was an agreeable change from the title in Erskine's *Principles* on the "Vassal's Right." He was fully sensible of the danger to which he would have been exposed from studies purely professional; and, for his own protection, he laid down the principle of devoting "one day in the week, at the least, to the study of Lord Bacon's writings, or of works on a similar plan. In this way," he observed, "I may flatter myself with the reflection of making an effort, at least, to preserve my mind untainted by the illiberality of professional character, if not to mould my habitual reflections upon those extensive and enlightened views of human affairs, by which I may be qualified to reform the irregularities of municipal institutions, and to extend the boundaries of legislative science." It was clear that the tenor of these observations marked out the chapel of St. Stephen's as his future destiny, rather than the courts of Westminster-Hall. He admits this distinctly in a letter to Lord Murray, written in 1812:—"A very slow and a very quiet walk for a public life, is the only one for which I feel myself fit, though in such a one, with steadiness, I hope I may in process of time find some opportunity of rendering service to the country. One thing I feel more every day, that nothing but the alliance of politics, or the manner in which I take a share in them, would be sufficient to attach me to the legal profession, in which I have little prospect of eminence, and very moderate desire of wealth; but in which, by possessing the opportunities of legislative experience, I do not despair one day of doing some good."

Whether in private, in professional, or in political life, Horner was resolute in his determination to secure a perfect independence of circumstances. To the possession of wealth as furnishing the means of indulgence, he seems to have been totally indifferent; but his early habits and his strongest principles all led him to consider the acquisition and the maintenance of personal independence to be one of his highest duties. He felt that his future usefulness depended upon it. Even at the age of nineteen, he appears to have been fully sensible of this important truth. In a letter to his father, he says, "I would not suffer myself to be tempted by the hopes of what my own industry might in time refund, to incur the disgrace of dependence on another person."—(Vol. i. p. 18.) To adhere steadily to these principles, Horner was encouraged by his wise and affectionate friend, Lord Webb Seymour. "Every thing should be done to strengthen your resolution of clinging closely to your profession, till you have securely laid the humble, but essential basis on which you may rest the whole machinery of that public influence, which I hope hereafter to see you in possession of In adhering to your plan, you have many temptations to resist, and those temptations are likely to increase. Formerly you had merely to sacrifice the gratification of your taste for science; you have now to guard against the incitements of literary luxuries, as well as the political ardor of the society in which you live. You will soon have to withstand the direct allurements of power, and of the applause which attends the patriotic statesman."—(Vol. i. p. 351.)

Horner took up his residence in London at an interesting moment. Fox and Pitt were both living, and in the fullest possession of their powers. The excitement of a doubtful peace, and ultimately the renewal of the war—the complicated state of party, and the uncertainty of future political combinations—were all most interesting. That a ministry like that of Mr. Addington should ever have been formed, was wonderful; that it should at first have commanded great majorities was astounding; that it should have been allowed to subsist after giving proof of its inefficiency, was the mere result of the sufferance of its powerful and combined opponents. So rapid a loss of public confidence and of political strength never was exhibited; except, perhaps, in the vast change of opinion towards the present Cabinet during the session which has just closed. Horner approached the political arena with opinions rather cultivated than matured. It is worthy of remark, that his attachment to Whig principles was the result of calm and cautious examination, and of the most earnest convictions. He thus gave a double security for his firmness and his consistency. His opinions had been slow in their growth: they were moderate, and free from all exaggeration. They did not resemble the sappy water shoots of some plants, which rise rapidly into a rank vegetation—produce many leaves, a few flowers, and even promise some fruit, but which are cut back by the first frost, or are broken down by the first squall of wind. On the contrary, a more true resemblance to Horner's opinions may be found in the timber trees of slower growth, but of firmer consistency, which resist alike the dry rot and all extraneous force. Horner's opinions were progressive in their tendencies; they were formed for himself, and not taken ready-made from others. So far from adopting in early life very popular doctrines, his first expressions of opinion, strange to say, have somewhat of an opposite character.

"I am of your opinion," he writes to his father in 1799, "as to the propriety of supporting the Government of the country. Undoubtedly, within the few last years, violent attacks have been made on the rights of the subject; but no one finds his comforts impaired, nor his property less secure: a circumstance which should make the constitution more estimable to us, showing that its spirit is such as to continue to be beneficial, even after its forms have been suspended. There are good grounds to expect that that suspension will be removed by Parliament, when the necessity, real or imaginary, disappears. . . . . When thinking upon this, I often look forward to a rule of conduct, which I hope no circumstances may ever induce me to abandon; and it is this, to connect myself with the exclusive interests of no political party whatever. A man's independence must be best preserved, and his duty to the public best performed, by attaching himself, not to any set of political characters, but to that system of measures which he believes most conducive to the public welfare. It seems a reasonable duty at all times, rather to lean towards the ruling ministers; for no administration can act with energy, unless it can trust to the countenance of respectable people."—(Vol. i. p. 36.)

We have been induced to make this extract by various motives. In referring hereafter to Horner's political principles with a just appreciation, we are desirous of showing that the liberal opinions of his manhood were not carelessly adopted, or subscribed to, from any early prejudice or association. Further, we think it not unimportant to consider the numerous fallacies which are contained in the declaration of faith of our political novice of nineteen—fallacies which it would be less necessary to expose if they were confined to persons of his age, and to one occasion. But, unfortunately, such is not the case. On the contrary, the erroneous, and we may add the mischievous, opinions which Horner advocated when a student, residing with his private tutor Mr. Hewlett, and before he had acquired any practical knowledge of life or politics, are the very opinions which not only men of maturer age, but whole classes, profess, at the present day, to the infinite degradation of our legislative counsels, and the sacrifice of spirit and chivalrous feeling among our public men. A general disposition to support the government, however hostile to public liberty—an expectation that the spirit of freedom can ever long survive the overthrow or decay of a free constitution—a credulity which flatters itself that despotism once acquired, will be readily and freely relinquished by its possessors—these opinions still form elements of a Tory creed. We need not say that such principles, though more or less deducible from Horner's early letter above transcribed, could not long be allowed to remain as articles of his political faith. He soon discovered their fallacy, and himself rejected them. When he had attained his twenty-first year we find a manifest improvement to have taken place. We can trace this progress as early as in his journal of February 1799. "I find it daily more necessary to be anxious about the formation and expression of my political opinions. In such times as the present, there is some merit in setting about it in a manly and open manner. On the one hand, the majority of the country runs strongly and implicitly in favor of the minister who has made the greatest inroads on the constitution; on the other hand, there is a set of people who undoubtedly, some from wicked and ambitious, others from honest views, pant after a new and republican order of things. Between these two fires there is some courage in pleading the cause of our neglected constitution."—(i. 70.) Here we observe a considerable progress already made; there is no longer manifested that trust in the government, and that kind of epicurean apathy which tends to unfit mankind for active political duty. On the contrary, the social obligation of withdrawing support from an unconstitutional government, and the necessity of discovering some safe middle way, is strongely expressed. What that safe middle way was to be, Horner seems to have suspected, if not discovered, during the course of the same year; for we find him speaking of his "veneration, some of which he admits may be prejudice, for the ancient Whig politics of England, which he states to have been at that time (1799) so much out of fashion, being hated by both parties." Horner soon felt the necessity and the duty of proceeding steadily onwards in this task of forming his political opinions. In 1800, he observes, *solvendum est problema difficillimum;* "to ascertain the maximum of absolute and enlightened independence, and the happy medium between the prostitution of faction and the selfish coldness of indifference." Thus he meditates on a second step—something to be done as well as to be demonstrated;—a problem rather than a theorem. In 1803, dismissing his apprehensions of party association, he perceives the necessity of purifying it. He no longer suggests that the obligation of party should be disregarded; but he recommends that party should be freed from all that could lower or contaminate its nature. "Depend upon it," he observes, "that liberal opinions will never again be popular till we shake off all those who have brought disgrace upon them."—(i. 234.) It was in 1804, when in his twenty-sixth year, that his matured judgment adopted and avowed that political preference to which with such honorable constancy he adhered to the close of his life. The following remarks were entered in his journal, after deliberate reflection and consultation with three of the most acute and experienced of his friends:—

> "Political adventure," he observes, "is a game which I am disqualified from playing by many circumstances of my character, and which I am resolved to decline. But some share in public business, acquired by reputation, and supported on an independent footing, is a fair object, and almost the only reward that stimulates me to the law. Without belonging to a party, there can be no efficient participation in public affairs. If an honorable man sees no formed party amongst the factions of the state, by whom his general views of policy are maintained he will shrink from them all, and attempt only individual efforts to explain and enforce his views. But in the general maxims and principles of Mr. Fox's party, both with regard to the doctrine of the constitution, to foreign policy, and to the modes of internal legislation, I recognize those to which I have been led by the results of my own reflection, and by the tenor of my philosophic education. And I am ambitious to co-operate with that party in laboring to realize those enlightened principles in the government of our own country. However I lament some violences and mistakes in the conduct of opposition, and however much I suspect the characters of some who have at times been very near Mr. Fox's person, all my feelings carry me towards that party, and all my principles confirm the predilection. Into that party, I therefore resolutely enlist myself, with very feeble hopes of its ever being for any long period triumphant in power. There is a low prudence in rearing the fabric of one's fortunes, which fixes the ambition (if it may be called by so proud a name) on the actual possession of place and emolument. But there is a more elevated prudence, which does not stop at affluence in its prospect, but ventures to include the chance of lasting service to mankind, and of a good name impressed on the history of the times."—(i. 253.)

Attached as Horner was to the principles of Fox, he yet comments on his public character with the utmost freedom. 'The great error of Fox, in the late years of opposition,' he remarks, 'appears to have consisted in that favorable expectation of the issue of the French Revolution, natural to young and speculative minds, but hardly to be permitted in a practised statesman. He felt too much, and reflected too little; perhaps he did not take sufficient pains to inquire into facts. He gave an indolent indulgence to his benevolent and quiet feelings. An error of an inferior description, but of fatal influence on the opposite party, was the countenance given to the Jacobin party in England by Mr. Fox. He was misled in this by some people about him, and by the persuasion, no doubt, that that powerful party might easily be restrained from excess, and in the meanwhile give effectual aid in the prevalence of popular sentiments.' We do not transcribe this passage as adopting the opinions it contains in all respects, and to their full extent. On the contrary. But the extract proves the independence of Horner's judgment as exercised on men and things; and it contains some principles of more general application,— of peculiar importance, indeed, to the Whig party in the present times.

The most immediate link with the Fox party was, in the case of Horner, as in so many other instances, with that truly excellent man, the most attractive of all his contemporaries, the late Lord Holland. Attached as Horner was to the principles of freedom, civil and religious, foreign and domestic, from whose lips could those opinions come with more persuasiveness than from those of the representative of Mr. Fox, the heir of his uncle's reputation? When Lord Holland dwelt on constitutional doctrines, it might truly be said, *Nunquam libertas gratior!* 'I have had frequent opportunities of seeing Lord Holland,' Horner writes to Lord Webb Seymour in 1805. 'I am delighted with his spirited understanding and the sweetness of his dispositions. In both respects he resembles his sister much, and both are of their uncle's make. The strongest features of the Fox head are precision, vigilance, and (if I may apply such a word to the understanding) honesty. Nobody escapes from them in vague showy generals, or imposes by ostentatious paradox; you are sure of getting both fair play and your due, but you must give as much, or you have no chance of concealment or mercy. Watchful, dexterous, even-handed, implacable sense is their law.' It was not on grounds merely personal, or theoretical, that the party preference of Horner rested. The events of 1807 had placed before him Whigs and Tories in their just relative position. 'I began to exult a little about the Whigs, and shall be doubly armed in argument for their defence. The Slave Trade, the Finance Committee, the Limited Service, and the commencement of wise and moderate government towards the Catholics, gave me great confidence and great pleasure.'—(i. 397.) On the other hand, the correctness of all his anticipations of evil from the advent of the Tories to power, had been but too fully demonstrated. 'All the prejudices that have been skulking out of sight will be advanced into broad day, avowed in Parliament, and acted on in the Cabinet; it will be the language of the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, that the poor would be made worse subjects by letting them learn to read; the principles of toleration will be brought into question; and we shall have eternal chimes rung on the wisdom of our ancestors, and the danger of innovation.' We do not deny that the present Conservatives would shrink from the avowal of many of these doctrines. We recognize this change, on the contrary, as a gratifying fact. But to what are these tardy and reluctant conversions attributable? Solely to the truth and boldness of men like Horner, who familiarized the public mind with real and orthodox docrines, and made it impossible for their political opponents to adhere to their more ancient and bigoted articles of faith.

This slow but steady growth in the formation of his opinions, till they deserved the name of settled principles, took place some years before he entered Parliament. It was not the result of any *necessitudo sortis*, nor of any compulsion arising out of association in practical politics. Nor were his determinations fixed without having considered, as well as heard, what might be said, and strongly said, against them. His enlightened and affectionate friend, Lord Webb Seymour, whose temperament fitted him for contemplative rather than for active life, not only seems to have stood aloof from party feelings himself, but to have used all the authority of tried and valued friendship to maintain in Horner's more practical mind a state of philosophical balance. This excellent person would have preferred that Horner's introduction into the House of Commons had been delayed even beyond the age of twenty-eight, for the purpose of 'strengthening those principles which, as he considered, seldom continue unimpaired amidst the violence or the cankering corruption of party zeal.'—(i. 369.) In after life, these friendly warnings and this amiable controversy were carried further, and more distinctly stated, when Lord Webb Seymour alludes to Horner's 'warm attachment to friends, with whom every private as well as public feeling has almost made it a religion to agree. The prevalence of partial views may in some degree be ascribed to certain noble sentiments which the circumstances of the times made you cherish in early youth; an admiration for talent and energy of character, and the wish to see those only who possess them at the head of affairs. But the main source of bias is the constant society of your party friends in London. I can conceive no situation more seducing to the mind than to be going on among a set of men, most of whom are united in the harmony of friendship and social enjoyment, all extolling the talents and principles of each other—all ardent for the same objects, though each impelled by a various mixture of private and of public motives—all anxious to communicate and to enlarge upon every thing that is to the disadvantage of their adversaries, and to keep out of view every thing that is to be said in their favor. Most men, when actuated by any keen interest, even in their private affairs, are liable to bias: how much more must this be the case, when a number of minds are re-acting on each other in the strenuous prosecution of a common cause, when there is the mutual support of each other's authority, no reference to opinion beyond the limits of the party, and the prevalent notion that the good of the country depends mainly on the practical adoption of their principles. How seldom in history do we find an active associate of any sect or party retaining a tolerable degree of candor! There are many cases in which I would trust to the candor of your judgment, but not so when certain strong feelings are connected with the point in question. Above all, I could not trust you where your affections are involved; for that warmth of heart and steadiness of attachment, which are such charms in your character, must then interfere, and I have observed them to do so.' The reply to this very striking appeal escapes from the path of controversy with a friend, rather than meets the argument; but it is strongly characteristic of the meek and tolerant nature of the writer. 'I took your letter as you meant it, as the interposition of your authority as a friend rather than as opening a controversy with me. I think I could justify myself on many points where you have mistaken me, or been misinformed about me. I have read your letter repeatedly, which was what you intended me to do; and though I hardly confess myself so wrong on any particular as you think me, I feel sure that your advice will, even more than I may be at the time aware of it, keep me from going wrong.' There may be finer writing than this, but we know not where to seek better feeling. It is eloquent, because it is the heart which here speaketh out of its abundance.

We cannot dismiss this question so lightly. Important as that question is at all times, connected as party spirit has ever been, now is, and must be hereafter, with free institutions and a parliamentary government, there are present circumstances which render a just appreciation of the effects of party connections more than commonly momentous. We see the ties of party loosening around us; we see the old landmarks removed on all sides. The Radical sneers at one who calls himself a Liberal; the latter gives but a limited confidence to the Whig. On the other side, 'Young England' breaks out into open mutiny, and abjures all faith in Sir Robert Peel's government, as founded on low and vulgar principles of expediency. The old Tories continue their more constant, but still somewhat threatening allegiance: though support be not withdrawn, cordiality exists no longer. The Conservatives, escaping from the scoffings of friends and opponents, may possibly contrive to maintain order and combined action at the Ministerial Fish Dinner; but have sunk into a state of pitiful weakness in the House of Commons and in public estimation. What is the tendency of this movement on both sides, but to render the Government contémptible, and the Opposition inefficient? The effect on the two parties is, however, very different. An Opposition may bear differences of opinion—indeed such differences are the necessary results and incidents of their freedom of action; but to a Government, union is indispensable; divisions are fatal. Is not faction found pretty uniformly the successor and substitute for party? Small knots of men, connected in an insignificant companionship, coalescing without any great, or perhaps any well-defined principle, acquire and exercise a most undue and mischievous importance in public affairs. Intolerance and animosities are increased on both sides; and these bad feelings are more especially excited between those who form parts of the same political corps. Exaggeration finds a ready acceptance, and, so far as the attainment of mere personal notoriety goes, a pretty certain selfish reward. This is a miserable substitute for the more regular and disciplined struggle of Whig and Tory. This *petite guerre* ceases to excite public interest; Parliament is lowered in the estimation of the country; Parliamentary leaders, on both sides, lose all their dignity, and much of their usefulness, when deprived of their ancient authority; and those great watchwords, which have been handed down from age to age, and which gave a nobleness to party contests, are undervalued, if they are not wholly forgotten. This state of things is but poor amends for the loss of party attachment; it possesses all the evils of party without any one of its redeeming attributes. So long as it continues, with some few bright intervals, the reign of insipid mediocrity will last.

But this was not the system which Lord Webb Seymour recommended to his friend Horner's adoption. What, then, is the *tertium quid?*—Individual action, founded on the supposition that each member is bound to form his own opinion, to act on his own conviction, and to admit no guide or adviser but his own conscience. All this sounds very plausible, and to those who have not entered practically into politics seems highly attractive. It appears to be founded on high moral principles. It holds out the hope that, as conscience acts upon individuals and not upon classes, the separate action of the units composing society will produce a more elevated and dignified result than that which proceeds from combinations where mutual sacrifices must be made, and averages must be struck. But is this historically true? Have we any example that justifies such a theory? What are those great measures which have advanced or secured the well-being of nations, that have not been the consequence of combined action? Were our liberties so won? Was it not a party confederacy in the days of the Plantagenets which established the rights of the House of Commons, and limited the power of the Crown? Were the Reformation, and the Revolution, the fortuitous consequences of some accidental agglomeration of political atoms? Was there no union and no combination required to produce the Petition of Rights in one reign, and the Bill of Rights in another? How could the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics, the Repeal of the Test Acts, or the Reform Bill, have been carried but for the agency of this much decried and misrepresented spirit of party? Is not social mainly distinguished from savage life, by its wise and salutary application of this same principle?

Lord Webb Seymour, and other speculative reasoners of the same school, who look on politics pretty much as a mere theoretical mechanist considers his science, believe that party can only be maintained by the sacrifice of individual judgment. This sacrifice they describe as immoral, as well as contrary to true freedom of thought, and therefore they condemn it. We object to their mode of stating the question. A right of individual judgment must always be reserved for extreme cases; and not only reserved but exercised. Of this Horner's life affords some remarkable instances. His strongly formed party attachments did not preclude him from expressing, in 1806, his decided condemnation of Lord Ellenborough's appointment to a seat in the Cabinet. 'It is against the constitution, both in its forms and its spirit, he writes to Lord Murray, 'that the Chief Justice of England should have a seat in the Cabinet; and it is a violation of those fundamental principles on which the purity and integrity of judicial administration rest.'—(i. 341.) In like manner, in reference to the noble struggle for Spanish independence, he writes to Lord Holland, 'I have never ceased to lament, that in the crisis of Spanish politics in 1808, our party took a course so inconsistent with the true Whig principles of continental policy, so revolting to the popular feelings of the country, and to every true feeling for the liberties and independence of mankind.' Great exigencies of this kind can only be provided for when they arise: like the constitutional principle of resistance, this right of independent action can never be very exactly defined in extreme cases, though it must be acted on courageously as well as conscientiously.

Horner, though not in Parliament at the time, witnessed the last public exertions both of Pitt and Fox. He was in London at the period of the deaths of these great rivals. In respect of the former event, his observations are peculiarly interesting. In a letter written to Lord Murray, from the gallery of the House of Commons, and dated 21st of January 1806, he observes—'The illness of Pitt occupies every one's feelings and attention; for no one, even with all his party antipathies, can be insensible to the death of so eminent a man. In the place where I am sitting now, I feel this more than seems quite reasonable to myself; I cannot forget how this space has been filled by his magnificent and glowing declamations, or reflect with composure that that fine instrument of sound is probably extinguished for ever.'

The tenderness and generosity of Fox's nature had at that moment an opportunity of displaying themselves in a very remarkable manner. 'An amendment having been intended to be moved in the House of Commons, a meeting of the Opposition was held at the house of Mr. Fox, a few hours before going down to Westminster.' Fox stated to the meeting, 'that he thought it improbable they would enter into the discussion; *he could not*, while they had the idea that Pitt was in extremities *mentem mortalia tangunt*,' he said. A curious and well authenticated fact on this subject has been communicated to us, which we shall here record. Pitt died at a solitary house on Wimbledon common. Not far off, by the roadside, stood, and still stands, a small country inn, where the various parties interested in the great statesman's life were accustomed to apply for information, and to leave their horses and carriages. On the morning of the 23d January 1806, an individual having called at this inn, and not being able to obtain a satisfactory reply to his inquiries, proceeded to the house of Pitt. He knocked, but no servant appeared; he opened the door and entered; he found no one in attendance. He proceeded from room to room, and at length entered the sick chamber, where on a bed, in silence and perfect solitude, he found, to his unspeakable surprise, the dead body of that great statesman who had so lately wielded the power of England, and influenced, if he did not control, the destinies of the world. We doubt whether any much more awful example of the lot of mortality has ever been witnessed.

It was in October of the same year, that Fox died, not surviving his great rival for more than seven months. "This week has been a painful and anxious one," writes Horner to Mr., now Lord Jeffrey. "After all had been given over, there was a strange renovation that deluded us in spite of our despair. It is a cruel disappointment, if one thinks of the hopes so recently indulged, and a cheerless prospect forward. The giant race is extinct, and we are left in the hands of little ones, whom we know to be diminutive, having measured them against the others."—(i. 373.) If such was the observation of Horner, in 1806, when Lord Grenville, Romilly, Canning, Mackintosh, Lord Holland, Grattan, Tierney, Wyndham, and Whitbread, were still living, and before Lord Grey had retired from that Parliament which he reformed—of which he was the ornament, and of which he deserved to be the idol—what would be said of the present state of both houses?

Did our limits permit it, we should have wished to have entered into a detailed examination of Horner's Parliamentary life: yet this is too memorable, and his services are still too recent, to require to be recapitulated. To some persons it will be a matter of observation that he owed his return to the close borough system. He sat first for St. Ives in Cornwall, obtaining his seat through the good offices of the Marquis of Landsdowne, as communicated by the late Lord Kinnaird. Nothing can have been more honorable to all parties concerned, than the mode in which the anomalous system of borough patronage appears to have been exercised towards Mr. Horner, both on this and on subsequent occasions. Yet it would be a mere puerility, on account of instances like these, to entertain any doubts with respect to the principles of the Reform Bill, or, in other words, with respect to the principles of civil liberty. It is said, that in reply to a well-turned compliment from Madame de Staël, in which that distinguished lady spoke with indulgence of despotism where wisely administered, the Emperor Alexander observed, "D'ailleurs, Madame, ce n'est qu'un heureux accident." The same remark is applicable to a liberal and generous use of parliamentary patronage. This reminds us of a very striking passage in the life of Horner. In 1812, Romilly was defeated at Bristol. At that time Horner was out of Parliament, but a seat was offered to him by the kindness of Lord Grenville. No person can doubt how much his happiness depended on his connexion with the House of Commons. But all private feelings and interests were forgotten in his sense of the public claims and services of Romilly; and he wrote to Lord Holland to suggest, that a preference should be given to Romilly, and that his own claims should be set aside. He could not have selected any person better fitted to be the medium of a noble and generous offer. The ambassador was worthy of the mission.

We have described the rise and growth of Horner's party attachments and principles. In adopting them, he still maintained his fixed resolution of preserving his independence. He applied it in a manner the most honorable—a manner which proved his entire sincerity. In January 1811, when there arose a question of forming a new administration, Lord Grenville, for whom Horner had ever felt a most sincere respect, wrote to him on the subject of accepting office in connection with his political friends. Nothing could be more kind, and, as we are convinced, more sincere than the offer which was made. "I do not mean to flatter you," observed Lord Grenville, "when I say that I myself feel, and I am confident such would be the universal impression, that I had in that way secured the assistance of the man in all England the most capable of rendering efficient service to the public as Secretary of the Treasury, and of lightening the burthens which I am thus to undertake." Horner declined this proposal, and explained to Lord Murray, that "having been put to the trial, he had decided without difficulty to adhere to the rule which he had laid down on entering Parliament, not to take any political office until he was rich enough to live at ease out of office."—(Vol. ii. p. 76.) We doubt the justice and wisdom of this rule, though it has received so high a sanction. Undoubtedly, a man thus escapes from what might be a temptation; but to a high mind, is it not better that a temptation should be overcome, than merely avoided? Can it be doubted, but that, if the temptation did occur, principles like Horner's would have surmounted it? But by retreating before this imaginary danger, the result might have been, that for an unlimited time the country would have been deprived of all chance of his services, when those services were most necessary. Was not this entailing on the public an unreasonable sacrifice? To the great majority of mankind a lot is cast, rendering a strenuous labor, continued during many years, the condition by which alone competency and independence are to be won. Are all such men to be excluded, or are they to exclude themselves, from the public service, till their harvest has ripened, has been reaped, and is bestowed away in their garners. We think such a result most dangerous: it limits the public service most disadvantageously. Risks for the public should, and must, be run, and, among others, the very risk which Horner endeavored to escape from by a decision which he stated "was made for his life."

There is a passage in this part of Horner's life very peculiar and noble. What seems to have tempted him the most to accept the offer of Lord Grenville, was neither distinction, power, nor emolument; it was an association with a colleague in whom he had entire confidence, and the belief that the political prospects of his party made his acceptance of office a step attended with uncertainty and adventure. Here we see exhibited again, the true moving powers of his nature—duty and affection.

A most striking contrast might be drawn between the conduct of Horner on this occasion, and that of his friend, Lord Dudley, then Mr. Ward, in October, 1822. On the accession of Mr. Canning to office, that statesman proposed to the latter, who had been a kind of volunteer aide-de-camp, that he should become under secretary of state, retiring from Parliament. His hesitation, doubts, and vacillation, all appear in his published letters. But what are the motives which seem to affect and influence his mind? He observes that the office is 'subordinate, but that he prefers subordination to responsibility.' He does not object to leaving Parliament, 'because he is quite sure never to cut any figure in it.' He refers to the relative 'dignity and fitness of offices of the second and third class,' and the prior offer of the same office to another by Canning, and its rejection; he admits that literature is 'beginning to pall upon him, and he begs for delay again, and again for additional delay—shrinking from the pain of any decision. This state of miserable irresolution continued for more than a fortnight. How very superior does Horner's character appear! and may not that superiority be traced to the different foundations on which the political opinions of the Whig and the Tory rested? Obligation due to the public, the desire of usefulness, determined the course of the one. The most insignificant worldly considerations seem to have been the influencing motives of the other. With Horner, politics were not treated as a sport or as a speculation; the House of Commons was not degraded into a theatre or a gambling house, but was considered as the arena of a noble and elevating contest, where the battle of the public was to be fought; where the combatant, and even the victor, if not by others, yet certainly by himself, should be forgotten in the thought of victory; and where 'the garland to be run for was immortal, and not to be won without toil and heat.'

On no questions were the abilities of Horner more conspicuous or more usefully employed than on all measures connected with Political Economy. The principles of freedom of trade, which at the present moment occupy the first place in public attention, were discussed by him with the wisdom of a philosopher, combined with the knowledge of a practical statesman. On no other subject did he display more ability than on the Corn Question. If this were the fitting opportunity, we should be glad to strengthen our own views by his authority. Though we are unwilling to do so at any length, there are yet some few points which we cannot wholly overlook. Horner pointed out, in 1813, that 'though we had Corn Laws on our statute book, we had no Corn Laws in fact; but that there was the most perfect freedom in the trade in grain; and that, notwithstanding this, tillage had never increased so much, or prices been so regular.' He described as the inevitable consequences of the measure then proposed, 'great misery among the manufacturing classes as well as among laborers in husbandry, an alteration in the proportion between agricultural and manufacturing population and capital, which the freedom of both has adjusted, and would maintain better than all the wisdom of all the squires in the island, and all the political arithmeticians to boot.' In reply to the argument of Malthus in favor of high cultivation at home, as the consequence of high duties and restrictions, he observes, 'It would be a palpable sacrifice of the end to the means, if, for the sake of extending our most finished husbandry to every sterile ridge, we impose on the whole body of the people extravagant prices for the necessaries of life. What other result would there be if Dartmoor and Blackstone Edge were laid out in terraces and garden ground, than a population always in peril of being starved, if their rulers will not let them eat the superfluity of their neighbors.' On the subject of fluctuation of price, his opinion is equally distinct. 'My theory is, upon the whole, that nothing will contribute so much to make prices steady, as leaving our own corn-factors unfettered by restrictions of our own making, and at liberty to make their own arrangements for bringing corn from the various large and independent markets of the world.'—(Vol. ii. p. 233.) These are opinions, it should be remarked, not hazarded in debate, but communicated in amicable controversy between himself and one of his ablest and most intimate friends. These doctrines might be expected to produce some salutary effects on the minds of opponents, if the results of the controversy had not brought us pretty nearly to agree in an assertion made by Horner, 'that it is almost as absurd to expect men to be reasonable about corn as to be reasonable about religion.' On this question he had the strong hope which is the result of firm conviction; and he exclaimed with the same confidence which we now feel,—'Magna quidem, magna est veritas, et prevalebit.' But when will this truth prevail? and in the meanwhile, what ills may come!

The leading part taken by Horner on the Bullion Question, seconded by the experience of Huskisson, and by the eloquence of Canning, needs no notice on our part. If a coin were now to be struck, as in the reign of Elizabeth, perpetuating the great event of the restoration of our circulating medium, it is the name and image of Francis Horner which such a medal ought to bear.

We know not that any more striking instances of political sagacity have ever been exhibited, than some which might be collected from the interesting letters before us. Had Horner lived to later times, he would indeed in many instances have only 'seen what he foresaw.' Referring to the state of opinion, and the political bias of the court, in the reigns of George III. and of his successor, he says of the Whig party:

> 'In the precarious, unsure footing on which they would have to act, with the Court hostile and deceiving them, and, on the other side, an ill-disposed public, incapable of seeing their merit and public virtues, they could prosecute no systematic measures for the public good. It is not very probable, under any circumstances, according to my view of these matters, that they can retain for a length of time the favor of any king they are likely to serve. In a certain event, I expect they will hold him just long enough to carry through one or two large measures, such as the Catholic question, and an arrangement in respect to Irish Tithes, which, like the abolition of the slave trade, and the limitation of military service, will mark them out hereafter to those who will appreciate their conduct more truly than their contemporaries are capable of doing. Not that I have not some faint hopes, in which you will probably think me both sanguine and partial, that a time may come, in which they will acquire the confidence of the better part of the public; that is, a time when a taste and fashion may be revived in this country for the qualities and principles which entitle them to that confidence.'—(Vol. ii. p. 4.)

Horner might have prophesied that the rise and progress of the middle classes, which he saw and rejoiced in, must contribute to this result. This subject is so very important, and the anticipations of Horner have been so accurately realized, where they are not still in visible progress towards their accomplishment, that we are sure our readers will indulge us in one or two further extracts and remarks. So early as in 1806, he observes—'It does strike me very forcibly, that the great number among whom wealth is diffused in considerable yet equal portions, the tolerably good education that accompanies it, the strength of physical and moral influences that are thus combined in a population to which both order and freedom are necessary, form a new case very different from any former example; and it is from this aspect of our condition that I take my hope.'—(Vol. i. p. 375.) In 1810, he carries his prognostics further. 'It is by a perverse coincidence in point of time,' he observes, 'that the greatest peril we have ever been exposed to from foreign hostility, has fallen in one of those periods which are incident to our constitution in its nature, when the evils of the monarchical part prevail over its advantages; but if we outlive this crisis, there are numerous symptoms which begin to manifest themselves in the three kingdoms, especially in England, to start forward, which cannot be repressed much longer, but which, on the next change of the individual whose character most affects the condition of the country, will enforce maxims of administration more adequate to the necessities of the times, and more corresponding to the sentiments of the educated part of the people.' No one was better calculated to appreciate or to be appreciated by the middle classes of England than Francis Horner. Earnestness, simplicity, strong sense, domestic affection, and public spirit, are the characteristics of the class, as they were of the statesman. Of a cabinet to govern this great community, Horner was admirably suited to be the first minister. It was in the confidence that the voice of the middle classes would yet make itself heard, and its power felt, that he contemplated 'the building up in this country of a vast party, cordially united on public principles, who, supported by the intelligence and activity of the middle orders, will wait, with cool determination, for the first opportunity when they can demand, with decisive voice, the establishment of those laws and maxims of administration, which are required by the necessities as well as by the improvement of the times.' This voice spoke, and this power was felt at the time of the Reform Bill. We are convinced that it will speak yet more loudly, and make itself felt hereafter.

We could have wished, had our space permitted it, to have accompanied Horner into the private society of London, which he was so well qualified to improve. His success was immediate and complete. All those who were most distinguished in politics, in literature, and in powers of conversation, gave him a welcome reception. Of the personal friends by whom he was known and cherished, many of the most distinguished are now, unhappily, removed from the scene—Mackintosh, Romilly, Whishaw, Sharp, William Stewart Rose, Malthus, and, very lately, John Allen, whose knowledge, alike deep, accurate, and extensive, was not more admirable and constant than his kindness of heart, and his undeviating courage and integrity. To Horner's success, the truth and simplicity of his character, and the warmth of his attachments, contributed even more powerfully than his acquirements and rising fame. Perhaps his eager thirst for information, and his respect for those who could communicate it, might have equally contributed to this result; as it is those who most ardently seek knowledge who are the most valued by those who have acquired it. The terms in which Horner speaks of the late Richard Sharp are very descriptive of this part of his character. 'Sharp is a very extraordinary man. I determine every day to see more of him, and as much as I possibly can. His great object is criticism; what I have not frequently observed in combination, he is both subtle and pleasing. I spent the whole afternoon with him; I trust beneficially, I am sure most delightfully. If I had owed nothing to you (he is here addressing Sir James Mackintosh) but the friendship of Sharp, I never could repay even that. I am assiduous to make myself worthy of it, by bringing myself as frequently as I can in contact with his strong and purified understanding.'—(Vol. i. p. 283.) We are glad that, in making this extract, we are enabled to pay a tribute to the memory of a very superior man, whose friendliness of nature, as well as whose soundness of judgment, deserve to be remembered even more than that power of conversation to which he owed his main distinction. Though well meriting the name of 'Conversation Sharp,' given him by common consent, he had a better title to the regard of society than any which is derived from one of its most delightful but transient distinctions. Of Sir James Mackintosh he writes, as might justly be anticipated, in still stronger terms. 'To him my obligations are of a far higher order than those of the kindest hospitality. He has been an intellectual master to me, and has enlarged my prospects into the wide regions of moral speculation, more than any other tutor I have ever had in the art of thinking. I never left his conversation, but I felt a mixed consciousness as it were of inferiority and capability; and I have now and then flattered myself with this feeling, as if it promised that I might make something of myself.'—(Vol. i. p. 244.) We have made these extracts with a view of showing, on the authority of such a man as Horner, in what spirit it is necessary to hold intercourse with superior men, if we are indeed desirous of profiting either by their conversation or their example.

It was in the society of those we have

named, and of the most brilliant of our still living contemporaries, that the literary and social tastes of Horner expanded and acquired completeness and accuracy. Like most other considerable men, his enjoyment of natural pleasures never seems to have deadened. To the beauties of nature, the change of the seasons, the song of the birds, his sensibility was possibly more lively, than if he had passed the whole of his days by the side of mountain streams and lakes. Whether in youth he visits the Isle of Wight, or in maturer life the valleys of Wales, his pleasure in the varied aspects of nature is undiminished. His power of describing as well as relishing them is very great. Nor was he contented with visiting beautiful scenery as a mere source of physical pleasure. From this, as from every thing else, he seems to have possessed an intimate and peculiar power of extracting moral enjoyment. 'Surely the stir and smoke of a town life, so far from deadening our sensibility to country beauties, render our pleasures in them of a still higher relish; at least I assure myself it is so with me; and I am no less certain, that frequent retreat into the country is necessary for keeping one's mind in tone for the pursuits of an active life, and for refreshing, in our imagination, those larger and distant views, which render such occupations most useful, and which alone make them safe.'—(Vol. ii. p. 18.)

These turns of thought and of feeling were, in fact, modifications of that overflowing sympathy and affection which, freely and abundantly given to his friends, was repaid by them, as was so richly deserved, in returns largely poured into his bosom. This was touchingly manifested during his last fatal illness. The disease to which he fell a victim, at the early age of thirty-nine, but ripe in virtue and in knowledge, seems to have assumed a serious character while attending Parliament in 1816. 'I have been at Holland House'—he writes to his father—'during our Whitsun holidays; Lady Holland taking almost as much care of me when she fancies I need it, as if I were in my own dear mother's hands.' Towards the close of the autumn, the unfavorable symptoms still continuing, Horner was recommended to try the air of Italy. The family of Fox, from which he had already received so much affectionate sympathy, again offered to make a home for his reception. The letters written both by Lord and Lady Holland are above all praise in their earnestness and kindliness of feeling. We cannot resist the pleasure of making an extract from one of Lady Holland's letters, regretting that we have not space for the whole of those written on this occasion.

Holland House, 1*st Oct.* 1816.

——'I am glad my doctors send you from the keen air of your native mountains, but they will not mend the matter by sending you to London. I accordingly trust to your docility and your sister's good-nature, in expecting you to drive from Barnet straight here, where you will occupy three south rooms, regulated as Allen shall direct, and have your hours, and company, and occupations, entirely at your own disposal. Such books and papers as you may require can easily be brought from your own house. These three rooms open into each other, and are perfectly warm; your servant will sleep close to you, and your sister will have a room adjoining the apartment. Pray, spare me all the common-place compliments of giving trouble, and taking up too many rooms. What you know I feel towards you, ought to exempt me from any such trash. From henceforward till June, when I look forward to a thorough amendment, you must lay your account to have me, heart, soul, and time, devoted to your welfare and comfort; and I am satisfied in this, because Allen says it is right. I am afraid your sister may think it a bad exchange from living solely with you to come among strangers; but tell her I already feel warmly towards her, for her affectionate intention of nursing you, and that I will try and render her residence as little irksome as possible. Do, my dear friend, yield to my entreaties.'——

If warm and earnest hospitality could have been a restorative, the letter we have partly transcribed must have been effectual. No *eloquence de billet* of the most accomplished French correspondent has ever equalled the sincere, but refined and considerate energy of this excellent letter. The same anxiety was expressed for him by Romilly,—a man whose deep and concentrated sympathies were never carelessly or indiscriminately lavished. 'I do not think you nearly as careful of yourself as you ought to be. If you take little account of yourself for your own sake and that of your friends, yet your regard for the public good should induce you to pay the utmost attention to it. You will not, I am sure, suspect me of encouraging vanity, though your modesty may induce you to question the soundness of my judgment; but it is my most sincere opinion, that there is no public man whose life it is of such importance to the public should be preserved as yours.'

Accompanied by all these anxious good wishes, Horner proceeded to Pisa. The change of climate produced no improvement in his health. But though struggling with a mortal disease, his energy, his public spirit, and his love for his fellow men, never for one moment slackened. On the 21st December, 1816, he writes to Lord Murray on the wretched state of the Scotch jails, and on the despotic power vested in the Lord Advocate of Scotland, of protracting from year to year the imprisonment of accused persons, by 'deserting the diet.' By such means, persons not convicted are said to have been detained in custody until they suffered confinement long enough for guilt, and were ultimately discharged, not tried indeed, but punished. This cruelty and injustice awakened that moral indignation against oppression which formed so essential a part of Horner's character. He urges on Lord Holland (21st December) the necessity of trying to raise the tone of the House of Commons 'above the old song of sinecures and reversions.' This, he observes, 'we learned from the unreasonable, narrow-minded democrats, and have been teaching it so exclusively to the excellent Whig party among the gentry and middle orders of England, that more general and generous notions of constitutional liberty and foreign politics, are no longer so familiar and acceptable to them as they were formerly.' But it is in his last letter to his mother, that all that was most engaging and attractive in the character of Horner, breaks out in undiminished warmth. His heart and his affections seem as young as when, in 1795, he addressed his first letters to his parents from Mr. Hewlett's parsonage. 'I have a little nosegay upon the table, taken from an open garden in the town, in which, besides China roses and a lily, there is the most exquisite perfumed double jessamine; and my brother Leo brings in from the wayside on his walks, buds of spring. All this I hope is soon to do me good, for I am rendered so selfish by illness, that I think only of myself, you see, in these blessings of the sun. The last ride I took was with dear little Mary; and, upon recollection, I think I should have been better company for her to-day than on that occasion: for I have no longer that feeling of mortal lassitude which hung upon me at Dryden, and seemed to wither me within; that sensation is gone, though I am weaker now and leaner, and blow still with a very bad pair of bellows.' Quitting this style of playful affection, he proceeds to describe with much sympathy the distress of the Tuscan peasantry, arising from the failure of the crop of chesnuts, grapes, and olives. On the 4th of February he writes to his father, expressing a grateful confidence in his physician; he describes in a tranquil and resigned tone the general state of his health; and draws a graphic picture of the spring work among the peasantry. 'In one field, they are still gathering the olives; in another, pruning the vines; in a third, ploughing for Turkey wheat; in a fourth, preparing the ground with the spade. I feel far greater curiosity,' he continued, 'to know the ways and habits of this peasantry, and to understand a little the form of this society, than to penetrate into the Campo Santo, with all its treasures of art.' Four days after writing this letter, he was no more!

No event of the same description in our times appears to have called forth the same general sympathy. The unhappy fate of Romilly was felt deeply, but felt within a narrower circle, and was connected with painful reflections. The extinction of the splendid light of Canning's genius cast a shadow over a wider sphere; but the private sorrow was less remarked than the public calamity. The fervor of political excitement, then prevailing, diverted the public sympathy from the heavy loss the world sustained in Mackintosh. Grattan was gathered to his fathers in a ripe old age; and was almost permitted, from the height which he had reached, to look down upon Ireland awaiting that promised emancipation to which his prophetic eloquence had so greatly contributed. On the occasion of moving a new writ for the borough which Horner had represented, the present Earl of Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth—a name transmitted from sire to son, giving and receiving honor—Mr. Canning, Mr. Manners Sutton, Mr. Wynn, Mr. W. Elliot, Lord Glenelg, and Lord Harewood, in varied terms, but with one feeling of respect, affection, and deep sorrow, expressed their sense of his virtues and public services. Monuments were raised to his memory, and statues were erected; but without undervaluing these proofs of esteem and affection, we must be permitted to say, that the most enduring monument to his memory is to be found in this publication. It is one, too, which we view as no less appropriate than enduring. His object was not to acquire fame for himself, but to confer benefits on his fellow men; and his journals and correspondence not only afford evidence the most conclusive of his abilities, his public services, and his virtues, but as it were revive and continue, even after death, the exercise of his active duties. They instruct and benefit mankind, and more especially that country which he ever warmly loved.

THE FATE OF POLYCRATES.

HEROD. iii. 124-126.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"Oh! go not forth, my father dear—oh! go not forth to-day,
And trust not thou that Satrap dark, for he fawns but to betray;
His courteous smiles are treacherous wiles, his foul designs to hide;
Then go not forth, my father dear—in thy own fair towers abide."

"Now, say not so, dear daughter mine—I pray thee, say not so!
Where glory calls, a monarch's feet should never fear to go;
And safe to-day will be my way through proud Magnesia's halls,
As if I stood 'mid my bowmen good beneath my Samian walls.

"The Satrap is my friend, sweet child—my trusty friend is he—
The ruddy gold his coffers hold he shares it all with me;
No more amid these clustering isles alone shall be my sway,
But Hellas wide, from side to side, my empire shall obey!

"And of all the maids of Hellas, though they be rich and fair,
With the daughter of Polycrates, Oh! who shall then compare?
Then dry thy tears—no idle fears should damp our joy to-day—
And let me see thee smile once more before I haste away!"

"Oh! false would be the smile, my sire, that I should wear this morn,
For of all my country's daughters I shall soon be most forlorn;
I know, I know,—ah, thought of woe!—I ne'er shall see again
My father's ship come sailing home across the Icarian main.

"Each gifted seer, with words of fear, forbids thee to depart,
And their warning strains an echo find in every faithful heart;
A maiden weak, e'en I must speak—ye gods, assist me now!
The characters of doom and death are graven on thy brow!

"Last night, my sire, a vision dire thy daughter's eyes did see,
Suspended in mid air there hung a form resembling thee;
Nay, frown not thus, my father dear; my tale will soon be done—
Methought that form was bathed by Jove, and anointed by the sun!"

"My child, my child, thy fancies wild I may not stay to hear,
A friend goes forth to meet a friend—then wherefore should'st thou fear?
Though moonstruck seers with idle fears beguile a maiden weak,
They cannot stay thy father's hand, or blanch thy father's cheek.

"Let cowards keep within their holds, and on peril fear to run!
Such shame," quoth he, "is not for me, fair Fortune's favorite son!"
Yet still the maiden did repeat her melancholy strain—
"I ne'er shall see my father's fleet come sailing home again!"

The monarch call'd his seamen good, they muster'd on the shore,
Waved in the gale the snow-white sail, and dash'd the sparkling oar;
But by the flood that maiden stood—loud rose her piteous cry—
"Oh! go not forth, my dear, dear sire—oh, go not forth to die!"

A frown was on that monarch's brow, and he said as he turn'd away,
"Full soon shall Samos' lord return to Samos' lovely bay;
But thou shalt aye a maiden lone within my courts abide—
No chief of fame shall ever claim my daughter for his bride!

"A long, long maidenhood to thee thy prophet tongue hath given—"
"Oh would, my sire," that maid replied, "such were the will of Heaven!
Though I a loveless maiden lone must evermore remain,
Still let me hear that voice so dear in my native isle again!"

'Twas all in vain that warning strain—the king has crost the tide—
But never more off Samos shore his bark was seen to ride!
The Satrap false his life has ta'en, that monarch bold and free,
And his limbs are black'ning in the blast, nail'd to the gallows-tree!

That night the rain came down apace, and wash'd each gory stain,
But the sun's bright ray, the next noonday, glared fiercely on the slain;
And the oozing gore began once more from his wounded sides to run;
Good-sooth, that form was bathed by Jove, and anointed by the Sun!

Coins.—A letter from Wisby (the island commonly known as Gottland, in the Baltic, on the coast of and belonging to Sweden) mentions that "On the 1st of this month a countryman of Robne, while ploughing on the side of a hill, found an oval copper vessel, containing above 3,350 silver coins, and fragments of different sizes. About 380 of these coins are Anglo-Saxon, Danish and Norwegian, of Kings Ethelred, Canute, Harold, Cardicanute, Edward, and Swen Erickson. The others are German, chiefly of the cities of Cologne, Magdeburg, Maine, Strasburg, Augsburg, &c. They are all of the 10th and 11th centuries, and the whole appear to have been buried in the ground towards the end of the 11th century. There are only two cafes (Arabian coins) among them. Two other peasants have found a coin and a clasp.—*Athenæum.*

THE HAPPIEST HOUR OF MY LIFE!

BY MRS. ABDY.

From the Metropolitan.

"'WHERE is happiness?' asks one learned Pundit, and Echo answers 'Where?' 'What is happiness?' demands another, and a matter-of-fact hearer forthwith takes down the first volume of Johnson's Dictionary, looks out the word, and announces that 'Happiness is a state in which all the desires are satisfied,' a decision which, inasmuch as nobody was ever yet satisfied in all their requisitions, leaves the difficulty precisely where it stood before. There is no rule, however, without an exception. Happiness may be caught, although it may not be caged: I am qualified to dogmatize on the subject from personal experience. Happiness is a bird of paradise, and I once threw salt upon its tail, and detained it with me for the space of an entire hour,—I enjoyed just sixty minutes of perfect felicity!"

"Did you, indeed, sir? I conclude that was during the hour when you made your proposals, and were accepted."

"Not at all, my dear madam, that hour was any thing but satisfactory; it was thirty years ago, and yet I remember it as if it were yesterday. I had very imprudently fallen in love with my dear Octavia, who, as her name denotes, was the eighth child of her honored parents. I was balancing myself on the lowest step of the ladder of the law, and she was the independent possessor of one thousand pounds in the stock then bearing the name of the Navy Five Per Cents; alas! five per cent. for one's capital is now 'the light of other days.' Our prospects were dreary enough, however, notwithstanding the light of Octavia's fifty pounds a year; her father, mother, two brothers, and five sisters, frowned annihilation on me whenever I approached her; and my own mother, my only surviving parent, indulged herself in daily sarcasms on my total want not only of prudence but of good taste in my selection of a partner for life. My mother was unluckily acquainted with three sisters, each of whom was the fortunate possessor of twenty thousand pounds; they were plain and ill-tempered, and the youngest was ten years my senior; but she was unremittingly anxious to obtain one of them for a daughter-in-law;—they were Graces in her estimation, and she thought it very hard that they should be chronicled as Furies in mine! It was with much difficulty that I ever contrived to exchange a few words with Octavia; when the relatives on both sides are agreed in wishing to separate a young couple, it is astonishing how very roughly they contrive to make 'the course of true love' run. At length 'we met, 'twas in a crowd,' in a fashionable squeeze of two hundred people. I contrived to get seated with Octavia in a recess; an open window was behind us, the air blew coldly and sharply, I shut it down, and in a moment a panting fat chaperon in a crimson turban, resolutely advanced and opened it, professing herself thoroughly discontented with the modicum of air attainable through the agency of her ivory fan, and eulogizing the advantages of fresh breezes, on the authority of some fashionable medical writer of the day. There sat Octavia, the delicate interesting Octavia, exposed to the imminent risk of colds, coughs, and toothaches, and vainly endeavoring to make an ethereal gauze scarf do the duty of a warm ample shawl. I thought of Kirke White's description of the advances of consumption—

'In the chilling night air drest,
I will creep into her breast;'

but I also thought of the old proverb, that 'opportunity once lost is never to be regained;' I offered, and was accepted, the wind blowing every moment more and more keenly, and the dancers sweeping close to us in their evolutions. Octavia's elder sister, on the opposite side of the room, sat looking at her much as the elder sister of Cinderella might have beheld her envied junior in the act of fitting on the glass slipper; and about twenty yards from us, the most disagreeable and most determined of the coheiresses to whom I have already alluded, scrutinized us through her eye-glass, evidently taking note of our glances, attitudes, and whispers, for the particular edification and enlightenment of my mother on the following morning. Add to this, that I had no prospect of marrying with prudence for at least ten years, and judge if the hour in which the chosen of my heart 'blushed a sweet consent,' was one of unmingled happiness."

"Certainly not; and did you really wait ten years?"

"No, we did not; engagements are never very pleasant things, and ours was rendered peculiarly uncomfortable to us by our respective relations. At length, finding all our endeavors vain to break down the barrier of poverty, we resolved on springing over it. I had a legacy of a few hundred pounds in the first year of our engagement from a distant relation; I now betook myself to the study of all the advertisements of cheap furniture, in the newspapers; they were not, as now, professedly addressed, "To Persons about to Marry," but they were the same in substance. I engaged a small neat house, furnished it with economical prettiness, and married my dear Octavia in a twelvemonth after I had first proposed to her."

"Now I understand very well that the happiest hour of your life was that of your marriage;—including, of course, the drive to the church and home again."

"Far from it, my dear madam, it was a very tedious and uncomfortable hour: I went to church in a carriage with Octavia's mother and two of her sisters, all drowned in tears, sparing of speech, and redolent of *eau de Cologne*. I felt that I performed my part very awkwardly, my voice was scarcely audible in the responses, and I twice dropped the ring on the ground. I was deprived of the resource of twirling my hat, and I had a confused impression that the youngest of the bridesmaids was laughing at me. To render the matter more provoking, my bride was a model of self possession, elegance, and propriety; spoke in a silvery full-toned voice, wore her orange blossoms, blonde, and white satin, with inimitable grace, and went through the ceremony with as much composure, as if, to use an expression of Theodore Hook's, 'she had been married every morning for the preceding six weeks!' I returned in a chariot with my bride and her uncle, who was also her trustee, who gave me the best advice about the most expedient manner of managing 'a *very* small income,' and impressed upon me to lose no time in effecting an insurance on my life for the benefit of my probable family, devoting the interest of Octavia's money to the purpose."

"I will venture one more guess,—the happiest hour of your life was that in which your first-born boy was presented to you."

"Not at all; I had begun before his birth to find out some of the disadvantages of poverty; as a single man, I had been enabled to feel 'content with a little,' but I now said with Doctor Syntax,

'This is the cause of all my trouble,
My income will not carry double!'

I could not flatter myself that my first-born boy was one of those fortunate people alluded to by Hood, who

'Come into the world as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnished!'

On the contrary, he was born with an unmistakeable wooden ladle in his mouth; I could not even consider him heir to the cheap chairs and tables which I had bought of the advertising upholsterer, for I did not know how soon they might be seized for arrears of rent. Besides, my ideas of baby beauty were founded on my reminiscences of the pink and white cheeks and curling hair of a wax doll, and I was too much disappointed at the appearance of my son to be disposed to receive with becoming credulity the assurances of the nurse that he was 'the exact image of myself;'—no, that hour was certainly not a particularly felicitous one."

"I never give more than three guesses respecting a riddle or charade, therefore must beg that you will at once tell me the secret of your mysterious hour of happiness,—did it leave no traces behind it?"

"Not one; it all vanished at the end of the hour."

"Ah! now I know what you mean; you were under the influence of opium."

"No, indeed, the 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater' were not then written, and there were no teetotallers at that time, so opium was not at all in general requisition; I will, however, disclose the mystery to you without further delay, that is, when I have mentioned a few preliminary circumstances of my situation. My family increased; my third child was born in the fifth year of our marriage, my clients were few, my mother's income I knew barely met her expenses, and that of my father-in-law was quite insufficient for the multitudinous wants and wishes of himself, his lady, and their seven children. Octavia was all that I could wish her; amiable, patient, uncomplaining; I could almost have desired that she should sometimes have reproached me for the heart-wearing penury to which I had reduced her. I should not then have felt such bitter repining at the sight of one so lovely and accomplished, burying her charms and talents in obscurity, and bending the whole of her fine abilities to the practice of painful and minute economies;—do you not feel for our situation?"

"Very much; I cannot conceive how you came by your hour of happiness!"

"Seven years after our marriage, my Octavia fell into a delicate state of health; sea-air was prescribed for her, freedom from care, cheerful society, and airings in an open carriage; how easily do medical men run off these phrases, never seeming to consider that there can be any difficulty in fulfilling their requisitions. I had long ago sent in an account to a tardy client; I wrote to him again, candidly telling him of my poverty, and the illness of Octavia; he was not devoid of feeling; he instantly replied to my letter. He had just, he said, been foolish enough to exhaust his purse in the purchase of a lottery-ticket; he inclosed me the ticket, which I might dispose of for a sum equal to about half the amount owing to me, and the remainder he promised speedily to remit to me. The moment I became the possessor of this lottery-ticket, the thought struck me that perhaps a rich mine of gold lay within it. I could not persuade myself to dispose of it, nor did I mention its existence to Octavia: I was fearful that her cool and steady judgment would disapprove of my conduct in relinquishing my 'bird in the hand' for the two who were not even 'in the bush,' but only fluttering in the regions of imagination: the lottery was to begin drawing in a week; my suspense could not endure long. I locked the ticket safely in my secretaire, and the number was securely impressed upon my memory: we had no scientific Polish Majors at that time, to give us an artificial memory for getting up puzzling combinations of figures; but the combination in question was not at all puzzling, the number was twelve hundred: and I repeated it over and over to myself, as if it were some cabalistic incantation which was to conduct me to ease and affluence. A week passed; it was the first day of the lottery-drawing, and it was a particularly untoward day at home, 'every thing went wrong.' I dare say all family men will enter into the meaning of that phrase! My poor Octavia was more than usually feeble, languid, and hectic; and immediately after breakfast our maid of all-work, (for in those days we did not employ the refined term of 'general servant,') gave warning, allured by the better wages and more abundantly supplied table proffered to her by a thriving tradesman's wife in the neighborhood. Now, Dorothy was not without faults, but we had reason to think that those faults were fewer than generally fall to the share of over-tasked under-paid maids of all-work; besides, she had lived with us five years; we knew her faults and recommendations, and lacked courage to investigate those of a stranger. The two elder children were also in a singularly irritable state of temper on that unfortunate morning, and the baby, who usually slept all day, and cried all night, seemed resolved to depart from its usual routine, and to cry through all the twenty-four hours. The refractory maid of all-work sent us up a peculiarly ill-cooked dinner; and my poor wife informed me, with evident sorrow, that the price of bread had again risen. Alas! alas! that a creature, formed to dazzle all eyes and win all hearts, sing scientific canzonets, and discuss poetry and philosophy, should be reduced to the doleful necessity of knowing or caring that the quartern loaf costs a halfpenny more one week than another! After our sorry repast, I prepared to take a walk. I had just got ready the draft of a will for a client who resided in Spring Gardens, and I was to attend, by appointment, to submit it to his inspection. In my way I passed down Cornhill; a crowd was collected at Bish's door. 'News has just come from Guildhall,' exclaimed one of them to a friend who had not been able to get near the window, 'that the thirty thousand has been drawn—the number is twelve hundred!' I pressed forward with so much energy, that every one instinctively gave way to me; it was indeed so; the figures were written in a gigantic hand, and displayed in the window; the ink was not yet dry; I was the enviable possessor of thirty thousand pounds!"

"And did your hour of happiness then begin?"

"Not immediately; eminent dramatists have declared, that when the theatre rang with plaudits at their genius, their sensations were those rather of nerveousness and faintness than of triumph and exultation; and one of them defined his feeling as that of 'coming near enough to Fame to clutch it!' Now I suddenly came near enough to Fortune to clutch her, and at first I seemed to droop and tremble at the close approximation. I did not, as you may suppose it likely I should do, call a coach, drive home, and communicate my success to my wife and family; I felt dizzy with excess of joy. I could not for the world have shared it at that moment with any one; I knew that the ticket was in perfect safety, and I resolved to delay my return till my spirits were calmed down to a tolerable degree of sobriety. I disengaged myself from the crowd, 'made no sign' to indicate that I was the happy owner of the paraded thirty thousand, and I bent my steps to my original destination, Spring Gardens, walking lightly and gaily through places which every-day people would call Cheapside, St. Paul's Church-yard, and Ludgate Hill, but which to me appeared to be select portions of the most delightful districts of fairy-land. How can I describe to you the ecstatic thoughts in which I revelled, the dazzling visions I conjured up, the phantoms of future bliss which hovered round me? My beloved Octavia was to enjoy an exquisite marine villa at Hastings till her health was restored, and afterwards a tasteful boudoir, a new grand pianoforte, a set of pearls from Hamlet's, (then the fashionable jeweller,) and a beautiful little phaeton, drawn by two cream-colored ponies. I was immediately to procure au efficient nursery-staff, and eventually, my daughters were to be educated by an all-accomplished governess, and my son to be sent for tuition to a clerical friend, who took a limited number of pupils on terms of *un*limited expense: my dinners were to make Dr. Kitchener jealous; my library was to be filled by the best authors, and my cellars stocked with the best wines; my house was to be at the west end of the town, and I was to have a sweet little cottage at Richmond."

"And did you think you could do all that with thirty thousand pounds, sir?"

"Yes, indeed I did, my dear madam, and much more also. I had never had any but a very small income to manage, and having discovered that even that poor pittance could procure for myself and family the 'meat, clothes, and fire,' which Pope declares to be all that riches can give to us, I naturally enough fell into the error of concluding that incalculable and interminable enjoyments and luxuries were to be procured by a handsome fortune. I reached Spring Gardens in this delightful state of mind and spirits, feeling that my happiness was glowing in my cheeks, and laughing out at my eyes; and the very footman who opened my client's door looked at me with astonishment, as if he had seen some strange transformation in me. And had I not undergone a transformation? I was no longer the spirit-broken, pressed down, poor man; the wand of Harlequin, that converts a hut into a palace, had never wrought a more wonderful metamorphosis than had taken place in my situation; past drudgery, future misgivings, were no longer in existence; a brilliant perspective of happiness for me and mine stretched itself before me in clear and shining radiance. My client entered, and looked over the draft of the will; he suggested a few alterations; he had seven thousand pounds to leave to his wife and family. I inwardly pitied him for having so small a sum for their provision; how short a time ago should I have thought it a large one! A book, having the appearance of a pamphlet, lay on the table before me; I mechanically opened it, and found that it contained the list of subscribers to a celebrated public charity. 'This is well,' I thought; 'it is fit that when I receive such unexpected bounties myself, I should think of the need of others: I will become a life-subscriber, not only to this charity, but to many others; nor will I permit public liberality to supersede private benevolence; my ear shall be open to the complaints of honest poverty, and my hand ready to relieve them.' My client was too much occupied with the study of his will to perceive any thing unusual in my manner; he returned the draft to me, begged that it might be formally executed, and I took my departure. My thoughts in returning were just the same as they had been in going, and literally dwelt upon

'Gold, gold, nothing but gold.'

These golden reveries, however, were not so low and sordid in my case as in that of many persons, because I may safely say that I valued the goods of wealth for others more than for myself, and my satisfaction developed itself in feelings of unutterable kindliness and complacency towards the whole of the human race.

"A brother lawyer passed me in his neat chariot—I no longer looked on him with envy. 'Poor fellow!' I thought, 'he is obliged to work hard for his comforts; I shall immediately relinquish my profession, I will recommend him to two or three of my best clients.' I greeted several common acquaintances with the most earnest warmth, inquiring after the health of their wives and children as if my existence depended upon a favorable reply. I could not have been more universally cordial had I intended standing for the county! A stripling met me whom I had deservedly sent to Coventry for his extreme impertinence to me; he seemed undecided whether to bow or not; I settled his scruples by a friendly recognition, and a warm shake of the hand; he seemed gratified, and no doubt eulogized my forgiving temper—alas! if my ticket had not been drawn a prize, I should have encountered him with a bent brow, and a scornful curve of the lip! All whom I had previously disliked and disapproved had a share in my kindly feelings. My wife's sisters had repeatedly wounded and displeased me, but I now resolved to give them turquoise necklaces, and invite them to carpet-dances; even Dorothy became an innoxious maid of all-work to me—she had been quite right in wishing to remove herself—she would not have been a fitting member of our new establishment. I next met an old gentleman, a distant relation.

"'How happy you seem,' he said.

"'How happy I *am*,' I replied. 'I may say with Hamlet, 'Seem! I know not seems!''

"'Well, this is as it should be,' replied the old gentleman, gazing on me with admiration. 'Your spirits are not hurt by a slender income, nay, I dare say you are far happier than if you had a large one—riches, as the poet says, are—'

"But I was in no mood to listen to what any poet said in depreciation of riches, and, pleading haste, I passed rapidly on, enjoying the thick-coming tide of pleasant fancies, which as yet I felt disinclined to share with mortal being. Again I reached Cornhill. I looked at my watch; exactly an hour had elapsed since I was last there; a crowd was still around the windows of Bish, and again I pressed through it, wishing to feast my eyes a second time on the announcement of my triumph, just as the miser gazes, again and again, on the bank note with whose value he is already thoroughly acquainted. Amazement! horror! Was I under the influence of witchcraft now, or had I been the sport of its spell an hour ago? The number of the fortunate ticket was clearly 1210! I rushed into the shop, and in hoarse tremulous accents inquired into the meaning of the change.

"'It was quite a mistake, sir,' replied the man behind the counter, in provokingly cool and courteous accents; 'it was sent off to us from Guildhall in a great hurry, and the person who wrote it down made it 1200, instead of 1210; but we rectified the mistake the moment we received the proper information.'

"'Is number 1200 drawn?' I gaspingly ejaculated.

"'Yes, sir, and it is a blank.'

"And so ended my hour of happiness!"

"And what did you do?—drop down in a swoon?"

"No; I certainly dropped down from the regions of imagination on the rough shingles of reality, and might have said with Apollo in Kane O'Hara's Midas, 'A pretty dacent tumble!' but I considered that we cannot be said to lose what we have never had, and, above all, that no invectives or repinings could restore to me the beautiful phantasmagoria which had vanished from my 'mind's eye.' I walked home, my glances bestowed on the ground, and my 'sweet fancies' replaced by bitter ones."

"And then you disclosed all that had passed to your wife, I suppose?"

"By no means; I resolved not to disclose it to a creature. Octavia, I felt, would sympathize with me too much, and the rest of the world too little. I could not brook the idea that my fleeting dream of happiness should be related by some officious quizzer to a laughing circle, prefaced with the observation, 'Have you heard of the terrible blunder our poor friend fell into the other day?' I entered the house calm and dejected, and found all its inhabitants much as I had left them, except that Dorothy's brow was a shade more sulky, the voices of the children were pitched in a somewhat higher key, and poor Octavia was mending for me an already thrice-mended pair of gloves. O! how like Abou Hassan I felt, when he awakened in his own home after his short experience of the grandeur and magnificence of regal power!"

"How sad! how mortifying! How very much I pity you!"

"Do not waste your pity upon me, fair lady; I believe you would have had much more reason to pity me, had I really become the possessor of these thirty thousand pounds. In my hour of happiness, I only thought of the enjoyments of riches; I should soon have been made to fee lits troubles, anxieties and responsibilities. I then knew nothing of the management of money; I should have attempted to make my thirty thousand pounds do the work of a sum of four times its magnitude, and should probably, in a small way, have run the career of Mr. Burton Danvers, the hero of your favorite story in 'Sayings and Doings.' To return, however, to my narrative—My evening at home was not so melancholy as you may surmise: about ten o'clock, a sharp ring was heard at the door; for a moment I was wild enough to imagine that my number, after all, had proved to be the right one, and that the lottery office had sent a special messenger to inform me of it. But I quickly reflected that they could have no clew to my name and residence, as the ticket had been purchased by another person. The messenger, however, was a welcome one. The young man who had sent me the lottery ticket in part of his account, was not yet so hardened in the ways of the world as to feel quite easy in squandering in revelry and luxury the money which was really and painfully wanted by those to whom he lawfully owed it. He had been touched by my representation of my wife's illness, had raised the remaining twenty pounds due to me, and now forwarded it to my house. O! with what playful contempt should I have beheld it, had I regarded it in the light of a drop of water coming to mix with the boundless ocean of thirty thousand pounds! Perhaps I should even have tossed it, as a valedictory gift, to 'speed the parting' Dorothy; but now it was received with real rapture and gratitude. The next day I took Octavia and our children to Hastings—not to an 'exquisite marine villa,' but to an obscure lodging, from which the sea was distinctly visible to an extremely clear-sighted person, who did not mind running a little risk of falling out of an upper window in the attempt to feast their eyes upon it; but, thanks to Providence, Octavia returned home in two months, restored to health, and I was enabled to give my undivided thoughts and time to the duties of my profession. A difficult cause was to be tried respecting the rightful heirship to an estate—the person who claimed it was thought to do so on inadequate grounds. He put his cause into my hands, he requested me to examine and compare sundry papers and documents; it was evident to me, after perusing them, that others of more importance were in existence. I urged him to a diligent search; it was attended with success, and the cause was gained. His gratitude was unbounded, and he forced upon me a remuneration for my assistance, far beyond my expectations; but I drew a more solid advantage from the trial; my name became known; I was sought out by new clients; business poured in upon me, and profit also, in due proportion. I have been a prosperous man, and my private property now amounts to a larger sum than my supposititious lottery prize, while I have a lucrative profession which occupies my time satisfactorily, and I hope usefully, and adds to my power of relieving the necessities of others, as well as of bestowing the goods of education and fortune on my family. All is for the best. I have enjoyed but once an hour of overwhelming happiness, but I have enjoyed many years of true and calm content. I have won my way to fortune step by step, and truly grateful do I feel that I have won it by the assistance of Coke and Blackstone, rather than by that of Bish and Canter, even although to their unconscious agency I owe the delightful delusion of 'The Happiest Hour of my Life!'"

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, SIR HENRY RAEBURN, &c. &c.

From Tait's Magazine.

The value of reminiscences of eminent men must be in proportion to the opinion entertained of the writer's powers and opportunities of observation, and of his good faith as an accurate reporter and chronicler. The reminiscences we have to present to our readers, connected with Scott and "The Sheperd," bear intrinsic evidence of their genuineness in every sentence. Yet we deem it the most satisfactory, and also the most simple and direct mode of procedure, to permit Sir Walter Scott himself to introduce the individual who here recalls his sayings and doings; and who, without being blind to his weaknesses, appears to cherish his memory with the most devoted and grateful respect. To few individuals could Sir Walter Scott have appeared under an aspect more uniformly kind and benignant than he must have done to Mr. Morrison. Their acquaintance commenced in 1803—an early period of Scott's brilliant career; and eighteen years afterwards, we find him thus cautiously and characteristically describing the author of the subjoined Reminiscences, in whose prosperity he at all times took no ordinary interest. Mr. Morrison's name does not, we believe, once occur in Mr. Lockhart's Memoirs of Scott; but this is an oblivion which he shares with many other of Sir Walter's early friends; and it is one of small consequence, save that it renders this explanation necessary:—

MR. WALTER SCOTT TO MR. ROSCOE OF LIVERPOOL.

Dear Sir,—I should not have presumed to give the bearer an introduction to you on my own sole authority; but as he carries a letter from General Dirom of Mount Annan, and as I sincerely interest myself in his fortunes, I take the liberty of strengthening (if I may use the phrase) the General's recommendation, and, at the same time, of explaining a circumstance or two which may have some influence on Mr. Morrison's destiny.

He is a very worthy, as well as a very clever man; and was much distinguished in his profession as a civil engineer, surveyor, &c., until he was unlucky enough to lay it aside for the purpose of taking a farm. I should add that this was done with the highly laudable purpose of keeping a roof over his father's head, and maintaining the old man in his paternal farm. At the expiry of the lease, however, Mr. Morrison found himself a loser to such an amount that he did not think it prudent to renew the bargain, and attempted to enter upon his former profession. But being, I think, rather impatient on finding that employment did not occur quite so readily as formerly, he gave way to a natural turn for painting, and it is as an artist that he visits Liverpool. I own, though no judge of the art, I think he has mistaken his talents; for, though he sketches remarkably well in outline, especially our mountain scenery, and although he was bred to the art, yet so long an interval has passed, that I should doubt his ever acquiring a facility in coloring.

However, he is to try his chance. But he would fain hope something would occur in a city where science is so much in request, to engage him more profitably to himself, and more usefully to others, in the way of his orignial profession as an engineer, in which he is really excellent. I should be sincerely glad, however, that he throve in some way or other, as he is a most excellent person in disposition and private conduct, an enthusiast in literature, and a shrewd entertaining companion in society.

I could not think of his carrying a letter to you without your being fully acquainted of the merits he possesses besides the painting, of which I do not think well at present; though, perhaps, he may improve.—I am, Sir, with very great respect, your most obedient servant.

WALTER SCOTT.

EDINBURGH, 1*st June*, 1821.

In Liverpool, Mr. Morrison, as will afterwards be seen, met with the kindest reception from Mr. Roscoe; who returned him Sir Walter Scott's introductory letter, as a document of more value to himself than to any one else. Before coming to the Reminiscences, and in order to throw a little more light upon the character of their writer, and his connexion with the distinguished individuals from whom they derive their interest, we copy from the original MS. of the Ettrick Shepherd, the following rhymed epistle and epitaph, addressed to Mr. Morrison while he was engaged on some piece of professional business with Mr. Telford in North Wales.

EDINBURGH, *July* 18, 1810.

Thou breeze of the south, so delightful and mild,
Enriched with the balms of the valley and wild,
With pleasure I list to thy far-swelling sigh,
And watch the soft shades of thy vapors on high.
—O! say, in thy wanderings afar hast thou seen,
'Mong Cambria's lone valleys and mountains of green,
A wanderer from Scotia, unstable and gay,
The friend of my heart, but the friend of a day?
Who left us without telling wherefore or why,
Unless by the murmurs uncertain and shy;
And pleased a new scene and new manners to see,
He breathes not a sigh for old Scotia and me!
Then say, gentle breeze, ere for ever you fly
To mountains and moors where thy murmurs shall die,
Say where my few lines or inquiries shall find
This bird of the ocean, this son of the wind!
Is he dancing with Cambrian maids on the green?
Or making a plain where a mountain has been?
Or diving the deep, the foundation to see
Of a bridge to astonish and rainbow the sea?
Or watching in rapture, unbounded and high,
The bright maiden-glance of a sweet rolling eye?
—Or say, has his deep hyperbolical smile,
With a flow of fine words, and deep phrases the while,
The gentry of Wales to astonishment driven,
At a mind so unbounded by Earth or by Heaven?
—Whate'er he is doing, where'er he may roam,
O bear him good news from his sweet native home;
And tell him his friends in Edina that stay
Are sadly distressed at his biding away;
That a *passionate* ———, and *pennyless Bard*,
Would, with much satisfaction, his presence regard;
That the one still is basking in Fortune's bright smile,
The other 's despised, though admired all the while;
And from listless inaction, if nothing can save,
He may sink, without fail, in despair to the grave;
"Like the bubble on the fountain, like the foam on the river,
The Bard of the Mountain is gone and for ever."
O tell me, dear Morrison, fairly and free,
Say what must I do to be gifted like thee!
Is genius with poverty ever combined
Without perseverance or firmness of mind?
Or would affluence load her bold pinion of fire,
And crush her in*——— of sense to expire?
If so, let me suffer and wrestle my way;
But give me my friend and my song while I stay:
With a heart unaffectedly kind and sincere,
To the lass that I love, and the friend I revere;
Though thou, as that friend, hast been rather unseemly,
A SHEPHERD, dear Jock, will for ever esteem thee.

JAMES HOGG.

In the above epistle the following epitaph was enclosed:—

EPITAPH ON MR. JOHN MORRISON, LAND-SURVEYOR.

BY JAMES HOGG.

Here lies, in the hope of a blest resurrection,
What once was a whim in the utmost perfection;
You have heard of Jock Morrison, reader. O hold!
Tread lightly the turf on his bosom so cold;
For a generouser heart, or a noddle more clear,
Never mouldered in dust than lies mouldering here.
His follies, believe me—and he had a part—
Sprang always spontaneous, but not from his heart:
Then let them die with him; for where will you see
A man from dishonor or envy so free?
For a trustier friend, or a lover more kind,
Or a better companion, is not left behind.
O! had I headstone as high as a steeple,
I would tell what he was, and astonish the people.
How solid as gold, and how light as a feather,
What sense, and what nonsense, were jumbled together.
In short, from my text it may fairly be drawn,
Whatever was noble or foolish in man.
Then, read it with reverence, with tears and with sighs,
Tis short but impressive,——HERE MORRISON LIES.

This much premised, we may now, with propriety, allow Mr. Morrison to speak for himself.

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* A word obliterated.

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I BECAME acquainted with Mr. Scott in 1803, from the following circumstance:—

In the first edition of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in the ballad of "Annan Water," are these words,—

> "O! wae betide the *frush* saugh wand,
> And wae betide the bush of brier,
> For they broke into my true love's hand,
> When his strength turned weak, and his limbs did tire."

And in a note at the bottom of the page, *Frush* signifies *fresh* or *tough*. On which I took the liberty of writing to the Editor, "*Frush* does not mean fresh, but brittle, or half rotten; and such is the meaning of Holinshed in his description of Ireland: 'They are sore frushed with sickness, or too far withered with age.' The saugh wand broke in her true love's hand, from its being *frush*, *i. e.*, withered or rotten. So Barbour, when the shaft of Bruce's battle-axe broke in his encounter with De Bohun, says—

> 'The hand-ax schaft fruschit in twa.'

"You state that the ballad of 'Annan Water' is now published for the first time; I send you the song in a half-penny ballad, published in Dumfries thirty years ago. I have seen still another copy, where the hero is more cautious,—

> 'Annan Water's broad and deep,
> And my fair Annie's passing bonny,
> Yet I am loth to wet my feet,
> Although I lo'e her best of ony.'"

I received an immediate answer, thanking me for my communication, and desiring my farther remarks on any other subject in the publication, with a present of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and an invitation to visit him when I might have occasion to come to Edinburgh.

It was two years before I had occasion to visit Edinburgh, when I waited on Mr. Scott, and had a most gracious reception. I had visited the Court of Session on my arrival in town, to have a look; and I was much disappointed. He had a downward, and, to me, a forbidding aspect; and so strikingly resembled Will Dalzell, the gravedigger of my native parish of Terregles, a person of rather weak intellect, that I could not help thinking there must be some analogy in their genius; but the spell dissolved the instant he spoke. He invited me to dinner: "Indeed, you had better wait,—in the library there are maps and prints, besides books; and dinner will be ready in an hour." His family was in the country, so that he was keeping bachelor's hall. Mr. Scott inquired much about the ruins and traditions of Galloway but more particularly about the songs and rhymes that had not appeared in print, and if we had any legends of the Douglases, "who once were great men in your country."—"We have," said I, "their castle of Threave still standing on an island of the river Dee; but we do not associate their memory with any thing that is good. Their castle of Threave was with the assistance of the devil, built in ,one night; although the stones were brought from Rascawel Heugh, a distance of at least ten miles; as the same kind of sandstone is there only to be found. There are some lines, descriptive of this infernal piece of masonry, which I have written down somewhere."—"Do," said he, "let me have a copy. Any more about the Douglas?"—"He had a grudge at the Laird of Cardoness, and surrounded the castle; but the laird was nowhere to be found. He offered to satisfy any one with gold who would show him the hiding-place of his enemy. The cook pointed up the chimney, where he was concealed; from whence he was immediately dragged and despatched. Douglas then directed the cook to put on the fire a little pot, which he filled with gold, and, placing the betrayer of his master fast in a chair, directed his mouth to be gagged, and poured down the melted liquid: then, turning to his followers, said, 'Behold the reward of treachery!' He also, as you have yourself narrated, murdered the Master of Bomby; but the country resolved to suffer his tyranny no longer. Twelve brothers,* blacksmiths by trade, who lived at Carline work, not far from Threave, made a cannon, consisting of twelve staves, each brother making one. They then bound them in the proper form, by twelve hoops, or *girds*, and carried the cannon to a commanding situation, still pointed out, and still retaining the title of Camdudal or Camp-Douglas, and at the first shot knocked a hole through and through the castle, as the breach now shows; on which Douglas fled, and never again set his foot in Galloway. It is said that, in his flight, he robbed the abbey of Lincluden, and with his men ravished all the nuns."—"I have understood," said Mr. Scott, "that he expelled the nuns on account of their irregular way of living; but I have my doubts whether he was so stern a moralist. You must make me a drawing of Threave, or any other town or castle connected with the Douglas. The Gordons succeeded the Douglases, and some of them were not much better. I have seen a copy of a pardon granted to Gordon of Lochinvar for certain crimes and misdemeanors: for the slaughter of Lord Herries, and driving his cattle; for the crime of adultery; for abusing a witch, or supposed witch, and scoring her with his sword across the forehead; and for not only deforcing the king's messenger who came to arrest him, but forcing him to eat and swallow his own royal warrant."—"With respect to our songs, we have the Lass of Loch Ryan, which you know; Fair Margaret, of rather spectral import; we have Lochinvar who carried off a lady on her wedding day. She—

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* The name of these brothers was M'Min. I have talked with a person of that name, who claimed being their lineal descendant.

'Sent her former lover a letter, her wedding to come see.
When Lochinvar he read the lines
He looked o'er his land,
And four-and-twenty wild wight men
All ready at his command.
He mounted them all on milk-white steeds,
And clothed them all in green,
And they are off to the wedding gone.

* * * * * *

Now one bit of your bread, he said,
And one glass of your wine,
And one kiss of the bonny bride,
That promised to be mine.
He took her round the middle jimp,
And by the green gown sleeve,
And mounted her on his milk-white steed,
And speered nae bold baron's leave.
The blood ran down the Kylan burn,
And o'er the Kylan brae,
And her friends that kenn'd naething of the joke,
They a' cried out foul play.'"

"There's the banes of a good song there; try to recover some more."*——"The rest, so far as I can recollect, is mere doggerel. The disappointed bridegroom receives a taunt, that he had catched frogs instead of fish. *Kenmure's on and awa* is very good the old way; not the edition in Johnson's collection, but a set much older. In 1746 or 1747, one of the Gordons of Kenmure lived in Terregles House. My father, when a boy, used to accompany him to the fishing, and had from him many stories about Kenmure. Kenmure was forced out in 1715, against his better judgment, by his wife. On leaving the castle his horse stumbled, which, he observed, was a bad omen. 'Go forward, my lord,' said she, 'and prosper! Let it never be said that the snapper of a horse's foot daunted the heart of a Gordon.' There is a saying of hers often repeated in the country, of which I do not know the import: 'If the lads lose the day at Preston, I'll let the witches of Glencairn see to spin their tow.' Some have it, 'If the dogs lose the day at Preston, I'll let the b——es of Glencairn see to spin their tow.' The uncle, William Gordon, said that she was a rank Catholic b—— from the highlands, and was the ruin of his poor brother. And added, that Kenmure had a favorite in the clachan he liked much better, to which the old song alludes—

'Kenmure's on and awa,
And Kenmure's on and awa,
And Kenmure was the bonniest lad
That lived in Gallowa.
Kenmure bought me ae silk gown,
My minnie took that frae me,
When Kenmure he got word of that
He bought me other three.'"

"The Gordons," said Mr. Scott, "were from the south. The parish of Gordon was their property. Two brothers left the country: one went north, whose descendants are dukes of Gordon; the other directed his course west, and became Lord of Lochinvar and Kenmure. You sent us Buccleugh, and we sent you Kenmure; and as you say the one was sent for stealing sheep, perhaps the other was expelled for something of the same sort."

An old gentleman made the third person at dinner. He spoke little. He was one of Mr. Scott's neighbors in the country. On preparing to go away, Mr. Scott said—"You will oblige me greatly by making me some drawings of your old castles. I am particularly anxious to have a drawing of Caerlaverock: it is a noble ruin, and the stacks of chimneys are still very perfect and in the finest style. I was once there, and was much pleased. Threave, also, I must have; but I suppose there is nothing elegant there: strength was the grand object. And any old scraps of rhyme, or anecdote, will be most acceptable. Come to breakfast to-morrow; and come early; you will find me in the library, and can divert yourself with a book."

Next morning I found him in his study. "There," said he, "is a line to the keeper of the Advocates' Library. Ask for a catalogue, and the keeper will bring you any book you ask for. You can also have writing materials." During breakfast he inquired if I was acquainted with James Hogg. "I met with him," said I, "on my way to Edinburgh. I was perambulating the country for a proposed road from the south towards Edinburgh, and on my route passed the farm of Mitchelslacks, where he is shepherd. I intended to call; but before reaching the house, I met him on his way to the hill. His plaid was wrapped round him, although the morning was warm and sunny. He was without shoes, with half stockings on his legs, and a dog at his foot. I inquired if he knew Mr. Hogg—'I am that individual.' We sat down by a well; and I had a small flask of brandy in my pocket. We instantly became friends. 'What are you doing in our part of the country?'—'I am,' said I, 'endeavoring to find a line for a proposed road up the vale of the Ae water; and hitherto I have met with no difficulty from the water of Sark, near Gretna, to where we are sitting. From this point I wish to get into Daar water, and so down the Tweed.'—'Your work is near an end,' said the Shepherd, 'for the devil a wheel-carriage road you will ever get from this to the water of Daar.' And on examining the country, I found that he was perfectly correct."

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* See Scott's Lochinvar, in "Marmion."

"Hogg is a wonderful man," said Mr. Scott, "and has been of great use to me in procuring materials when I was arranging the Border Minstrelsy; and furnished me with one of its best pieces, Auld Maitland, with some other excellent fragments." I mentioned that Mr. Hogg intended coming to Edinburgh soon. "If so, you will meet him here often. I hope that you are to remain for some time,—indeed, as a land surveyor, you ought to make Edinburgh your home. Come, and I will introduce you to some friendly writers; they have all the most lucrative department of your business in their hands, as I learn, by plans and surveys passing through the court." I mentioned that I had the offer of being appointed secretary to General Dirom, Deputy-quarter-master-general, worth a hundred pounds a year, and liberal leave of absence.

"Accept, by all means; it may, nay must, lead to something better; and I will be always ready to give you a lift."

"I am here," said I, "on a trial for murder; having made a plan of the scene and country connected. I have been summoned as a witness to describe my plan as connected with the circumstances of the murder."—"Mention the leading points connected with your plan."—"On the night of the murder, Mary Robson and John Hannay met by appointment in Dumfries to arrange their marriage. She lived with her mother about five miles distant at Lochrutton, and he was a servant in Castlehill, about three miles from Dumfries. They were seen in the town, and also resting about twilight not far from the place of Hannay's residence. At the usual hour he appeared at supper with his fellow servants. He was asked what he had done with Mary. He answered that she was gone home. He then apparently retired to bed. On the following morning the girl was found dead at a short distance from her mother's door. I was present at the precognition with the sheriff, Sir Alexander Gordon. In the mean time Hannay was secured. The girl was found on a rising ground. There had been a severe struggle from this spot to the bottom of the brae. The broom, which was in full bloom, had been grasped and stripped of its blossoms; one of her shoes was found at the bottom, where the murder had been finished; and the body carried up the bank, where the struggle had commenced, and the clothes adjusted. The black marks of fingers and a thumb were visible on her throat, and a little blood was oozing from her mouth. The body was warm when found. I was immediately sent to examine the ground. The servant, on going to make up Hannay's bed, which was in the stable above the horses, found that the bed had not been occupied. At some stiles between Castlehill and the girl's home, and on the footpath, the ground was soft, and I observed the print of feet, a greater and less, which I concluded to be a man's and a woman's; these I measured carefully, and found them to agree exactly with the shoes of Hannay and the poor girl. It was evident that he had made his victim conceal herself about the place; and, in order to lull suspicion, had made his appearance at supper, and seemingly retired to bed, but had again joined the girl, and conducted her to the place where he committed the crime.

"I am going now," I said, "to call on the Crown agent respecting the plan."—"He is," said Mr. Scott, "my most particular friend, William Clerk. I will, if you wish it, give you a card of introduction. You are likely to be the first witness called; and, after giving your evidence, you may remain during the trial, take notes, and compare the proof with the opinions you have already formed. I recollect," said Mr. Scott, "something of a murder that was committed in Galloway, where the guilty person was discovered in the same manner, by the size of his shoe, and also by some particular mark on the sole. Your sheriff, Gordon, was the person who took the precognition, and measured the murderer's foot, who was condemned altogether on presumptive proof, but afterwards confessed."

Mr. Hogg, soon after this, arrived in Edinburgh, and introduced me to Mr. Grieve, with whom we dined; and next day Mr. Hogg brought us an invitation to sup with

Mr. Scott, and to be in Castle-street at eight o'clock.

When we arrived, "I have reserved my wine till your arrival; and we will have, as Burns has it, 'some rhyming ware.'" It was Mr. Grieve's first interview. "I am happy," said Mr. Scott, "to meet a borderer and a poet." Mr. Scott read to us some of the introductions and two of the cantos of "Marmion." In the introduction to one of the cantos, there is a description of St. Mary's Loch, which Mr. Hogg praised out of all measure. The poetry, he said, was beautiful; but the accuracy of the description better still. Mr. Scott inquired if I had been at St. Mary's; and if so, how I liked the description.

"You have," said I, "given the lake what it has not, and taken from it something that it possesses:

'Save where a line of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.

You have no line of silver sand. You have been thinking of some of the Highland lakes, where, from the decay of the granite, the water is encircled with a beautiful line of silver sand. On St. Mary's, also, you have some good trees, particularly one very fine old ash, that has seen the deer resting under its branches 300 years ago.

'Thou know'st it well; nor bush nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge,'—

is not rendering it justice. There are also some tolerable birches on the Bowerhope side."

"You are quite correct," said Hogg. "I had forgotten these trees, led away by the beauty of the poetry."

"Very well, Mr. Hogg," said Mr. Scott; "but a few facts, or a little sound criticism, is infinitely more welcome to me than any praise whatever. I am sorry that I had not observed these trees, as the part is now printed off. I am sorry these trees have escaped me; but my eyes are not good; and I should, when I am in search of the picturesque, always have some better eyes than my own near me."

It was a high treat to hear Mr. Scott read his own poetry: even the *burr* had a charm. His voice was harsh and unmusical; but the passion and impressive manner made ample amends. I have heard many readers of high character reciting and reading his poetry; but after himself they all fell short. There is, to be sure, a sympathy betwixt a poet and his work that gives double interest. He called on Mr. Grieve to repeat a "verse or two," and if his own, it would enhance the value. Mr. Grieve recited a poem that was afterwards published in a collection arranged by Mr. Hogg. In my turn I gave a ditty called the Pedlar, who was murdered on his way to a fair. Mr. Scott was pleased to give me credit, and desired a copy. It has since been published. Mr. Hogg repeated, "The Moon was a-waning;" the best, to my mind, of the whole. Mr. Scott told some remarkable instances of the second-sight, one of which I afterwards recognized in the gray Spectre of Waverley.* "Have you any ghosts in Galloway?"—"We have many: Mary's dream, for instance, which is a true tale, and was told in my hearing by Mary's sister. Sandy had just sailed on a voyage. Mary had 'laid her down to sleep.' The rising moon was shining in at her window, when Sandy came and sat down with a *soss* on a chest by her bedside. 'Dear Sandy,' said Mary, 'your clothes are all wet!' The Spirit addressed her nearly in the words of the song. The lady used to say the song was improperly called a dream—it was reality."

"This," said Mr. Scott, "is a most beautiful ballad as ever was written. Did the author write nothing more?" I repeated some verses, and mentioned that I had a poem of considerable length in the handwriting of Lowe. "We are obliged to Galloway," said Mr. Scott, "for the first of our clan." And he read a passage to us from Scott of Satchel's history of the name of Scott.

'Gentlemen in Galloway by fate
Had fallen at odds, and a riot did commit;
Then to the south they took their way,
And arrived at Rankleburn.
The keeper was called Brydon.
They humbly, then, did him entreat
For lodging, drink, and meat."
He saw them pretty men,
Immediately grants their request,
And to his house they came.
To wind the horn they did not scorn
In the loftiest degree;
Which made the Forester conceive,
They were better men than he.
These gentlemen were brethren born;
The one of them was called John Scott,
And the other English Wat.'

"Our tradition has it," said I, "that they were banished for stealing sheep."—"Not at all unlikely," said Mr. Scott, "for they continued to practise the business on a pretty large scale when they settled in our country. It is," said Mr. Scott, "not a bad subject for a better poem than our friend Satchel's. You should, Morrison, try your hand."

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* When Waverley was published, I had no difficulty in recognizing the Bodach Glas, and nearly in the same words:—"I stood still and turned myself to the four points of the compass—turn where I would, the figure was instantly before my eyes."—See *Waverley*.

Next morning, I introduced Mr. Hogg to General Dirom, who invited us to dinner, was much pleased with his company, and continued Mr. Hogg's steady friend ever after. He left Edinburgh to enter on his new farm of Locherben, which he had taken in company with his friend, Mr. Adam Brydon, of Aberlosk, in the south. About this period Mr. Hogg was arranging the "Mountain Bard" for publication; and I received many letters from him inclosing poems. Mr. Scott also showed me some of his correspondence. "I am afraid," said he, "that Hogg will neglect his *hirsel* with his poem-making."

I was commissioned to make a survey of a line of road in Dumfriesshire, the direction of which passed near Hogg's farm of Locherben; and on mentioning to Mr. Scott that I would call and see the Shepherd,—"Do," said he; "and bring me an account whether he is doing any good. I am a subscriber to the 'Mountain Bard.' Here are six pounds—it is all that I have in my pocket; give it to him, with my best respects. He is, I am informed, an indifferent practical shepherd; and his partner, Edie Brydon of Aberlosk, is, it is said, a hard drinker: if so, the farm speculation has but a poor chance of succeeding."

I rode some miles out of my way, and called at Locherben, but Hogg was from home. His housekeeper, a very good looking girl, under twenty, or about eighteen years of age, invited me to alight and come in; for she expected James every minute. She unsaddled my pony, and gave it plenty to eat. I told her that I had a small parcel to leave for her master. "I have two masters," said she; "but I own the authority of Jamie only." The bottle was put down; and soon after, an excellent tea-table was laid,—cold lamb, and fried mutton-ham, cheese, &c.,—"For," said she, "you will not have dined." She sat down, and made tea; and I would not wish to have it served by a better hand. Hogg did not make his appearance; and, after tea, the bottle and glasses were again put on the table. I waited till after sun-set, and then prepared to go, presenting the housekeeper with the money. She still insisted that I would wait an hour or two. "You have only to Thornhill to ride; it is the longest day, and it never is dark." I waited still longer; but he did not come. I learned that the Shepherd was too often from home, and his partner had a farm to attend to in Eskdale Moor; from all which it was evident that the concern must be much neglected. The housekeeper said that the farm was understood to be high-rented, and, even with the most prudent management, would have enough to do. She had left her father's house in a *pet*, and was a servant for the first time. "My work is easy enough; but I have reason to regret that I ever left my father's house."

Hogg, from being a shepherd on the farm of Mitchelslacks, took, in company with Edie Brydon, the farm of Locherben. I paid a second visit to Locherben. My pretty housekeeper was then gone. It was the time of sheep-shearing, which was just finished. Masters and men were sitting round a small cask of whisky, drinking it raw out of a tea-cup. They were all rather merry. I sat with them for some time, and was regaled with some excellent mutton-ham, cakes and butter, whisky and water. I had a surveying engagement at Moffat, about ten miles across a rough moor. A number of the company were going the same route. Mr. Brydon was of the party, and fortified his pocket with a bottle of whisky, which was finished on our journey. I was obliged to attend to some papers for the greater part of the night, but I heard the distant sound of revelling. The establishment at Locherben soon after was broken up—how could it stand?—and Mr. Hogg, with a small reversion, took on lease a farm on the Water of Scar, in the parish of Penpont, about seven miles west from Locherben. Corfardine was its name. I happened to be at Eccles with Mr. Maitland for a few days, and one forenoon paid him a visit, distant about three miles. The ground was covered with snow; and on entering the farm, I found all the sheep on the wrong side of the hill. Hogg was absent, and had been so for some days, feasting, drinking, dancing, and fiddling, &c., with a neighboring farmer. His housekeeper was the most ugly, dirty goblin I had ever beheld; a fearful contrast to his former damsel. He arrived just as I had turned my horse's head to depart.

"Come in," said he. "Put your sheep to rights, first," said I; "they are on the wrong side of the hill, and have nothing to eat."

"Never mind," said he; "the lads will soon be home." The inside of his house corresponded with its out. A dirty looking fellow rose from a bed, who was desired to go and look after the sheep. "I have been up," said he, "all night in the drift."—"You have been so," said I, "to very little purpose. Your *hirsel* is on the wrong side of the hill."

He ordered some ham, and bread and butter; but it came through such hands that I could not eat. Over our glass of whisky we had a long conversation. I strongly recommended him to give up his farm, and come into Edinburgh, and attend to the publication of the "Mountain Bard," which he said agreed with his own opinion, for that he had in contemplation a long poem about Queen Mary.

As Mr. Scott had warned me to keep a sharp look-out, particularly if his farming was doing any good, on giving him this account, he entirely agreed with the advice which I had given, and said that he would write him to that purpose. "Or why should he not engage again as a shepherd?"—"That," said I, "is now impossible. One who neglected his own flocks is not likely to manage well those of another, unless you can get him appointed one of the king's shepherds in Hyde Park or Windsor Forest. It would be a glorious sight to see him with his checkered plaid round his shoulders, and his dog, Lion, lounging behind him! On his first appointment I should like to have the keeping of the Park gates for one week, at a shilling a head; it would be worth ten thousand pounds. One half of London would be out to see him. One day of it would make Hogg's fortune."

Soon after this Mr. Hogg came into Edinburgh, and was at first received into the house of his friend Mr. Grieve, where I often met him, as well as at the house of Mr. Scott.

In the Upper Ward of Clydesdale I fell in with some old editions of some of those ballads given in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and obtained two additional verses to the *Twa Corbies.*

'My mither cleket me of an egg,
And brought me out wi' feathers gray,
And bad me flee where'er I wad—
Winter would be my dying day.

But winter it is gane an' past,
And a' the birds are bigging their nest,
But I'll flee heigh aboon them a',
And sing a sang for summer's sake.'

I also got another edition of *Young Benjie;* and the pool was pointed out to me where the Lady Marjorie was drowned; her struggles to gain the bank are described but the relentless Benjie

'Took a *fouw* and fouwed her in,
And Bodell banks are bonny.'

Fouw is pitchfork, and the image gives a fearful picture of savage cruelty. Young Benjie I have heard sung, or rather chanted, by the late Dr. John Leyden, with whom it was a great favorite. The air is beautiful and wild, and will be found in Alexander Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology." The ballad was given by Leyden to Mr. Scott, and may have received some dressing up. Mr. Leyden's style of singing Young Benjie was particularly wild. The tune is not a little obliged to Allaster Dhu, (Mr. Campbell,) whose taste for the old ballad music was exquisitely delicate. I likewise found a different edition of Johnie of Braidislee: —

'Johnie sat his back against a aik,
His foot against a stane,
He shot seven arrows all at once,
And killed them all but ane;
He broke three ribs frae that ane's back,
But and his collar-bane;
Then fingers five came on belyre,
O, true heart, fail me not!
Old. And, gallant bow, do thou prove true,
For in London thou was coft;
And the silken strings that stenten thee,
Were by my true-love wrought.'

On my return to Edinburgh, and showing my sketches and scraps, Mr. Scott wished much that I would return and explore every cottage and corner of Upper Clydesdale; "where," said he, "I suspect there is much valuable wreck still floating down the stream of Time."

This expedition never took place; as I was engaged to go, early in the spring, to meet Mr. Telford in North Wales, and engaged in a survey of the Holyhead, Chester, and London roads.

On mentioning the Holyhead expedition to Mr. Scott, he gave me several letters of introduction. "Draw every old castle and glen that comes in your way. Keep a regular Journal, which, if you bring it up every night, will be, so far from any trouble, rather an amusement. Wales is particularly rich in castles; but the old towers of the Welsh, prior to the ravages of Edward, are by far the most interesting, and have been much neglected. The Welsh have famous memories, hate the English, and are partial to the Scots. There are no parts of Wales, I suppose, where the English language is not understood. You may, therefore, have translations; and the more literal the better."

With respect to understanding English, Mr. Scott had been misinformed. I found many places where the Welsh language only was spoken and understood.

Among the Welsh superstitions is the *Mort Bird*, or Bird of Death, which appears at the window of every person about to die. The Bird of Death, Black or white, is seen flapping its wings at the window or door.

On mentioning this to Mr. Scott,—" The warning bird we have also in our own country.

> ' The Lady of Ellerslee wept for her Lord ;
> A death-watch had beat in her lonely room ;
> Her curtain had shook of its own accord,
> And the Raven had flapped at her window-board,
> To tell of her Warrior's doom ' "

When at Bangor Ferry, I received from Mr. Scott " The Lady of the Lake." This book I regret much having lost. I lent it to a lady, who refused to return it. " You may spare," said she, " yourself the further trouble of asking it ; give it to me, therefore, with a good grace, and write your own name under your friend's, Mr. Scott : and I will keep it for both your sakes, besides making you a handsome present."

On mentioning this to Mr. Scott,—" I wonder," said he, " you hesitated one moment to give the lady the book. I will replace it. Pray, what was the present she made you ?" " It was," said I, " a handsome Bible, in two volumes, accompanied by a letter of good advice, with a request that I never would sketch views on the Sabbath-day, and to make her a solemn promise to that effect."

" Well ; and did you promise ?"—" No. I answered her with a story of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson. When the latter was on his death-bed, he sent for Reynolds, and desired him to promise three things : ' First, you are not to ask me to repay the thirty pounds that I borrowed of you long ago ; second, you are to read a portion of your Bible every Sabbath-day ; and third, never use your pencil on Sunday.' " To the first two Sir Joshua readily consented, but bolted at the third. The Lady wrote me back that Reynolds consented to all the three requests.*

Alas ! she has been several years dead. I would give any thing for the book ; and have some thoughts of making a pilgrimage into Wales to endeavor to recover it.

I was often at a loss to reconcile Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of scenery, which were excellent, to his practical taste, which was not always in good keeping ; for, after all, Abbotsford is a strange jumble. If he had searched all over his property, he could not have built on a less interesting spot. The public road from Melrose to Selkirk passes within fifty yards of the front of his house, and is on a level with the chimney tops. I have read somewhere, by some dashing Syntax, the following description of Abbotsford :—

" Beyond the gates you had an extensive park, laid out on the best and boldest principles of landscape gardening, as applicable to forest scenery !" The gates are very simple affairs ; and the park, a field of eight English acres, rising up the shoulder of a steep brae, with the public road passing betwixt it and the mansion-house. Before building his garden walls, and constructing a very expensive screen, as it is called, I seriously recommended that he would lift or remove the whole to a more eligible situation, and, being built of hewn stone, the affair could be easily done ; and cited, for example, the House of Glasserton, in Galloway, which was removed, stone by stone, from a distance of, at least, fifteen miles, and it was of treble the magnitude of Abbotsford. " You require no architect, or new plan ; the stones are numbered as you take them down ; and if you have committed any mistake, you will have an opportunity of correcting it in the new erection." " I wish," said he, " that it stood on Castlesteads, or Turnagain ; but it has cost me so much to place it where it now stands, that I feel something like a duke or lord of Drumlanrig, who built that castle, expecting, it is said, to marry Queen Ann ; and, when disappointed in that plan of ambition, locked up, in an iron box, the accounts of the expense of the building, pronouncing a curse on the head of any of his descendants who should uncover the nakedness of their father."

While I was engaged in surveying the estate of Abbotsford, Sir Walter was much with me in the fields. He used to come, leaning on his favorite, Tam Purdy, and tell me tales connected with the spot I might be surveying.

" This" said he, " is Turnagain ; and the field below is Castlesteads, where, between the Scotts and Kerrs, a battle was fought in 1526. Buccleuch fled, pursued by the Kerrs, when one of Scott's men, an Elliot, *turned again*, and killed Kerr of Cessford, which was the cause of a bloody feud between the families for many a day."

One day a large wagon arrived, drawn by eight oxen, loaded with an obelisk from Forfarshire, or some of the distant eastern counties, covered with Danish or Norwegian hieroglyphics, animals, and so forth ; and was erected, with great ceremony, on the rising ground above Turnagain. Having, no doubt, been erected to commemorate some battle field, it was of little value out of its original place. My opinion being asked, I said that it had better be taken home again; for such monuments having been raised to commemorate some victory over the Scotch, were rather a disgrace to the country. Sir Walter pointed out to me, with considerable triumph, the door of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*—that is, the old prison-door of Edinburgh—which he had procured, and erected as the gateway from his mansion-house to the offices. I observed that its grim aspect gave me a disagreeable feeling, to think how many human beings had passed through it, never to return but to the scaffold and death. How many of our noble martyrs and patriots!—"Yes," said he; "but many a traitor has passed also to receive his doom!"—"Yes," said I; "your friend Montrose passed through it."—"Noble martyr!" said Sir Walter, with great emotion. "As he passed to prison, up the Canongate,—placed backwards, with his face to the horse's tail, the hurdle drawn by an old white horse, and driven by the common hangman,—on passing the Chancellor's house, his head uncovered, the ladies, the Chancellor's wife and daughters, leaned over the balcony, and spat on his sacred head—the b——s!"

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* The Bible was accompanied with other things : two very handsome shirts, six neckcloths, and three pairs of Welsh stockings, wrought by her own fair hand.

We entertained very different sentiments respecting the character of Montrose.

Abbotsford is intersected by foot-paths in every direction; and he was particularly anxious that none of these paths should be interfered with, although the road commissioners offered to close some of the least important up. "Remove not the ancient landmarks," he would say. The consequence was, that he never received any injury in the way of trespass; and the people declined of themselves to walk on many of these paths, restricting themselves to those that were least offensive; such was the effect of his forbearance. "If I was to stop up any of these footpaths, which I might be able to do as unnecessary, the people, if they took it in their heads, would walk over them in spite of both the law and myself; so far, then, my indulgence is good policy." His attention to the lower orders of the country people but ill accorded with his high aristocratical visions; and his political principles were as ill digested. He wrote and distributed the *Visionary*,† a poor ridiculous pamphlet, which he said was written in a style to meet the acquirements of the country people. It was distributed in the villages around, Galashiels, Selkirk, Darnick, Melrose; and a large parcel was despatched to Jedburgh, Kelso, &c. A Conservative acquaintance of mine boasted that not a single copy of the *Edinburgh Review*, or *Scotsman* was received on the banks of the Jed. Mr. Harper, a great favorite with Sir Walter, and a very large, powerful man, was fixed on to distribute, read, and explain the *Visionary* to his neighbors. I asked Harper what success he had, and what he himself thought of the pamphlet. "O! man," said he, "it's *waesome* to see so good a man in other respects, in such a state of bewilderment."

Sir Walter presented me with some copies, and said, "They may be useful to some of your Galloway friends." After having perused a copy, I returned the parcel and said, that it was my business to prevent such principles being circulated in my native country. "Why," said he, "I have been endeavoring to prevent the rascals from pulling down the old house about their ears; and some of my best friends will render me no assistance."

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.—We have the satisfaction to announce the arrival in England of Captain Becroft, a gentleman well known for his recent explorations in the Delta of the Niger, and by whom part of the late Niger expedition—H. M. steamer, Albert—was so courageously saved, at the time when all the officers and crew of that ship, with the exception of two individuals (Drs. MacWilliam and Stange), were wholly unfitted for duty by fever, and were in extreme danger of perishing on the sand-banks in the lower course of the Niger. Captain Becroft, in the Ethiope steamer, nobly came to their rescue, and towed them to Fernando Po; for which service her Majesty's Government awarded him £100. Captain Becroft but recently sailed from Fernando Po for the Old Calabar river, on the opposite African coast, previously unknown, excepting *embouchures*. Having entered that magnificent river, he steamed up a distance of 400 miles, meeting everywhere with an intelligent and industrious race of Negroes, who received and treated him hospitably. At length he reached a rapid in the river, where, although there was plenty of water, he had not steam power sufficient to contend with the strength of the current. Captain Becroft returned to Fernando Po; and we are gratified to add that he has been appointed Governor of that island by the Spanish Government, and at the same time they have given him the rank of Lieutenant in the Spanish navy. From Captain Becroft's known hardihood and activity—and from what he has already accomplished for geographical science is an earnest for the future—we have little doubt of his adding greatly to our knowledge of that part of the west coast of Arica, to which he will shortly proceed, and will venture to predict that his explorations will have the most beneficial results as regards the slave-trade of that part of Africa.—*Colon. Gaz.*

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* During the heat of the Reform Bill agitation.—E. T. M.

MISCELLANY.

Spain.—The appointment of General Mazaredo, the Military Governor of Madrid, to the post of Political Chief, was a concession made by the Ministry to General Narvaez, to save the capital from being declared in a state of siege. The liberty of the inhabitants was thereby entirely placed at the mercy of the latter. Senor Caballero, the Home Minister, leaves Madrid for Saragossa. There remains in the Cabinet but one hapless Liberal, Senor Aylion, the only representative of this parliamentary party, which Senor Olozaga led against the Regent's Government. Senor Olozaga himself has escaped to Paris. Senor Caballero is now off to Saragossa, or some village near it, and both Queen and Government are left in the uncontrolled hands of the men who made the ruffianly attack on the Palace of Madrid some time back.

The following was received late on Tuesday by the French Government:—"Madrid, October 1.—The deputies elected at Madrid are Cortina, Martinez de la Rosa, Gonzalez Bravo, Montalva, Cantero, Morena, and Arraliet, all Moderados or Government men."

Madrid letters of the 27th mention that the examination of the votes on the election for Madrid took place on that day, under the presidency of Mazaredo. As this officer fills the situation of political chief, he of course presided over the elections; and in the operation of examining the votes the tellers set aside any number of votes contrary to their opinions. The Liberals have protested, beforehand, against the validity of the Madrid elections.

The French Government had received the following telegraphic despatches:—"Bayonne, October 3.—The elections of the provinces hitherto known are favorable to the parliamentary party." "Perpignan, October 4.—Prim entered Figueras yesterday with 5,000 infantry, 300 cavalry, and six pieces of artillery. He was there received with enthusiasm by the inhabitants." Great hopes are entertained of Saragossa submitting. Should it not do so, fears are entertained that some of the military will pronounce. At Vittoria and at Seville, too, there have been attempts at revolt. Barcelona papers of the 26th ult. announce that the patriot Pablo Por was advancing to the assistance of that city with four pieces of artillery. The division of Ametler was at Arengs de Mar, and was to have marched to Mataro with reinforcements sent by the junta of Girona. It consisted of about 6,000 men. The junta had discovered a conspiracy, having for its object to deliver the city into the hands of the troops.

By accounts from Madrid it appears that some extraordinary precautions, adopted by the authorities on the 25th, were observed on the preceding evening. Several pieces of artillery had been brought into the capital. The military authorities, whenever any disturbance should occur, were not to wait for the political chief to claim their assistance, but to repress the attempts themselves without delay. The troops are directed "to fight to the last extremity." Narvaez has been confined to his bed by indisposition. He, who is resolved to place himself on the ex-Regent's pedestal, is to be created Duke de la Concord.—*Examiner.*

Greece.—Letters from Athens, of the 19th ult., state that the revolutionary movement was developing itself with perfect order and regularity. The royal decree excluding foreigners from public offices had given universal satisfaction. The King made no objection to sign it, as it was not exclusively directed against the Bavarians, but included all foreigners. Three Frenchmen were included in the measure. Adhesions from the provinces were daily received, and no differences had arisen on any point of the country. The Palichares, who were marching on the capital, had halted on hearing of the success of the revolution, and returned to their respective quarters. M. Petzali, who presided at the movement of Chalcis, had been appointed Secretary of the Council of State; and a number of other persons belonging to the national party had been invested with public functions. On the 17th the King, Queen, and the Princess of Oldenburgh drove out in an open caleche, without any escort, and were everywhere received with loud acclamations.—*Ibid.*

General Boyer.—General Boyer, ex-President of the republic of Hayti, arrived in Paris on Saturday, with his family and suite, and took up his temporary residence at the Hotel Victoria, in the Rue Chauveau la Garde. The general's mother, an interesting personage, more than 80 years of age, and his nephew, accompany him; his wife, as has been already announced, died about six weeks ago. The ex-president appears to be in deep affliction at this loss, but bears his political reverses with great fortitude. The Minister of Finances, and M. Odilon Barrot, had interviews on Monday with General Boyer, at his hotel.—*Colon. Gaz.*

Manifesto of Belgian Bishops.—The bishops of Belgium have issued a manifesto against the swarm of books of bad moral tendency daily reprinted (chiefly from the French) by the Belgian press. The extraordinary cheapness of these works has given them a wide circulation, and the evil seems to be rapidly spreading. The bishops also call upon the clergy of the country to form libraries for free circulation among the people. One library, which has been already formed, by donations exclusively, in Brussels, for this purpose, is said to have lent during the past year upwards of 30,000 volumes.—*Athenæum.*

The Sculptor Schwanthaler.—The sculptor Schwanthaler is now occupied on two statues, of the size of life, of Huss and Ziska. They are to be cast in bronze, and deposited in a Bohemian Walhalla, which is to contain statues of famous Bohemians, and is being formed by a private gentleman at Lobich near Prague.—*Ibid.*

Prison Discipline—A new scale of dietaries has this week been received at our county gaol, from the Secretary of State. The present dietaries are more nourishing than those previously in use; and an important change has been made in those for prisoners sentenced to long periods of imprisonment. Under the old system a prisoner sentenced to a term of 18 months or two years, for instance, was treated from the commencement similarly to prisoners who were only sentenced for short periods. It has been found, however, that the strength declines as the period of incarceration proceeds; and it will be seen from the details of class 5, that convicted prisoners employed at hard labor for terms exceeding three months, will in future be placed on a better allowance than others. This change is most just and judicious.—*Gloucester Chronicle.*

Attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia.—Considerable sensation has been created throughout Poland and at the Court of St. Petersburgh, by the attempt of a body of armed con spirators — supposed to be Poles — to assassinate the Emperor of Russia on his return from the Prussian capital to Warsaw. According to the *Augsburgh Gazette*, the murderous intent was frustrated by a singular accident, the Emperor having preceded his usual travelling-carriage by eight hours. The shots intended for the heart of the Emperor were consequently fired at his aides-de-camp, but fortunately without effect, each having escaped without injury, although it is said that several balls were found in the carriage, and in the officers' cloaks. The *Journal des Débats* states that the Emperor was insulted on his passage through Posen by the people, who were at the moment much grieved at the death of General de Grohnan. According to letters from Warsaw, several persons have been arrested in that city, but the most profound obscurity covered the transaction, and no trace of the conspirators could be discovered.

In opposition to the above intelligence, the *Frankfort Journal* denies positively that the Emperor had been fired at, and states, as the origin of the alleged occurrence, that a footman, seated behind a carriage, conveying a part of the Emperor's suite, drew a musket from under his cloak and fired it in an obscure street in Posen. Now this story is in itself extremely improbable, (although our contemporaries choose to accept it as true;) and, moreover, it is the custom to endeavor to mystify the public upon all matters connected with Russia and her ruler. The *Augsburgh Gazette* follows up its original statement by additional particulars which induce a belief that, however much it may suit the policy of certain parties to deny the existence of a conspiracy against the life of the Emperor, such an attempt was made, although, owing to the extreme darkness, it was found impossible to seize any of the offenders. We therefore preserve our credence in the previous statement, that the shot was fired *at*, and not *from*, the Emperor's carriage.—*Court Journal.*

Algiers.—The *Moniteur Algérien* announces the discovery at Orleanville, in preparing the foundations for some new buildings, of the ruins of an old Christian church. On the porch of the edifice was found an inscription in Latin, of which the following is a translation: "Here reposes our father Reparatus, Bishop, of sacred memory, who for eight years and eleven months performed the sacerdotal functions, and who has passed before us in peace, the 11th day of the calends of August, in the 436th year of the birth of Jesus Christ.—*Athenæum.*

Emigration in Russia.—A letter from St. Petersburgh gives some account of an emigration, on a large scale, which is going on in the heart of the Russian empire; and presents, as the writer observes, a great resemblance to the migrations of the primitive races of the world. The movement in question aims at distributing the crown peasants,—amounting to about twelve millions in number, and constituting thus a fifth of the entire Russian population, over those vast tracts of uncultivated land which are held, as yet, by a thin and scattered population. The emigrants of the best character are sent into the Transcaucasian provinces, where the climate is mild and the soil fertile. "But, in truth," says the writer, "none of these unfortunate beings are voluntary emigrants. They are all, more or less, the victims of a system of despotism which disposes, at its caprice, of the human species, as of cattle who are driven in herds wherever their owners will."—*Athenæum.*

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Mosaic Rooms at Dieppe.—We hear from Dieppe that the excavations at St. Marguerite, under the direction of M. Feret, the librarian, have brought to light six rooms in mosaic, and some skeletons of Saxon warriors, near which were found pieces of armor, coins, and fragments of vases. A complete Roman villa, in fact, has been laid bare. The size of the skeletons is small, and it is conjectured that they were young men of from 16 to 18 years of age.—*Court Journal.*

Copper in the Human Body.—This subject is again canvassed, and M. Rossignon insists that in the organized tissues both in man and animals it exists. He grounds his assertion on recent experiments.—*Examiner.*

Statistics of Europe.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, M. Moreau de Jounes presented some new statistical researches as to the population of Europe. According to his calculation, the entire population amounted in 1788 to 144 millions, and in 1838 to 153 millions, which shows an increase of about 75 per cent. in a period of fifty years. The countries in which this augmentation has been the most rapid are, we believe, Great Britain and Ireland, (particularly the latter,) and Prussia and Austria. The increase of the population in France is by no means in the same ratio.—*Ib.*

Flying Machine.—The ill-success of the inventor of the flying machine in England has not discouraged similar attempts elsewhere. A letter from Nuremberg, in the *Journal de Francfort*, informs us that M. Leinberger, of that place, has recently been exhibiting a model of a flying steam machine, or balloon, which has excited so much interest, that he is now constructing one 12 feet long, and 4 feet in diameter, with which he hopes to be able to perform experiments which will prove the practicability of the invention.—*Ib.*

A Volcano.—According to letters from Ancona, a volcano appeared last month in the rocky island of Melada, situated in the Adriatic, near Ragusa. On the night of the 14th the crew of a Roman vessel saw lava issue from the centre of the island, and flow over an extent of half a mile. The night after seven distinct craters were seen to send forth darkish inflamed matters.—*Athenæum.*

Rich Legacy.—The town of Tournay, in France, has recently received a valuable legacy. M. Fauquez, one of its oldest inhabitants, has left to it a legacy of 410 pictures, some of which are of great value; 40,000 medals, 3,000 of which are gold, 15,000 in silver, and 22,000 in bronze; and the whole of his extensive library, chiefly composed of works on numismatics, several of which are extremely rare.—*Court Journal.*

Railways.—The *Journal des Chemins de Fer* says—"An inventor announces that he has found a composition which will reduce to a mere trifle the price of rails for railroads. He replaces the iron by a combination of Kaolin clay (that used for making pottery and china) with a certain metallic substance, which gives a body so hard as to wear out iron, without being injured by it in turn. Two hundred pounds of this substance will cost less than 12 shillings, and would furnish two and a half metres of rail. The Kaolin clay is abundant in France, and the valley of the Somme contains immense quantities of it.—*Athenæum.*

Von Raumer.—A private letter from Berlin of the 25th September says—"Professor von Raumer is very busy in reading up for his proposed journey to the United States, where he intends to spend the months between April and October of next year. He at present thinks very favorably of the Americans, and of their institutions—so that their visitor starts somewhat prejudiced in their favor—let us hope he will return so.—*Athenæum.*

The Cornea.—On the application of the cornea of one animal to the eye of another—Dr. Plouvier, of Lille, states that he has a rabbit which was blind, but to whose eye he applied the cornea of another rabbit, and that the hitherto blind animal now sees perfectly.—*Athenæum.*

Venus by Titian.—In Dresden, the recent discovery of the Venus by Titian, now excellently restored, excites the greatest interest. This magnificent work has been more than 100 years concealed under a mass of rubbish.—*Examiner.*

Canal over the Isthmus of Panama.—The French Government has just ordered M. Napoleon Garella, a young engineer of the Mining Department, and M. Courtines, an able member of that of the Pont et Chaussees, to proceed to the Isthmus of Panama, and seek for the best direction to be given to a canal of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean.—*Ib.*

Vocal Phenomenon.—The *Times* informs us that in a recent number of the *Zeitschrift* appears an account of an extraordinary vocal phenomenon. The new musical wonder is a boy, who has the power of emitting three vocal sounds at a time, and can therefore execute pieces in three parts. The fact is attested by two names of considerable weight, Kalliwoda and Mayer, from whom letters are published describing the exhibition, and warranting the genuineness of the prodigy. His voice, we are told, extends over two full octaves, from A flat below the line to A flat above, in the key of G; the lower notes being generally weak, those in the middle stronger, but of harsh quality, while the upper notes are soft, and flowing as those of a flageolet. When singing more than one part the lad is unable to pronounce any words, and can only sing songs of the utmost simplicity as regards the harmony.—*Ibid.*

Blondlot on Digestion.—The author has directed his attention principally to the gastric juice, which he regards as the principal agent in the functions of digestion. In order to obtain this juice in abundance, and in a pure state, M. Blondlot made an artificial opening into the stomach of a dog, which enabled him to extract the gastric juice, or alimentary substances, at various periods of digestion. In his work he announces that his experiments have been perfectly successful, and that he has a dog on which he made his first essay, two years ago, and which can supply him, he says, in the course of an hour or so, with more than three ounces of pure gastric juice.—*Ibid.*

Sculptures found at Nineveh.—We hear from Paris, that M. Batta, the French Consul at Moussoul, has recently transmitted to the Academy of Sciences several additional drawings and fragments of curious pieces of sculpture, found in exploring the site of the ancient city of Nineveh, and having stated it as his opinion that more important discoveries may be looked for, the Academy has been induced to request the co-operation of the Government to enable M. Batta to prosecute a work so highly interesting to archæology. The application was so far successful that M. Eugene Flandier, who filled a similar mission in Persia, has been sent out to assist the French Consul in his further researches. From the united labors of these two intelligent Frenchmen, we may look for some further illustrations of the ancient architecture of the Assyrians, and of the sculptures which adorned the palaces of their kings.—*Ib.*

OBITUARY.

Death of the Right Hon. Stuart Mackenzie.—The right hon. gentleman, late Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, died on Sunday, at Southampton, in his 60th year. He was the eldest son of Admiral the Hon. Keith Stuart, second son of the sixth Earl of Galloway, by the daughter of S. D'Aguilar, Esq.; married, 1818, relict of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the last Lord Seaforth, whose surname he assumed by sign manual; was Commissioner of the India Board from 1832 to 1834; represented Cromarty from 1831 to 1837, when he was appointed Governor of Ceylon. In December, 1840, he became Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands.—*Colon. Gaz.*

Death of Professor Bell.—We have to announce the death of Professor Bell, professor of Scotch law, after a protracted illness. Mr. Bell also held the office of one of the principal clerks of session, which by his death has become vacant.—*Colon. Gaz.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

Anatomy of Sleep; or, the Art of procuring sound and refreshing Slumber at Will. By E. Binns, M. D.

That Dr. Binns has discovered the secret of voluntary sleep we do not feel quite assured; but that he has kindly afforded to all persons the means of procuring a sound and durable slumber we are practically convinced; for, having placed his volume in the hands of a friend, while we were temporarily engaged, on our return we found him with the book in his hand, and in a state of the most profound repose, from which he was awakened with difficulty. As for ourselves, by means of sundry applications, as sal volatile, Scotch snuff, and sundry other stimulants, we contrived to keep ourselves pretty well awake in our perusal of the volume, which consists of 394 pages, of which 389 relate to various discussions of scientific subjects, not much connected with the subject matter announced in the title; but at p. 390 the real volume begins, and, filling exactly *three pages and a half*, then concludes. The author observes that, after 389 pages, the reader will be enabled to understand the principles upon which is founded his system of *procuring sound and refreshing sleep at will.* The system, as far as we understand it, seems to be as follows. First, let the patient take as large a dose of Dr. Binns's book as he is able, (see p. 363,) and when he begins to feel its effects, which will soon show themselves, let him then put on a warm woollen nightcap, and flannel socks to his feet; let him have a good fire in his room, (v. p. 390,) put a flannel blanket between the sheets, rub himself or herself with a coarse towel, and get into bed; then let him or her place his or her head carefully on the pillow (page 391,) so *that it occupies exactly the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form;* then let him or her *take a full inspiration, slightly closing their lips,* breathing as much as they can through the nostrils; then *the lungs are to be left to themselves* (p. 80), the patient must depict to himself *that he sees the breath pass from his* nostrils in *a continuous stream,* and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, (except, we presume, the idea of Dr. Binns's book,) and that instant consciousness and memory depart, and *he no longer wakes, but sleeps.* Such, gentle reader, is the sum total of this volume of near 400 pages, and we pledge ourselves that this is the only part of the whole relating to the subject. A more profound piece of confident quackery we never read in our lives.

Postscript. If a man attempts to *think of his* wife and children, we must tell him (p. 384) that he will not attain his purpose,—he will only be able to think of one child at a time; or if he thinks of the National gallery, he cannot think of the *whole* building, but only of separate parts of it, such as the portico, wings, or perhaps, of Mr. Wilkins, the architect. *Upon these facts* is founded, we are told, the doctrine of *monotism.* We forgot to say that brushing the forehead with a soft shaving brush will be found advantageous. (Vide p. 382.)—*Gent's Mag.*

Germany.

Lehrbuch der Ungarischer Sprache. (Compendium of the Hungarian Language.) Von J. N. Reméle. Vienna: Tendler and Schaefer. 1843.

Analyse Ungarischer Classiker. (Analysis of Hungarian Classics.) Von J. N. Reméle. 1842.

Ungarischer Geschäftsstyl in Beispielen. (Hungarian Commercial style, in examples.) Von J. N. Reméle. 1843.

Will the English readers, who have just sipped Magyar poetry from Dr. Bowring's translation, feel an inclination to plunge deeper into the literature, now such very inviting books as those of Professor Reméle are before them? We fear not: though indeed the plan upon which his 'Lehrbuch' is constructed, is such as to render them extremely tempting. He does not begin with long tedious rules, but at once introduces the reader to the Hungarian tongue by abundant examples, both of words and sentences, conveying such grammatical information as is not contained in the paradigms by means of notes at the bottom of the page. The 'Analysis,' which was published before the 'Lehrbuch,' is not exactly on the same plan; as it is introduced by grammatical rules shortly stated. The substance of the work consists of selections from Magyar authors, with an interlinear translation.—*For. Qu. Review.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Bride of Messina, with Choruses. By Schiller. Translated by A. Lodge, Esq., M. A.

Tragedies. By Serjeant T. N. Talfourd.

Mesmerism, its History, Phenomena, and Practice.

Abyssinia. Journals of the Rev. Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf, Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society.

A Practical Exposition of the Epistle to the Philippians, in Twelve Discourses, and several Sermons on various subjects. By the late Robert Hall. From shorthand notes. By John Greene.

Aeschyli Eumenides. Recensuit et illustravit Jacobus Scholenfield, A. M.

Julian, or Scenes in Judea. By the Author of "Letters from Palmyra and Rome."

Fidelity, or a Town to be let unfurnished: a Poem. By G. Hatton.

Selections from the Kur-án. By E. W. Lane.

GERMANY.

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Vorbericht zu K. Fr. Krunse's Vorlesungen über die reine Philosophie der Geschichte. Von H. K. von Leonhardi. *Göttingen.*

Haudbuch der Physiologie des Menschen. Von Joh. Müller. 4th, Ed. *Berlin.*

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FRANCE.

Mémoires touchant la vie et les Ecrits de Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Dame de Bourbilly, Marquise de Sévigné, durant la Régence et la Fronde. Par M. le Baron Walckenaer—Deuxième Partie durant le Ministère du Cardinal Mazarin et la Jeunesse de Louis XIV. *Paris.*

Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne, 1814, 1815. Par le Comte de la Garde. *Paris.*

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